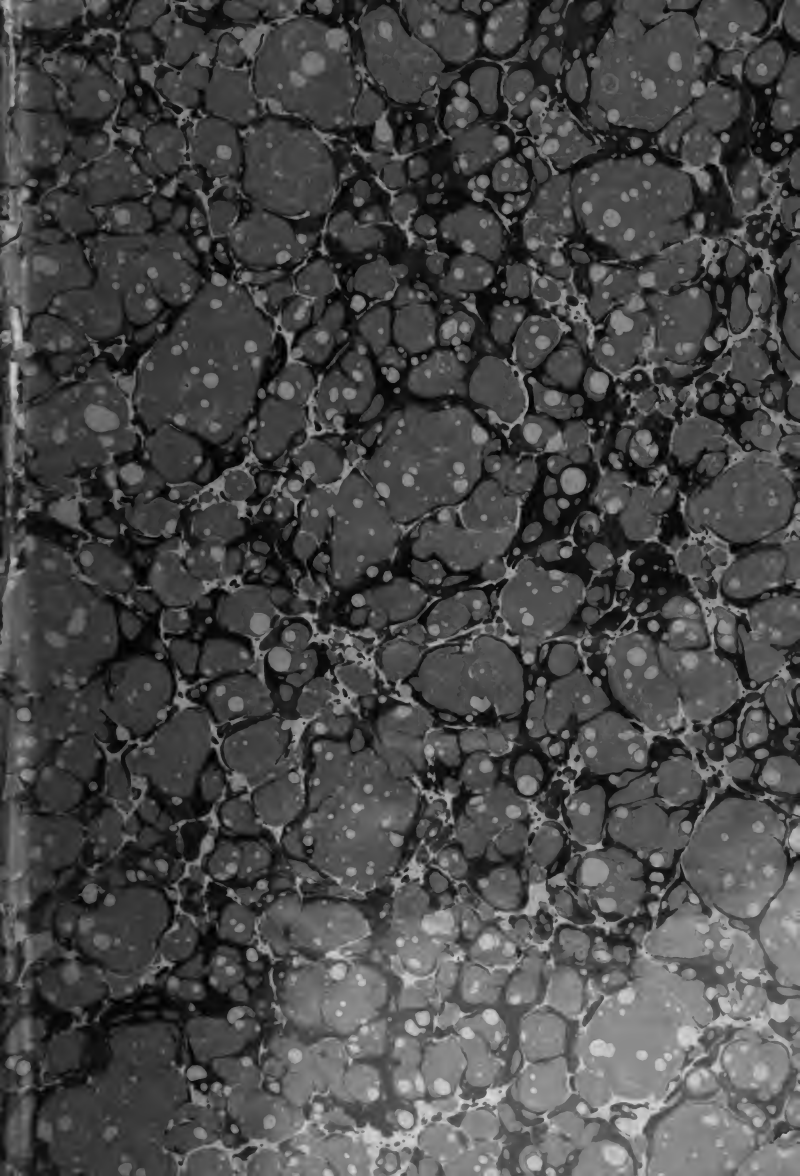




The World's work

Walter Hines Page, Arthur Wilson Page





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THE WORLD'S WORK

VOLUME XX

MAY to OCTOBER, 1910

A HISTORY OF OUR TIME



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THE
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The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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Country Life in America

CHICAGO
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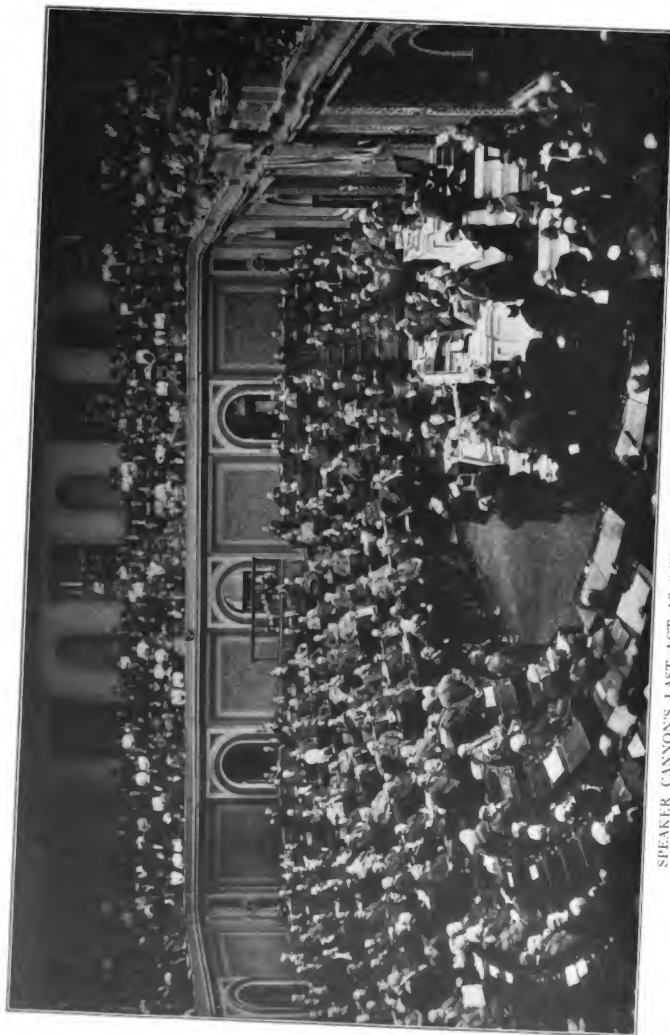
F. N. DOUBLEDAY, President

WALTER H. PAGE
H. S. HOUSTON

Garden Magazine-Farming

COMPANY, NEW YORK
135 E. Sixteenth St.

JOSEPH S. A. EVERITT, Treasurer



Photograph by W. A. DuPar

SPEAKER CANNON'S LAST ACT AS "CZAR" OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
PRONOUNCING HIS LONG-DELAYED RULING ON THE POINT OF ORDER AGAINST MR. NORRIS'S RESOLU-
TION, MR. CANNON SUSTAINED THE POINT OF ORDER, AND WAS OVERTURED BY THE HOUSE

THE WORLD'S WORK

MAY, 1910



VOLUME XX

NUMBER 1

The March of Events

THE dramatic stripping from Speaker Cannon of a part of his autocratic power was a memorable scene. It was the first step toward a fair and effective reform of procedure in the House of Representatives. It was beautifully done, and done in a kindly way.

The immemorial custom was that the Speaker should appoint the all-powerful Committee on Rules (as well as all other committees), and that it should consist of only five members including himself. Two of the five were mere courtesy appointments of opposition members. Practically, therefore, the Committee consisted of three men — the Speaker himself and two members of like mind, of his own choosing. Of these three, two were a majority — the Speaker himself and one other, of his own choosing. The Speaker, therefore, and one other, of his own choosing, really had the power of life and death over legislation. Nothing so autocratic exists in any parliamentary assembly in any civilized government.

The motion of Mr. Norris of Nebraska, that the Committee on Rules be enlarged to ten, to be chosen by party caucuses, and that the Speaker shall not be a member of it, was carried; and a subsequent motion to declare the Speakership vacant (to depose Mr. Cannon) was lost. This latter motion was an ungraceful and vindictive error of the Democratic minority which promptly seized its first chance to make a tactical error. For the main matter of the "revolution"

would have been lost if it had become only a personal attack on Mr. Cannon. Much as he had abused the old system, it was the system rather than he (or any other individual) that needed eradication.

This, then, is the first necessary step toward permitting the people really to be heard through their Representatives and public opinion really to get direct influence on the House. The next necessary step is to take from the Speaker the appointment of all the other committees. A third desirable step is to put in the Speaker's chair a good parliamentarian who is not a member of the House. Neither party is likely to have the courage to make such a breach of custom, but it would go very far toward unfettering Congress from its sanctified servitude to long-standing abuses.

The whole situation is abominable. The people and public opinion cannot get at Congressional action. There is so much machinery, there is so much "method," there is so much "organization," that nothing is sure to be done at any session but the repetition of old methodical abuses.

If the Democrats would pledge themselves to such a full opening of Congressional procedure — to the complete letting in of daylight — they could win the election on that pledge. Suppose for once a Congress should have no "pork barrel," no private pension bills, no secret rush-legislation, but should really openly discuss one subject at a session, would the heavens fall?



Photo made by T. J. Smith & Co., Washington

REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE W. NORRIS, OF NEBRASKA

THE LEADER OF THE INSURGENTS, WHO INTRODUCED THE RESOLUTION WHICH RESULTED IN WRESTING FROM SPEAKER CANNON THE CONTROL OF THE COMMITTEE ON RULES, WHICH DECIDES WHAT BUSINESS SHALL COME BEFORE THE HOUSE, AND WHICH THEREFORE CONTROLS ALL LEGISLATION

(NATIONAL ARCHIVES, COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND)



Carlson Studio, Washington

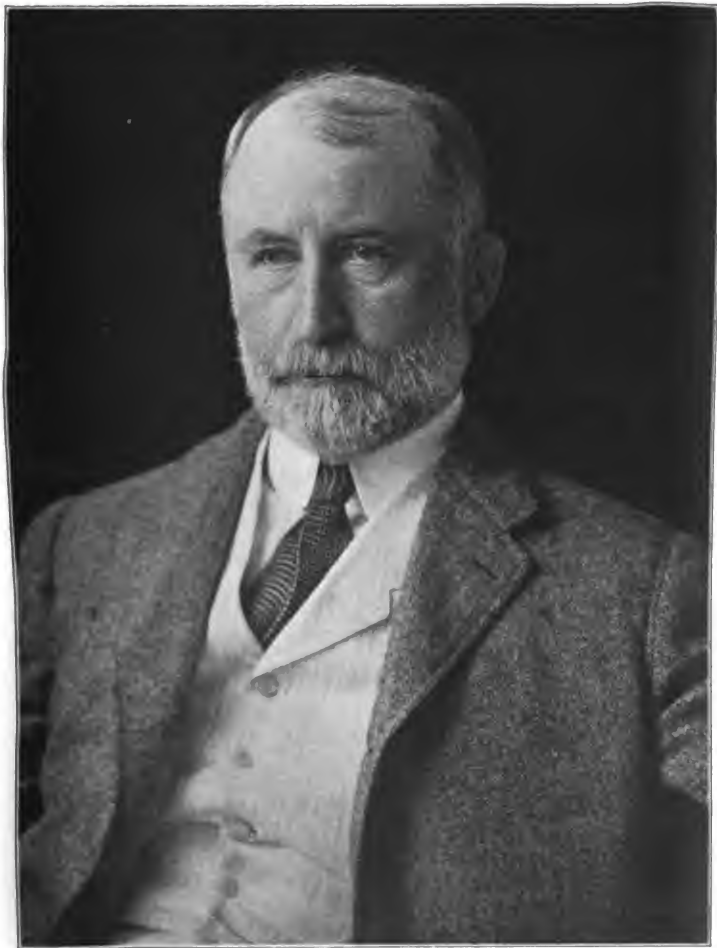
SENATOR THOMAS H. CARTER, OF MONTANA

THE AUTHOR OF A BILL TO PUT THE POST-OFFICE ON AN EFFICIENT BUSINESS BASIS UNDER A DIRECTOR OF POSTS FREED FROM POLITICAL INFLUENCE (SO THAT HE CANNOT USE THE DEPARTMENT AS THE BASIS FOR A POLITICAL MACHINE). THE BILL IS BASED UPON A THOROUGH CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION MADE SEVERAL YEARS AGO

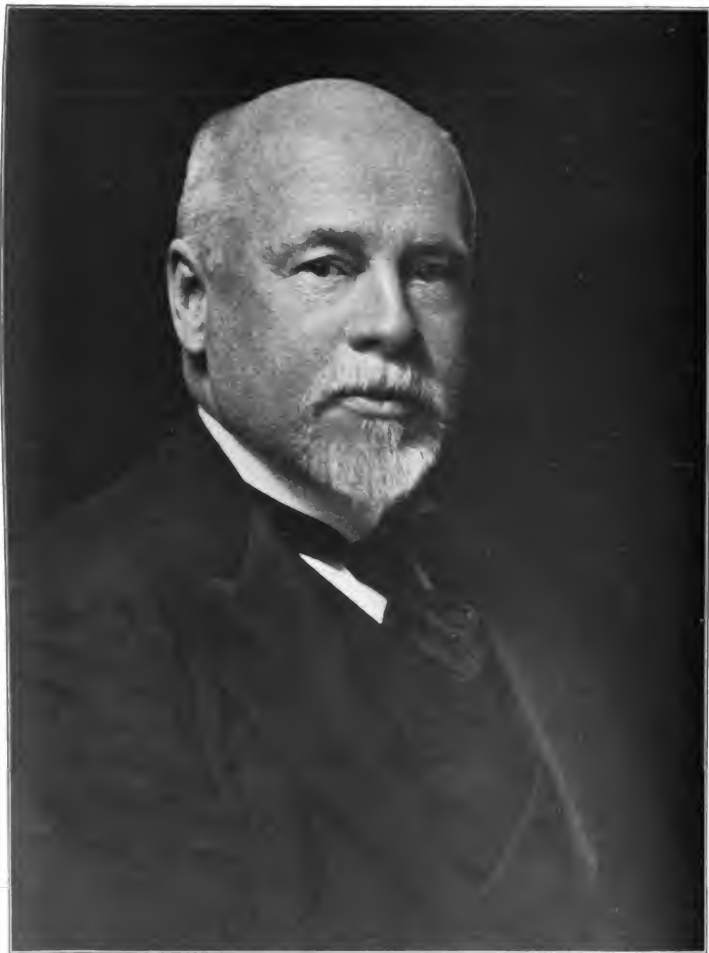


THE ROOSEVELT DAM AND THE TWENTY-FIVE MILE RESERVOIR BEHIND IT

ONE OF THE GREAT ENGINEERING WORKS OF THE UNITED STATES RECLAMATION SERVICE, TO BE COMPLETED ABOUT JUNE 1ST, THE DAM STORES THE WATER TO IRRIGATE 240,000 ACRES 70 MILES AWAY IN THE SALT RIVER VALLEY NEAR PHOENIX, ARIZ.



MAYOR WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, OF NEW YORK
WHOSE ADMINISTRATION SO FAR HAS BEEN VIGOROUS AND INDEPENDENT. HIS CONDUCT
OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT PROMISES REFORMS THAT MANY GOOD MEN HAD DESPAIRED OF



DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH

Photograph by George F. Heering, New York

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ORGANIZER OF THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION, MEMBER OF THE ROCKEFELLER SANITARY COMMISSION, "HEAD OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN THE UNITED STATES"



MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

THE ONLY SON OF MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, WHO DEVOTES HIMSELF TO SYSTEMATIC AND ORGANIZED METHODS OF GIVING MONEY TO IMPROVE THE WELL-BEING AND TO ADVANCE THE CIVILIZATION OF MANKIND
(The New York Times, Nov. 12, 1907)



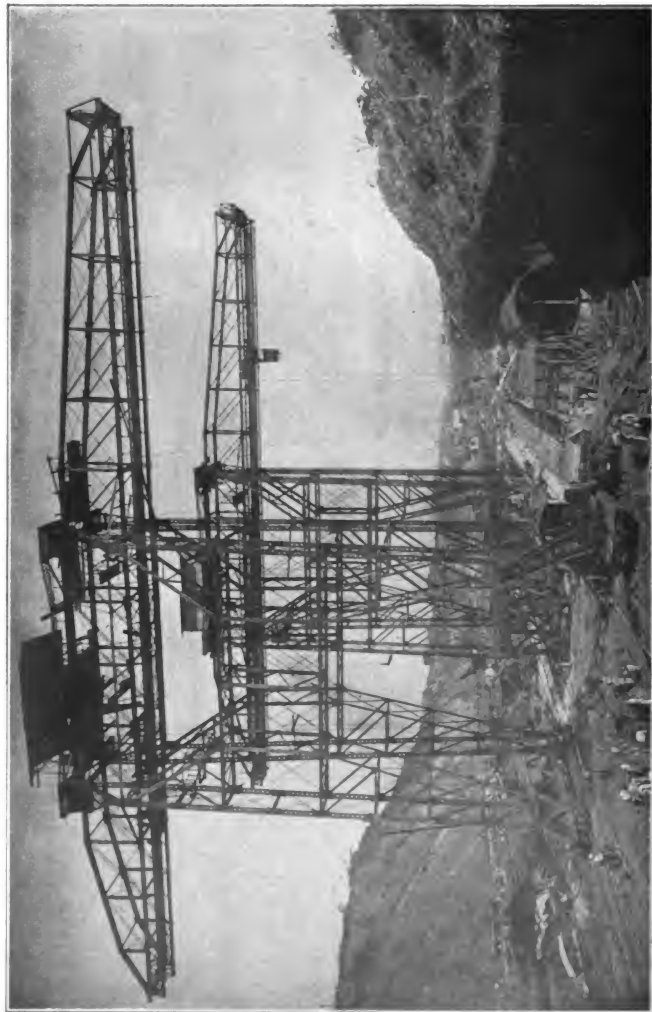
THE LATE CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH

THE FOUNDER OF AN INSTITUTION THAT HAS BECOME A TYPE—THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK—WHICH BY THE FREE PUBLIC DISCUSSION OF ALL SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SUBJECTS HELPED TO ORGANIZE AND MAKE STEADY THE MOST RESTLESS PART OF PUBLIC OPINION



MR. DANIEL WILLARD, PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD
WHO ENTERED THE RAILROAD BUSINESS AT EIGHTEEN AS A SECTION-HAND AND
HAS REACHED THE PRESIDENCY OF THE OLDEST ROAD IN THE COUNTRY AFTER THIRTY
YEARS' SERVICE ON MANY SYSTEMS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES

Portrait by J. H. Hill



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY ON THE ISTHMUS

THE TRAVELLING CRANES WHICH ARE HANDLING THE 4,000,000 CUBIC YARDS OF MATERIAL FOR THE THREE FLIGHTS OF LOCKS BY WHICH THE CANAL DROPS THE 85 FEET FROM THE LAKE, CREATED BY THE GATES DAM TO THE LEVEL OF THE ATLANTIC



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

BECAUSE OF THE MAGNITUDE OF THE CONCRETE WORK AT THE GATUN LOCKS, THE USUAL WOODEN FORMS WERE REPLACED BY STEEL. THESE 22-FOOT CYLINDERS ARE USED IN THE CONDUITS WHICH WILL FILL AND EMPTY THE LOCKS



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

THE CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION ON THE GREAT GATUN LOCKS, PANAMA
WITH WALLS (MADE IN DUPLICATE) BETWEEN 50 AND 60 FEET THICK AND FROM 70 TO 100 FEET
HIGH. IN THE BACKGROUND THE SIDE WALLS ARE BEING PUT UP AGAINST MOVABLE STEEL FORMS



IN THE PATH OF AN AVALANCHE

A DWELLING DESTROYED BY SUCH A CATASTROPHE AS LATELY CARRIED AWAY A GREAT NORTHERN TRAIN NEAR WELLINGTON, WASHINGTON, AND KILLED MANY PEOPLE



THE NATURAL PROTECTION AGAINST AVALANCHES

THE MOUNTAIN FORESTS WHOSE DESTRUCTION EXPOSES LARGE AREAS TO DANGER



THE SNOW-CLAD PEAKS WHERE AVALANCHES FORM



A MOUNTAIN WHOSE PROTECTING FOREST WAS CUT AWAY
THE BARREN AREAS SHOW THE PATHS OF SUCCESSIVE AVALANCHES THAT HAVE
SWEEPED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE, DESTROYING THE YOUNG GROWTH OF TIMBER



MR. WALTER J. DAMROSCH, CONDUCTOR OF THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
AT THE RECENT CELEBRATION OF HIS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR AS MUSICAL CONDUCTOR, HE MADE A
PLEA FOR OPERA SUNG IN ENGLISH BY SINGERS WHO ARE AMERICAN BY ADOPTION OR BY BIRTH

A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THERE is much general talk about the infringement of personal liberty by the Great Interests and much talk about their undue influence on our public life and policies. Yet few men know precisely how they lessen the liberty or restrict the opportunities of the average man or precisely how they hold undue control in our political life.

There are three ways in which they do both these things.

I

The central and dominant banking power of the whole country rests in a private banking interest. Speaking generally, it owes no allegiance to the commercial world; for its principles, its policies, and its personalities are financial, rather than commercial. Manipulation, rather than the production of new wealth, is the keynote of the financial world.

Now banks, in well-ordered commercial and industrial countries, such as Germany and England, are the servants of trade. The demands of trade in these countries have the force of law to the men who rule these banks. In our system, on the contrary, we have come very near to a condition in which finance and its needs — or supposed needs — overtop and outweigh the demands of commerce.

When our central banking power serves commerce at all, it serves commerce only in large concentrated units. The so-called "trusts" can and do call upon the banking overlords, and their industrial demands are at times imperative enough to outbid even the demands made by personal financial ambitions, personal avarice, and personal whims. The money needs of the trusts have some weight; but commerce at large — the needs of thousands of traders scattered over the Union — is practically unheard in the high banking councils of our financial system.

Before we can go very much farther toward the fulfilment of our proper and normal commercial and industrial development, this improper power over industrial and commercial development must be removed. A man or a party must rise who can and will force and enforce laws strong

enough and far-reaching enough to place this dominant banking power where it belongs — in the hands of men sworn to think first of the commerce and trade of the country and to remove it from the sphere of manipulation.

The man who leads such a movement, if he lead fearlessly and with a single purpose, will have a mighty following. He will be backed at once by the opinion of the masses, and by the hands of bankers from coast to coast who to-day hardly dare raise a single voice or whisper a single word in protest and revolt. It is time for a Declaration of Commercial Independence.

II

In the commercial world itself all normal activity must rest on competitive prices. But now much of our commercial activity rests on a non-competitive basis; and prices are therefore artificial. We have thrust outside our doors the traders of the world who would, if we permitted them, compete in our markets and make prices by the world-old law of supply and demand. Practically, we have an injunction restraining this law of supply and demand. Such an injunction, is of course temporary and partial, but it is powerful. We usually call it the tariff.

The tariff is, in effect, a subsidy payment to industry. The money is raised by an indirect levy upon the consumers, not according to their ability to pay but according to their consumption. The consumers are an unorganized mob and they are the easy prey of these organized forces of industry and commerce that profit by non-competitive prices.

In time — perhaps very soon — the ever-climbing cost of living will reach a point where careless disregard on the part of the mob will cease and become a terribly keen and eager searching for causes and reasons. The first reason discovered, because it is the most obvious, may be the tariff. A leader may come who knows the hearts of the mob, and a mob, well-led, becomes an army.

It is hard to see how a commercial revolution of this sort can be accomplished without a period of commercial chaos, and its serious if temporary evils. Yet at some time and

in some way we must re-establish a price-making basis that is not artificial. The people of the United States must manufacture, trade, and transport in competition with the world before it can be said that our country is the commercial leader of the world — and nothing less than such leadership will satisfy our ambition.

III

Until the coming of steam, the people who held the lanes of the sea ruled the kingdom of commerce. To-day, as then, commerce — nominally the master of the means of traffic — is in reality the slave of its own highways.

No man who knows anything about railroad rates in the United States believes for an instant that these rates are either equitable or non-discriminating. We talk much about the Elkins law, the Interstate Commerce Act, the Hepburn Act, and the hundred and one state laws that seem to regulate rates. Every man who studies the subject beneath the mere surface knows that the spirit of these laws is virtually a dead-letter in railroad practice.

Every traffic manager knows that of the many thousands of "commodity schedules" filed by his railroad in Washington hundreds are designed to give to some particular shipper, to some particular locality, or to some particular industry located in some particular place, an advantage over a similar shipper, a similar locality, or a similar industry at some other point; and many other commodity schedules, whether so intended or not, do have that effect.

A man who would engage in competition with the largest manufacturer or shipper in any one branch of industry or of commerce must run the risk of finding his rates suddenly altered — for the worse — just after he has spent a fortune in building a plant. He knows that his rival, the bigger shipper, can and will get rates — open, filed, legal rates — that will give him a decisive advantage in every important market where the two compete.

It is hardly too much to say that the "commodity schedule" is the real maker of cities in this country; for the commodity rates determine where certain branches of

industry shall be carried on. They give to plants established at those centres in those branches of work a fixed subsidy in the shape of lower rates. They impose upon the shipper from other points a fine, in the shape of higher rates. Thus industries are grouped together, often in a purely artificial way, without regard to nearness to materials or to markets. To refuse obedience to this law-of-the-schedules is to sign your own death warrant.

IV

In these artificial ways, determined (lawfully as our laws now are) by small groups of men, the prime factors of commerce are used and manipulated and shackled. Banking and finance are dominated chiefly by private banking interests in New York, with ramifications across the continent. Prices of many important commercial articles are made under subventions and tariffs dictated by the demands of private interests. The transportation of commodities throughout the country is ruled, swung hither and yon, crippled or "boomed," by traffic agencies held in private hands. These are the three great hindrances to free development.

It is hard to believe that the wonderful commercial progress of our people will indefinitely submit to these artificial conditions.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS

THE chief measures that have been recommended to Congress and urged by President Taft are the following:

- (1) A revision of the tariff downward with the establishment of a court of customs appeal and a tax on the earnings of corporations.
- (2) A federal incorporation law.
- (3) The amending of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.
- (4) A law limiting the use of the injunction.
- (5) A law requiring the publication of campaign expenses.
- (6) A new plan for the civil government of Alaska.
- (7) A series of laws for conserving natural resources.
- (8) Separate statehood for Arizona and New Mexico.
- (9) The amending of the Hepburn Interstate Commerce Act and the establishment of a court of commerce.

(10) The establishment of a postal savings-bank system.

II

(1) The tariff has been revised. The President's ideas of a tax on corporation earnings and the establishment of a court of customs appeal have been accepted. President Taft believes that the tariff revision was downward, and that the result is a fulfillment of his promises and of the party platform on which he was elected. Public opinion in general refuses to believe this, and answers his reiteration of satisfaction with the new Act by the election of Mr. Foss, a Democratic Congressman in a Massachusetts district with a normal Republican majority of 14,000.

(2) The Federal Incorporation Bill is hung up in the Senate Judiciary Committee, and no steps are being taken to secure a report upon it.

(3) The idea of amending the Sherman Anti-Trust Act has been abandoned, the President agreeing, on the ground that amendment now might affect the result of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust prosecutions now before the Supreme Court.

(4) The proposition to limit the use of the injunction process has apparently been abandoned.

(5) A bill requiring publication of campaign expenses was introduced by Mr. McCall in the House of Representatives last year. It was favorably reported April 20, 1909, but the gentleman in charge (Mr. Norris) was never able to secure recognition, and was privately told by Speaker Cannon that the bill was nonsense and that no chance would be given it. The story how the Speaker passed through the House a bill so loaded that it was certain of rejection by the Senate was told in *THE WORLD'S WORK* last month. Renewed interest has recently been shown in the McCall Bill, and now that Mr. Cannon's prestige has waned, the House may secure an opportunity to act upon it.

In a memorandum of pending Administration measures, furnished at the White House on March 10th, no reference was made to the four measures above named.

(6) An act to create a legislative council in the District of Alaska (Senate Bill 5,436)

has been adopted in the Senate, and the Administration expects its passage. No one outside of the White House has the same expectation.

(7) The Arizona and New Mexico Statehood Bill has passed the House and is at this writing in the Committee of Territories in the Senate, with the likelihood of a favorable report and final passage.

(8) Of nine Conservation bills now before Congress, the Administration is pressing two: An act to authorize the Secretary of the Interior to make temporary withdrawals of public land and an act to authorize certificates of indebtedness against the reclamation fund.

III

The remaining recommendations have provoked special controversy. The President's heart has been set on nothing so much as on the establishment of a Court of Commerce and the amendment of the Hepburn Interstate Commerce Act of 1887. A bill drawn by Mr. Wickersham, the Attorney-General, was accepted by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce and favorably reported without amendment. It suffered the unusual humiliation of having debate upon it begun by speeches of opposition and criticism. Insurgent Republican Senators charge that it nullifies the Hepburn Act, legalizes the Harriman merger, creates a useless court which it gives power to determine beforehand whether an act would or would not be criminal, and especially that it forbids Interstate Commerce Commission attorneys from following their cases into the new court. The Insurgent Senators charge that the proposed bill plays into the hands of the railroads, and that it was formulated after consultation with railroad magnates. They will vote against it, but the bill will pass the Senate, though possibly only with the aid of Democratic votes.

The Wickersham railroad bill was fathered in the House by Representative Townsend, of Michigan, the real author of the Hepburn Act. The Court of Commerce feature has been eliminated by the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, and the same fate has been meted out to the important clause permitting a railroad

owning 50 per cent. of the stock of another railroad to buy it. In what form the House will permit the bill to pass is problematical.

IV

During the campaign, Mr. Taft talked of a savings-bank system which should retain deposits in the local banks. Later, he changed his attitude and proposed that the savings be invested in 2 per cent. Government bonds. An Administration bill was fathered by Senator Root, and provoked a bitter attack from the Insurgent Senators as a play into the hands of "Wall Street." Senator Cummins introduced an amendment providing that the funds should be invested in Government bonds only in time of war. Senator Smoot proposed and the Senate accepted an amendment providing that the funds be so used in time of war, or "other financial exigencies involving the Government's credit." Senator Borah got accepted an amendment forbidding the investment at less than 2½ per cent. — a concession to the Insurgents which secured their votes for the bill on final passage.

This is not the President's bill, and it is to be expected that he will veto it if it shall pass. The chances are that the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads will put the 2 per cent. bonds back into the bill and take the local banks out, and that the House will return the bill to the Senate in its original form.

With regard to the two most important features of the President's legislative programme, it may be said that they have aroused the opposition of the progressive members of his own party. He has aimed to reinforce the power of the Government in dealing with the railroads, and to afford the people of the country a safe deposit for their savings. Equally without doubt, he has in the formulation of his bills yielded so far to the advice of men whose interests are generally believed to be other than the interests of the people that he has estranged many Senators and Representatives of his own party.

In general, then, while the President will "get something" of the legislation that he has asked, the likelihood now is that Con-

gress will adjourn with a far larger number of disappointments for him than of gratifications.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF WASHINGTON

CONGRESS has been in session long enough to have discussed all the most important bills in the committees and to have reported most of them and to have amended and discussed them; and many of these measures have been passed by one House or the other. You would think, therefore, if you came from Mars and knew nothing of Congressional ways, that you would hear in Washington of prodigious efforts by the Members of Congress to enact such measures as seem to be of the greatest benefit to the country — especially those proposed by the President as definite obligations that the dominant party is under to enact because they are the measures that it was presumably elected to enact.

But you hear no such talk. The talk you hear is of a three-sided political wrangle between the regular Republicans, the Insurgents, and the Democrats. Nor is it primarily about the best result for the country, but rather about the best campaign material for this summer's use on the stump.

This is not a new phenomenon. No man who knows our political methods would expect anything very different just before a Congressional election. Yet the domination of purely partisan and political considerations does seem somewhat worse than usual.

There are, in fact, four factions: the President and his Cabinet, the regular Republicans, the Insurgent Republicans, and the Democrats. No two of them agree on many measures and no two of them work constantly together. The Presidential faction is the least hopeful, and the Democrats the most hopeful — not of legislative results but of election results; for legislation comes second in the thoughts of all but the President, and the election comes first.

NORRIS OF NEBRASKA

REPRESENTATIVE George Washington Norris, of Nebraska, has done the country two services which entitle him to be regarded as one of the most useful members of the Sixty-first Congress. A year ago he found a way across the entrenchments laid

around the Payne tariff and won for Congress a chance to put kerosene on the freelist. This spring he wrested from the Organization freedom for Congress to assert its own control over its own rules. In both cases, his victory was the victory of a strategist, playing the parliamentary game against almost impossible odds, with a keener wit than that of the wit of those who had loaded "the game," watching his chance with a tireless patience. One man without position, against two hundred welded into the most powerful political machine that Washington has ever known, he has twice beaten them at their own game.

Mr. Norris is a man worth knowing and watching. It is not frequently that he rises from his seat—in the southeast of the House, amid the abandoned society of Democrats, under the Speaker's great white throne; when he does rise, the House listens. Mr. Norris spends most of his time in his office, Room 214, in the Congressional office building, in executive session with himself, a cigar in his mouth and his heels on the table. What is he thinking of—boyhood days on the Ohio farm, the Indiana college and his debating society, the judgeship to which he was chosen by a plurality of 3, or the plurality of 22 which sent him to Congress?

For three months the subject of his solitary cogitations was how to get past the Speaker and before the House a slip of paper which he had carried in his pocket until it had become thumbed and dog-eared and creased. That was all that he needed to work a revolution.

The Organization would give something to know what move Mr. Norris of Nebraska is thinking of now, in the smoke of his stogie in Room 214.

AT THE BUNG OF THE "PORK BARREL"

THE *Charlotte* (N. C.) *Observer* recently published the following dispatch from Washington on its front page, under the headline: "More for State Rivers:"

"Senator Simmons covered himself with glory before the commerce committee to-day by adding \$265,000 more for North Carolina waters to the river and harbor bill, making the total amount added by him \$870,000. The bill, as

amended, carries provisions for \$1,270,000, the largest amount the state ever got.

"The best thing about the situation is that Mr. Simmons says that every dollar will stick in conference.

"This bill, as it left the House, carried \$390,000. Senator Simmons may still add several hundred thousand dollars more for the purchase of the Albemarle and Chesapeake canal as a part of the inland waterway, if the survey gets in in time."

No doubt, the appropriations which Senator Simmons secured are for wise improvements. But the system under which they were secured is vicious. If he secures \$1,270,000 for justifiable waterway improvements in North Carolina, there is no doubt that Senators with equal influence will get large sums for improvements in their states; and if there are no waterways which deserve such an expenditure, they will get it for waterways which do not deserve it.

They are expected to get appropriations, and the expectation is not based upon the value of the appropriation to the nation as a whole. Senators and Representatives have come to be regarded as solicitors from the National Treasury. They represent states and districts and they are more interested in "getting things" for their states and districts than in framing legislation upon broad national lines, when these two interests conflict. This is not primarily the fault of the legislators. The prime trouble is that there is no comprehensive continuous plan for such improvements. So long as appropriations can be got by the industry and the influence of Congressmen, the people will demand such results.

A Waterway Service or Commission which should plan for the whole country would relieve Congressmen from the necessity of begging for "the folks at home." So, too, a Director of Posts, working under the merit system, would remove from all political influences the necessity of filling post-office positions.

A "CAPITALIST" ON CAPITAL AND PINCHOT

THIS space is gladly given to the following letter from a man who has brains and public spirit and courage and a fortune to boot, and so much modesty that he will not consent to the use of his name; and, most important of all, he is interesting:

"I have been reading your article about Pinchot. No doubt all that you say is true,

and certainly I know nothing to the contrary. He has done much good in the forestry line, and though he has invented nothing new — for plenty of people have been cutting their woods in the fashion that he wants them cut — still, he deserves much credit for arousing public attention and for interesting President Roosevelt.

"But he has been doing another thing which I hold to be very detrimental to the public interest, namely, stirring up one set of men against another and inflaming the public mind with dislike, distrust, and even hatred of the corporations. It would not take much to make the men who have earned and kept money simply transfer it to other countries — as, for instance, Canada — or put it in the bank or in safe bonds and refuse to develop anything. I already see a tendency of many to Canada, which has been going on some time, and is growing stronger, and I also hear lately that the Canadians do not want any enterprise in our country, but would rather go to South America than come here. Now, Pinchot has been talking — shrieking — about the water-power trusts — about one concern trying to corral all the water-courses used for power or for irrigation, etc. Pinchot knows that this is not true, for I have told him so.

"Pinchot is a man of great energy and ideals, and he is also a sentimentalist — which is good, if reason is to be found in the same house. Now I hold no brief for Ballinger — never saw him, never knew anything about him, and dislike his face. I did put Pinchot's picture under the eyes of a keen woman — and I may say that I have a great opinion of women's judgment of men — and she said: 'It is the face of a sentimentalist.'

"Personally, I am glad he was put out of office, for he was very insubordinate. He had no right to talk to the President as he did; and, if I were President, I should ask Ballinger to move out of the way. Whether he is right or wrong, he is discredited, and the nation — the one party to be considered — has a right to put Ballinger aside, just as it puts an unlucky General aside. For instance, MacDowell in the Civil War was a man of great ability and energy, but somehow or other, did not make things go, did not inspire confidence, and he was removed from active command.

"Of all things, do not let us have anybody in power stirring up trouble. What is needed, honestly, more than most things, is a proper understanding between the people and the different classes of life. The locomotive engineer doesn't understand the point of view of the railroad president, although the railroad president drove a locomotive ten years ago. I be-

lieve it to be very necessary now that kind feelings and high sentiments should be encouraged between people who do one kind of thing and people who do another."

No, no — let us not stir up trouble. There is no need of it; for, the Lord knows, trouble is active enough on its own account, without our stirring. But there is something wrong in what may be called the Conservation situation — something somewhat less than satisfying; and when the race is run, we bet our money on the Sentimentalist. And if we win that wager, we will bet both capital and winnings that the American investor will manage to resist the temptation somewhat longer to expatriate himself or his money. James Russell Lowell said in his address on Democracy that he could never become as much concerned about the rights of capital as about the rights of men, because capital had always shown great ability in taking care of itself. And surely this is true — the more men that have chances to make and to accumulate capital, the safer both men and capital will be.

AMERICAN HELP FOR LIBERIA

ONE of the closing acts of Mr. Root's administration of the Department of State was to write an urgent letter to the President saying that the time had come for the United States to help Liberia. Mr. Roosevelt sent it to Congress with a strong, personal endorsement, and a Commission was sent to Liberia to ascertain the facts. Its report has been submitted to the President and Mr. Taft has recommended to Congress that we accept a larger responsibility for the administration of the Negro republic. This means, in effect, that Liberia remains on the map of Africa — and there are at least two European governments which will not welcome the information.

The essential facts about the Liberian government that were reported by the Commission are apparently the same that were outlined in this magazine a few months ago by one of the editors who had made a personal study of the situation — the facts being:

(1) That Liberia is not bankrupt, its debt being only two and a half millions, and the interest being regularly paid.

(2) That the Americo-Liberian population is a remarkably harmonious and peaceable people, with no tendency toward revolution or anarchy.

(3) That the republic has been repeatedly robbed of territory on three sides by England and France, and that this process is still going on.

(4) That Great Britain, using the English loans to Liberia as a subterfuge, has apparently been bent upon reducing the republic to the status of a British protectorate.

If Congress shall act favorably upon the President's recommendations, this Government will

(1) Encourage some American bankers to take over the Liberian debt, as was done in the cases of Central American republics. The effect of this will be to lift the British yoke from the Liberian Government.

(2) Lend the friendly offices of the State Department in an effort to settle the British and French boundary disputes and thereby safeguard the undoubted rights of Liberia over large areas of productive territory.

(3) Help the Negro government reorganize its various departments on a better basis and lend a few experts in finance, agriculture, and education until the Liberians are competent to do without them.

Surely there is nothing in these proposed measures to excite alarm, even though the country thus assisted happens to be in Africa. As a matter of fact, if the American people were really familiar with occurrences of the last two years, they would probably want Congress to go much further than the President has recommended.

Meanwhile, steps have been taken which the Liberian government will interpret as being favorable to their cause. Dr. Ernest Lyon, who has already served six years as American Minister at Monrovia, and who has steadily opposed the intrigues of the English, has been returned to his post. A professor in Wilberforce University has gone with him as Secretary of the Legation, and Lieutenant Davis of the Tenth United States Cavalry has been assigned to duty as Military Attaché — the object being to teach military science instead of learning it. As a further evidence of the friendly interest of the American Government, these gentle-

men were despatched to Liberia in the scout-cruiser *Birmingham*.

The presence of an American cruiser off the Liberian coast was very timely, for another reason. As an aftermath of the British intrigue, the natives in the original Maryland colony at Cape Palmas started a disorder that was much magnified in the European cablegrams — as has been done many times before. The Liberians have shown remarkable cleverness in handling these native quarrels. Once or twice in the last thirty years they have had to fight, but diplomacy has usually proved more effective. A German gunboat was anxious to land marines, but the Marylanders requested the captain promptly to leave Liberian waters. Small African countries have learned that European marines are difficult to get rid of when once they are invited ashore.

THE PHILANTHROPIC TRUST

MR. John D. Rockefeller has expressed his wish to give a very large sum of money to a self-perpetuating board "to promote the well-being and to advance the civilization" of mankind and to promote "any or all of the elements of human progress" — in a word, to be applied, over an indefinite period, always by the judgment of living men, for what seems to them the best purposes of civilization. A national charter, practically identical with the charter now asked for, was granted by Congress to the General Education Board, to which Mr. Rockefeller has given \$53,000,000. The only difference between them is, that the charter now asked for permits a wider range of philanthropic activities than the General Education Board has.

Although the charter of the General Education Board provoked no criticism, the request for this new charter has called forth most extraordinary eccentricities of opposition.

The main facts are these: Here is a man with a colossal fortune, already the most generous giver of wisely-directed gifts perhaps in the whole history of philanthropy. He has, in fact, reduced giving money helpfully to a better scientific method than any other man of great fortune. He gives it not by impulse but by the deliberate judgment of his trained advisers after thorough investigation.

But even more important than the well-thought-out plans that govern his gifts while he yet lives is his recognition of this principle: that money can be used more wisely for the help of mankind by any fairly competent body of living men than by the direction of the wisest man that ever lived—after he is dead. The history of philanthropy is made up in large measure of ludicrous and tragic failures caused by conditions imposed upon gifts by dead men. Human needs and opportunities for help and conditions under which real help may be given change. They often change so rapidly that benefits of one decade become hindrances in the next.

Mr. Rockefeller, therefore, shows the highest practical wisdom in wishing his great fortune to be applied to human helpfulness over a long period—always by the judgment of living men. Experience has proved that this is a better plan than any other.

The theoretical and imaginary dangers that the creation of such a philanthropic trust have suggested cannot become real dangers under the provisions of the charter asked for, because at all times it "shall be subject to alteration, amendment, or repeal at the pleasure of the Congress of the United States." But suppose it be granted that some danger to the public welfare lurks in incorporating a self-perpetuating body of men to administer this philanthropic trust, the same danger, whatever it may be, is made still greater by refusing to incorporate it. Mr. Rockefeller could leave his money to his heirs or to whom he pleased, for whatever purposes he pleased—in other words, to individuals. All the dangers that lurk in great fortunes are surely magnified as long as they are within the control of individuals, who may do with them what they will; and they are minimized if they are left to self-perpetuating bodies of men pledged to devote them—without compensation to themselves—to the public welfare. Such a body is always amenable to public opinion, and under the provisions of such a charter as this now asked for, always within direct reach of Congressional action.

II

Mr. Rockefeller evidently worked out this plan of a "philanthropic trust" after

many years of thought and experience; for he explained in his *Reminiscences*, how he had conceived the central idea of it as far back as the early days of Chicago University. And he has seen the plan tested for a number of years in the working of the General Education Board. Other large benefactors, too, have adopted the same plan, notably, the Carnegie Board for the Advancement of Teaching and the Sage Foundation.

The funds of the General Education Board (\$53,000,000) are not withdrawn from productive uses, and the income is devoted to education in the most diverse ways; and as new opportunities to advance educational work arise, a self-perpetuating board can and will seize them, for the benefit of mankind. But if this money had all been distributed to institutions that now exist or had been given only for such definite uses as any one man or group of men could see at any one given time, a portion of it—large or small—would surely have missed the best use, as conditions change.

Looked at from any point of view, the philanthropic trust—although this phrase for the moment arouses some prejudice—is by so very much the best method of applying large sums of money for the help of mankind that it bids fair to hold a place among the most useful devices of modern organization. Its perfection, if not its discovery, will probably be the thing whereby Mr. Rockefeller will be remembered longest, and philanthropists of the future will imitate it. For it is scientific and constructive.

CURING BLINDNESS BEFORE IT HAPPENS

THIRTY years ago a Leipzig physician named Credé made a discovery that has been of greater benefit to the human race than all the philanthropies for the blind put together. It was simply this: one drop of a weak solution of nitrate of silver in the eye of a newborn child will positively prevent the ophthalmia ("sore eyes") of infants which is the direct cause of much of the blindness that is now in the world. Within a very few years he had convinced the physicians of all countries that this is true.

As a result, "the Credé method" is practised by nearly every physician who has

received his training in the regular schools, for young doctors have been taught that it is almost a badge of infamy if an infant in his practice develop this form of eye trouble. Nobody can even guess at the number of children saved from life-long blindness by the *Credé* solution.

So universal and undeniable is the value of this simple method that it comes somewhat as a surprise to learn that an active campaign is under way in many states to enforce its use. Since nitrate of silver solution is cheap, and since even a child can drop it into an infant's eye, there would seem to be no excuse for any failure to use it.

The trouble seems to be not with the regular physicians but with the "irregulars" and the midwives. Left to themselves, many of these irresponsibles who are allowed to hold in their hands the fate of many new lives will continue to disregard this important duty; it should be required of them, of course. The *Survey*, however, says that only twelve states have even made a beginning in the right direction.

The most hopeful fact is that the Russell Sage Foundation is now concerning itself with this duty to the newborn. With a reasonable amount of coöperation on the part of an intelligent public, even an unintelligent legislator may be brought around to the point of action, for it is only through legislation that the danger of blindness may be reduced to a minimum.

Here is a chance for every family to lend a hand. If your state has not enacted a law requiring the use of the *Credé* solution, write to your representative and to your state senator and ask him why. And it goes without saying that no family should entrust its health to a physician (of any name or school) who is so far behind the times as to neglect this precaution. That of itself should be considered as a glaring evidence of quackery or incompetency.

THE COMET

WHEN the sky was last ablaze with the amazing glory of Halley's comet, Africa was an unknown continent, Asia was a land of mystery, Japan a hermit nation. There was no German Empire, no Kingdom

of Italy. Texas and California belonged to Mexico. There was not a mile of railroad on the continent of Europe. The world had not heard the name of Morse, or of Darwin. Yet the people of 1835 knew that the comet was coming just as well as we know it. But on its visit next before that, it came unexpected except by the few who accepted the strange prediction of Edmund Halley.

This year the celestial visitor ought to terrify no one in the civilized part of the world. Anyone, however, who knows the persistency of superstitious ignorance knows that millions will be frightened, as all will be amazed; that religious revivals will flourish, that men will go insane, that the best of us will read not without apprehension of the fearsome cyanogen tail through which we are to pass. As we watch for the phosphorescent glow in the evening sky of May 18th, we shall all be thrilled a little at the thought that we are surrounded by corpuscles which have been swept to us out of depths of space far deeper than the flying earth ever visits, and which to-morrow will be on their swift way back to the mysterious gulfs of night.

Had so near an approach of the comet occurred in earlier centuries, alarm would not have been confined to the superstitious. LePlace himself once drew a fanciful picture of the result of an imagined approach which raised a tidal wave that covered the Alps and finally drew the earth out of its orbit, permanently altering its temperature and the length of the year. LePlace was unaware that a comet's mass was insignificant. Newton was more nearly right when he guessed that a man might put a comet into his pocket if he could squeeze it together.

There will be no collision this time, though undoubtedly there have been many collisions during the last billion years or so — many collisions evidently without serious result. In 1819, and again in 1861, the earth passed through comets' tails. Nobody knew it at the time. It is quite possible that to-day, if the calculation of the astronomers were to prove wrong and we should have a collision, we should experience from it nothing more startling than the sight of a swarm of September meteors.

A THEATRE WITH A 5,000,000 AUDIENCE

IT is impossible to know the exact number of persons who go to the motion-picture theatres, but is apparent to anybody that they are working a revolution in the amusement field. Five-cent theatres abound on every hand; their illumination is the most garish, their white and golden fronts are the most inviting, the crowds about them the biggest to be found on the street. Squads of police are necessary in many places to keep in line the expectant throngs awaiting their turn to enter the inner glories.

The motion-picture show has already passed out of the empty store-room stage into the possession of many large and famous playhouses. In New York the biograph manager has driven vaudeville and the old-fashioned, first-class drama from the Manhattan Theatre, the Union Square, the Lincoln Square, the Circle, the Majestic, the Yorkville, the Savoy, Keith and Proctor's 23d Street Theatre, and the Harlem Opera House, among others, and threatens to occupy even the Academy of Music. When the great hall which long served the metropolis for an Opera House, and in which New York gave its ball to the Prince of Wales — when so famous a place echoes the click of the moving-picture reel, something is taking place that merits attention.

There are said to be to-day 12,000 biograph theatres in the United States. They are "coining money," one and all. They are driving vaudeville and melodrama out of business and cutting into the gate-receipts of the more sedate entertainment houses. The "gallery god," whose modest contribution used to be in the aggregate an important part of a season's success, is in his place no more; he has saved part of his quarter and is occupying a cushioned orchestra seat, watching the phantasmagoric performance on the screen of "The Bijou Dream," "The Crystal Palace," "The Mignon" or the "Théâtre Unique."

The biograph theatres already support twenty or thirty stock-companies, who act before the camera and appear simultaneously in a hundred cities. Twenty new productions go out every week in a million and a half feet of film, on which Mr. Edison gets a royalty of half a cent a foot — more

than \$7,000 a week. Five million people are thought to be in daily attendance at the picture shows. If it is a matter of public concern what sort of plays are run on the stage and what sort of articles are published in the newspapers and magazines, it is surely important that the subject-matter of the most popular medium of reaching the people be at least not degrading.

Already the moving-picture has been applied to serious educational uses. May it not be used in political campaigns? And are there not many good uses to which it may be put?

ABOUT MAGAZINES — QUICK AND DEAD

FOUR periodicals were smothered at once the other day, the old *Literary World*, the *Critic*, the *Reader*, and *Putnam's*, when *Putnam's*, which had absorbed all these others, was taken over by the *Atlantic Monthly*; and about the same time the unestablished *Van Norden's* ceased. The *Literary World* and the *Critic*, each in its day, did excellent service and deserve grateful remembrance. But the others were sheer mistakes of ambition and judgment.

The American magazine, at its present stage of development, is a very peculiar thing. It was once described as the business of buying white paper and of selling it soiled at a profit — a definition that is incomplete because in so very many cases the soiled paper is sold at an enormous and progressive loss. There is a firm of periodical brokers in New York who will sell you magazines at bargain-counter prices. Here are some of their announcements:

"A standard magazine can be bought cheaply, owing to the financial circumstances of its owner. Has reasonable paid circulation, which is profitable without any advertising. \$5,000 will buy if bought quickly."

"There is a certain ecclesiastical annual which has been established many years and has had good sale. This would probably appeal to a minister who has publishing ambition. Price \$5,000."

"We know of two or three very large propositions which would take in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million dollars each to buy, and they are good purchases at the prices at which they could be obtained. The publishers will not permit us to name these proper-

ties until we know thoroughly the ability, standing, and financial resources of any possible purchaser. We should be glad to talk with principals who could finance purchases up to the amount of \$750,000."

Periodicals, therefore, as properties seem to resemble property in heiresses — they can be bought, but never in an open market. They must be the subjects of private negotiation. And the vendors wish to know something about the bidders. These brokers say in their circular:

"It would interest us to learn if you have any thought of buying a periodical; if so, whether you have in mind a general publication to reach everybody; or a special periodical like a trade, mercantile, professional, or class paper; if the latter, what class would most interest you? how large a property you would consider; and how much cash you are prepared to pay down; references to substantiate these statements are desirable; also what your experience and capabilities are; whether you are prepared to give security aside from the property purchased, and, if so, what such security consists of; whether you desire a controlling interest; and what kind of work you seek to do on the publication if other than general supervision; also whether you would prefer a well-developed and profitable property valued accordingly, or an undeveloped or badly managed publication, which, while having good prospects, can be bought at a comparatively low figure; write, 'phone, or call."

II

But the subject has less ghastly aspects than traffic in foundlings and cadavers and misfit ambitions. Several types of magazines have already clearly developed and established themselves. The professional and trade and "class" magazines of the better class have done this. They serve a definite, clearly defined, useful, and therefore profitable service. The "general" magazine of entertainment and of mild and easy instruction, too, has a clear and big field, with its stories and its pictures and its pleasant sketches of places and of men, and especially of stage women. One branch of this family is the story-magazine pure and simple: it contains nothing but stories. Another branch of the same family offers a greater variety of entertainment, is more sensational, and, being akin to the theatre,

does not scorn on occasion to entertain you with horrors. When the public humor seems to invite such shows, it will "muck-rake" for you with the sprightliest indignation at the degradations of our "so-called civilization," and shriek you a sermon in any type that you prefer, or "stage" an arch-rascal who kindly consents for piety's sake to expose his gang. The conduct of this kind of magazine is a precarious business, but when managed with skill it is profitable — at least for a time.

The standard "general" magazines which have been and are effective institutions for popular culture do not increase in number. But they maintain themselves, though perhaps with a relatively waning influence because of the multiplication of cheaper magazines that in varying degrees invade their field. Like other excellent institutions, they fulfil their mission and prosper according to the ability with which they are conducted.

A newer kind is the magazine that concerns itself chiefly with the present activities of the world and is interpretative of contemporary life; and they have come into existence chiefly because of the geographical and other limitations of the newspapers. They have the whole country as their field, and not merely the newspaper's circumscribed territory. It is through them, therefore, that writers on current subjects and immediate problems can best reach the people and exert the greatest influence on action and opinion. As the newspaper editorial has declined in its effectiveness, articles in this kind of magazines have taken its place — and a larger place than the newspaper editorial ever filled.

III

But the whole magazine business is yet very new, to a degree still in its formative stage, and, therefore, in an unsuspected measure precarious. Our oldest magazine, *Harper's*, is yet edited by the same man who edited it in its beginning — the venerable primate of the profession, Mr. Henry M. Alden (long life to him!).

The better magazines have been and are one of the prime influences in American life — for instance, the *Century*, as the instrument whereby the fine spirit and high aims

of Richard Watson Gilder worked themselves out to our lasting benefit. And the worst of the magazines are surely a dissipating and some even a degrading influence on youth and flabby maturity. They present the wrong types as the heroic and, worse yet, they stuff the mind with straw till it ceases to know beans.

All alike, in their substructure, rest on two pillars. The first is the pillar of the advertiser, without whom there would be no cheap magazine. Whatever magazine you read with the greatest satisfaction goes to you at the price you pay only because it serves its readers as a means of conveying purely commercial as well as purely literary or political or social information (soap with your fiction and breakfast-food with your literature and automobiles with your social studies); and if it did not serve the advertiser and his patrons, it could not serve the reader—at the present price. If, therefore, you should think of buying that “standard magazine,” which the brokers say “has reasonable paid circulation and is profitable without any advertising,” look it carefully in the mouth before you put your money down.

The other pillar is cheap postage, of which also the reader gets the benefit, and which was enacted by Congress in the spirit in which the postal service was conceived—for the benefit of the people, and not to make profits to be diverted by unorganized bad government management. A reorganization of the postal service, as recommended by the commission that Congress appointed a few years ago, would result in a profit to the Department except as the extension of the rural free delivery might cut it down; and the rural free delivery would itself yield a profit if the express companies would kindly permit Congress to establish even a local parcels post.

IV

Before buying a magazine, therefore, or trying to establish one, ambitious bankers and other persons who suffer from perverted ambitions might begin their preparatory studies with an examination of the political influence of transportation companies, of post-office organization and conduct, and then of the organization and distribution

and the normal development of the advertising business, varied with excursions for knowledge into the mysteries of the tariff on wood-pulp; thence to the best machinery for binding, with which men are now struggling with much sweat of brow and purse, and of rapid color-printing; till finally a question of some difficulty is reached by this simple question: How are you going to find out what sort of wholesome reading matter the people will pay for? When you have found that out, you have only made the beginning. For you yet have the task of informing them that you have wholesome and interesting wares for sale. And you will discover that the louder you shout the deader they become, these people to whose instruction you propose to dedicate your fortune and your life. For the most comical tragedy in our democracy is the number of persons who are trying to instruct the people, of whom the people never even hear.

Further yet, if you knew what wholesome instruction the people want, you could not possibly find men who can write it in the language of the people. For the persons who now write write chiefly to one another in a bookish lingo which the people do not understand or care to understand. And the men who have the most helpful knowledge are those eminent illiterates, the great scientific investigators, who express themselves in mathematical or chemical formulas or in the dog-Latin vocabulary of their crafts—a vocabulary of convoluted and ponderous unintelligibility.

Yet the leaders of human progress in the sciences and in all the practical activities, as well as in story-telling, are discovering that the magazines are the most direct and effective instruments for reaching that most elusive and inaccessible of all things, the public mind. Once in a long while somebody has the genius (or the luck) to find it; and nowadays he finds it through some magazine.

For the one distinctive thing about it is its general circulation. This gives it its advantage over the newspaper and over the book; and for this reason it has become in a peculiar sense an institution of our democracy. There is nothing comparable to our development of it in any other country.

MR. ROOSEVELT—WHAT NEXT?

MR. ROOSEVELT provokes positive opinions about himself. Ask any man you meet what he thinks of him and he will not say, "Well, I don't know," but he will tell you something definite.

The two chief opinions that men hold of him may fairly be expressed in this way:

(1) That he is of a restless and reckless nature, self-confident and spectacular, and acts before he thinks and therefore lacks sound judgment and is a dangerous man to entrust with power. "He shoots as soon as a leaf shakes."

(2) That he is a great leader of the people, a man of unparalleled accomplishment in our time, and of an unparalleled variety of activities, essentially a moral leader who regards the government as an instrument to lift the lives of men and the position of the Republic to higher levels—an inspirer of youth, a conservator of natural wealth, a courageous enemy of privilege, an apostle of the square deal.

But men who hold these differing opinions agree in this — that he must yet be seriously reckoned with. He is not only a national figure, but he is now become a world figure. No other living man commands so nearly a world-wide attention to everything he says. There has been no other man in our time with so large or so enthusiastic a personal following. His enemies who have ridiculed him during his year of absence have found themselves reading even the commonplaces of his conversation, cabled at high cost from Khartoum, or Rome, or Berlin, or Paris.

Mr. Roosevelt, then, must be regarded as a national asset, and every American is now re-appraising him; and every large political plan of either party for the next two years will be made with direct, if not acknowledged, reference to him.

Yet it is certain that he will say nothing about party politics — for some time. He will be loyal to Mr. Taft's Administration and loyal to Mr. Taft. Still the fact already stares everybody in the face that the masses

of the Republican party now wish him to enter the next Presidential race, however they may feel two years hence; and, if he should favor further tariff revision (as he will when the time comes) and give new meaning to what we call Conservation and again make war on "predatory" financial and industrial combinations, even many Democrats will wish him again in the White House, in preference to any man in their own party. He is become a popular, not a partisan, hero.

II

Nothing is easier or more hazardous than political prophecy, and few things less instructive. Yet every analysis of present forces must point in some direction.

At present we have an earnest, conscientious, unselfish President trying to do his high executive task and to put his policies on the statute-books. But in the effort to put his policies on the statute-books, Mr. Taft has chosen as his chief reliance the Republican majority in Congress. But it is now very plain that this majority has forfeited public confidence. The next Congress may have a Democratic majority. This majority, if it be won, will mean chiefly a rebuke to the authors and to the high defender of the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Act. It may mean other things, but it will mean this surely.

If a guess may be made by precedents, a Democratic Congress will accomplish little except to prevent a Republican President from doing anything—especially a President who works with his party rather than with public opinion. The country will then be in a mood for "a man who does things."

Mr. Roosevelt will not seek another nomination. His enemies will hardly believe this, but his friends know that it is true. Perhaps he would miss it if he were to seek it. And if he enter the race again he will run a grave risk of losing something of the unique place that he now holds in the minds of men. If he consider his personal

comfort and fame, he will not consent again to serve as President. But if the present forces and tendencies in political life persist for two years, he may find himself nominated without having sought the nomination — perhaps even in spite of his personal wish — and be unable to decline.

No man in our history since Washington has faced such a situation; but events may shape themselves, and they seem not unlikely to shape themselves, so as to put Mr. Roosevelt face to face with it.

III

The one thing above all others that the mass of the people wish the government to do is to restrain corporations from having undue and improper influence in industry and government — a subject about which more sorts of nonsense are written and spoken than about any other subject of our time. Nevertheless there is a real "issue" here — a grave cause for profound concern. The square deal is violated in industry every day. The railroads, for instance, have stopped giving rebates in the old form, but they have not stopped favoring one locality against another. By "commodity rates," or by other long-sanctioned customs which establish purely arbitrary and artificial conditions, the railroads can and do determine what industries may thrive and what may not thrive in any given city or region — often regardless of nearness to raw material or to markets. In a word, the Government regulation of railroads has hardly begun in earnest. The first crude efforts have been much more irksome to the railroads than beneficial to the public; but the root of the evil has yet hardly been touched, and there is more agitation ahead of us.

Currency and banking reform we do not yet at all understand. But it will play a large part in public discussion before many years. We have a miserable system — no system at all, in fact; and we must devise one. Shall we have postal savings banks? This question touches only the fringes of the problem. But the large banking interests have laid the foundations for an enormous structure of popular criticism and distrust by trying to prove that postal savings banks are not necessary nor desirable.

And when the far larger subjects of a Central Bank and of a proper regulation of the currency take hold on the popular mind, the popular mind will wake up to this fact: that the concentration of financial and banking power has gone on until a little group of men control it to a degree never dreamed of even a decade ago. A Central Bank? They are a Central Bank under the present system. What shall the Government do then? There is much more agitation ahead of us.

In the third place, the meagre result of Mr. Taft's well-meant call of Congress to revise the tariff provoked a demand for real tariff revision; and the flood-gates are open now. The Payne Act is not satisfactory and more mere tinkering will not be tolerated. The subject will not down until some sweeping changes are made — in the interest of the consumer and not of the protected manufacturer. There is more agitation ahead of us.

These are three large subjects that have to do with the square deal. And they have this in common: victories for the people in every one of them must be won first by popular leadership. They cannot be won by mere work with Congress. That will come later. In the rousing campaigns before us, the people will want leaders, spokesmen, daring and perhaps even reckless champions.

Well, Mr. Roosevelt has qualities of popular leadership and of popular spokesmanship unmatched in our time.

You may ask what he knows about "commodity rates," or about banking and currency, or even about the tariff. More than you may think. But what he knows is, in all seriousness, aside from the main point. The main point is that the tariff, our banking and currency system, and our railroad practice do violate the square deal. They do not give equal opportunity to all competitors. They are based on privilege. As soon as this is made clear, the question raised is a simple moral question. It is no longer an intricate question of finance or of transportation or of tariff schedules.

Now Mr. Roosevelt can see the moral bearing of these questions as quickly and as thoroughly as any man alive; and (still more to the point) the American masses believe that he will use the power of govern-

ment for moral ends more energetically and efficiently than any other man. He has their moral confidence.

If, therefore, these big subjects and more like them are expressed in simple terms of morality, and the people demand a strong voice and a big stick and a moral purpose that they can trust, how can Mr. Roosevelt escape? And can he, or could any man, resist such a call by the people?

IV

The moral public confidence that he commands — this alone explains his continued and apparently increasing popularity. That he failed to secure the laws that he asked for, that Congress spurned him and even insulted him, that sometimes his very friends were made weary by many preachments, that he made errors of judgment, that he mistook emphasis for perspective, that he provoked bitter enmities, even that in his unceasing employments he sometimes lacked time for justice in his actions — these are forgotten and forgiven. He believes in the people and the people believe in him. Other things matter little.

In the face of a storm of popular criticism, a stiff statesman once said to Mr. Roosevelt: "I give it up. I can't understand the common people."

"Of course not," said he, "you are not one of them."

Whatever the multitudinous mind thinks and the common conscience feels, Theodore Roosevelt sincerely thinks and feels and expresses with instant accuracy of intonation and emphasis; and he acts on it with instinctive energy. That is the reason why some men call his utterances commonplace (as surely many of them are) and the reason why many other men say that he is a consummate politician — which also is true. But both judgments miss the point, because they leave out the vitalizing quality of his commonplace utterances and of his political acumen. That vitalizing quality is his moral earnestness. Intellectual brilliancy and political smartness do not go far in leading men. But sympathy, understanding, and moral earnestness are the common qualities that make uncommon popular leaders. No other qualities can take their place, and they are invincible

except by greater sympathy, clearer understanding of the masses, and greater moral earnestness.

Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, is a national asset and a very active one. Most men, whatever opinions they hold about him, are now discussing what he ought to do; and everything has been suggested — except that he do nothing: for this is inconceivable. Doubtless he has plans of his own, but it does not follow that he will be permitted to carry them out. Representative in Congress, Senator, builder of the Canal, editor, writer (this he will be, but only as an incident to his activity) or — Sage — but all occupations are contrary to nature for him, except political leadership; for he is essentially a preacher by action.

All such speculation is idle amusement, except as it may have a bearing on political plan-making in the near future. He stands in the minds and hearts of a large number of people as the best impersonation of their progressive moods and ambitions; and this fact will have its effect in every political convention of the next two years. What effect, every man may guess for himself.

V

In the meantime everybody can see certain general political facts and tendencies, such as these: the split of the Republican party within a year after its leadership fell back into the old hands; the necessity of uniting it not by mere organization but by a leader of the aroused people; the especial need of a popular Republican leader to offset the rising opportunity of the Democrats; the reassertion of the strength of the Government over great financial and transportation powers; the reassertion and extension of Conservation; and a hundred lesser things, such as the saving of Alaska from spoliation, more rapid work on reclamation projects, the breaking of the solid South; and, as a sentimental consideration, under whose administration would it be fittest to finish the Panama Canal? And, as for foreign relations, what American do other governments and the great rulers of the world know best?

It used to be said in Wall Street (and in all the little Wall Streets of the land), "With Roosevelt gone, we'll have quiet."

Now you may often hear it said in these same communities, "I'm for him again, if he'll 'bust up' the big fellows."

"He 'busted up' nothing when he was in."

"Well, he scared 'em to death."

And in Iowa and Kansas and Oregon and Georgia — almost anywhere — you will hear men say: "I'd rather see Roosevelt in the White House than any other man."

All this may have no meaning two years hence when the conventions meet, and after Mr. Roosevelt has written homilies for a hundred numbers of *The Outlook*. But it is the present mood of many men; and pres-

ently, when he lands, their shouts will be heard from one end of the land to the other. Enthusiasm may cure itself of excess by vociferous expression. We have before now calmed ourselves down by shouting ourselves hoarse. But Mr. Roosevelt, whatever else he may be, is more than a national mood. He is a national temperament, and temperaments reassert themselves.

In the meantime whatever awaits us, life is becoming again more animated; for the ex-President is to mankind in the mass the most interesting personality in the world. And you can neither laugh away nor argue away the question, "What next?"

THE MAN WITH A HUNDRED DOLLARS

THIS is part of a note from a clergyman in New Jersey, a man past fifty:

"I have just bought my first big investment, a 4 per cent. bond of the American Tobacco Company. I have been saving money for more than twenty years, putting it away in banks or buying small shares in companies. I find after all these years of experiment that you cannot get any sort of safety in investment until you have money enough to make it worth the while of the big bankers and authorities to take some interest in you. I have six shares of stock that are good and sixteen that are not good. Twice I have been a loser in savings-bank failures, and once I was tied up for three years. There ought to be some way that is publicly known to put money away in safety — but there does not seem to be any such way."

The writer of this letter is a little pessimistic about this matter; but he came near enough the truth to be interesting.

The fact is, however, that the savings banks of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New Jersey, and Michigan are as safe for small funds as any general sort of investment for big funds. Every now and again there is a failure, it is true, even in Massachusetts. Yet there are also failures in even the standard railroad bonds.

Then, if a man have some slight judgment, the local building and loan companies of

New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Iowa are very good places to put away small sums of money month by month. The residents of these states come to know this pretty well. Where the citizen of New York, Connecticut, or Massachusetts patronizes the savings bank because he knows that it is all right, the citizen of a state not blessed with such good savings banks is often favoured with better building and loan companies.

There are many states, of course, where a man is not supposed to save any money. Many of the Western and Southern States have neither savings-bank laws worthy of the name nor strong laws regulating building and loan companies, mutual-savings associations, nor any other form of state institution for the guarding of the funds of the poor. In these states pirates flourish and the legislators are too busy passing railroad bills and such things to bother about a little fact like that.

Again, there never was a time when the small investor could not buy standard securities from standard bankers in the big cities. It has been true of course that the small investor did not receive the same attention in the big houses that was given to the large investors; and from this the impression has become widespread that the

big houses do not wish to be bothered with the little investor.

But lately Wall Street and all the other streets that do financial business have catered more directly to the small investor. Even standard railroad bonds, like the New Haven debentures or the Colorado & Southern refunding bonds, have been made in \$100 denominations. Many of the newer bond issues of the big street railways and lighting companies have been put out in very small securities, sometimes as small as \$100.

Outside of Wall Street and its securities, nearly all the real-estate, title-company, irrigation-company, and other miscellaneous bonds have been made in these small denominations, the same size as the standard share of stock. Always stocks are bought and sold in single shares, \$100 or less.

Then many of the standard houses in Wall Street will sell bonds to the investor under arrangements that permit the payment in instalments. The movement is not very widespread, nor is it much encouraged in very conservative circles, for it often amounts to a sale on margin. Yet, if a man can pay down half the value of a bond and pay off the rest in small amounts not too far apart or too long delayed, he can find good houses willing to take his account on that basis.

A few dealers have, from time to time, offered direct facilities for buying stocks on instalments. Most of them, under analysis, amount to an offer to take a certain amount of money on account, buy the stock, keep it until fully paid for, then turn it over to the buyer.

This is not safe except with the best of banking houses. In case of failure, the buyer seems to be an unsecured creditor, for the debtor has both the stock and the money, and an assignee would certainly not honor a claim for either the one or the other.

One house — and there are doubtless others that do the same thing — sold public-utility bonds on the instalment plan, offering to put the bonds into a trust company in trust for the buyer, to be delivered when paid for, with interest on the deferred payments. Such an arrangement is entirely satisfactory to the buyer, and it will

probably become more extensive as time goes on.

Five years ago, a man in Pennsylvania started putting away \$100 a year to build up a little fund to educate a boy. He reckoned that he would save up \$1,000 in ten years, when the boy would be old enough to go to college. This man bought one share of railroad stock every January. He bought only stocks whose names were known to him. He now owns one share each of Baltimore & Ohio, Atchison, Southern Pacific, New York Central, and Norfolk & Western.

His fund is worth now about \$580, and he has received in addition about \$70 in dividends and other distributions. He says that he will never sell any of the stock until after the ten-year period, and will be content if it is worth \$1,000 at that time. In the meantime the dividends that he receives help him make his annual contribution to this fund.

If a panic comes along he may be disturbed in his mind, but his stocks seem good enough to carry him through. On the other hand, he may get a couple of shares of good stock cheap. There is a good deal of sense in the idea, however one may criticize it as amateurish and unscientific. At any rate, it is infinitely better than the far too usual method of picking up blocks of small industrial stocks which cannot be sold again.

There is no reasonable doubt that the best place for a man to put \$100 is the savings bank, if he live in a state where intelligent laws rule these banks. If not, there are institutions even under the savings-bank laws of New York that accept deposits by mail, under certain conditions. There are others in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and other states that are infinitely better than indiscriminate and blind investment. Then, in most states, if there are no savings banks, the trust companies or national banks have savings departments. They too are safer than unskilled investment.

Whatever a man may do, he should not rush foolishly into the buying of little "wild-cat" stocks merely because he has too little money to make a bond investment. The time has gone by when the poorer people are shut out from safety in the handling of their funds.

C. M. K.

A "WILD-CAT" INSURANCE COMPANY

ONE day in 1908 a man went out from New York to a city in New Jersey to make a proposition to a very wealthy brewer. The brewer is a man who knows how to make money; seldom in a long and profitable career has he missed a chance to turn an honest penny.

He listened with a good deal of interest to the proposition. It was an offer of a sort not unfamiliar these days in the insurance world. The visitor had authority, he said, to offer \$5,000 worth of stock of a new casualty company in return for the services of the brewer.

"But I don't know anything about casualty insurance!" the brewer said.

"No, but you know a lot of people in this city who would buy stock in a well-managed company, and who would also buy insurance from it. We lay our cards on the table so that you may see the proposition is all right. All we ask is that you give us a letter to your friends, telling them that you know all about us and believe in us and are yourself a stockholder. That would be very valuable to us and would cost you nothing. The block of stock is in payment."

Just about then, something struck the brewer pretty hard. He began to ask many questions about the new company, how it was organized, what it intended to do, how much it ought to make every year, and so on. Then he asked for time to consider the proposition.

There were many other conferences. In the course of time, the brewer found out all that was to be known about the new company. He realized that the men who were running it "stood" to make a great deal of money without any initial investment worth while and without any material risk. When he realized that, he turned down the New York proposition, not brusquely but finally.

The brewer then called in a young man in town whom he knew fairly well. This young man was connected with a life-insurance agency, had been the secretary

of a high public official, and had originally come from the newspaper ranks—a good combination for the work that the brewer had cut out for him. He knows how to handle men, to turn corners without knocking them down, and to reach the newspapers.

The brewer outlined to this young man the possibilities that lie in a New Jersey casualty-insurance company, organized along modern lines and financed mostly in the city itself. His own friends, he said, would undoubtedly support it. An immense amount of insurance business in casualty and indemnity lines was directly under his own control. Would the young man go in with him and help to get up such a company?

The young man said that he would. They enlisted the help of another young man, one with more experience in organization work, and they launched the new company. First of all, they organized a little company of their own. Its mission was to float the new casualty company, sell its stock, and take a good commission for such sale; then, when the larger company was in operation, to act as general agents for it in the richest casualty territory—New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. The brewer did not want to be bothered with details. He put up \$10,000 cash with which to start the wheels going, and will be satisfied with one-third of the profits of the organization company.

A charter was secured very quickly—note that the first young man had political affiliations—and an office was rented at once. That was a little more than twelve months ago.

Right away, one of the typical prospectus booklets was drafted and printed. It is neat but not gaudy. This statement applies only to its physical appearance. Its contents are gaudy but not very "neat." Some of the statements contained in it will be touched upon in slight detail later on.

Thousands of these booklets were distributed among the business men of New Jersey. They found their way into the hands of most of the responsible business

men and manufacturers of all the cities from Atlantic City to Paterson. At the same time, advertisements were inserted in the papers calling for stock salesmen.

Nobody, according to the prospectus, could buy more than 250 shares of the stock of the new company, worth \$5,000. The price of the shares was fixed at \$10 and the surplus \$10, so that a buyer of one share of stock paid \$20.

Things started out with a rush. A board of directors was gathered, including many men whose names are well-known both in the larger business circles of New Jersey and to Messrs. Dun and Bradstreet. The company went on record as declaring that none of these gentlemen received any special inducements to serve. Some of them, however, got their stock at a discount of 40 per cent. on the surplus — 20 per cent. on the total cost — while others had private agreements with the agency that their own casualty business would be written for them at a discount of 20 per cent.

Lest this seeming contradiction should seem to impugn the honesty of the company, it may be added that the statement that no special inducements were offered was made by the *insurance company*, while the special inducements were really offered by the *promotion company*. Thus it will be seen that Truth is still held in high repute and honor in New Jersey.

There were, during the early months of the life of this company, a few burning moments. Several of the directors, when they found out by reading the prospectus and the newspapers that they had been made directors, came around and gently removed their names from the list. These were thin-skinned gentlemen. There were plenty of others to succeed them. In time, a list of thirteen directors was held together, including some of the most prominent politicians, ex-state officers, manufacturers, and even bankers in New Jersey. These gentlemen to-day guide the destinies of this company.

The flotation year was not exactly a bed of roses. In spite of everything, the stock went out slowly. To be sure, the promoters made statements every now and again to the effect that it was "half-subscribed," and then again "fully subscribed" — and even, quite lately, they raised the

price. But the salesmen found it hard going, and one by one they turned their backs upon it. Around the turn of the year the situation was critical. The company was not supposed to begin doing business until its stock was paid up; that is the law. At that time a little more than half was really paid up, and a good deal of the rest was contracted for by the promotion syndicate and other stock-selling agencies.

It began business. If any one who reads the law wants to know how it was managed, Trenton is the capital of the state of New Jersey, and it has an Insurance Department. Ask it. Presumably the law was met. It is to be presumed that somewhere in the Trenton records there is an affidavit signed by responsible officers of the company to the effect that all its capital and surplus have been subscribed and paid for in full. Anyway, business has begun.

It is well to summarize the position of the promoters — remembering at the same time that it was begun and founded at the instance of a Jersey brewer who had figured out that some good money was to be gathered in by becoming the promoter of such a company.

First, the promoting company, consisting of the brewer and his young friends, has received a commission of 40 per cent. on the surplus of the company, a matter of about \$100,000.

Second, the brewer advanced \$10,000 for expenses, which was probably repaid out of this \$100,000.

Third, the promoters paid the expenses of the promotion. This total is unknown, but nobody who knows anything about it supposes that it took more than half the \$100,000, including the \$10,000 advanced.

Fourth, the same three men, organized into a general agency company, have an exclusive contract to collect the agency commissions in the best area in the Union for the next decade or more. This contract was given to them as an additional payment or commission for their services. The original plan was to let this contract cover New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Illinois. Some one put up a red flag, and the area was reduced.

Fifth, the brewer is president; the first young man is secretary; the literature of the company does not say what the salaries are,

The fourth item in this little list is a beautiful thing. The exact amount of the commission is unknown to us. Representatives of four casualty companies were asked to guess at it. The lowest guess was 5 per cent.; that is to say, for every \$100 collected in premiums from the area remaining in these five best states during the next ten years or so, the three gentlemen in the agency company will get \$5 net.

Now this may or may not amount to much. If the company is even moderately successful, its premium receipts from this area will run very close to \$2,000,000 a year on an average. If it did this, the agency would divide a commission income of about \$100,000 a year.

From all the evidence now in hand, it would seem that this company is a great success. The gentleman of hops and malt guessed right. Why work when one can organize a new casualty company?

The promoters have fared well. What of the stockholders and the policy-holders? Out of every \$100 contributed by the stockholder, the promoters got \$20. There remains \$80 to work for the interest of the stockholder and to safeguard the insurance of the policy-holder.

The company may make good—but it is a very long chance. In the original booklet issued by the promoters to catch stockholders, the casualty insurance business was outlined in very glowing terms. There was a long list of companies—twenty-one in all—which had averaged 10 per cent. a year on their capital stock for the last decade. The public was told that this was a fair resumé of the casualty business, and that the new company could hardly fail to duplicate the performance. In its intent, of course, this statement is flatly untrue. Only the best of the companies were lined up in parade. I can name nearly as many casualty companies that have either gone into bankruptcy in the last fifteen years, or are to-day tottering toward the grave where lost hopes lie buried.

Then there is an army of mediocre companies whose annual business barely keeps their heads above water. In addition, there are ninety-nine new companies, like this Jersey concern, organized within the last year with the purpose of affording

somebody a chance for a fat commission and perhaps a permanent job.

Any sensible business man who takes the trouble to study insurance statements or to dig into the state reports on such companies must see at a glance that the casualty business is no gold-mine. It is a good, legitimate business, but there are no huge margins of profit. The estimates used in the making of this promotion literature, not only in the Jersey company but in nearly all the other new companies, are simply gilded fiction.

Studying the history of the Metropolitan Surety, the Union Casualty & Surety, the Guarantors' Liability Indemnity, the Consolidated, and many others of the type, any critic will reach a conclusion at once that the stockholders of the new companies are taking great chances. Yet, directly in the face of fact, the promoters of the new company put into their booklet a statement that not a single stock casualty company has ever failed.

Years ago, there was a similar campaign. More than seventy new casualty concerns were floated in a short period. All but two or three of them collapsed. In some of them the stockholders paid large assessments before the end, and lost both the original investments and the additional investments.

As to policy-holders, what chances are there? At the outset, they are asked to insure in a company whose surplus is impaired to the extent of 40 per cent. Some will do it; but most people, in taking out insurance to safeguard their business, will prefer to take it from companies whose capital and surplus is intact and whose additional assets make the insurance real insurance and not mere promises to pay. The experience of the business world teaches that the weaker a company is in resources the slower it is to pay claims and the more unsafe is the insurance that it sells.

Suppose, therefore, that in some New Jersey industry one of the directors has become interested in this new company and attempts to swing toward it the casualty and indemnity and liability insurance of the industry. A proposition to that effect is brought into the executive committee. Another member of the committee.

not interested in the casualty company, has some remarks to make:

"Mr. Blank," he says, "if you want us to take our policies away from the old-line company in which we have been satisfactorily insured for the last ten years you must have good reasons. What are they? Show us how strong is this new company. We are here as trustees for our stockholders, not as pullers-in for a new insurance company. What are your inducements?"

Stated baldly, this whole scheme of the new insurance company looks like a dead-fall. The reason why there have been more casualty companies organized in the last year than existed in this country before that time lies in this theory that if business men can be induced to become directors they will bring big business with them. To a certain extent it is true — but in the main it is a palpable falsehood. No honest business man will imperil himself and his part-

ners in business by patronizing a new company in which he himself is interested, if by so doing he weakens the safeguards of his own business.

The theory is based on a supposition that self-interest is stronger than the sense of trusteeship in the minds of business men of America. In other words, the new company based on this theory caters to dishonesty and seeks for its directorate the class of business men that can be fooled or coaxed into a betrayal of trust.

This campaign of insurance finance has gone too far. It is time that somebody sounded an alarm. Thousands of people throughout the country have been cajoled into buying the stocks of such companies as this one, and to-day the campaign is in full swing so that other thousands may follow. Unsound insurance is being placed every day upon the business of men who ought to be covered by sound insurance.

HOW TO HELP MEN MOST WITH MONEY

A MAN MORE IMPORTANT THAN A PLAN

By ARTHUR T. HADLEY

PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY

THE thing needed is not plans, but men. A well-thought-out plan without a man to execute it is a waste of money; and as a rule, the more comparatively the details have been thought out by a man who is not going to execute

them himself, the larger will be the amount of money wasted. Get a man with a plan, and the more money he has the greater is his chance of doing a large work; but a plan without a man is as bad as a man without a plan — the more he has the more he wastes.

A GREAT SCHOOL OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

By HERBERT CROLY

AUTHOR OF "THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN LIFE"

ANY well-considered plan for the expenditure of money by an individual benefactor for the public welfare must be based upon a sound conception of what can and cannot be accom-

plished by means of subsidies on behalf of social amelioration. An individual, no more than a government, cannot create with his money those formative ideas, purposes, and methods upon which the

advancement of civilization depends. He cannot even do much to encourage the vitality of these germs of civilization already existing in a community. But when a formative social or educational idea has reached comparative maturity, and has created its indispensable apparatus of technical methods and discipline, a rich man may with none but beneficial results provide for its future subsistence.

Thus the contribution which individual benefactors can make to social improvement at *any one time* is severely restricted — in such a wise that if these restrictions are overlooked their subsidies are likely to become baneful in their effects. They must wait upon the spontaneous development of civilizing purposes and methods in society, and, as I understand it, that is precisely what Mr. Rockefeller proposes to do by means of this new Foundation. Inasmuch as he cannot give away during his life-time as much money as he wishes with any sufficient assurance that his gifts will prove to be permanent benefactions, he seeks to found an organization which can continue to carry on his admirable policy of subsidizing excellent educational and charitable ideas as fast as, but no faster than, they can prove themselves worthy.

In this connection, however, mention may be made of one addition to the educational system of the country, which might prove to be of the utmost benefit, and for which every necessary antecedent preparation has been made. We are in need of a national School of Political Science, similar to the *École des Sciences Politiques*, founded in France after the disasters of the Franco-Prussian War. Such a school should be designed as the crowning member of the departments of political science in the several universities. It should be situated in Washington, and should receive only advanced students. Its chief object should be to turn out men equipped — either as administrators or legislators — for public life; but it could carry on an important supplementary work of diffusing throughout the country the results of any experiments in political practice, and of investigations into various questions of public policy. A national School of Political Science is peculiarly desirable, because it would constitute an effective recognition of the fact (too often neglected) that the prosperous future of a democratic nation depends upon the foundation and diffusion of sound, progressive ideas and authentic information in relation to living political problems.

HELP FOR MEN TO BECOME INDEPENDENT FARMERS

By DR. S. A. KNAPP

OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON

IF the problem be limited to the United States, then I unhesitatingly affirm that the greatest service that a large sum of money could render the commonwealth would be to devote it to the aiding of worthy, industrious, and thrifty men in the ownership of rural homes, for the following reasons:

The public lands suitable for homesteads have nearly all passed into private ownership and values are advancing so rapidly that it will soon be almost impossible for the laborer to purchase a home out of the savings of toil. The next thirty years will, in my judgment, determine whether the land will be owned by the masses or by the

few, and this will ultimately mold the character of our government and finally of our civilization.

Why not devote the money to education? That is exactly what is proposed. In no public school, nor in all the schools and colleges combined, is it possible to acquire more than a fraction of the education necessary to the successful accomplishment of the varied duties of life, if we include in education all that leads out, develops, or trains the individual. These rural homes are so many schoolhouses for the teaching of this greater body of knowledge upon which so much of success depends.

The ownership of a small farm teaches

conservatism in society and government; thrift; independence of thought and action; the management of affairs; the necessity of coöperation, and the federation of interests to carry out great projects.

A small farm is a state reduced to a few acres. The owner plans, manages, legislates, votes, governs, is employer and employed, superintends and labors, suffers the defeats of wrong policies, and reaps the rewards of successful administration. It has been observed for many years that the sons of small farmers develop managing ability. From their earliest years they are compelled to do things and to act independently. It is from this source that the greatest number of managers of the various enterprises of our country have been drawn.

These home-seekers ask no charity. All they ask is that some reliable body of men, backed by ample capital, shall intervene to protect them from private greed resulting in inequitable prices, exorbitant interests, too exacting conditions, or too speedy payments. In the general plan for such a measure it should be provided that all options should favor the purchases after the owner is amply protected. The rate of interest charged should not exceed four per cent. above taxes on the land.

The land should be worked under a system that will improve it.

Ample time for payment should be given the purchaser. This paper is too limited for details.

Upon such a plan there are thousands of thrifty young men raised on the farm who would remain in the country but who now drift to the cities, and there are tens of thousands of thrifty mechanics in towns and cities who would gladly secure country homes with such aid as we have outlined, but with a dependent family and small means they are afraid to cut loose from their present employment and risk the uncertainties of locating in the country. A body of men organized to promote the acquisition of rural homes and commanding large capital could largely determine the conditions under which small holdings would be acquired from others, and mold the legislation in the several states so as to make it more favorable to the perpetuity of the home.

If the present policy of forcing the factories into the larger cities, with the added cost of plant and living for the operatives, be continued, we shall soon need this great body of conservative rural home-owners to save our country in the hour of peril.

QUARANTINING THE HOME AGAINST THE DISEASES OF SUMMER

DURING the next six months—the period of flies and mosquitoes—the average American home will be daily endangered by malaria or intestinal diseases, or by both. Yet, in nearly every case, this peril may be reduced almost to the vanishing point by a small expenditure for wire-netting, plus a reasonable amount of determination on the part of the keeper of the home.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the American housewife that every fly that enters her home may be heavily laden with the germs of typhoid fever or some other intestinal disease. Microscopically exam-

ined, the fly ranks as one of the most loathsome of all creatures, vultures not excepted. It feeds on filth by preference, and its feet are so formed that the germs through which it walks are carried away to be distributed wherever the fly may chance to land—in the milk-pitcher, perhaps. Its possibilities in the spread of disease are shown by the fact that 100,000 bacteria were found adhering to one fly that was examined in New York City.

Too many people are content with the *partial* exclusion of flies from the house. Small openings are overlooked because a few stray flies do not cause a great deal of

discomfort. The extraordinarily rapid rate at which flies multiply is overlooked. Let us suppose that one fly lays her eggs in an unoccupied house that contains sufficient fly-food, and that no destructive force interferes with the successive generations. It has been estimated that the number of flies in that house at the end of five weeks would be about ten million! And yet the house-wife who pays no attention to half a dozen flies scattered through her house wonders from day to day "where all these flies come from!"

If these carriers of disease be rigidly excluded from contact with the food eaten by any family this summer, the danger of diarrhoeal diseases may be disregarded. Of course the flies will not communicate the worst of these, typhoid fever, unless one case of that disease is within the range of their activity, but they are the hosts of many other parasites. Here is a definite and well-authenticated instance of how they quickly spread typhoid germs:

A regiment of healthy young men, most of them from one city, was mustered into service for the Spanish-American war. For several weeks they were encamped within their own state. It was not a joyous outing; the food was scant and cooked by men who did not know even how to boil potatoes; the sudden change to tent life produced many varieties of colds; the nick-nacks of the camp-followers upset the digestion of two men out of every three; on the whole, vitality was at a low ebb during the first month.

But nobody was really sick. A correspondent would send to his paper daily the names of men who had fainted during the hot afternoon drills, but the victims were back in line by the time the newspaper was published. The surgeons and the hospital stewards were occupied mainly with social functions.

Then the regiment was bundled off to Chickamauga Park, glorying in its record for health and fitness. Its new camp was laid out in an isolated grove, high and well drained. Its company streets won the praise of the division staff. Its drinking water came from a deep well and from first to last was pronounced microscopically free from infection. The food was nutritious; every man in the regiment had become a

fair cook; rank and file were bronzed and "hard as nails."

Within a few weeks, however, the surgeons were daily diagnosing typhoid fever; the hospital tent was crowded with patients; and now and then came the word that this man and that man had died in the general hospital. The perplexed colonel walked the surgeons from one end of the camp to the other every morning, but there was none wise enough to point his finger at the cause. They all guessed, and guessed wrong.

It is all as clear as daylight now. The Chickamauga woods were full of typhoid when the regiment with the health record had set up its tents. Within three days the new camp was full of flies, which had come from other regiments. If it had occurred to one of the staff surgeons to examine the fuzzy feet of a few flies, he would have found the typhoid germs which he vainly sought in the well — and his reputation would have been made. These flies walked all over the food in every company kitchen and the proud record of the regiment was quickly shattered.

The mosquito, as well as the fly, should invariably be looked upon as a red flag of danger. It is not worth while to wait until he alights to see whether his body rests in a horizontal position or at an angle — in other words to determine whether he be an anopheles (malaria-bearing) mosquito, or one of a number of other varieties. The fact that he is a mosquito should be a signal for his speedy destruction and for the closing of the inlet by which he has entered the house. It is true that malaria is decreasing both in its prevalence and in its virulence, but there are yet many thousands of deaths from it in the United States every year. Moreover, for every case of serious illness from malaria, there are dozens of cases where the disease unfits for work without producing the symptoms of a fever. The important thing to remember is that scientific medicine knows only one way in which the malaria parasite can get into the human blood current — through the bite of the mosquito.

The ease with which malaria may be acquired in a region where the mosquitoes are so scarce as to produce no discomfort is shown by the following instance:

An American and his mosquito-bar landed on the west coast of Africa, a region which has been known for a century as "The White Man's Grave." He knew that "African fever" is simply a pernicious form of malaria; and he had been taught that without the mosquito malaria is impossible. He determined to protect himself against mosquito-bites, but he also began to take five grains of quinine daily as an extra precaution.

To his surprise, mosquitoes were not one of the white man's burdens on that coast. None of the European homes were screened; the familiar hum was never heard on the porch after twilight; and most of the beds were uncanopied. Presently the American forgot his mosquito-net, but kept up his quinine. Occasionally, on awakening in the morning, he would find a small red spot on hand or forehead; but it seemed absurd to protect against mosquitoes so few as to attract no notice.

Before the first month had expired, however, the American was tossing in bed with the fever that has taken its heavy toll on

that coast. And thereafter, on an average of every two weeks for six months, he had the African fever. He steadily lost flesh and strength, his complexion turned yellow, and there was a look about the eyes that caused more than one European to take him aside and say, "Better get away for a while!"

Then an army surgeon happened along — a man with a reputation as an expert on tropical diseases. He was gathering data for a report on West African diseases. When he met the American he saw material for his report. He punctured an ear-lobe, collected a drop of blood on a glass slide, and went off to his microscope.

"The malaria parasites are eating up your red blood-corpuscles," he said the next day, as calmly as if he had announced that the pigs were in the garden. "You have two varieties. One of them can be killed with quinine; the other can't. Better run home and build up your system."

"Very well", said the American. "But when I come again the mosquito that bites me must first saw his way through the bars."

WHAT THE MIDDLE WEST WANTS

THREE STAGES OF UPRISING AGAINST PREDATORY WEALTH—THE
MAN THAT GOD MADE VERSUS THE ARTIFICIAL CORPORATION

BY

HENRY WALLACE

EDITOR OF "WALLACE'S FARMER"

THE Editor of THE WORLD'S WORK asks me to tell its readers the "political and economic feeling of the people throughout the Middle West; what they want the Government to do; what I think are the most important tasks in public life, both for city and national governments; and in a definite, concrete way, to sum up the whole situation." The only excuse I could have for undertaking such a difficult task is the fact that I have lived a rather active, if not, indeed, somewhat strenuous life among these people for almost half a century; have addressed hundreds of meetings of farmers

on agricultural, social, economic, and semi-political subjects; and for the last twenty-five years have been in constant touch with them through the editorial page, public addresses, private correspondence, and personal acquaintance. If in doing this I can help the East and the extreme West, as well as the South, better to understand the people of the Middle West, now taking such an active part in discussing if not in shaping the policies of the nation, I can at least hope to do my fellow-countrymen a much-needed service.

I shall use the term "Middle West" to describe the agricultural states in the upper

Mississippi and Missouri valleys, embracing the largest section of agricultural land of the finest quality in the United States and perhaps in the known world; in which the Creator has been storing up fertility (after the glaciers had done their work) for thousands of years by spreading the forest floor each autumn with the falling leaves, and the prairies with dead grasses. It would almost seem as if, after expending much thought and care on the creation of a granary for the hungry nations, He had covered it with His hand until the human race had tentatively worked out the problems of civil and religious liberty, until much progress had been made in the application of science to industry, and then sowed it with the choicest seed that the East and Europe could furnish.

THE WEST GENUINELY AMERICAN

Moving as men do on isothermal lines, came the Scandinavian races of northern Europe, the German, the Anglo-Saxon, the descendants of the Puritans of New England, of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish and Pennsylvania-Dutch who redeemed the states of the Ohio Valley from the wilderness, and (in its southern portion) the descendants of the men who wrested Virginia and Kentucky from savage man and wild beast—all of them farm-born and farm-bred. Differing a generation ago in language, in dialect, in manners and customs, their descendants have—through the influence of the school, the church, the newspaper, and the magazine, through travel and business associations and the discharge of the duties of citizenship—been merged and molded into what is now fast coming to be recognized as the genuine American type, free alike from the vulgarity of the newly rich and the coarseness of the illiterate and vulgar.

Similarity of environment and of occupation breed similarity of thought and character; it presents also for solution similar problems to be studied from a similar if not identical point of view, and they naturally lead to similar solutions. While these states of the Middle West contain one great metropolis, several large cities with their marble palaces and noisome slums, and countless smaller cities and towns, the wealth and the

problems of these great states are mainly agricultural. The towns are largely peopled by retired farmers living on their incomes from rents and investments. The business of even the larger cities is largely dominated by men farm-born and farm-bred, developed by the stern discipline and enforced industry and economy of farm life into a virtuous and stalwart manhood.

The people of the Middle West are truly religious, if not always devout, as shown by the vast sums expended on churches and their support, and their lively interest in any political question that involves a moral principle. It is also shown by their deep interest in education, as evidenced by the enormous sums expended (not always wisely) on elementary education, and their lavish support of state and denominational colleges. In fact, many of the really great land-grant colleges and universities are found in the Middle West.

WANTED: MARKETS AND RAILROADS

Inevitably, the two great wants of the settlers scattered over a wide expanse of fertile soil were markets and transportation; and necessarily the political problems that vexed them and their children ever since centre around these questions. A soil, be it ever so fertile, has little present value without markets, and markets are useless without transportation. Hence the first concern of the settlers of the Middle West was to secure transportation and profitable markets; hence also the deep interest it has always taken in railroads and tariffs as they create or affect markets.

The early settlers assented gladly to the donation by the general government of an empire of land to encourage the building of transcontinental railroads and their branches, and the grants of kingdoms of land by the various states for their own development. In addition they freely offered rights-of-way, depot grounds, etc., and voluntarily taxed almost every acre of land from 2 to 5 per cent. (and sometimes 10 per cent.) to secure transportation facilities, in the hope (vain hope!) that competition would of itself regulate rates of fare and freight.

In the same spirit they accepted the teachings of the older school of protec-

tionists. Why not, said they, protect infant industries in our own land from being crushed out by the long-established industries of the Old World? Why not build up great manufacturing centres and thus provide ourselves with a home market? Competition will always regulate prices (pitiably delusion!). When the very existence of the nation was imperiled by the Civil War, these people freely gave their sons and themselves as a sacrifice on the altar of their country. There was no need of drafts in the Middle West, no bounties and no market for bounty-jumpers. After their return these soldiers voted as they shot, and the son was proud to follow the father's example. To vote the Republican ticket became a religious and sacred duty. Hence all these states, with the sole exception of Missouri, became nominally and safely Republican. Missouri had been a slave state; and, because of this, emigration passed through it or around it and left it a Democratic island in a Republican sea. Only in recent years has emigration from the North and East influenced the political opinions of Missouri.

While these states have been nominally Republican so far as essential doctrines and principles are concerned, they have often been insurgent against the leaders of that party, and nearly always over some question affecting railroads. Middle West insurgency did not begin in 1909 nor in 1908. It began back in the 'seventies, when the railroads arrogantly asserted their sole right, as they then had the power, to fix rates of fare and freight, and denied the right of the state to regulate or control.

THE GRANGER UPRISING IN THE '70'S

The Grange had been organized in Washington, D. C., with the main object of developing a better rural life in the then disorganized South. The farmer of the Middle West took hold of it as the basis for organization to assert the right and demonstrate the power of the state to fix tolls on the modern public highway. The Grange spread like wildfire from state to state. Granger legislatures were elected in all these states, whether normally Republican or Democratic, and the Supreme Court of the United States confirmed the

constitutionality of the Granger Railroad Law of Iowa. The Grange as a political organization then disappeared; but ever since then the agricultural states of the Middle West have been known as "Granger" states, and the railroads running through them have been characterized as "the Granger group."

The next great insurgency occurred in the 'eighties, and grew out of the obstinate and persistent refusal of the United States Senate to enact a law controlling interstate commerce, which the House had repeatedly enacted, until the overwhelming defeat of one of the ablest and most popular Congressmen from Iowa on this precise issue convinced the Republican leaders of the Senate that the prairies were on fire. The farmers of the Middle West are individualistic in the extreme and act collectively only when their interests are in serious peril. Hence the fear of an uprising of the Granger host is the nightmare of the politician. Having done its work, the Alliance dissolved of its own accord.

The present insurgency in Washington is by no means a remnant of Rooseveltism. To understand it we must go back some years and study the political movement in the various states of the Middle West. While all these states were similarly affected and for like reasons, it will be sufficient to study the movement in Iowa, of which I have more intimate knowledge.

REGULATING THE RAILROADS

While the Alliance was yet potent, Governor Larrabee had inaugurated the reform movement which resulted in what is known as the Iowa Railroad Law, in many respects a model, in which the regulation of railroads was continued by a commission, but unfortunately the office was made elective—a sad mistake. The insurgents, having as they supposed settled the railroad problem, went their way—"one to his farm and another to his merchandise." Organized corporate power never sleeps and has no real political convictions; is Republican in Republican states and Democratic in Democratic states. Succeeding Republican conventions crucified the Larrabee appointees under the former law, and

practically nullified the new law by controlling the commission. The state soon virtually passed under the control of two able politicians, the general counsellors of two of the leading railroads. A. B. Cummins (now Senator) was elected Governor in the hope that he would be amenable to the corporations, which had heretofore engaged his legal services in cases of great difficulty and importance. He, however, took a widely different view of his responsibility as Governor, just as Larrabee (with a similar record) had done before him.

Looking back at it, the situation then existing now seems horrible, but I suppose it does not differ greatly from the political situation in many of the Eastern States. The railroads maintained their lobbyists, who took jobs of legislation. The judges of the supreme and district courts, the state and county officers, the legislature, the press of both parties, and every man of any prominence were plentifully supplied with passes, as were the delegates to the political conventions of both parties. (The same conditions existed in Democratic Missouri.)

After some years of ineffective legislation, an Anti-Pass Law was enacted as an essential preliminary to restoring the government of the state to its own people. The alternative was presented clearly to the president of one of the offending railroads: "You are a corporation; no country in the civilized world has given a corporation the power to take part in government; your business is transportation; you must either get out of politics or the people must engage in transportation under government ownership; dismiss your lobby and quit debauching the legislature and press with passes; allow the people to govern themselves."

With the enactment of the Anti-Pass Law came naturally and with comparative ease three pieces of legislation: the state-wide primary; the law authorizing cities to adopt the commission plan of government; and the law prohibiting the issuance of stock in any corporation, unless there is an actual dollar in cash property or of cash value behind each dollar of stock issued.

It is now very easy to understand why under primary laws Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, and other states of the Middle West

send insurgents to represent them in Congress. The people will have it so. They know that predatory wealth always seeks to ally itself with the dominant party. They know of the tremendous pressure that it always exercises at Washington. They witnessed at the last session of Congress the close fellowship of Special Interests without regard to party. They therefore aim to send to Congress men who, while faithful to the fundamental principles of their respective parties, can not be cajoled or intimidated. Illinois has no openly avowed insurgents, because reformation in its state government has not yet reached a point where an effective primary law can be put in force, due to the overwhelming corporation influences in Chicago. The influences in Washington now making war on the insurgents have therefore to deal not with individual Congressmen but with the voters of the Middle West.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION SPREADING

So far as it has been tested by actual experience, the influence of the law permitting the cities to adopt government by commission has been beneficial in the extreme. It does away with the antiquated and corrupt ward system, through which (by combining with the liquor, gambling, and bawdy-house interests) the public utilities have been able to control the majority of the city councils and secure for a mere pittance franchises worth a king's ransom. Other Western States have adopted and are endeavoring to adopt a similar law; and it is only a question of time when all except the largest cities of the Middle West will be governed by commission and the way be paved in due time for municipal ownership of public utilities.

The law prohibiting the watering of the stock of corporations has commended itself everywhere to thoughtful men; and while it will for the time being delay the development of the states in which it may be adopted, it will prevent the wholesale robbery of future generations by over-capitalization.

I call special attention to the fact that every enactment of the statesmen of the Middle West to protect the man that God made from the oppression of the artificial

man (the corporation) has been beneficial to both. More than that, it is being recognized the country over as true statesmanship. No one now doubts that the Granger was right when he effectively asserted the right of the state to control intra-state commerce; nor that he was right in demanding that the nation should control interstate commerce. Even the quantitative theory of money (the living truth underlying the silver discussion) is now being generally accepted by the financiers of the world. More than all, the regulation of commerce — both intra-state and interstate — has been as beneficial to the railroads themselves as it has been to the general public. The Anti-Pass Laws, while compelling the railroads to attend to their own business (that of transportation), have rid them of a heavy burden. The two-cent fare laws have increased their passenger revenues in nearly every state. The prohibition of rebates has given them increased revenues and helped to make both shipper and transporter honest. The primary has been a means of grace to every politician who really wanted to grow in grace and develop into a statesman.

And this is just what we should expect of the man on the wide prairies, where real values are created — the man who reads editorials and has time to meditate on them, rather than the man who merely trades in values, real or fictitious, and reads headlines and market reports between bites of toast and sips of coffee.

I have discussed this movement in Iowa for better government somewhat in detail for two reasons: First, because the struggle in Iowa for the rescue of the state government from corporate control — for reestablishing *res publica*, or, to put it another way, for reestablishing true democracy or government by the people — is typical of the struggle going on or completed in every state of the Middle West; and second, in the hope that the result of those struggles, if they are carefully studied, will enable the President and his advisers to see (if they can or will see) that in their attempt to throttle insurgency they are merely attempting to foist upon the states the despotism of government by corporations from which they have freed themselves and

to which they will never again submit. That the leaders who are fooling the President with their promises understand the meaning of these movements in the states of the Middle West is manifest from the desperate measures they are taking to defeat the enactment of a genuine primary or commission government law in Illinois. They understand perfectly well that if the people of Illinois, or any other state East or West, have an untrammelled voice in the nomination of Congressmen as well as members of their state legislatures, the government of the country will be progressive no matter what party is in power. "Insurgency," that undefined and at present undefinable thing, is in the air. Its best definition is this: the revolt of the common people against the domination of corporate wealth; the revolt in city, state, and nation, of the God-made man against the oppression of the man-made or artificial person.

"INFANT" INDUSTRIES SHOULD BE WEANED

As above stated, the people of the Middle West have always been deeply and necessarily interested in markets and in tariffs as they create or affect markets. A generation ago, when there was competition between manufacturers, they accepted the teachings of the early statesmen; but since combination has throttled competition, since the panic of 1907 demonstrated that a high protective tariff did not give full insurance against panics and hard times, and especially since it was demonstrated beyond question at the last session of Congress that modern tariff schedules are simply bargains between industries wanting protection for the sole purpose of advancing prices to the ultimate consumer, the people of the Middle West are rapidly changing their opinions — not as to the fundamental principles of protection, but as to their application.

They are asking, for example: At what age should an infant industry be weaned? Considering the nation as a family, is it safe and right to take the earnings from one child and give it to another after he is old enough to take care of himself? When the long-favored child begins to rule the family, is it not time to cut off the preference? They are asking further whether

the tariffs on farm products have not been merely paper tariffs, to be repealed as soon as they become really effective; whether the tariff on Canadian wheat benefits the American farmer so long as the Canadian wheat is milled in transit and a drawback is received that enables the miller to give the foreigner cheaper bread than the American citizen gets.

Farmers in the Middle West are just beginning to see that they must in the near future accept free wheat from Canada, free cattle from Canada and Mexico, free corn and dressed beef from the Argentine. Politicians never fail to heed the cry of hungry stomachs. These farmers are discovering that for forty years they have been given husks for grain, paper tariffs that add nothing to the price of what they sell, in exchange for which they have given to the East tariffs whose sole object is to increase the price on what the farmer buys. The question — What will the Western farmer do to the tariff schedules when the whole truth is revealed? — is a rather interesting one; the two ends of the country can not always be played against the middle, nor will the Middle West always ratify the compacts that are made between the Eastern States and those of the Pacific coast.

WHAT THE MIDDLE WEST NOW WANTS

Here is the answer to the question: What do the people of the Middle West want the Government to do?

(1) They want it to protect the remaining resources of the nation as yet under government control from spoliation, by placing them under a Cabinet officer or officers who are not merely honest, but of whose integrity and efficiency there is not the shadow of a doubt — men whose affiliations have not heretofore been with the spoilers. Anything short of this will invoke the wrath of an already outraged and indignant people.

(2) Let the Interstate Commerce Law severally alone for the present. The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, by limiting appeals from its decisions to matters of jurisdiction and constitutionality, has at last put teeth in the Commission. For more than twenty years the Middle West has labored to put

the regulation of the railroads into the hands of representatives of the whole people, who seek the public welfare, instead of allowing the regulation to remain in the hands of a constantly decreasing number of heads of systems, who seek purely private gain.

To create a Court of Commerce composed of circuit judges, for the most part trained to look upon questions from the corporation standpoint, and require them to pass upon the decisions of experts, is like asking a raw immigrant from southern Europe to pass judgment on the methods of conducting the Western farm. To take the prosecution of an appeal from a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission out of the hands of an attorney who has handled the case and therefore understands it, and to put it into the hands of an attorney of the Department of Justice who knows and really can know nothing about it, is like putting the management of a great newspaper into the hands of a cub reporter. To enact the Wickersham Bill into law, as the President proposes, is to put back railroad reform ten years and to provoke the wrath of every man who has a carload of live-stock or grain to ship to market. The law needs amendment, but no satisfactory amendment is possible under this Administration.

(3) Let the Sherman Anti-Trust Law alone until the Supreme Court decides what it really means. It may give it a new set of teeth. It is a bad thing to repeal a law, or modify it, now that after a quarter of a century of constant effort and continuous litigation we are about to find out what it really means.

(4) The people of the Middle West, who are already well supplied with banks (for example, on an average, more than fifteen to the county in Iowa), look with great suspicion on the proposed Central Bank which will, they believe, inevitably fall under the control of the very men who now control their insurance investments to their own very great profit.

(5) Inasmuch as comparatively few of the people of the West belong to the very poor, or those who use stockings for banks, they take but slight interest in the Postal Savings Bank, but they will resent the passage of any law that will compel or per-

mit the removal of the deposits from the locality.

Answering the question as to what are the most important tasks for the men who shape the policies of state and nation, I reply: Every man, whether in private or public life, should endeavor as far as possible to give equal opportunity to every citizen and to secure and to enforce a square deal between man and man. This renders necessary a somewhat new type of statesman, new and yet old, for statesmen of the type needed have appeared in every crisis of our country. We had an example of the exact opposite of this new type of statesman in the recent special session of Congress, when a majority of the Republicans and a minority of the Democrats joined in repudiating party pledges and securing the greatest advantage for the Special Interests, in utter defiance of the interests of the predominant partner, the ultimate consumer.

This new type of statesman is possible only as a new type of citizen is developed, who will demand of his Congressman not special advantages or privileges but legislation for the common people. This new type of citizen is developing with great rapidity in the Middle West.

THE PRESIDENT DOES NOT KNOW THE PEOPLE

Finally, to sum up the present situation in as concrete a manner as possible: We have on our hands a President — good, honest, faithful in all the tasks given him by his predecessor, on whose recommendation alone the people elected him to that office. He really wants to justify that recommendation, but he evidently does not know how. Roosevelt knew the common man and became in a truer sense than any other man since Lincoln the tribune of the people, saying what they felt but did not know how to say. His successor knows the army, the navy, the captains of industry, the judiciary, the politicians — but he does not know the common people. He has really never had a chance to know them, and has less chance now than ever before for the reason that he has surrounded himself with a Cabinet the majority of whose members were selected from men whose viewpoint was that of organized wealth,

and whose minds are so warped by previous education and association that they have lost sympathy with the common man. He has to deal with a Congress of which the majority of the members of his own party are made up of politicians of the old school; they hold fast to the conviction that the country is best governed when the strong men of the different sections get together, fight for special privilege, and — when a conclusion is reached by victory, defeat, compromise, or barter — crack the party whip and put it through:

“Because the good old rule

Sufficeth them — the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

The majority of Congress, including members of both parties, have had a life-training in the doctrine that “the earth and the fulness thereof” belong to the strong — and in these later days to organized wealth; that the natural resources yet under the control of the public belong to the man or associations of men who can seize them, exploit them, or if they see fit develop them; that the right to manufacture and transport belongs to the East; and that to the South and Middle West belongs the duty of feeding and clothing the hungry nations. This majority has a supreme contempt for Roosevelt and all his works, and is under a supreme leadership — cool, nery, resourceful, remorseless — which embraces only to destroy.

The insurgents against this party domination stand for Rooseveltism as he himself understood it. They were not his creation, but the creation of the sentiment for right and justice between man and man, which none knew so well how to voice as Theodore. Herein lay his great strength. If the President were a seer like those of old — men who could see things, as Roosevelt was — and would stand for things that are everlastingly right, the people would rally to his support. As matters are moving to-day, the feeling of the voters of the Middle West, when they once have an opportunity to express themselves, will be this: What inheritance have we in Taft, or what portion in the President? “To your tents, O Israel!”

THE PRECARIOUS CONTROL OF THE MISSISSIPPI

THE 1,486 MILES OF LEVEES WHICH CONFINE ITS WATERS.
THE STRUGGLE OF MEN AND MULES AGAINST THE RIVER
—A JOB THREE TIMES AS BIG AS THE PANAMA CANAL

BY

MAJOR M. L. WALKER and W. P. McCADDEN

THE United States has a dyke system of far greater magnitude and protecting a larger area of land than Holland. On the banks of the Mississippi River from Cairo to the Gulf stretch two practically continuous walls of earth, the 1,486 miles of levees that keep within bounds one of the most turbulent streams of water in the world.

After the river has been in flood for some time, water will begin to appear on the land side. But so long as it is clear it does not indicate trouble. It has slowly seeped through the mass of earth. But if it is clouded it tells a far different story. It means a flow through the levee strong enough to remove material, and such a flow must be stopped or the deluge follows. Men and mules are rushed from the depots of supplies to the threatened point. By careful examination, the point of inflow is located and material added on the river slope of the levee. This passes in with the water and closes up the channels.

But sometimes, in spite of every effort, the river becomes master. The break at the Holly Bush crevasse, in 1903, is an instance. More than 1,000 men were hurriedly employed and thousands upon thousands of sacks filled with earth were concentrated at this point in an effort to raise the levee above flood height. Day and night the struggle continued, and little by little the water was becoming victorious. On March 15th, the flood crest had reached Cairo, and the river at Holly Bush was rising at the rate of a foot per day and was just topping the levee. On the morning of March 16th, a high wind was dashing waves over the raised embankment. In

many places small streams of water were running through the levee; at first, none was over a few inches in width, but the band of workmen knew that before many minutes a wild stream would be racing through the opening. Reluctantly they gave up the struggle and retreated. Shortly after the men were withdrawn, one hundred feet of levee gave way with a tremendous report, and the raging current rushed through the breach. After this the embankment crumbled away for a distance of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet. The water rushed through this crevasse into Marion Lake, five miles distant, and then spread southward, overflowing the tracks of several railroads and completely flooding the town of Marion, Ark. From Marion the water spread still farther south, inundating practically the whole of two counties and tying up railroad traffic for a number of days.

As the levees are made higher and longer, the crest of the flood increases in height from year to year, because more water is confined to the channel; the completion of the entire system will be the signal for the highest water we have ever had. In its final analysis the problem is that of keeping the river absolutely within certain prescribed limits. Before the levees in the St. Francis District were built, for instance, Memphis experienced no difficulty whatever from the high water; yet when this system was complete, Memphis was regularly overflowed in its lowest portion, and the only solution was the building of a costly levee around that part of the city which was yearly inundated. For the last five years there has been a dangerous rise at this point every year; one such high



RESCUING CATTLE FROM THE FLOOD



A REFUGE ON AN INDIAN MOUND

water every three years formerly was above the average.

There is much speculation about the final result of the levees upon the river. One faction maintains that the sediment deposited upon the overflowed territory would, if restricted to the bed of the river, raise it rapidly, thus necessitating a continual increase in the height of the levees. Others

maintain that the water thus kept in the bed of the river would cause a tremendous scour and levees would eventually be unnecessary, the river at all stages being thus carried in its deepened channel. Neither prediction has yet been verified.

There are now in existence 1,486 miles of levee, containing 230,000,000 cubic yards of earth, and there are needed — to complete



HIGH-WATER REFUGEES AWAITING RESCUE ON THE LEVEES



A BREAK IN THE RIVER DEFENSES THAT FLOODED TWO COUNTIES

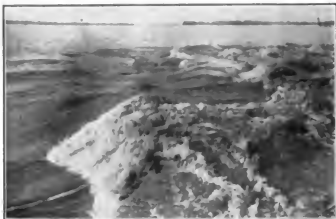
The Holly Bush crevasse near Memphis, Tenn., during the 1903 flood



A "SAND-BOIL" BEHIND THE LEVEE

Where water is coming through the soil under the embankment. The river side of the leak is impossible to find, so the land side is surrounded by sand-bags until there is sufficient back pressure to stop the "flow"

the system so as to be entirely safe during a flood equaling the greatest of which we have record, the flood of 1882—64 miles of new levee; 55,000,000 cubic yards of earth must go into the construction of this new levee, and into necessary increases in the size of existing levees. The system in its final state will be 1,550 miles long and will contain 285,000,000 cubic yards. It is difficult to grasp the magnitude of such a work. An idea can be obtained, however, by comparing it with the excavation in the Culebra cut of the Panama Canal, with which most of us are now more or less familiar. There the yardage is approximately 100,000,000, about one-third as much as will be in the levee system when completed. There the work is concentrated, permitting the use of machinery entirely, while here the work is spread over a vast distance and has been executed



THE ANGRY RIVER RUSHING THROUGH A BREAK IN THE LEVEES

almost entirely through the effort of our homely friend, the mule, directed by the only human being who wholly comprehends him, the Negro.

The cost of the levee system as it stands to-day, reckoned on a basis of 25 cents per cubic yard, which is a fair average cost, has



IN THE PATH OF THE FLOOD

Stock on a raft near Marion, Arkansas—a common sight during high water

been \$57,500,000, of which the United States Government has expended \$23,000,000.

The \$23,000,000 expended by the Government is a matter of exact record, and shows the total amount expended by the National Government to June 30, 1909. The cost above, \$57,500,000, is arrived at by considering only such parts of the levees as are in service to-day. The apparent amount spent by the states, \$34,500,000, does not fairly represent the proportion of the expense which the states have borne. As is well known, the Mississippi, like a restless

up by the United States. On account of this great loss by caving, somewhat more than the \$13,750,000 required to put in the addition of 55 million yards now needed will eventually be required for completion.

The country has many problems to solve, but none of more importance than the control of its great river. The land contingent to this great stream is particularly fertile and produces cotton of excellent quality, while its yield is very abundant. Man's fight with the river began many years ago, and yet the fight is far from ended.



A LEVEE GANG THAT HAS GIVEN UP THE STRUGGLE

The floating house, in which the men and utensils are moved from one danger point to another is in the background

sleeper, tosses from side to side in its bed and takes its toll of earth from whichever bank it strikes. Miles and miles of levee have thus gone into the river with the banks that bore them, and new levees had to be constructed farther back. All this lost construction is, in the figures given above, thrown upon the states, and it vastly increases the amount that should appear to their credit. Records are hard to get at, and exact figures cannot be obtained except for the national expenditure, but it is safe to assume that states and individuals have furnished two dollars for every dollar put

The final solution of the problem will not come until the Mississippi is completely walled in by a system of levees so high and strong that the highest water will not go over their tops. Then will the country draw a sigh of relief, for it will have saved from ruin one of the richest valleys in the world. Then the United States can boast with pride that it, too, has done that which the Hollander has accomplished, and which brings upon that country the admiration of the world — saved its land from the ravages of the water.



THE FUTURE OF THE TELEPHONE

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA
OF EXPANSION — TELEGRAPH
WIRES TO BE USED FOR
TALKING AND TELEPHONE
WIRES FOR TELEGRAPHING

BY

HERBERT N. CASSON



IN THE spring of 1907 Theodore N. Vail, a rugged, ruddy, white-haired man, was superintending the building of a new barn in northern Vermont. His house stood nearby, on a piece of rolling land that overlooked the town of Lyndon, and far beyond across evergreen forests to the massive bulk of Burke Mountain. His farm lay back of the house in a great oval of field and woodland, with sev-

eral dozen cottages in the clearings. His Welsh ponies and Swiss cattle were grazing on the May grass, and the men were busy with the plows and harrows and seeders. It was now almost thirty years since he had been called in to create the business structure of telephony and to shape the general plan of its development. Since then he had done many things. The one city of Buenos Ayres had paid him more, merely for giving



WIRE-STRETCHERS WORKING AT A HIGH ALTITUDE



‘THE TROUBLE SHOOTER’



A CONSTRUCTION CAMP IN THE WOODS

it a system of trolleys and electric lights, than the United States had paid him for putting the telephone on a business basis. He was now rich and retired, free to enjoy the play-work of the farm and to forget the troubles of the city and the telephone.

But, as he stood among his barn-builders, there arrived from Boston and New York a delegation of telephone directors. Most of them belonged to the "Old Guard" of telephony. They had fought under Vail in the pioneer days; and now they had come

to ask him to return to the telephone business, after his twenty years of absence. Vail laughed at the suggestion.

"Nonsense," he said. "I'm too old. I'm sixty-two years of age." The directors persisted. They spoke of the approaching storm-cloud of panic and of the need of another strong hand at the wheel until the crisis was over, but Vail still refused. They spoke of old times and old memories, but he shook his head. "All my life," he said, "I have wanted to be a farmer."



THE CONSTRUCTION GANG OF A LONG-DISTANCE LINE



THE NEW WAY OF "DIGGING" POST-HOLES

Then they drew a picture of the telephone situation. They showed him that the "grand telephonic system" which he had planned was still unfinished. He had been its architect, and it was unfinished. The telephone business was energetic and prosperous. Under the leadership of Frederick P. Fish, it had grown by leaps and bounds.



THE OLD WAY OF HOISTING A POLE. A "DONKEY" ENGINE DOES THE WORK NOW

But it was still far from being the *system* that Vail had dreamed of in his younger days; and so, when the directors put before him his unfinished plan, he surrendered. The instinct for completeness, which is one of the dominating characteristics of his mind, compelled him to consent. It was the call of the telephone.

Since that May morning, 1907, great things have been done by the men of the telephone and telegraph world. The Bell System was brought through the panic without a scratch. When the doubt and confusion



STRETCHING SIX STRANDS OF WIRE AT ONE TIME

were at their worst, Vail wrote an open letter to his stockholders, in his practical, farmer-like way. "Our net earnings for the last ten months were \$13,715,000," he said, "as against \$11,579,000 for the same period in 1906. We have now in the banks over \$18,000,000; and we will not need to borrow any money for two years." Soon afterward the work of consolidation began. Companies that overlapped were united. Small local wire-clusters, several thousands of them, were linked to the national lines. A policy of publicity superseded the secrecy which had naturally grown to be a habit in the days of patent litigation. Visitors and reporters found an open door. Educational advertisements were published in the most popular magazines. The corps of

inventors was spurred up to conquer the long-distance problems. And in return for a \$30,000,000 check, the control of the historic Western Union was transferred from the children of Jay Gould to the 30,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

From what has been done, therefore, we may venture a guess as to the future of the telephone. This "grand telephonic system," which had no existence thirty years ago except in the imagination of Vail, seems to be at hand. The very newsboys in the streets are crying it. And while there is, of course, no exact blue-print of a best possible telephone system, we can now see the general outlines of Vail's plan.

There is nothing mysterious or ominous in this plan. It has nothing to do with the pools and conspiracies of Wall Street. No one will be squeezed out except the promoters of "paper companies." The simple fact is that Vail is organizing a complete Bell System for the same reason that he built one big comfortable barn for his Swiss



A TANGLE THAT HAS PASSED



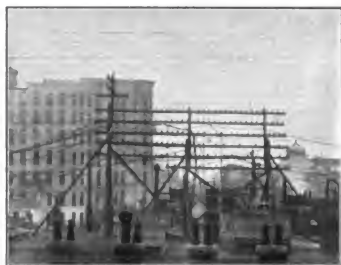
TELEPHONE "SUBWAY" WORK IN A NEW YORK STREET

The new method of running telephone wires underground is doing away with the unsightly poles, and has minimized the destructiveness of storms



DIVERS ENGAGED IN TELEPHONE CONSTRUCTION UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK

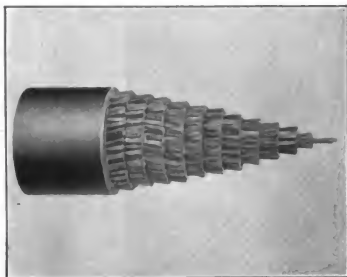
cattle and his Welsh ponies, instead of half a dozen small, uncomfortable sheds. He has never been a "high financier" who juggles profits out of other men's losses. He is merely applying to the telephone business the same hard sense that any successful farmer uses in the management of his farm. He is building a Big Barn for the telephone and the telegraph.



THE ROOF OF THE BOSTON "GLOBE" BUILDING, WHEN WIRES WERE STRUNG ON A RACK

experts who will handle the larger affairs that are common to all companies. No separateness or secession on the one side, no bureaucracy on the other — that is the typically American idea that underlies the ideal telephone system.

The line of authority, in such a system, will begin with the local manager. From him it will rise to the directors of the state company; then higher still to the directors of the national company; and finally, above all corporate leaders, to the Federal Government itself. The failure of Government ownership of the telephone in so many foreign countries does not mean that the private companies will have absolute power. Quite the reverse. The lesson of thirty years' experience shows that a private telephone company is apt to be much more obedient to the will of the people than if it



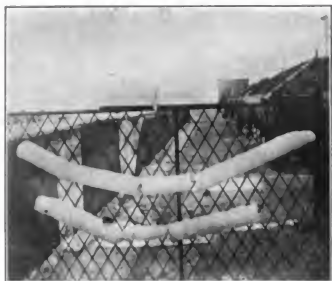
SECTION OF A TELEPHONE CABLE

The drawing above it shows how the same number of wires would look if strung on poles

Plainly, the telephone system of the future will be national, so that any two people in the same country may be able to talk to each other. It will not be competitive, for the reason that no farmer would think for a moment of running his farm on competitive lines. It will have a staff-and-line organization, to use a military phrase. Each local company will continue to handle its own local affairs and exercise to the full the basic virtue of self-help. But there will also be, now, a central body of



THE SAME ROOF AS IT NOW APPEARS
The wires are carried through ducts from the "subway" in the street



HOW A HEAVY SLEET AFFECTS TELEPHONE WIRES

were a Government department. But it is an axiom of democracy that no company, however well conducted, will be permitted to control a public convenience without being held strictly responsible for its acts. As politics becomes less of a game and more of a responsibility, the telephone of the future will doubtless be supervised by some sort of public committee, which will have power to pass upon complaints and to prevent the

nuisance of duplication and the swindle of watering stock.

As this Federal supervision becomes more and more efficient, the present fear of monopoly will decrease, just as it did in the case of the railroads. It is a fact, although now generally forgotten, that the first railroads of the United States were run for ten years or more on an anti-monopoly plan. The tracks were free to all. Anyone who owned a cart with flanged wheels could drive it on the rails and compete with the locomotives. There was a happy-go-lucky jumble of trains and wagons, all held back by the slowest team; and this continued on some railroads until as late as 1857. By that time the people saw that competition on a railroad track was absurd. They allowed each track to be monopolized by one company, and the era of expansion began.

No one, certainly at the present time, regrets the passing of the independent teamster. He was much more arbitrary and expensive than any railroad has ever dared to be; and, as the country grew, he became impossible. He was not the fittest



SECTION OF A TELEPHONE LINE AFTER A SLEET-STORM

to survive. For the general good, he was held back from competing with the railroad, and taught to coöperate with it by hauling freight to and from the depots. This, to his surprise, he found much more profitable and pleasant. He had been "squeezed out" of a bad job into a good one. And, by a similar process of evolution, the United States is rapidly outgrowing the small, independent telephone companies. These will eventually, one by one, rise as the teamster did to a higher social value, by clasp- ing wires with the main system of telephony.

Until 1881 the Bell System was in the hands of a family group. It was a strictly private enterprise. The public had been asked to help in its launching, and had refused. But after 1881 it passed into the control of the small stockholders, and has remained there without a break. It is now one of our most "peopleized" businesses, scattering either wages or dividends into more than a hundred thousand homes. It has at times been exclusive, but never sordid. It has never been dollar-mad, nor frenzied by the virus of stock-gambling. There has



THE PUPIN COIL

A device to conserve the lagging telephone current. Its use has already saved \$6,000,000 in copper wire in New York City alone.

always been a vein of sentiment in it that has kept it in touch with human nature. Even at the present time, every check of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company carries on it a picture of a pretty Cupid, sitting on a chair upon which he has placed a thick book, and gaily prattling into a telephone.



A TELEPHONE FOR THE USE OF PEOPLE WHO ARE PARTIALLY DEAF

The battery on the corner of the table is connected to the ear-piece by a short wire. With this instrument in place, a man who is partially deaf can hear the ordinary conversation going on in the room.



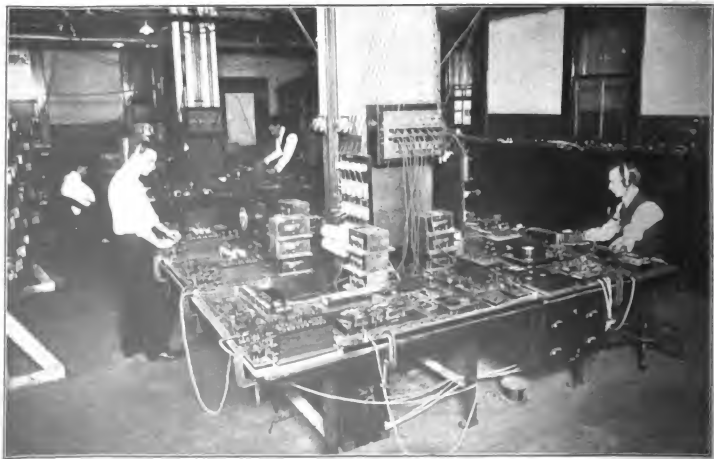
THE WIRE-CHIEF'S BOARD

When "the chief operator" reports a break anywhere in the system, it is the task of these men to locate it within a few feet in order that it may be repaired without loss of time

Several sweeping changes may be expected in the near future, now that there is team-play between the Bell System and the Western Union. Three telephone messages and eight telegrams may be sent *at the same time* over two pairs of wires — that is one of the recent miracles of science that is now to be

tried out upon a gigantic scale. Most of the long-distance telephone wires, of which there are fully 2,000,000 miles, can be used for telegraphic purposes; and a third of the Western Union wires, 500,000 miles, may with a few changes be used for talking.

The Western Union is paying rent for



TESTING THE EFFICIENCY OF NEW TELEPHONIC DEVICES



THE RUINS OF THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN CHELSEA, MASS., AFTER THE FIRE OF APRIL 12, 1908, WHICH DEVASTATED THREE HUNDRED ACRES



THE TELEPHONE WIRES AFTER THEY HAD BEEN FISHED OUT OF THE MAN-HOLE AND STRUNG ON TEMPORARY POLES

22,500 offices, all of which help to make telegraphy a luxury of the few. It is employing as large an army of messenger-boys as the army that marched with General Sher-

man from Atlanta to the sea. Both of these items of expense will dwindle when a Bell wire and a Morse wire can be brought to a common terminal; and when a tele-



THE EMERGENCY PAY-STATION IN CHELSEA IN OPERATION BEFORE THE WIRES HAD COOLED



THE RUINS OF THE TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD AT PARIS, FRANCE, AFTER THE FIRE OF SEPTEMBER 20, 1908



THE NEW 10,000-LINE SWITCHBOARD WHICH A CHICAGO FACTORY AGREED TO HAVE AT WORK WITHIN SIXTY DAYS OR TO PAY A PENALTY OF \$100 A DAY

gram can be received or delivered by telephone. There will also be a gain, perhaps the largest of all, in removing the trudging little messenger-boy from the streets and sending him either to school or to learn some useful trade.

The fact is that the United States is the first country that has succeeded in putting both telephone and telegraph upon the proper basis. Elsewhere, either the two are widely apart, or the telephone is a mere adjunct of a telegraphic department. According to the new American plan, the two are not competitive, but complementary. The Post-Office sends a package; the telegraph sends the contents of the package; but the telephone sends nothing. It is an apparatus that makes conversation possible between two separated people. Each of the three has a distinct field of its own, so that there has never been any cause for jealousy between them.

To make the telephone an annex of the Post-Office or the telegraph has become

absurd. There are now in the whole world very nearly as many messages sent by telephone as by letter; and there are *thirty-two times* as many telephone calls as telegrams. In the United States, the telephone has grown to be the big brother of the telegraph. It has six times the net earnings and eight times the wire; and it transmits as many messages as the combined total of telegrams, letters, and railroad passengers.

This universal trend toward consolidation has introduced a variety of problems that will engage the ablest brains in the telephone world for many years to come. How to get the benefits of organization without its losses, to become strong without losing quickness, to become systematic without losing the dash and dare of earlier days, to develop the working force into an army of high-speed specialists without losing the bird's-eye view of the whole situation — these are the riddles of the new type, for which the telephonists of the next generation must find answers. They illustrate



THE PARIS SWITCHBOARD RUSHING EASTWARD WITHIN THREE WEEKS AFTER THE ORDER FOR ITS CONSTRUCTION HAD BEEN RECEIVED

the nature of the big jobs that the telephone has to offer to an ambitious and gifted young man of to-day.

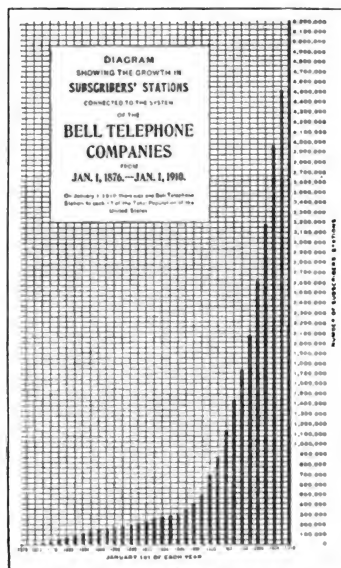
"The problems were never so large or so complex as they are right now," says Mr. J. J. Carty, the chief of the telephone engineers. The eternal struggle remains between the large and the little ideas — between the men who see what might be and the men who see only what is. There is still the race to break time records. Already the girl at the switchboard can find the person wanted in thirty seconds. This is one-tenth of the time that was taken in the early centrals, but it is still too long. It is one-half of a valuable minute. It must be cut to twenty-five seconds, or to twenty, or to fifteen.

There is still the inventors' battle to gain miles. The distance over which conversations can be held has been increased from 20 miles to 2,500. But this is not far enough. There are some civilized human beings who are 12,000 miles apart, and who have interests in common. During the Boxer Rebellion in China, for instance, there were Americans in Peking who would gladly have given half of their fortunes for the use of a pair of wires to New York.

In the earliest days of the telephone, Bell was fond of prophesying that "the time will come when we will talk across the Atlantic Ocean"; but this was regarded as a poetical fancy until Pupin invented his method of automatically propelling the electric current. Since then the most conservative engineer will discuss the problem of transatlantic telephony. And as for the poets, they are now dreaming of the time when a man may speak and hear his own voice come back to him around the world.

The immediate long-distance problem is, of course, to talk from New York to the Pacific. The two oceans are now only three and a half days apart by rail. Seattle is clamoring for a wire to the East. San Diego wants one in time for its Panama Canal Exposition in 1915. The wires are already strung to San Francisco, but cannot be used in the present stage of the art. And Vail's captains are working now with almost breathless haste to give him a birthday present of a talk across the continent from his farm in Vermont.

"I can see a universal system of telephony for the United States in the very near future," says Carty. "There is a statue of Seward standing in one of the streets of Seattle. The inscription upon it is — '*To a United Country.*' But as an Easterner stands there, he feels the isolation of that far-western state, and he will always feel it until he can talk from one side of the United States to the other. For my part,"



THE INCREASING USE OF THE TELEPHONE DURING THIRTY-FOUR YEARS

continued Carty, "I believe we will talk across continents and across oceans. Why not? Are there not more cells in one human body than there are people in the whole earth?"

Some future Carty may solve the abandoned problem of the single wire and cut the copper bill in two by restoring the grounded circuit. He may transmit vision as well as speech. He may perfect a third-rail system for use on moving trains. He

may conceive of an ideal insulating material to supersede glass, mica, paper, and enamel. He may establish a Universal Code, so that all persons of importance in the United States shall have call-numbers by which they may be instantly located, as books are found in a library.

Some other young man may create a Commercial Department on wide lines, a work which telephone men have as yet been too specialized to do. Whoever does this will be a man of comprehensive brain. He will be as closely in touch with the average man as with the art of telephony. He will know the gossip of the street, the demands of the labor unions, and the policies of Governors and Presidents. The psychology of the Western farmer will concern him, and the tone of the daily press, and the methods of department stores. It will be his aim to know the subtle chemistry of public opinion, and to adapt the telephone service to the shifting moods and necessities of the times. *He will fit telephony like a garment around the habits of the people.*

Also, now that the telephone business has become strong, its next anxiety must naturally be to develop the virtues, and not the defects, of strength. Its motto must be "*Ich Dien*" — "I serve"; and it will be the work of the future statesmen of the telephone to illustrate this motto in all its practical variations. They will cater and explain, and explain and cater. They will educate and educate, until they have created an expert public. They will teach by pictures and lectures and exhibitions. They will have charts and diagrams hung in the telephone booths, so that the person who is waiting for a call may learn a little and pass the time more pleasantly. They will, in a word, attend to those innumerable trifles that make the perfection of public service.

A DEPARTMENT OF OPTIMISM

Already the Bell System has gone far in this direction by organizing what might fairly be called a *foresight* department. Here is where the fortune-tellers of the business sit. When new lines or exchanges are to be built, these men study the situation with an eye to the future. They prepare a "fundamental plan," outlining what may

reasonably be expected to happen in fifteen or twenty years. Invariably they are optimists. They make provision for growth, but none at all for shrinkage. By their advice, there is now \$25,000,000 worth of reserve plant in the various Bell companies, waiting for the country to grow up to it. Even in the city of New York, one-half of the cable ducts are empty in expectation of the greater city of 8,000,000 population which is scheduled to arrive in 1928. There are perhaps few more impressive evidences of practical optimism and confidence than a new telephone exchange, with two-thirds of its wires waiting for the business of the future.

Eventually, this foresight department will expand. It may, if a leader of genius appear, become the first real corps of practical sociologists, which will substitute facts for the present hotchpotch of theories. It will prepare a "fundamental plan" of the whole United States, showing the centre of each industry and the main runways of traffic. It will act upon the basic fact that wherever there is interdependence, there is bound to be telephony, and it will, therefore, prepare maps of interdependence showing the widely scattered groups of industry and finance, and the lines that weave them into a pattern of national coöperation.

As yet, no nation, not even our own, has seen the full value of the long-distance telephone. Few have the imagination to see what has been made possible and to realize that an actual face-to-face conversation may take place, even though there are a thousand miles between. Neither can it seem credible that a man in a distant city can be located as readily as though he were close at hand. It is too amazing to be true, and possibly a new generation will have to arrive before it will be taken for granted and acted upon freely. Ultimately, there can be no doubt that long-distance telephony will be regarded as a national asset of the highest value, for the reason that it can prevent so much of the enormous economic waste of travel.

Nothing that science can say will ever decrease the marvel of a long-distance conversation, and there may come in the future an interpreter who will put it before our

eyes in the form of a moving-picture. He will enable us to follow the flying words in a talk from Boston to Denver. We will flash first to Worcester, cross the Hudson on the high bridge at Poughkeepsie, swing southwest through a dozen coal towns to the outskirts of Philadelphia, leap across the Susquehanna, zigzag up and down the Alleghanies into the murk of Pittsburg, cross the Ohio at Wheeling, glance past Columbus and Indianapolis, over the Wabash at Terre Haute, into St. Louis by the Eads Bridge, through Kansas City, across the Missouri, along the corn-fields of Kansas, and then on—on—on with the Santa Fé Railway, across vast plains and past the brink of the Grand Canyon, to Pueblo and the lofty city of Denver. Twenty-five hundred miles along a thousand tons of copper wire—from Bunker Hill to Pike's Peak in a second!

EXPERIMENT YET IN ITS INFANCY

There are many reasons to believe that for the practical idealists of the future the supreme study will be the force that makes such miracles possible. Six thousand million dollars—one-twentieth of our national wealth, is at the present time invested in electrical development. The Electrical Age has not yet arrived, but it is at hand; and no one can tell how brilliant the result may be when the creative minds of a nation are focussed upon the subjugation of this mysterious force, which has more power and more delicacy than any other force that man has been able to harness.

As a tame and tractable energy, electricity is new. Among the wise men of Greece and Rome, few knew of its existence and none put it to any practical use. The wisest knew that a piece of amber, when rubbed, will attract feathery substances; but they regarded this as poetry rather than science. There was a pretty legend among the Phoenicians that the pieces of amber were the petrified tears of maidens who had thrown themselves into the sea because of unrequited love, and each bead of amber was highly prized. It was worn as an amulet and a symbol of purity. Not for two thousand years did anyone dream that within its golden heart lay hidden the secret of a new electrical civilization.

Not even in 1752, when Benjamin Franklin flew his famous kite on the banks of the Schuylkill River and captured the first "canned lightning," was there any definite knowledge of electrical energy. His lightning rod was regarded as an insult to the deity of Heaven. It was blamed for the earthquake of 1755, and not until the telegraph of Morse came into general use did men dare to think of the thunder-bolt of Jove as a possible servant of the human race.

Thus it happened that when Bell invented the telephone he surprised the world with a new idea. He had to make the thought as well as the thing. No Jules Verne nor H. G. Wells had foreseen it. The author of the Arabian Nights fantasies had conceived of a flying-carpet, but neither he nor any one else had conceived of flying conversation. In all the literature of ancient days, there is not a line that will apply to the telephone, except possibly that expressive phrase in the Bible—"And behold, there came a Voice." In these more privileged days, the telephone has come to be regarded as a commonplace fact of everyday life; and we are apt to forget that the wonder of it has become greater and not less; and that there are still honor and profit, plenty of both, to be won by the inventor and the scientist.

The flood of electrical patents was never higher than now. There are literally more in a single month than the total number issued by the Patent Office up to 1859. The Bell System has three hundred experts who are paid to do nothing else but try out all new ideas and inventions; and before these words can pass from the stenographer to the printer, new uses and new methods will be discovered. There is, therefore, no immediate danger that the art of telephony will be less fascinating in the future than it has been in the past. It will still be the most alluring and elusive sprite that ever led the way through a Dark Continent of mysterious phenomena.

MYSTERIES YET UNSOLVED

There still remains for some future scientist the task of showing us in detail exactly what the telephone current does. Such a man will study vibrations as Darwin studied the differentiation of species. He will try

to discover how a child's voice, speaking from Boston to Omaha, can vibrate more than a million pounds of copper wire, and he will invent a finer system of time to fit the telephone, which can do as many different things in a second as a man can do in a day, transmitting with every tick of the clock from 25 to 80,000 vibrations. He will deal with the various vibrations of nerves and wires and wireless air that are necessary in conveying thought between two separated minds. He will make clear how a thought, originating in the brain, passes along the nerve-wires to the vocal chords, and then in wireless vibrations of air to the disc of the transmitter. At the other end of the line the second disc recreates these vibrations, which impinge upon the nerve-wires of an ear, and are thus carried to the consciousness of another brain.

And so, notwithstanding all that has been done since Bell opened up the way, the telephone remains the acme of electrical marvels. No other thing does so much with so little energy. No other thing is more enswathed in the unknown. Not even the gray-haired pioneers who have lived with the telephone since its birth can understand their protégé. As to the why and the how, there is as yet no answer. It is as true of telephony to-day as it was in 1876 that a child can use what the wisest sages cannot comprehend.

Here is a tiny disc of sheet-iron. I speak. It shudders. It has a different shudder for every sound. It has thousands of millions of different shudders. There is a second disc many miles away, perhaps 2,500 miles away. Between the two discs runs a copper wire. As I speak, a thrill of electricity flits along the wire. This thrill is moulded by the shudder of the disc. It makes the second disc shudder. And the shudder of the second disc reproduces my voice. That is what happens. But how—not all the scientists of the world can tell.

The telephone current is a phenomenon of the ether, say the theorists. But what is ether? No one knows. Sir Oliver Lodge has guessed that it is "perhaps the only substantial thing in the material universe," but no one knows. There is nothing to

guide us in that unknown country except a sign-post that points upward and bears the one word—"Perhaps." The Ether of Space! Here is an Eldorado for the scientists of the future, and whoever can first map it out will go far toward discovering the secret of telephony.

Some day, who knows, there may come the poetry and grand opera of the telephone. Artists may come who will portray the marvel of the wires that quiver with electrified words, and the romance of the switchboards that tremble with the secrets of a great city. Already Puvis de Chavannes, by one of his superb panels in the Boston Library, has admitted the telephone and telegraph to the world of art. He has embodied them as two flying figures, poised above the electric wires, and with the following inscription underneath—"By the wondrous agency of electricity, speech flashes through space and swift as lightning bears tidings of good and evil."

But these random guesses as to the future of the telephone may come far short of what the reality will be. In these dazzling days it is idle to predict. The inventor has everywhere put the prophet out of business. The fact has outrun the fancy. When Morse, for instance, was tacking up his first little line of wire around the Speedwell Iron Works, who could have foreseen 250,000 miles of submarine cables, by which the very oceans are all a-quiver with the news of the world? When Fulton's tiny tea-kettle of a boat steamed up the Hudson to Albany in two days, who could have foreseen the steel leviathans, one-sixth of a mile in length, that can in the same time cut the Atlantic Ocean in half? And when Bell stood in a dingy workshop in Boston and heard the clang of a clock-spring come over an electric wire, who could have foreseen the massive structure of the Bell System, built up by half the telephones of the world, and by the investment of more actual capital than has gone to the making of any other industrial association? Who could have foreseen what the telephone bells have done to ring out the old ways and to ring in the new—to ring out the delay and the isolation and to ring in the efficiency and the friendliness of a truly united people?

HIGHWAYS OF PROGRESS

LAST ARTICLE

THE CONSERVATION OF CAPITAL

BY

JAMES J. HILL

AT a meeting of the Minnesota Agricultural Society in 1906, I called attention to the waste of our national resources and to the choice between facing about and inviting national disaster. At the time, this warning was less seriously received at home, perhaps, than in European countries, where it was widely circulated and discussed. But the sober second thought of our own people soon lifted the subject to its proper place, and conservation is now a watchword not only for the nation but for the several states. The public is beginning to understand and sympathize with the broader view that sees national resources, industries, and interests closely related to and dependent upon one another. How rapidly and how far the movement has traveled and its scope extended is shown by the resolution adopted by the National Conservation Congress as its creed, and the schedule of subjects drawn up by its committee.

The resolution reads: "Resolved, That the objects of this congress shall be broad, to act as a clearing-house for all allied social forces of our time, to seek to overcome waste in natural, human, or moral forces." The programme of topics for debate and report included lands, irrigation, navigation, water-powers, flood-waters, forests, minerals, and other resources. Such is the width of vision and interpretation of the conservation interest to-day. But there is one subject missing; and it is the second in importance of them all. Next after the conservation of the land, its area, use, and fertility, must come the conservation of national capital, in the shape of cash and credit.

Experience has shown how surely prosperity follows the right employment and misfortune the abuse of this great national resource. Yet in the schedules of proposed conservation activity the waste of national power through excessive expenditure and overburdening of credit has apparently been overlooked. This forgotten item must be added to the list. The friends of conservation should take steps everywhere to give to this indispensable possession the same protection from the spoiler that they are trying to give to the soil, the forest, the water-powers, and deposits of mineral wealth.

We are living in an age of world-wide financial delirium. Most nations have thrown away moderation in the spending of money. A couple of centuries ago, when a monarch wanted money for his pleasures or his schemes of aggrandizement, he had to place a new tax on windows or chimneys or salt or some other object such that the people felt the pressure immediately. Both were warned in time; and before the process could go too far, either protest or revolution attempted to remedy the evil. Modern conditions are totally different. The immense increase of wealth all over the world has greatly augmented the supply of capital. The mobility of this capital, the ease by which through international exchanges it can be made to satisfy a need now in one country and now in another, strengthens the impression that it is inexhaustible.

Take France, which is able to finance almost anything from a war to a manufacturing enterprise in any part of the world. Leroy-Beaulieu estimates that the wealth of the French people increases by

about a billion dollars every year. This increment may be drawn upon by enterprise anywhere. It is not gathered in huge fortunes, but is distributed among millions of holders in small sums of a few thousand francs each. These are collected by the great banking concerns, ready for employment on good security in any quarter of the globe. While France is the best saver, it is not the richest of the nations. The average wealth per capita in some other countries is higher. The per capita wealth in the United States shows the following changes in the last sixty years:

PER CAPITA WEALTH IN THE UNITED STATES

1850 . .	\$307.69	1890 . .	\$1,035.57
1860 . .	\$513.93	1900 . .	\$1,164.79
1870 . .	\$779.83	1904 . .	\$1,318.11
1880 . .	\$870.20		

Undoubtedly, at the present scale of prices, the per capita wealth of the United States to-day is well over \$1,500. In most other nations the growth, while not so rapid, has been steady and substantial. The addition of these uncounted billions to the aggregate wealth of the world has stimulated the spirit of financial adventure and the love of squandering inherent in mankind. Its availability has lulled to sleep natural prudence and quieted the alarm of moments of sanity in the spendthrift's life—with what results will presently be seen.

If credit has, as Daniel Webster said, done more than all the mines of the world to develop and increase its industry, the potential dangers of credit are equally great. Expansion or contraction of cash is measured by millions; of credits, by billions. The increase of apparent resources by an easy resort to borrowing, the mortgaging of a patrimony not our own to obtain material for present extravagance, the diversion of wealth from productive to unproductive uses—all these have gone farther than most people realize. It will be worth while to examine current public waste of cash and credit. It is measured by current debt and current expenditure everywhere, as compared with the same items only a few years ago.

THE CAUSES OF RISING PRICES

The man who attempts to place entire responsibility for these changes upon one

single act or influence lacks either fairness or intelligence. As in most great economic movements, the cause is complex. Something is due to enormous currency inflation. The total per capita circulation in the United States in 1896 was \$21.41, and in 1909 it was \$35.01. Although population had grown by many millions in these thirteen years, the amount of money to each individual had increased by \$13.60, or more than 60 per cent. The increase in the total gold production of the world, which rose from \$118,848,000 in 1890 to over \$427,000,000 in 1908, has been made the basis for one form and another of credit issues aggregating a vast sum. Even a rudimentary knowledge of economics or monetary science shows that such changes must produce a rise of prices.

The tariff is another contributing cause. It is true that it can furnish but a partial explanation, for to only a limited extent can the rise in food prices be affected by or traced to the tariff. As to commodities that we export, the tariff is inoperative. It generally affects prices directly as we become importers. Nevertheless the tariff must bear its share of responsibility for rising prices. Common sense says that when the cost of the necessities of life in a town on the Canadian side of the Detroit River is reported at nearly 25 per cent. less than on the American side, the tariff accounts for the difference. It says that a man will raise his charges to the full extent that he is guaranteed against competition. He who believes that the sudden and violent rise of prices in 1897, following the enactment of the Dingley law, and the similar movement following the passage of the tariff act of 1909 have no relation to those legislative achievements, would argue that the rise of the Seine had nothing to do with the recent inundation of Paris.

Combinations which are actually in restraint of trade, which have monopolized their field and are either controlled by a common secret management or a secret agreement to maintain exorbitant charges, are partly responsible. If the operations of these had been followed with the same interest by the public and checked with the same rigor by state and nation that are displayed in agitation against the railroads

—which for years have been subject to public control, open to public inspection, and which, practically alone among the agencies affecting directly the common life, have given their services at lower and lower prices every decade—the country would not be so stupefied as it is to-day by a great hardship or so bewildered about the remedy.

PRODUCTION DOWN—PRICES UP

Still more of the rise of prices is due to the decline of agricultural products as compared with the increase of population. Taking the average for five-year periods, the wheat crop of the country increased 41 per cent. in the twenty-five years ended in 1908. From 1880 the population increased 74 per cent. The decrease in wheat exports was 24 per cent. When wheat sold at sixty-five cents per bushel, it was because the world's product was relatively in excess of the world's demand. The ratio is now reversed, and demand, taking the world as a whole, is gaining on supply. And this is particularly true of the United States, with its rapid increase in population, its drift to the cities, and its consequent actual falling off in important items of food products. Between January 1, 1909, and January 1, 1910, the number of cattle other than milch cows in this country decreased by more than 2,000,000, following a decrease of 700,000 the year before. The number of swine decreased 6,365,000, on top of a decrease of nearly 2,000,000 the year before. The number of mouths to be fed is always increasing. These are conditions under which a simple exercise in division proves the necessity of price advances. It was definitely shown in advance that they must come.

When due allowance has been made for the effect of these forces that make for dearer living, there still remains a large unexplained balance. This must be credited to the lavish expenditure which has now grown to be a national trait, which is eating up our accumulated wealth, and which is forcing prices higher and higher by consuming our resources unproductively, encouraging indolence and luxury, and compelling resort to a constantly ascending scale of wages. With these three powerful economic forces converging upon the price

average, the country could no more escape the corresponding rise and no more cure it than a man could keep the mercury from rising in the tube of a thermometer while he was holding a burning-glass so as to focus the blaze of the sun upon its bulb. This is the full meaning of the somewhat widely quoted statement made by me, that it is not so much the high cost of living as the cost of high living that afflicts the country.

RECKLESS WASTE OF PUBLIC FUNDS

Waste, idleness, and rising wages—all inter-related to one another, now as cause and now as effect—are, next to an over-issue of irredeemable paper, the three most powerful forces in the world to raise prices.

First, waste. This is shown in the Federal, state, and municipal expense bills already exhibited. There has been mild objection in Washington to the demand of a certain investigating body for an appropriation of a quarter of a million dollars to pursue inquiries on which it had already spent \$651,000 without any practical results.

The people of the United States inherited from its founders a wholesome tradition against debt, which is only now disappearing from the conduct of national affairs. This, together with the enormous resources at our command and the consequent ability of our people to pay increasing taxes without distress, has kept our national debt at a moderate figure. Until the time of the Spanish War and the Panama Canal, it decreased. It now tends to rise, concealed under the polite fiction of certificates of indebtedness to cover treasury deficits. If the advocates of large bond issues for all manner of internal improvements should carry their point, if that resource is not definitely restricted to the emergency of war, we will be in the condition of Europe, where the motto of every chancellor now seems to be: "After us the deluge."

The following figures give the estimated total of the national debts of the countries of Europe at different dates. Where statistics cover so wide a field there may be some inaccuracies of detail; but, in the

great aggregate, these are of no practical consequence.

NATIONAL DEBTS OF EUROPE

1785-89	\$ 2,070,600,000
1814-18	7,213,800,000
1845-48	7,967,000,000
1874	18,027,800,000
1905-07	29,552,800,000

These are not statistics of expenditure, but of debt. After raising from their people by taxation all they could be made to contribute without dangerous unrest, the balance of money spent by these governments increased by twenty-seven and a half billion dollars in one hundred and twenty years. It increased eleven and one-half billions, or more than 60 per cent., in the last thirty years. The annual interest charge of Europe is now over \$1,200,000,000 a year. It is in the position of a debtor who must constantly add to the principal of his obligations in order to get money to keep him from defaulting on the interest.

The new budget threatens to shake the political foundations of England with its revolutionary proposals for raising more money, where borrowing had become impossible without turmoil and another drop in the price of consols. Germany has been issuing treasury bills for years to cover deficits. The debt of the empire and the several states combined is over \$4,000,000,000. The other nations of Europe are mostly traveling the same road. Now how about ourselves?

Leaving out the debts of counties, municipalities, and school-districts, the aggregate debt of all the states and territories, less sinking-fund assets, was \$274,745,772 in 1880; in 1890 it was \$211,210,487; and in 1902 it was \$234,908,873. The decrease for the first decade was 23.1 per cent.; and the increase for the twelve-year period to 1902 was 11.2 per cent. Inasmuch as there was in the former a readjustment of debts in many states by scaling down the principal, a fair comparison on equal terms would probably show that the actual burden of debt on the states only is growing slowly but with a tendency to accelerate its movement.

OUR MAD RUSH INTO DEBT

Very different is the showing when the obligations of counties and other minor

civil divisions are included. In our cities modern extravagance finds its most untrammelled expression. The total debt of the states, including all these minor civil divisions, increased \$13,921,443, or 1.25 per cent., between 1880 and 1890. Between 1890 and 1902 it increased \$727,778,393, or 64 per cent. Nearly three-quarters of a billion in twelve years, an average increase of \$60,000,000 a year in the amount borrowed by the people, ought to make any country stop and think. Most of the actual material development is privately financed and carries its own bonded indebtedness, which the public finances cannot take into account. The figures down to 1910, outside of and in addition to the national debt, would probably show an increase of from a billion and a quarter to a billion and a half dollars for the last twenty years, and a grand total of over two and a quarter billion dollars—about double what it was in 1890.

Debt figures, however, do not begin to tell the story of our national extravagance. Only a small part of our expenditure is represented by debt tables. The rest is raised by increased taxation. In part this consists of new imposts, new licenses and fees; and in part it comes from increased assessments of all property that provide more revenue without showing an increased tax rate. Nothing bears more directly or forcibly upon the subject of national waste and the conservation of national resources than the profligacy disclosed by our public-expense ledgers. Every figure that follows has been taken from official records, or is the result of compiling their contents in summaries never before presented to the public.

First, as to the nation. For the United States Government the official statements cover only what are known as "net ordinary disbursements." This total does not include the whole of the disbursements for the postal service, or any payment on the principal of the public debt, or those extraordinary expenses that cut an ever-increasing figure in national finances. It covers mostly routine charges, and therefore falls short each year of the actual appropriations made by Congress for that year. Taken alone, figures so far under the fact would be misleading. Relatively, they are

sufficient for the purpose, since they vary with our general policy. A comparison of the net ordinary expenditures by decades will show the trend of national spending. The amounts are as follows:

INCREASE OF GOVERNMENT EXPENSES

1870	\$293,657,005
1880	264,847,637
1890	297,736,487
1900	487,713,792
1908	659,196,320

Although the great business expansion of this country began right after the Civil War, the expenses for 1890 were but four million dollars greater than those of twenty years before. Since 1890 these expenditures have grown by \$180,000,000 each nine years on the average, or \$20,000,000 a year, until now they are 121.4 per cent. more than they were eighteen years ago. Expressed in terms of per capita outgo, these charges, which are only part of the cost of maintaining the Federal Government, rose from \$4.75 in 1890 to \$6.39 in 1900, and to \$7.56 in 1908.

Shift the focus of the glass a little closer and look at our states and cities. By official records the total expenditure of state governments alone in all the states and territories of the Union combined was \$77,105,911 in 1890, and \$185,764,202 in 1902. The increase in these twelve years was \$108,658,291, or 141 per cent. The aggregate expenditures of all the states, together with their minor civil divisions of counties, municipalities, and school districts, rose from \$569,252,634 in 1890 to \$1,156,447,085 in 1902. The increase was \$587,194,451, or 103 per cent. Expressed in per capita terms, this means that the cost of state government only was \$1.24 for each person in 1890 and \$2.35 in 1902; for states and minor civil divisions combined it was \$9.09 in 1890 and \$14.64 in 1902. A few exercises in compound proportion will show what it may be twenty or thirty years hence.

Official figures from 1880 to 1909 have been obtained from thirty of the states, covering all New England; New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania of the mid-Atlantic section; all the representative commonwealths of the rich Middle West and Northwest; and a sprinkling of the states of the South and the extreme West. These, includ-

ing as they do two-thirds in number, four-fifths of the population, and the great bulk of the wealth of the whole country, will show whether or not local extravagance is still spreading its wings. The aggregate expenditure of these states, not including their counties or municipalities, increased as follows:

THE INCREASING COST OF GOVERNMENT

Between 1880 and 1890	28.6%
Between 1890 and 1900	58.0%
Between 1900 and 1909	90.7%

COST OF GOVERNMENT TO EACH INDIVIDUAL

1880	\$1.78
1890	1.79
1900	2.35
1909 (assuming same rate of increase in population)	3.84

All these different series of statistical facts, traced independently, confirm and reinforce one another.

It is always asserted, when the truth is told and a demand for economy is made, that the development of the country and its increase of wealth have been so great as both to require and justify this enlarged outlay. The answer to the charge of a billion-dollar session of Congress is that this has become a billion-dollar country. The apology is neither relevant nor true. It is not necessary that expense should increase in the same ratio as growth. But the growth of expenditure has so far outrun the growth of the country that the actual figures are almost incredible. The following little table, exhibiting the whole situation, might be printed at the top of every letterhead used by any man in public office anywhere in the United States:

CHANGES IN EXPENDITURE AND WEALTH

Wealth	1870 to 1890	116%	1890 to 1904	65%
Foreign Trade	" " "	99%	" " 1908	85.4%
Value Manufactured Products	" " "	121%	" " 1905	58%
Net Ordinary Expenses of U. S. Government		1.4%	" " 1908	121.4%
Expenditures 30 States		—	" " 1909	201.6%

The moral of these half-dozen lines is overwhelming and their proof of public waste is complete. The rate of development of the country was far more rapid in the twenty years from 1870 to 1890 than it

was in the eighteen from 1900 to 1908. Yet in the earlier era, when every great national asset was doubled in twenty years and the pressure for enlarged activities was correspondingly severe upon the state, the net ordinary expenditures of the United States increased but 1.4 per cent. If it is national growth that makes government costly, how about this period? Since then, with a commercial expansion expressed by a much smaller percentage, these net ordinary expenses have jumped over 121 per cent. The wealth and business of the country as a whole increased but little more than half as fast in the second period as in the first. The expenses of the Federal Government increased 88 times as fast, and the expenses of the state governments in the last nineteen years went up over 200 per cent. By such facts as these, quite as convincing as slaughtered forests or exhausted mines or impoverished soils or appropriated water-powers, two things are settled once for all: no honest man should ever again adduce material development as a sufficient reason for the growing appropriation bills of nation or state; and the conservation movement should give to economy in national, state, and municipal expenditure a leading place on its programmes, and a share of effort commensurate with its importance and the country's need.

The phenomenal increase of public expenditure has already produced a plentiful crop of public ills. It is one of the causes of the increase in prices now disturbing the people. This increase follows in a suggestive way the inflation of national and local budgets. The average cost of the supplies that must be bought for practically every household has increased about 50 per cent. between 1896 and 1909. During the last year there has been a marked lifting of the price level. Foodstuffs cost from 10 to 70 per cent. more than ten years ago. Inquiries are now under way which, when fairly and intelligently carried out, will give some accurate measure of the extent and force of the movement of prices. The reports of the Federal Bureau of Labor show that, if we represent the average prices of the ten years 1890-1899 by 100, the price of food in 1908 was 120.6; of clothing, 116.9; of fuel and lighting, 130.8; of metals

and implements, 125.4; of lumber and building materials, 133.1; and of all commodities combined, 122.8. These are wholesale prices. If to them be added the profit of the retailer, a fairly good idea can be formed of the new conditions of our national life.

A charge of over \$7,000,000 a year for secret service, a relic of dictators and abhorred by every really free democracy, awakened a certain amount of criticism. In every state there have been created within the last thirty years dozens or scores of commissions, boards, officials, posts, all with salaries attached, all asking for more, and all heaping up incidental expenses. Billions of free capital have been absorbed by the great wars of recent times, and by such disasters as visited San Francisco, southern Italy, and Paris. We are spending some hundreds of millions at Panama, and the aim of legislators ambitious of popularity is to find new vents for the treasury. Capital in untold volume has been withdrawn by all these policies from productive employments. Now we cannot cheat the first four rules of arithmetic. We cannot spend money for one thing and also use it for another. The same money that has bought an automobile is not on hand to build a steam-thresher. There has been less capital for production; hence less production; hence a diminished supply; hence higher prices.

Second, habits of idleness thus encouraged diminish production. Where so much public money is flowing down the gutter, many a man finds it easier to scoop up what he wants than to work for it. The fashion of public extravagance is of all fashions the first and most easily imitated. As the supply of capital dwindles on the one side of the economic machine, the supply of labor dwindles on the other. We must expect to see this also reflected in higher prices. And as long as the world has to live by labor, there will be no escape from and no exception to this law.

THE STEADY RISE IN WAGES

Third, perhaps the greatest factor of all in the price problem, is the wage-rate. Everybody knows that labor cost is the principal item in all forms of industry. The wage-rate has been rising steadily

in this country. Powerful forces are back of this movement. It has public sympathy. To resist it is difficult and may be dangerous. As the labor supply diminishes, for reasons just stated, wages rise still more. High wages and high prices work in a circle. Every rise of one is reflected in a rise of the other. But somebody has to pay these wages. They do not come out of the air. In the end labor suffers when the business no longer pays a profit and the payrolls cease entirely by the closing up of an industry no longer profitable.

As cost of production is chiefly labor cost, the price of the finished article must go up if the price of labor is raised. This is just as true of the farm as of the factory. And the wages of farm labor have risen with the wages of labor in the trades. The complaint of every farmer who has to hire help is that farm laborers are both scarce and expensive. The fact that tea, coffee, sugar, and such commodities, which are mainly imported, have risen little or none while other prices were soaring indicates that the high American wage-rate raises prices and keeps them high. Since the laborer must receive for his work such compensation as will supply him with the necessities of life at whatever market-price they command, so his wages must rise with every rise in the cost of living.

The effect of national waste of capital is felt immediately in the added weight of taxation. One of the last things men learn is that every dollar paid out by a government must first have been paid in by the community. The income raised by any tax save those on articles of pure luxury is so much taken from productive industry; and, where not utilized for public protection, in that narrow range of activity which alone it is either proper or profitable for the state, is as truly wasted as if it were spent on public games or childish bonfires. Logically the progress of the tax-collector, the search for new objects and new methods of taxation, and the exaltation of a tax into something beneficent in itself instead of a necessary evil, have kept pace with the advance in national and local extravagance.

The taxes collected annually from the railroads of the country have increased

more than 200 per cent. since 1889. They increased by forty million dollars and by more than \$100 per mile of track between 1900 and 1908. Franchise taxes, inheritance taxes, taxes on corporations, and income taxes are all recent additions or suggestions. They are referred to here with neither approval nor disapproval as means of collecting money, but as part of the evil progeny of our dissipation of free capital. Not only these but a host of others must be resorted to if we carry out all the schemes that are hatched in the hotbed of waste. The experience of England with its budget, of every Continental country groaning under heavy taxes, must become our own if our policy is not reversed. The effect upon industry, prosperity, and national character of a constantly mounting tax-rate, with its withdrawal of larger and larger sums every year from the fund that should be devoted to industrial enterprises and to the reproduction of wealth, is just as certain as the effect of drawing checks upon a bank to an annually larger and larger percentage of the deposits made.

In this way, insidiously and without realization by the general public, often under the specious names of improvement and reform, capital is dissipated, discouraged, and quietly abstracted from industry. In this way the volume of employment is greatly lessened, because there is less capital for payrolls. In this way high prices and high wages and high taxes may all work together for the impoverishment of a nation by exactly the same process that works impoverishment of its soil. The analogy between reckless waste of natural resources and of capital is so close, the necessity of conservation in the one direction as well as the other is so evident, that it is not easy to understand why the more thoughtful of our people did not long ago take steps to apply a corrective.

DANGER IN THE TAXATION OF WEALTH

The modern theory that you can safely tax the wealthy is just as obnoxious as the medieval theory that you can safely oppress or kill the poor. It is obnoxious not because wealth deserves special consideration but because capital is the main-spring of all industry and material

development; and, after you have devoted so much of it to the unproductive purposes that the state represents when it transcends its primary function as keeper of the peace and administrator of justice, there will be just so much less left to pay out in wages and devote to the creation of other wealth. It is a fixed fact, exactly as it is that when you subtract x from y something less than y must remain. Of course the laborer suffers even more than the capitalist. The countries in which such forms of taxation are being carried farthest are precisely those in which employment is scarce and precarious, and labor finds it necessary to lean more and more heavily each year upon the weakening arm of state and public charity. In fact the whole subject is several thousand years old; and it is as amazing to find modern legislatures mulling over it as it would be if they debated hotly the comparative advantages of the rack and the thumbscrew as instruments of torture. The conclusion of the whole matter is well summed up in a recent article by Mr. J. Ellis Barker in the *Fortnightly Review*, in words as apt for the United States as they were for the British public to whom they were addressed:

"Modern British financial policy, popular and democratic financial policy, the policy of taxing the wealthy for the benefit of the masses, is not a new one. It was practised by the Athenian democracy in the time of Cleon, and it led to the economic decay of Athens. It was practised in ancient Rome, and it led to the economic decay of Rome. It was practised by the Spaniards who plundered and drove out the wealthy Moors, who in the Middle Ages had made Spain a flourishing and wealthy industrial country, and it led to the economic decay of Spain. Throughout antiquity and the Middle Ages we meet with examples of the policy of taxing the rich out of existence for the benefit of the poor, and ruin has invariably been the result of that popular and democratic policy."

So it has been throughout history; and so it will be with us unless we are wise enough to avoid the hoary rock on which are plainly inscribed the legends and the warnings of the nations that made shipwreck there. It is to that fate and to no other that the socialistic experiment and all the policies that lead up to and feed it — the

policies which, directly or indirectly, are responsible for the major part of increased public expenditure — must inevitably drag any country.

DANGER FROM THE PREDATORY POLITICIAN

The saving feature of the situation is that it is not complex, and that the remedy is not obscure. The laws of conservation are everywhere few and plain. As the way to resume specie payments was to resume, so the way to conserve capital is to quit wasting it. Material resources are conserved by taking steps to stop their destruction. Just so the wealth of the country, its capital, its credit, must be saved from the predatory poor as well as the predatory rich, but above all from the predatory politician. Nothing less is worthy of honest men or of a people living under a government of their own fashioning and control.

The ideal of intelligent economy must be restored; let the rule be that every dollar unprofitably spent marks a crime against posterity just as much as does the dissipation of material resources.

Expenditure must be cut down all along the line, since a comparison with twenty years ago shows that it might be cut in two without injury to any real interest.

Credit everywhere should be conserved by a sharp scrutiny of new bond issues. The nation should reserve them for the crisis of war. No state need ever borrow again if it is wisely and honestly governed. The city that has fifty years of corporate life behind it, or has found it necessary to refund any portion of its bonded debt instead of paying at maturity, should be slow to draw upon its credit or mortgage the lives of its children yet unborn.

Stop grafting, the offspring of public extravagance and the parent of civic decay; not only the gross form that robs treasuries, but the more subtle and more dangerous species that infects the masses of the people themselves.

Individual and public economy; a just distinction between a high standard of comfort on one side and vulgar ostentation or criminal waste on the other; a check on income wasting, debt creation, and credit inflation — these are the essentials of the new and better conservation. The reform

is so great, so indispensable, so linked to our moral as well as our material progress that it would seem to appeal to the heart and mind of every American and win his enthusiastic devotion until its last battle shall have been won. Patriotism and self-interest strike hands here for the protection of our homes and happiness from those most dangerous of all enemies, the foes within our own borders.

The conservation movement must include this in its programme. It must stand for the defense and economic utilization of a resource without whose painful accumulation through centuries our forests and our mines will still contribute little to comfort or progress, and our fields would still wait the plow; a resource which repre-

sents the concentrated efforts and pains and hopes of a mighty past — every act of self-sacrifice of the father for his child, every reward of labor told into the treasury of savings for the future, the pulse of the strong hearts and the strain of the mighty sinews of all the millions who now are in their graves and have handed down to us their sacred trust. Encircled by the impregnable barrier which such a comprehensive policy of conservation should erect about it, the future of this nation would be secure indeed.

This is the last of the series of Mr. Hill's articles. Along with other matter they will all soon be published in a volume entitled "Highways of Progress."

A NEW REASON FOR PEACE

THE FALSE IDEA THAT MILITARY POWER CAN GAIN OR DEFEND NATIONAL PROSPERITY—HOW THE WORLD'S BANKERS REGARD BIG ARMIES—THE SACK OF A CITY WOULD IMPOVERISH THE CONQUERORS AS WELL AS THE CONQUERED

BY

NORMAN ANGELL

IS THE whole fabric of modern national life built on a superstition?

It is commonly believed that the power, prosperity, and happiness of a nation depend on its military and naval strength. It is a common belief that national existence must be defended by arms. People commonly suppose that the strong nation can guarantee opportunities

for its citizens that the weak nation cannot guarantee.

In accordance with this belief, rival armaments grow to monstrous proportions; Europe trembles to its centre with the fear of a general war.

True, enlightened public opinion has come to appreciate the inhumanity of war. But public opinion, far from restraining governments from increasing preparations for war, is pushing them further.

The Englishman, for instance, believes that his wealth is largely the result of his political power, mainly of his sea power; that Germany with its expanding population must feel cramped and must soon fight for elbow-room; and that if he does not defend himself he will illustrate that universal law which makes of every stomach a graveyard. And the Englishman has a natural preference for being the diner rather than the dinner. Since it is universally be-

[NOTE.—A little book called "Europe's Optical Illusion" has created a sensation abroad. The author is an American by birth, but has been for some years resident in Europe. He has discussed his argument with leading statesmen and bankers of many countries, and has ventured to publish it only now that he is convinced that it is unanswerable. Mr. Angell summarizes in this article his startling thesis which is as important for America as for Europe. — THE EDITORS.]

lieved that wealth, prosperity, and well-being go with national strength and greatness, the Englishman intends, so long as he is able, to maintain that strength and greatness.

Admitting his premises — and these premises are the universally accepted axioms of international politics the world over — who shall say that he is wrong?

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

But are these universal axioms unchangeable?

Is it true that wealth and well-being go with the political power of nations, or, indeed, that the one has anything whatever to do with the other?

Is it a fact that one nation can gain any solid, tangible advantage by the conquest of another?

Is it possible for one nation to take by force anything in the way of material wealth from another?

Is it possible for a nation in any real sense to "own" the territory of another — to own it, that is, in any way which can benefit the individual citizens of the owning country?

If England could conquer Germany tomorrow, completely conquer it, reduce its nationality to so much dust, would the ordinary British subject be the better for it?

If Germany could conquer England, would any ordinary German subject be the better for it?

Does the political or military victory of a nation give any advantage to the individuals of that nation which is not still possessed by the individuals of the defeated nation?

The fact that *all these questions have to be answered in the negative*, and that a negative answer seems to outrage common sense, shows how much our political axioms are in need of revision.

The ordinary conception of national prosperity and armed power is a gross and desperately dangerous misconception, partaking at times of the nature of an optical illusion, at times of the nature of a superstition; a misconception so profoundly mischievous as to misdirect an immense part of the energies of mankind.

The fact, of course, is that if one nation

were soundly to thrash another to-day, if Germany were to invade England, it could carry nothing away as the fruits of victory. Germany could inflict no damage on England that would not react in as great damage on itself.

No nation can in our day by military conquest permanently or for any considerable period destroy or greatly damage the trade of another. Trade depends upon the existence of natural wealth and a population capable of working it. So long as the natural wealth of the country and the population to work it remain, an invader cannot "destroy" it. He could only destroy the trade by destroying the population, which is not practicable; and if he could destroy the population he would destroy his own market, actual or potential.

CONQUEST'S CHANGED CHARACTER

Our vocabulary of international politics is a survival of conditions no longer existing, and our mental conceptions follow at the tail of our vocabulary. International politics are still dominated by terms applicable to conditions which the processes of modern life have altogether abolished.

In the Roman times — indeed, in all the ancient world — it was true that the conquest of a territory meant a tangible advantage to the conqueror; it meant the exploitation of the conquered territory by the conquering state to the advantage of that state and its citizens. It not infrequently meant the enslavement of the conquered people and the acquisition of wealth in the form of slaves. In mediæval times a war of conquest meant immediate tangible booty in the shape of movable property, actual gold and silver, land parcelled out among the chiefs of the conquering nation, as at the time of the Norman Conquest, and so forth.

At a later period, conquest involved an advantage to the reigning house of the conquering nation; it was mainly the squabbles of rival sovereigns for prestige and power which precipitated the wars of that period. At a still later period, civilization as a whole — not necessarily the conquering nation — gained (sometimes) by the conquest of savage peoples, in that order was substituted for disorder. In the period of the coloniza-

tion of newly discovered land, the pre-emption of such territory by one particular nation secured an advantage for the citizens of that nation in that its overflowing population found homes where conditions were preferable to the social or political conditions imposed by alien nations.

But none of these conditions is part of the problem that we are considering. We are concerned with the case of fully civilized rival nations in fully occupied territory, and the fact of conquering such territory gives to the conqueror no material advantage which he could not have had without conquest. And in these conditions — the realities of the political world as we find it to-day — neither "domination," nor "predominance of armament," nor the "command of the sea," can do anything for commerce and industry or general well-being. England may build fifty *Dreadnoughts* and not sell so much as a pen-knife the more in consequence. England might conquer Germany to-morrow, and it would find that it could not, because of that fact, make a single Englishman a shilling's worth the richer in consequence.

The cause of this profound change, largely the work of the last thirty years, is due mainly to the complex financial interdependence of the capitals of the world, a condition in which disturbance in New York involves financial and commercial disturbance in London, and, if sufficiently grave, compels financiers of London to coöperate with those of New York in putting an end to the crisis, not as a matter of altruism, but as a matter of commercial self-protection. The complexity of modern finance makes New York dependent on London, London upon Paris, Paris upon Berlin, to a greater degree than has ever before been the case in history. This interdependence is the result of the daily use of those contrivances of civilization which date from yesterday — the rapid post, the instantaneous dissemination of financial and commercial information by means of telegraphy, and generally the incredible progress of rapidity in communication which has put the half-dozen chief capitals of Christendom in closer contact financially, and has rendered them more dependent the one upon the other than were the

chief cities of Great Britain less than a hundred years ago.

IF GERMANY INVADED ENGLAND

A fiery patriot sent to a London paper the following letter:

When the German army is looting the cellars of the Bank of England, and carrying off the foundations of our whole national fortune, perhaps the twaddlers who are now screaming about the wastefulness of building four more *Dreadnoughts* will understand why sane men are regarding this opposition as treasonable nonsense.

What would actually happen if a German army were to loot the vaults of the Bank of England? The first effect, of course, would be that, as the Bank of England is the banker of all other banks, there would be a run on every bank in England, and all would suspend payment. But simultaneously, German bankers, many with credit in London, would feel the effect; merchants the world over threatened with ruin by the effect of the collapse in London would immediately call in all their credits in Germany, and German finance would present a condition of chaos hardly less terrible than that of England. The German generalissimo in London might be no more civilized than Attila, himself, but he would soon find the difference between himself and Attila. Attila, luckily for him, did not have to worry about a bank-rate and such-like complications; but the German general, while trying to sack the Bank of England, would find that his own balance (did he possess one) in the Bank of Berlin would have vanished into thin air, and the value of the best of his investments dwindled as though by a miracle; he would find that for the sake of loot amounting to a few sovereigns apiece among his soldiery, he had sacrificed his fortune.

I have seen this in a leading English paper:

If Germany were extinguished to-morrow, there is not an Englishman in the world who would not the day after to-morrow be the richer. Nations have fought for years over a city or right of succession. Must they not fight for two hundred and fifty million pounds of yearly commerce?

One almost despairs of ever reaching economic sanity when it is possible for a responsible English newspaper to print matter which ought to be as offensive to educated folk as a defense of astrology or of witchcraft.

What does the "extinction" of Germany mean? Does it mean that England would slay in cold blood sixty or seventy millions of men, women, and children? Otherwise, even though the fleet and army were annihilated, the country's sixty-million-odd workers still remain—who would be all the more industrious, as they would have undergone great suffering and privation—prepared to work their mines and workshops more thoroughly and thriftily than ever, and consequently just as much England's trade rivals as ever, army or no army, navy or no navy.

Even if England could actually "extinguish" Germany and all Germans, it would annihilate such an important section of its debtors as to create hopeless panic in London. It would annihilate a market for English goods equal to that of Canada and South Africa combined.

NAVIES DO NOTHING FOR TRADE

It is a physical and economic impossibility to capture the external or carrying trade of another nation by military conquest. Large navies are impotent to create trade for the nations owning them, and can do nothing to "confine the commercial rivalry" of other nations.

Nor can a conqueror destroy the competition of a conquered nation by annexing it; his competitors would still compete with him. If Germany should conquer Holland, German merchants would still have to meet the competition of Dutch merchants, and on keener terms than originally, because the Dutch merchants would then be within the Germans' customs lines. Moreover, Germans would not be able to take a penny-piece from the citizens of Holland to reimburse the cost of conquest, as any special taxation would simply be taxing themselves, since Holland would then be a part of Germany.

The wealth, prosperity, and well-being of a nation depend in no way upon its political power. Otherwise we should find

the prosperity of the smaller nations less than that of the great nations. This is not the case. The populations of states like Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Sweden are in every way as prosperous as the citizens of states like Germany, Russia, Austria, and France. The trade per capita of the small nations is in excess of the trade per capita of the great ones.

No nation could gain any advantage by the conquest of the British colonies, and Great Britain could not suffer material damage by their loss, however much such loss would be regretted on sentimental grounds, and as rendering less easy certain useful social coöperation between kindred peoples. For the British colonies are, in fact, independent nations in alliance with the Mother Country, to whom they are no source of tribute or economic profit, their economic relations being settled, not by the Mother Country, but by the colonies. Economically, England would gain by their formal separation, since it would be relieved of the cost of their defense.

The English continually talk as though their carrying trade were in some special sense the result of the growth of their great navy, yet Norway has a carrying trade which, relatively to its population, is nearly three times greater than England's.

NO GAIN FROM CONQUERED TERRITORY

As the only possible course for a conqueror in our day is to leave the wealth of a territory in the complete possession of the individuals inhabiting that territory, it is a logical fallacy and an optical illusion to regard a nation as increasing its wealth when it increases its territory. When a province or state is annexed, the population (the real and only owners of the wealth therein) is also annexed, and the conqueror gets nothing.

The facts of modern history abundantly demonstrate this. When Germany annexed Schleswig-Holstein and Alsatia, not a single ordinary German citizen was one *pjennig* the richer. Although England "owns" Canada, the English merchant is driven out of the Canadian markets by the merchant of Switzerland, who does not "own" Canada. Even where territory is not formally annexed, the conqueror is

unable to take the wealth of a conquered territory, owing to the delicate interdependence of the financial world (an outcome of our credit and banking systems), which makes the financial and industrial security of the victor dependent upon financial and industrial security in all considerable civilized centres. Widespread confiscation or destruction of trade and commerce in conquered territory would, therefore, react disastrously upon the conqueror.

The conqueror is thus reduced to economic impotence, which means that political and military power can do nothing for the trade and well-being of the individuals of the nation exercising such power. Conversely, armies and navies cannot destroy the trade of rivals, nor can they capture it. The great nations of Europe do not destroy the trade of the small nations to their benefit, because they cannot; and the Dutch citizen, whose Government possesses no military power, is just as well off as the German citizen, whose Government possesses an army of two millions of men, and a great deal better off than the Russian, whose Government possesses an army of something like four millions. Thus the 3 per cents. of powerless Belgium are quoted at 96, and the 3 per cents. of powerful Germany at 82; the 2½ per cents. of the Russian Empire, with its hundred and twenty million souls and its four-million army, are quoted at 81, while the 3½ per cents. of Norway, which has not an army at all (or any that need be considered in the discussion), are quoted at 102.

All of this carries with it the paradox that the more a nation's wealth is protected the less secure does it become.

WORLD'S FINANCIERS MAKE NO MISTAKE

We are told by all the experts that great navies and great armies are necessary to protect our wealth against the aggression of powerful neighbors, whose cupidity and voracity can be controlled by force alone; that treaties avail nothing, and that in international politics might makes right. Yet when the financial genius of Europe, studying the question in its purely financial and material aspect, has to decide between the great states with all their imposing paraphernalia of colossal armies

and fabulously costly navies, and the little states (which, if our political pundits are right, could any day have their wealth gobbled up by those voracious big neighbors) possessing relatively no military power whatever, such genius plumps solidly and, with what is in the circumstances a tremendous difference, in favor of the small and helpless. For a difference of twenty points, which we find as between Norwegian and Russian, and fourteen as between Belgian and German securities, is the difference between a safe and a speculative one; it is the difference between an American railroad bond in time of profound security and in time of widespread panic. And what is true of the Government funds is true in an only slightly less degree of the industrial securities, in the national comparison just drawn.

Is it altruism or quixotism which thus impels the capitalists of Europe to conclude that the public funds and investments of powerless Holland and Sweden (any day at the mercy of their big neighbors) are from 10 to 20 per cent. safer than the greatest Power of Continental Europe? The question is, of course, absurd. The only consideration of the financier is profit and security, and he has decided that the funds of the undefended nation are more secure than the funds of one defended by colossal armaments. How does he arrive at this decision, unless it be through the knowledge that modern wealth requires no defence, because it cannot be confiscated?

If the common doctrine be true, the Rothschilds, Morgans, and Sterns would not invest a pound or a dollar in the territories of the undefended nations; and yet, far from that being the case, they consider that a Swiss or a Dutch investment is more secure than a German one; that industrial undertakings in a country like Switzerland, defended by a comic-opera army of a few thousand men, are preferable in point of security to enterprises backed by three millions of the most perfectly trained soldiers in the world.

The attitude of European finance in this matter is the absolute condemnation of the view commonly taken by the statesman. If a country's trade were really at the mercy of the first successful invader, if armies and

navies were really necessary for the protection of trade, the small countries would be in a hopelessly inferior position and could exist only on the sufferance of what we are told are unscrupulous aggressors. And yet Norway has relatively to population a greater carrying trade than Great Britain; and Dutch, Swiss, and Belgian merchants compete in all the markets of the world successfully with those of Germany and France.

It may be argued that the small states owe their security to the various treaties guaranteeing their neutrality. But such a conclusion of itself would condemn the supporters of great armaments, because it would imply that international good faith constituted a better defense than armaments.

SUPPOSE THE PAN-GERMANISTS SUCCEEDED

Let us put this matter as concretely and as practically, with our feet as close to the earth as possible, and take an actual example.

There is possibly no party in Europe so convinced of the general truth of the common axioms that at present dominate international politics as the Pan-Germanists of Germany. This party has set before itself the object of grouping into one great power all the peoples of the Germanic race or language in Europe. Were this aim achieved, Germany would become the dominating Power of the Continent, and might become the dominating Power of the world. And, according to the commonly accepted view, such an achievement would, from the point of view of Germany, be worth any sacrifice that Germans could make. It would be an object so great, so desirable, that German citizens should not hesitate for an instant to give everything, life itself, in its accomplishment.

Very good. Let us assume that at the cost of great sacrifice, the greatest sacrifice which it is possible to imagine a modern civilized nation making, this has been accomplished, and that Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria have all become part of the great German hegemony: *Is there one ordinary German citizen who would be able to say that his well-being had increased by such a change?* Germany would then "own" Holland. *But would a single German citizen be the*

richer for the ownership? The Hollander, from having been the citizen of a small and insignificant state, would become the citizen of a very great one. *Would the individual Hollander be any the richer or any the better?* We know that, as a matter of fact, neither the German nor the Hollander would be one whit the better, and we know also, as a matter of fact, that in all human probability they would be a great deal worse. We may, indeed, say that the Hollander would be certainly the worse in that he would have exchanged the relatively light taxation and light military service of Holland for the much heavier taxation and the much longer military service of the "great" German Empire.

SHALL SUPERSTITION REIGN?

The principle which I have attempted to elaborate here—the economic futility of political force—first thrust itself upon my attention some ten years ago, and in the interval since I have had occasion to discuss it with the bankers and financiers as well as the statesmen of several European countries. Fully expecting that there would be some point overlooked by myself which would upset the whole principle, I was not a little astonished to find that none was forthcoming, and the more thorough discussion of its details since then has only confirmed my first conviction that (bold as the assertion may seem) the mind of civilization is in effect in this matter dominated by a pure illusion, or rather that current political ideas and phraseology have not kept pace with the march of events.

Are we, in blind obedience to primitive instinct and old prejudices, enslaved by the old catch-words and that indolence which makes the reversal of old ideas unpleasant, to remain under the domination of this curious superstition? Shall we continue to struggle, spilling oceans of blood, wasting mountains of treasure, to achieve what is at bottom a logical absurdity, to accomplish something which when accomplished shall avail us nothing; and which, if it could avail us anything, would condemn the nations of the world to never-ending bloodshed and the constant defeat of all those aims which men in their sober hours know to be alone worthy of sustained endeavor?

GREAT MASTERS IN AMERICAN GALLERIES

THE SURPRISING NUMBER OF GREAT PAINTINGS IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS—PRIVATELY OWNED MASTERPIECES VALUED AT 25 MILLION DOLLARS, WITH MUSEUM COLLECTIONS WORTH 5 MILLIONS MORE

BY

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

[NOTE — An inventory of paintings by great masters now in American private collections gives the following remarkable showing which, in the nature of the case, is by no means complete: Rembrandt, 70; Frans Hals, 35; Van Dyck, 25; El Greco, 20; Goya, 20; Rubens, 15; Ruysdael, 15; Vermeer of Delft, 7; Botticelli, 7; Titian, 5; Mantegna, 3; Giovanni Bellini, 3; Velasquez, 3; Raphael, 2; Jan van Eyck, 1.

About two-thirds of the 231 masterpieces in this list are examples of rarity and importance, and the value of this particular list would much exceed \$10,000,000. Only such pictures as are of certain authorship have been considered in this estimate. There are probably several doubtful examples for every one that can be confidently accepted, but many of these too ambitiously attributed works are in themselves old and meritorious, being the product of minor or little-known masters.

Since preposterous prices are occasionally paid here, as abroad, for pictures of mediocre quality, an estimate of prices does not necessarily correspond to artistic values. But, since the figures are in themselves impressive, an estimate that has been kindly furnished by one who knows the picture-trade well is here given.

The value of all the old masters privately owned in America may be roughly set down as \$25,000,000. The old masters in public museums are worth at least \$5,000,000. The paintings by artists of the nineteenth century in private collections must represent an expenditure of not less than \$50,000,000 and a present value of considerably more.

American collections are strongest in works of the Dutch School and of the French painters of the so-called Fontainebleau School. We have, for example, seventy Rembrandts and thirty-five Frans Halses. Few European countries are so rich in these masters. In the Early French, Italian, and Spanish Schools, American collections (though rapidly improving) are still inferior.

Unless one could get at the dealers' books, the whole matter of value is guesswork. Much depends on the wealth and knowledge of possible buyers, and their eagerness for the work of special painters.

According to one of the best authorities on prices, a Rembrandt portrait is worth:

"If sold to a fine and cautious amateur like A, say, \$40,000.

"If sold to a fine but more eager amateur like B, say, \$60,000.

"If sold to a cheerful intruder like C, say, \$100,000.

"If sold to a rather intelligent, very rich, but stubborn collector like D, \$125,000.

"If sold to a dealer-led and ruthless amateur like E, \$200,000.

"If sold to a novice of the same type like F, \$225,000.

"And so on up to G and H." —THE EDITORS.]

TWO American artists and critics, John La Farge and August F. Jaccaci, have undertaken to reproduce and interpret—in a great art book that brings to bear upon the collection as a whole and upon each picture the best opinion of the past and present—the choicest pictures in our private collections. The average person still balks at the quite truthful

statement that our art collecting of twenty-five years past is one of the most extraordinary movements known to history, and, taken broadly, one of the most successful. Unhappily, our own art cuts no such figure as Italy's did with the amateurs of the Renaissance; but, short of the actual thefts of the Cæsars and Napoleon, there has probably never been within an equal

period so important a transit of the art of other lands. Men of varied wealth and temper have united in this ambition of forming notable collections. In particular our new capitalism, which grasps after mills and lands and ships and banks and railroads, has reached quite as masterfully for the best paintings in the markets of the world. It is this moment when the new wealth already in artistic possession is seeking for fuller æsthetic consciousness that Mr. La Farge and Mr. Jaccaci have willed to perpetuate.

RECKLESS BUT NOT FOOLISH COLLECTING

One of the dearest myths of the time is that of the idiotic millionaire art-collector. It dies hard. After the Hudson-Fulton loan exhibition of Dutch paintings, which drew many of the experts of Europe across the Atlantic, we still hear the joke about buying pigs and pictures — still catch rumors, always significantly vague ones, of fakes being imposed wholesale upon the guileless captains of great industry and high finance. Why not apply the test of simple probability to this legend of Sir Gullible Plutus? Thus we should immediately see the sheer unlikelihood of a man who bends men of all degrees to his business purposes straightway becoming an imbecile when he begins to buy pictures. Naturally, few men of affairs have leisure to acquire fine connoisseurship, but any man of moderate intelligence must through association with fine possessions gradually gain something of the collector's eye and instinct.

Indeed, if our plutocratic amateur were the ninny he is taken to be, the dealers could ill afford to over-abuse his simplicity. To do so would spoil business. All collectors will make mistakes, and naturally the mistakes of the very rich look staggeringly big to collectors of small means. I could tell, were the matter of any real importance, of chagrins that have befallen some of our famous collectors, but to what purpose? With rare exceptions the great collectors have merely suffered in the field of art the vicissitudes that have occasionally befallen them in the control of railroads, mills, and stock-market movements. The real grievance of the superior person, and especially of the little collector, against them is that they spend lavishly and spoil the game for

poorer people. Yes, the great amateurs have spent heedlessly. Foolishly? Probably not. Here we must stand not on punctilios, but on facts. There have been few sensational sales of the past decade that the dealers would not cheerfully rescind, so certain is it that even the dearest pictures could still be resold at a profit.

Myths arise from the shortness of human memory. The strangest event will look normal enough when once we see how reasonably it is grounded in the past. So the recent incursion of new millionairessdom into the field of art is looked at askance only because we fail to see how inevitably the new collecting grew out of the old. Dealerdom merely accelerated into a gallop the sedate pace that had been maintained for a century. The painter Rembrandt Peale is authority for the statement that: "The first collection of pictures that appeared in the United States was a consignment made to John Swanwick, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia about the year 1786." A little later, Charles Wilson Peale built in that city what was undoubtedly our first picture gallery, properly speaking, and the ancestor of all our art museums. But a full generation earlier, as we know from advertisements, there was a considerable importation of pictures, mostly "landskips." Certain putative old masters hung in Mount Vernon in Washington's day. Two may still be seen in the National Museum. The first primitive painting, so far as I know, was brought over by that innovator in many fields, Thomas Jefferson. It is a fine contemporary copy of a famous Madonna by Mabuse, in the Museum of Palermo, and it still hangs in the galleries of the New York Historical Society to disprove the stupid alarm sedulously nursed in Europe that panel pictures sent to America are doomed to swift destruction.

As New York slowly overtook Philadelphia, there ensued a considerable commerce in old masters of a kind. Here and there individual collectors emerged. In the late 'thirties, "Count" William Vernon of Newport, one of the first voluntary exiles to Europe, sold at auction a little collection of old masters which he had got together in Revolutionary times through his relations with the French court. In 1845, Prince

Jerome Bonaparte dispersed at auction the contents of his mansion at Bordentown, N. J. The pictures must have been of some consequence, for two Rubenses and a Raphael Mengs fetched a thousand dollars or more apiece. So much for indications that the collector spirit has ever been present among us.

Meanwhile, American art was coming to its own. In 1834, William Dunlap found materials enough for a "History of the Arts of Design in America," and thirteen years later William Tuckerman (in "Artist Life") published what is probably the first American book wholly devoted to contemporary art. We are in the heyday of the Hudson River School. The artist is a personage in the sense that he rarely has been since. Hospitable merchants, bankers, and professional men crave his advice and society. Houses and galleries fill up with purchases from the Academy and even more readily with the sentimental subjects of the Düsseldorf School. It is the pleasantest chapter of American collecting, if its results were not impressive. Arcadian days are always brief. Already the war impended, with the consequent industrial expansion. The artist was no longer a notable figure merely by virtue of his trade. The dealer had succeeded to the heart and purse-strings of the wealthy enthusiast. But before considering the merits and defects of a régime that persists until to-day, we should note that (with the exceptions of the Düsseldorf obsession noted) the apostolic succession of American collecting was maintained by strong if slender links.

NOTABLE EARLY COLLECTIONS

Fine Turners, admirable sketches by Constable, a splendid Sir Joshua—these were the favorite possessions of the bibliophile, James Lenox. Collected in the 'fifties and 'sixties, these pictures now hang in the library that bears their donor's name. The contrast with the Stewart collection of the same period, which hangs nearby, is somewhat acute. In these years Consul James Jackson Jarves, at Florence, was gathering together those early Italian pictures which he destined for an American Museum. His taste was a full generation ahead of his time. His queer old pictures were doubted and flouted. Through his

poverty the main portions of his collection passed into the hands of Yale College and of a friend, E. B. Holden, Esq., of Cleveland, where they are to-day the object of pilgrimages by European experts. A worthy fellow of Jarves, but more fortunate, was Thomas J. Bryan, who with infinite skill and patience assembled a series of pictures representing nearly all phases of the religious art of Europe. This collection was delivered intact to the New York Historical Society, in 1867. I can only mention such collectors as Louis Durr, who, the late Abram S. Hewitt once told me, scoured the auction and junk-shops of New York for a generation, never paying more than fifteen dollars for a picture. His collection of Dutch, Flemish, and Spanish pictures was left to the Historical Society in 1881, where the residue still makes a creditable showing. Durr represents an undying type, that of the passionate bargain-hunter.

Meanwhile, the basis of American collecting was broadening. In the 'sixties William Hunt came back from France to preach the gospel of Barbizon. His enthusiasm spelled comfort for Millet. That remarkable group of the men of 1830 which still adorns the Brookline house of Mr. Quincy Shaw was then assembled. An artist and an amateur broke out the way which the dealers were soon to follow for a generation. At Cambridge Charles Elliot Norton possessed, though not a collection, fine examples of the old masters, Turner drawings, and one or more compositions of the rising young painter, Burne-Jones. But in general the amateur and the artist were yielding to the dealer. The new money made in and after the War was beginning to covet beautiful things. Many of the new collectors, men of the type of William H. Vanderbilt and A. T. Stewart, were self-made and had no easy relations either with American artists or with the older sort of collectors. Very sensibly these *novi homines* took advice and inevitably they accepted that which was most accessible and strenuously offered, namely that of the art dealers. Here was the beginning of a domination that for better or worse is potent, if declining, to-day.

Rather grudgingly the dealers took up the thoughtful work of Millet and Rousseau. Those blither spirits, Corot and Daubigny,

made their way with ease. Still more readily the romantic superficiality of Diaz and the admirable prose of Troyon and Dupré imposed themselves upon the trade. But what the trade really liked was the art of the French Institute. Some day history will revive this art if only because it is so characteristic of the Third Empire. For a generation glitter and elaboration masked as feeling and invention. A narrow zeal for perfection and academic finish produced a technique flawless, because nothing serious was attempted—specious and splendidly *nil*. Bougereau, Bonnat, Gérôme, and Meissonnier have suffered most in the reaction against the official art of France. In reality they are not more blameworthy than a hundred others. All the artists complacently sank together to the level of a classicism as devoid of passion as of ideas. Only outstanding men like the Belgian Alfred Stevens and the Spaniard Fortuny managed to assert their personalities against the reigning dogmas. To-day we are wise and scorn this art of the Institute.

Possibly we underestimate it as grievously as our fathers exalted it. The humane attitude toward it seems to be that of one of my friends who asked me after a view of the Vanderbilt collection if in my life I had ever seen so many "good bad pictures." In fact this collection, which for years has been loaned to the Metropolitan Museum, is the consummate type of the dealer-made gallery. In forming it the late S. P. Avery had *carte blanche*, and very well he acquitted himself of his commission. I marvel that the taste of one individual could have embraced such masterpieces as Millet's "Sower" and Rousseau's *Les Gorges d'Apremont*, and such pseudo-masterpieces as the Viberts, Meissonniers, Bagues, and Bonnats. The only credible explanation is that something other than taste is involved—the mercantile sense for the ruling vogue, and the mercantile conscience which demands that, in or out of fashion, every object should be the very best of its kind. If W. H. Vanderbilt had employed not a dealer but an artist or art critic to make his collection, it would have been more uneven in quality and more humanly interesting. As it is, he was admirably served, secured a collection far finer than he could

have made himself, and even on the low scale of financial expediency obtained examples which, with few exceptions, his heirs could re-sell advantageously. About the same time Henry Walters, of Baltimore, in a more independent spirit, got together a remarkable collection in which the very best French painting of the century alternates oddly with the impressive trivialities of the Institute and Royal Academy.

Happily a certain number of amateurs pursued their independent course. From the 'eighties Samuel Bancroft, Jr., of Wilmington, Del., was forming his unique gallery of the English Pre-Raphaelites. It must have been about this time that the Philadelphian connoisseur, John G. Johnson, was not only buying old masters of every school, but also neglected fine work of the French Romantics, sketches by Constable, paintings by the derided Whistler and by the Impressionist. Whistler again was the corner-stone of the collection of Charles W. Freer, of Detroit, but he bought generously of the American painters he most loved and passed on to the great artists of China and Japan, constantly completing and improving what is eventually to be a princely heritage for the nation. It was in these lean years of black walnut, brown-stone, and the Institute that the late H. O. Havemeyer was selecting his priceless Rembrandts, reinforcing them with fine examples of the lesser Dutchmen and adding, as an exquisite foil, Manet and shimmering landscapes of the Impressionists. Toward the 'nineties Mr. Thomas Shields Clarke and Mr. Wm. T. Evans were seeking out the best canvases of our own unrecognized great painters, Homer Martin, Alexander Wyant, and George Inness. Of even earlier inception was the magnificent group of Dutch paintings which Henry Marquand gave to the Metropolitan Museum. I can only mention such a collection as that of the gifted Clarence King. Representing a modest expenditure and devoid of technically important pictures, it revealed a taste catholic and unerring. Mrs. John L. Gardner, of Boston, was meanwhile planning her Venetian Palace and for its adornment was buying the finest pictures from all the schools. These are merely chance-chosen examples to show that, des-

pite ruling aberrations and the clamor of the dealers, the right tradition of fine amateurism was unbroken.

We are in the 'nineties, and the new wealth is reaching out for the conquest of new aesthetic worlds. The Institute is tottering. Barbizon prevails mightily, the day of the Impressionists is dawning, but the cry is for the old masters. Swayed by the dealers, the impact of new wealth strikes now here, now there. The winsome great ladies of Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and Romney rise to incredible auction-room records. The Primitives of Italy dispute this advance. Holland and Flanders follow studiously after. Strangely behind is the gallant school of France, too exotic, perhaps, for our clime. Some of this enthusiasm was factitious — the dealers are the best of hypnotists — and prices have come to represent less the sober judgment of amateurs than their rapacity. But the main outcome has been good. The pictures are here. There is time to learn that it is better to regard even the most disinterested dealer as a purveyor than as a privy counsellor. What should be noted is that this onward stride of American collecting is an ideal, if at times a ruthless, expression of our new capitalism, and not lacking in romantic and admirable aspects. Here is no isolated and unsocial enjoyment but one akin to that zeal which has endowed colleges, hospitals, and institutions for research — filled the land with memorial churches, social settlements, and public libraries. The human fact is ever the same — vast wealth seeking a novel, interesting, and ideal outlet.

Yet there are a few amateurs who cultivate the patience that wins perfection. Were it not invidious, one could name a handful of amateurs who are in the fullest sense connoisseurs, buying wholly on their own judgment or under the regular guidance of some expert. Some of the best galleries, both in this country and in Europe, represent the taste and science of a single adviser of the critic stamp. These are the straws that show how the wind sets. The time is approaching when many of our collectors will be connoisseurs. I could name a group of young men who buy as shrewdly as the dealers themselves, and can hold their own with the professional art

critic. Men of this sort can never constitute an average, but they may set the mark toward which the collecting of the future will aspire.

A GREAT BOOK ABOUT GREAT COLLECTIONS

That will be a new chapter of our aesthetic life which for many years will not be ready for the chronicler. Mr. La Farge and Mr. Jaccaci have decided to fix in a sumptuous and permanent book the present moment of capitalistic idealism as expressed in art. In some fashion that story is more interesting than that which is to follow. We have illustrated to-day all degrees of collecting, from the finest connoisseurship, through grades of inspired audacity, to the sheer omnivorousness of plutocratic vanity. It is a varied and paradoxical human spectacle, at times a demonstration of success won out of seemingly impossible conditions. When America quietly returns to the older tradition of taste, the prospect will be more reassuring perhaps, but also more monotonous — in a sense, less American.

Having decided to launch their great enterprise on the present lunar tide, Mr. La Farge and Mr. Jaccaci might have built their book after many fashions. For example, a succinct catalogue of pictures in American private collections with half-tone cuts — in short, an American adaptation of the admirable national catalogues of M. Georges Lafenestre — could have been got up in two or three volumes at, say, five dollars a volume. Such a publication would have been very useful, but inadequate to the purpose. Many of the pictures in our private collections are unknown to art history. About them there is no existing body of accepted opinion needing merely to be transcribed by an editor. For purposes of study or pleasure, these rediscovered masterpieces should be reproduced in the most accurate manner and on an ample scale. This consideration alone makes the modest catalogue we have imagined inexpedient. Moreover, these pictures should be studied by many experts if we are to reach certainty as to attributions, etc., and here is another consideration that forbids a publication of moderate price.

The moment the editors decided that the illustrations should be large and in the best

attainable photogravures, and also, that critics should be freely consulted, the choice was perforce made for an expensive publication. Their natural course would have been to make perhaps five or six of those big folios which the art publishers of London and Paris love to issue in limited editions. Such a work might, at a rough estimate, have been sold for from \$75 to \$100 a volume. As a mere catalogue and collection of photographic reproductions, that would have been satisfactory. This was the natural limit — the Pillars of Hercules beyond which publishers almost never steer. Yet, in the spirit of certain navigators who asked why these Pillars were the metes of navigation, the editors challenged the restrictions arbitrarily imposed by the book trade. Mr. La Farge and Mr. Jaccaci wanted certain excellent things that were expensive, and wanted them badly enough to take chances. In the first place they planned something more than a catalogue. This was to be a complete record of the present moment of American picture collecting in its most significant aspect. The text must represent the best attainable opinion — that of acknowledged authorities writing at their ease. All this meant time, money, delicate negotiation with skeptical European experts. It meant, too, that instead of five or six volumes fifteen would be required. Along with this came the ambition that the volumes should be examples of the finest American bookmaking. The costly illustrated art book as made in London and Paris is as a bit of bookmaking a very sorry thing. Plates and letter-press are casually assembled and stitched in what is a kind of album. Such tomes open badly, and, being made up of disparate papers, have a tendency to break at the back, and even to shed the plates. Technically, such books do not compare favorably with the average dollar-novel.

THE BOOK ITSELF A WORK OF ART

Mr. La Farge and Mr. Jaccaci wished not merely to present their book in a form worthy of the material, but also to set a standard for fine illustrated volumes. This involves refinements and difficulties at every point. There are, for example, no inserted plates. The book is made of a

single fine paper; and upon sheets left blank the photogravures, carefully pulled on India paper, are mounted. The explanatory text on the opposite page is set to the measure of the print itself. Thus the illustrations harmonize with the text, the open page being a typographical unit. What difficulties in the way of "make-up" this involves, the initiated are in a way to appreciate. Only a printer who loves and respects his task would undertake such a job, and the editors almost inevitably passed by the great printing houses in favor of Mr. Walter Gilliss, an enthusiast of the resourceful kind. Since much of the criticism perforce must come from abroad, there was all the stronger reason that the work should be a monument of American craftsmanship. This it will be, down to the smallest detail. The incidental decoration, headpieces, and tailpieces are charming linear compositions by Kenyon Cox, and since the process blocks did not sympathetically render the originals, these drawings were cut in wood by a master-engraver, Henry Woff. Only a sense of the importance and worth of their work could have induced the editors thus to multiply expense. They were fortified, I suppose, first by the conviction that everything made legitimately for the beauty and usefulness of the work — nothing being conceded to mere display — and by a shrewd surmise that most of the people who willingly buy poorly made art books at \$100 or thereabouts can perfectly well afford to pay ten times that for a better money's worth. I have touched upon the purely external features of this work because the matter is interesting, and because it is just possible that some readers will have confounded a serious enterprise with certain semi-fraudulent schemes for parting the unwary bibliophile from his money. The hundred-odd subscribers that are desired will receive fair equivalent for their cash. What is more important than the make or the cost of the volumes is the spirit in which the text is prepared. The editors aim at a complete, scholarly, and humane appraisal — first, of the collections as wholes, next of the individual paintings. Nothing sounds easier than this as I write it, but as a matter of fact such an appraisal requires not merely the most open-hearted disposition on the part of the

elect amateurs, but also the recruiting of an extraordinary staff of critics and men of letters.

First, as to the collections. An art collection, when it is anything better than a casual assemblage or a dumping-ground

for the dealers, is in itself a work of art. Not merely a collection made in conformity with a consistent principle of decoration, like Mrs. John L. Gardner's, but the little group of paintings gathered together by such a citizen of the world as the late John Hay



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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: "LADY FRANCES FINCH"

(Painted in 1781-2). Collection of the late Herbert L. Terrell, Esq., New York.

tells the story of a personality. The editors decided, then, that the collections should be appraised as wholes, if possible, by critics who knew the collectors with some intimacy. The collections described by Messrs. Jacacaci and La Farge in the first volume of "Noteworthy Paintings in American Private

Collections" are those of Mrs. John Lowell Gardner, the Hon. John Hay, Messrs. Alfred Atmore Pope, Albert A. Sprague, and Herbert L. Terrell.

Sir Martin Conway, the alpinist and art historian and man of affairs, describes the collection of his friend John Hay, while



REMBRANDT: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

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(Painted about 1645). Collection of the late Herbert L. Terrell, Esq., New York



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GAINSBOROUGH: "MISS ISABEL HOWLAND"

(Painted about 1768). Collection of the late Herbert L. Terrell, Esq., New York

Mr. La Farge, who has followed its swift and triumphant growth, becomes the critic of Mrs. Gardner's treasure-house, Fenway Court, Boston. After the general essay will follow reproductions of the most significant pictures, and on the opposite page a des-

cription with tabulated information as to provenience, etc. So far the book simply does more generously and with unusual scholarly resources what other fine catalogues have done in the past. What is to follow is an **absolute** novelty, though based



EDOUARD MANET: "WOMAN WITH THE GUITAR"

(Painted about 1866). Collection of Alfred Atmore Pope, Esq., Farmington, Conn.

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JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER: "THE BUILDING OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

(Painted in 1862). Collection of Alfred Amore Poje, Esq., Farmington, Conn.

upon the principle of comprehensive appraisal which the editors adopted at the outset. Each picture in the catalogue will be interpreted in brief essays by a number of critics whose training and disposition ren-

der them especially competent in the premises.

At first thought, that seems likely to produce vain repetition. As a matter of fact, this has not come about. These critics,



FRANZ VON LINSBACHT "PRINCE BISMARCK"
(Painted at Friedrichsruh in 1889). Collection of the late Herbert L. Terrell, Esq., New York



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ROBERT BRANDEGEE: "MISS SARAH PORTER"

Head of the famous Porter School in Farmington. (Painted about 1896). Anonymous collection in Farmington

dozens of whom sometimes treat a single picture, neither repeat nor combat each other; they complement each other in a most interesting fashion. And on sober thought this lies in the nature of criticism itself. One authority deals with the external history of pictures, pedigrees of collec-

tions, and the like; another is a keen analyst of mannerisms and tricks of the painter's trade; another has an instinctive and exquisite sense of pictorial quality; still another relates his impressions of beauty to the times and culture that produced the work of art; finally, certain critics have a



I. SASSOFERRATO: "MADONNA AND CHILD"

(Painted about 1650). Collection of the late Hon. John Hay, Washington

singular tact in confronting and affiliating the impressions received from many fields of art. Thus a group of critics writing independently on a fine work will bring to bear converging lines of interpretation far beyond the range of any single individual. These symposia on the finest pictures now

in America are not merely most instructive reading for those immediately concerned, but constitute a remarkable monument of the present state of the criticism of art in the world. The best opinion of the past will be contained in complete bibliographical appendices.

Now that the best talent of two worlds has been enlisted for the appraisal of painting in America, the event seems quite simple and natural. It is nothing of the sort. Like most valuable achievement, it has not "just grown"; it represents a high degree of labor and tact. It is not a matter of course that collectors should willingly per-

mit such appraisal. For them it involves uncertainties and chagrins. Their treasured attributions may be changed; their mistakes must come to light. It implies a high degree of open-mindedness and culture for an amateur to permit his treasures to be scrutinized in this wholesale fashion. That Mr. La Farge and Mr. Jaccaci have been



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VAN DYCK: "MADONNA, INFANT CHRIST, AND ST. CATHERINE"

(Painted about 1630). Collection of Albert A. Sprague, New York



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HOPPNER, "MASTER MERCIER"
Collection of Albert A. Sprague, Chicago

supported in this ideal shows that the narrow tyranny of fine names is waning, and the serener cult of intrinsic excellence establishing itself. Nor was it easy to enroll the best critical talents of Europe in such an undertaking. Most of them, bred in the legendary scorn of our plutocracy and con-

vinced that our cupidity was only surpassed by our ignorance, had to be assured that the game was worth the candle. This involved diplomatic correspondence of a prolonged kind, trips to Europe, personal conferences. All this has worked first to break down prejudice and to establish the



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MARY CASSATT: "THE AWAKENING OF THE BABY"

Collection of Alfred Atmore Pope, Esq., Farmington, Conn.



HENRI REGNAULT: "AUTOMEDON AND THE HORSES OF ACHILLES"
 (Painted in 1868 or '69). Collection of the late Herbert L. Terrell, Esq., New York

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repute of American collecting in Europe; and it has also knit a cordial understanding between the critics of the Old World and the New. To have found a new bond of

intelligence and civilization between elect spirits of two worlds will be one of the many ulterior benefits of this humane enterprise of two American artist-critics.



AN AMERICAN SANITARY TRIUMPH IN BRAZIL

BUILDING A RAILROAD WITHOUT LOSS OF LIFE IN THE AMAZON
COUNTRY WHERE A FORMER EXPEDITION WAS NEARLY ANNIHILATED

BY

HERBERT M. LOME

IF YOU follow up the course of the Amazon and Madeira rivers on the map two-thirds across South America, you will finally come to San Antonio, from which a black line marked "R. R. under construction" stretches southwest for 210 miles. Thirty years ago that black line

was put on the map at the price of the lives of more than two hundred citizens of this country, and of millions of dollars. The commercial life of a nation hangs on the building of this railroad, but three times the fevers of the district have killed or dispersed expeditions which have tried to build it.



A MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL STAFF



A GROUP OF AMERICAN OFFICIALS



ONE OF THE LOCOMOTIVES ABANDONED BY THE COLLINS EXPEDITION

It has been overhauled and is now in active service

For fifty years this 210 miles of tropical forest has stood off mankind. But at last the railroad builders are about to conquer it, and it is fitting that these men who are succeeding are from the United States, for

from first to last this country has played a prominent part in the attack on this stubborn district.

In 1852 Lieutenant Gardner Gibbon, U. S. N., advocated the building of this railroad for commercial and diplomatic reasons. After much correspondence, in 1878 an expedition under Colonel George Church Earl set sail from New York. The main contributors to the work were P. and T. Collins, and it was known as the Collins Expedition. The construction-gang was six hundred strong when it embarked. Fifty-six are in the graveyard there now. War is child's play to what these men encountered. They went in ships fifteen hundred miles out of sight of the sea, and landed in the fever-ridden town of San Antonio, on the upper Madeira in Brazil. Insects and reptiles plagued them by day and night. They pushed their grading into the forests, and men began to die. Reinforcements sent from New York were wrecked off Hatteras and nearly all drowned. Others followed, the scum of the cities, 115 strong. When they reached San Antonio they struck, stole, and murdered, adding only trouble to those already there. Then the fight for the mastery of the country failed. Men left their tools and engines in the forests; left unburied dead where the construction



UNLOADING SUPPLIES ON THE MADEIRA RIVER AT PORTO VELHO

Ships from New York steam 800 miles up the Amazon and thence for about 700 miles up the Madeira



A DEEP CUT THROUGH A FOREST



TRESTLE WORK ACROSS A SWAMP

camps had worked; left fifty-six of their number in the little graveyard at San Antonio; and even this was not all, for of those who tried to escape into Bolivia seventy-five died on the trail.

Twice after this, Brazil and Bolivia tried to build the railroad, and now another force from the United States is pushing steel rails into this deadly forest. The reason for this persistence is that this railroad will open up the trade of a nation. The northeastern half of Bolivia is by far the most productive part of the country, yet

it is out of reach. North and east is the unsettled, impassable Brazilian hinterland. To the west the sea is not far, but the Andes lie between. The way south is open, but there is no railroad and no navigable river for hundreds of miles. Except for the little trade which trickles over the mountains on muleback, Bolivia is cut off from the world. But there is one possible outlet. From Para the Amazon stretches across the map 800 miles to the mouth of the Madeira, and the black line of the Madeira reaches the northeast corner of Bolivia. This is the



A GROUP OF NATIVE WORKMEN EMPLOYED ON THE RAILROAD

thread which is to connect Bolivia with the world, for there is enough water for a 4,000-ton steamer all the way from Para to San Antonio. From San Antonio south for 200 miles are rapids. Once the railroad rounds the rapids, the products of this land-locked country can flow uninterruptedly to the sea and across to Europe.

The products of a great and fertile country lie blocked up behind these 200 miles of stubborn swamp and forest. This is why, after the awful defeat in the 'seventies, and after the two later attempts had failed,

Next, a preparatory force of workers went to Porto Velho, a point on the Madeira about seven hundred miles from the Amazon and six miles from San Antonio, which had been chosen as the base of operations. The land about Porto Velho is covered with dense forests and rank undergrowth and the "bottoms" of the adjacent river breed fever-bearing mosquitoes by the millions. The ground was cleared and drained; swampy spots were filled in; and the riverside vegetation that sheltered the mosquitoes was destroyed for more than a



NATIVE HUTS ALONG THE RIGHT-OF-WAY

The more sanitary huts erected by the present contractors are modeled after this pattern

workers are again at work south of San Antonio, building the Madeira-Mamore Railroad.

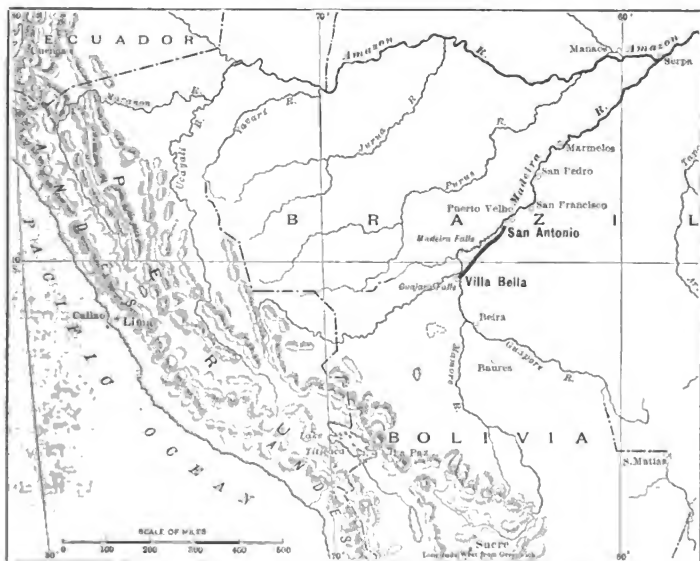
In the treaty of Petropolis between Bolivia and Brazil, in 1903, the latter agreed to build the railroad. The contract was given to a New York firm. So far this attempt follows the Collins effort, but no farther. The preliminary party sent by the contractor was made up of doctors and engineers. They studied the health conditions with the same care that was bestowed upon the topography. Their work occupied three months.

The site of the little town was seweraged, a filtered running-water supply was established, and an electric-light plant installed that furnished illumination for street and structures. Houses for the men and the executive staff were built, and club quarters also. The structures were designed with special reference to the climate, and in this connection advantage was taken of architectural hints furnished by the native dwellings. A hospital of a commodious sort was also erected; like the staff-quarters, it has broad piazzas enclosed by mosquito-proof wire-netting.

There are also out-door and in-door bathing accommodations. In the cook's quarters the boiling, baking and broiling are to a very great extent done by electricity. The clubhouse has, among other things, a library, some billiard and pool tables, a "game room"—wherein are to be found chess, checkers, and so forth—a hall for dances and theatricals, and a self-playing piano which helps to minister to the amusement

"green hands," prior to being sent south, were given a course of lectures in regard to conditions, conduct, and the hygiene necessary in the tropics. Both the recruits and the veterans had to pass a rigorous physical examination before their services were accepted. The moral character of each man was also subjected to scrutiny.

While there is a percentage of foreign-born citizens in the force, yet the bulk of



THE RAILROAD THAT WILL GIVE BOLIVIA AN OUTLET TO THE SEA

The black line from San Antonio to Villa Bella shows the road under construction

of the men. One of the chiefs of the contracting firm recently told the writer that the club-house was pretty nearly on a par with the hospital in maintaining the health of the men.

The working white force of the new undertaking consists of about five hundred laborers, artificers, and mechanics. Many of these men had already been in the employ of the contractors in connection with other railroad construction in the tropics. The

it consists of native Americans, it being the experience of the contractors, so it is said, that Americans exhibit a grit and stamina which are not always found in the case of the foreigners.

The present engineering corps consists of about sixty persons, who also have been selected on the score of their ability and experience. The medical staff includes eight physicians and twelve male nurses. Special attention has been paid to the food

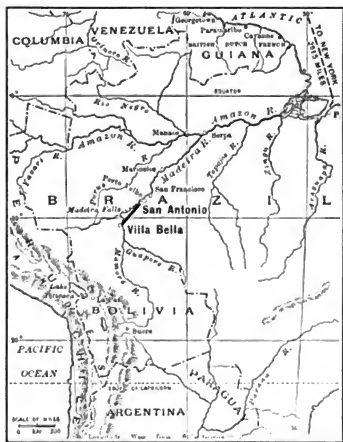
supply. Porto Velho, moreover, is practically a "dry" town. The hours of labor are, so far as possible, of a kind whose brevity offsets the drain on the vitality of white men laboring in the tropics.

The wisdom of all this preparation and foresight was made manifest almost from the first. The fact that the work of the expedition is being done under the most

Collins Expedition. According to the records of the latter, there were at one time, and in less than a month, thirty-three cases of fever at its base of operations, with several fatal terminations. On one occasion the medical authorities reported that 186 men were permanently invalidated. The total casualties of the expedition are officially given as 229, but these figures do not include those unfortunates who were marked "missing," or who, at the abandonment of the work, died of sickness or starvation between San Antonio and Para. It has been estimated that of the total Collins force of 941 men of all grades and occupations, more than twenty-five per cent. lost their lives. As the strong men of the present expedition work along in the forests, they find evidence of the failure of their predecessors. Old abandoned locomotives of an obsolete type, covered with creepers and tropical vegetables and used as homes by wild beasts, have been found, together with rusty tools, dilapidated huts, and graves and skeletons of the victims.

As indicative of the developments that wait upon the completion of the enterprise are the changes being made at the port of Para, situated on the only navigable mouth of the Amazon. Just at present the low-tide depth of water is only 19.7 feet. But in view of the necessity for accommodating the increase of shipping which will come by reason of opening up these territories by the Madeira-Mamore Railroad, contracts have been entered into by the city by which the depth of water at the port will be made thirty feet. When these improvements are completed, it is said that Para will, in point of facilities, be equal to any other South American port. It is already known as the "City of Rubber," but there is some likelihood of its also becoming the manufacturing centre of the world for the goods that are made of that material.

And all this is because, 1,200 miles away, a little 210-mile railroad will be opened in 1911. A great port on one side of a continent and a nation on the other are awaiting the labors of 600 Americans, who are running steel rails through a tropical forest ten or twelve thousand miles from home.



MAP SHOWING THE RELATION OF THE MADEIRA-MAMORE RAILROAD TO NEW YORK

trying conditions does not seem to interfere with the general good health of the men. Clearing virgin tropical forests, laboring in teeming swamps or by the side of malarial river bottoms, or encountering swarms of pestiferous insects and reptiles, are tasks of a trying and even dangerous nature. Nevertheless, the total casualties of the force during the two years that it has been in the field amounts to only seven, three of which were from accidents. The percentage of cases of sickness is equally low, and recovery from attacks of fever have been almost invariable. Out of all the white force engaged, only twenty-three cases of fever have been reported; this, taking all things into consideration, is a marvelous record.

Contrast this showing with that of the

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLTEACHER

(The Experience which won First Prize in the Teachers' Competition)

BY

H. GARD

(OF INDIANA)

I BEGAN teaching when I was only seventeen going on eighteen. I then knew as much about making the idea shoot as Rameses II knew about electricity and the incandescent light. The place was the Old Reservoir Schoolhouse in Clay County, Indiana. The Old Reservoir was a swampy tract of several thousand acres, frequently overflowed by the back waters from Eel River. The good seasons found the families as extravagant as pigs in clover, and the bad seasons came often enough to keep them as poor as Job's turkey. It was American raw stock right up to the brim. Not one of my pupils has been heard from in the world, so it may be taken for granted that my teaching in that nook of the woods failed to give a single child the Lincoln-urge to press forward and to achieve.

Many of the patrons thought that I was too young to teach school, and they were right about it. Mrs. Jackson said I wasn't nearly as smart as her Johnny. Johnny wanted to go to school that winter, but his mother said that she would not let him come to that little scrawny Gard kid, so she sent him to the adjoining district. That gave my pupils the idea that I was quite small fry, because Mrs. Jackson spoke as one with authority. Whatever I taught the boys and girls was taken under advisement, and bits of it were discussed at home.

One of the problems in arithmetic contained a reference to the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Charlie Moss couldn't do any figuring to speak of, so got to wondering what the Tower was. He asked me. It took me about ten minutes to explain, and then we had to hurry to get through with the lesson, because we had a regular cut-and-dried programme in a little corner of the

blackboard. We tried to put things through on schedule time because we didn't want to have any collisions with the recesses. The next morning I received a note from one of the patrons, in which she told me that I ought not to take the time allotted to the arithmetic class to explain to Charlie Moss what the "Leading Tour to Fido" was, for it was only a fable — and then Charlie wasn't just right, anyway. Her little son got his cards mixed or dealt from the bottom of the deck and didn't understand the name.

Johnny Jackson thought that surely the county superintendent had made a mistake when he granted me a license to teach. He began to test my scholarship by sending me questions in United States history, and requesting me to send the answers that evening. Like a fool, I thought that my honor was at stake; so I would write out the answers and give them to Johnny's little brother. The first few days I made 100 per cent., but one day he asked me where the territory of the Seminole Indians was previous to the Revolutionary War. I got tangled up in my latitude and longitude, and dumped the Seminoles into the Pacific Ocean. He compared my answer with the answer in his question book — and he had me on the blink. The green parents and the greener teacher gave the boys and the girls the inside track, and they enjoyed the fun. We all looked on education as the dry, lifeless conning of facts.

The cut-and-dried course of studies laid down by the state authorities encourages such a belief. The course prescribes that certain parts of a subject must be covered within a certain time. If you do not cover that, the pupils will fail in their examinations. If any number of them should fail,

it argues conclusively that you are poor truck as a teacher. During this period you must cover common fractions; next period, decimals; the next, denominate numbers, and so on. It sounds all right on paper; it looks like a summer day with its babbling brooks, birds, and flowers when you see it outlined by the instructor in the teachers' institute; but when you come to feed it to a class of boys and girls varying as the ears of corn in size and quality, you are about as undecided what to do as when your mother catches you stealing sugar. You hold back on the lines for some, tease the others with a whip, and scold the others till they hate the names of arithmetic, teacher, and school, and all the things pertaining to that blessed trinity. This ceaseless see-saw is kept up in all the studies.

As you sit and contemplate it, the journey to the Pole looks easy in comparison. There is a retinue of parents who have not caught the spirit of modern civilization. "What is the use of all these schoolhouses, and teachers and books," asked one of my patrons, "when the preacher over here at Zion says that 'God doesn't care a rap whether a man knows anything or not, but he does care like sixty whether he is good or not? Why, one of old man Sutherland's kids down here will stand a better show before the throne of God than the biggest scientist that ever was or ever will be, provided the kid is good; scientists don't amount to nothin' nohow.'"

I had read De Garmo's "Apperception," Page's "Theory and Practice of Teaching," Dewey's "Psychology," Sully's "Psychology," a bit of Socrates, somewhat of Aristotle, Plato, Froebel, Pestalozzi, and had gotten a peep at the writings of G. Stanley Hall and Colonel Parker. I had read many of the volumes in the International Educational Series. I had attended the Central Normal College at Danville, Ind., for one year, and was a subscriber to two school journals. I studied these books and journals religiously, for I was anxious to make the idea shoot straight. I found many inspiring passages in the literature. Very frequently I would run across passages emphasizing the sacredness of the profession — the biggest light at the foot of modern civilization — so I got to thinking that the

teacher is "IT," just as the preachers think they are "IT," and the artist, the musician, the business man, and the farmer. When we attended the institutes, the teachers were always chewing the rag about the woeful lot of the teachers. I got to thinking that we were terribly abused; yet I thought, if it is as bad as they make it out to be, why in the world don't we get out of it? Still, I have always thought, too, that "The fault is not in our stars, dear Brutus, but in ourselves that we are underlings." We have had enough about this preaching of class privileges. Let us put up our growling bagpipe and get right down to work and dig.

My great trouble seemed to be that I could not work out the things as smoothly as the books and the journals mapped it out. I was looking for mathematical precision in method, for the books and the professional "big guns" had led me to expect it. Some of the teachers in our township claimed that they had found it and they made as much noise about it as an athlete "chomping celery." At the township institute, which is pulled off once a month, these veterans would come around and ask us youngsters how we were getting along, and tell us more about their model schools. Then they would always insist that we take part in the discussions which were called for at the end of each paper, but a fellow couldn't have shot a word in with a cannon, even if he had wanted to.

Those institutes cost money, but I never got a bit of benefit from them. Whenever I asked some of the others if they really were benefited, they would grin and say: "Yes, a little." As I got acquainted with the other teachers, I found out that, like myself, they were as limp as a rag in enthusiasm, and were in it for the money — and that was all. There was no leader who was on fire with his work.

Things got darker to me that first year. It just seemed to me that we were confronted by all the developments in science, by the three R's, by the chimeras of speculation about how to teach; and we teachers felt that the child must become acquainted with all this mass of stuff and must get it by the "only way." The teaching does not prompt investigation on the part of the pupil. I remember quite well a picture

in the old physics book — a crooked glass tube with one end immersed in water and the water running out at the other end, but having to pass over the hump. The teacher passed this illustration by with a word of explanation while we kids sat listless — Rube Armstrong was asleep, and I was on the way to snore-land myself. A few years later I purchased an oil-stove with a patent burner and filler. Every time I filled the lamp, I would wipe it very thoroughly, but it leaked somewhere; soon after I had filled it, I would find kerosene on the floor. I began to investigate the lamp. Finally I found the trick the siphon was playing on me. The principle of the siphon came upon me like a vivid flash of lightning, and I understood it as I had never understood it before. As I look back over my school days, I remember only a very, very few of the facts I learned there. Perhaps it was because they were not shown to me "at work"; I never found any kernels in them.

I remember quite well how I got an idea about the size of a half-bushel. The teacher told me to carry in about half a bushel of coal while she went home for lunch. I asked Rube Armstrong how much half a bushel was. He said that he did not know, so I got it mixed up with a ton. I carried in at least two barrels and was carrying coal when the teacher returned. They had the laugh on me. That evening at home I took our half-bushel measure and kept filling it with potatoes until I could estimate a half-bushel quite accurately, without a measure. I found out then that things we learn in defeat, with great struggle, with great joy, in victory, or in some unusual way, are remembered and woven into the web of life. In my teaching I always felt I was not giving my pupils the vivid flash of recognition, because I could not create the peculiar atmosphere that learning demands. As I could not set up a definite, tangible ideal or goal, we went on conning books and cramming for the examination. We hammered facts into their heads and let the beautiful principle of things go to the dogs.

I realized then that a kid had no business in the schoolroom. He who would direct life should know life and feel it in every limb, then he would not need to direct; his example would be sufficient and would

radiate and create the proper atmosphere. Knowledge then would come as naturally as the age of puberty or as permanent teeth.

But it was my ambition to go through college, and I had to earn the money. I had enough scholarship to merit a teacher's license: the state therefore said that I was qualified to teach; so I kept time and drew the money. I cared but little for the boys and girls; that college course was the Barnum Show in my mind. Then, of course, I wanted better clothes so that I could cut a swath in the social life at college, for I didn't want anybody to think that I was scrub-stock. I almost prayed for the last day of school to come; I had it all counted up — so many weeks till Christmas, and then so many more weeks until the Ides of March, then I'd be out of prison — O Glory! out in the open air, as free as the birds; and I'd fly off to the college and be there a few days before the spring-term opened. That would give me time to dig into my studies a little ahead of the others; I'd wax strong in my classes, and hold the headmarks in the hollow of my hands from the very start. That is where my heart was; the boys and girls took the leavings, the off-scourings of my feverish soul. Think you that it is any wonder there are no Lincolns springing up from my cultures!

However, my teaching was quite satisfactory to the patrons that first year. They requested the trustee to give me the school the next winter. I went off to college, thinking that I would teach at the same place next term. It was a mile and a half from home and I enjoyed the trip, especially in the evening when I was racing with myself to get home to Julius Caesar and his Gallic Wars.

Fall came, and I was planning what I would do with certain classes that winter — how I would arrange the programme, what I would do to arouse the interest of the lethargic ones, and so on. But, a week before school opened, the trustee came to me and said that he wanted me to teach the Jeffers School instead of the Reservoir School. The Jeffers School was six miles from my home. I did not like the idea of walking or even riding six miles every night and morning for the fall and winter; yet I did not want to board away from home.

Then, mind you, my elder brother had taught the Jeffers School for the three years preceding, and he was considered one of the best country teachers in the county. He had a reputation for holding things right down to the level, and discipline was away above par. One of his pupils told me that she had to be so still that it gave her a pain in her side. I knew that I could never command such discipline as he did, so I was worried.

The trustee wanted me to take that school merely to accommodate one of his political protégés. Rumor had it that a certain Mr. N., a Republican, had voted for the trustee (a Democrat) on the condition that the Democrat would give Miss N. a school if elected. Miss N. lived close to the Jeffers School, but she could not teach it because, in the first place, she did not have brains enough — so the trustee said; then (and this was the big reason) there was a patron in the Jeffers district who loved the N. family as a rat loves a cat. This patron told the trustee that there would be war if he engaged Miss N. to teach that school, and both N. and the trustee knew that the fellow was a fighter. This patron said that I would be acceptable as a teacher, for he had talked to one of the patrons in the district where I taught the year before, and the report was flattering. Of course, I took it all in with open mouth, thinking that I must be a wonderful teacher to have bouquets strewn along my pathway like that. The trustee was on to his job and was just giving me these chocolate drops to get me to "run along like a good little boy and do what papa wants you to do."

Mr. N. and the trustee told me further that Miss N. could handle the Reservoir School all right because it was a small school; and then, if Johnny Jackson attended the neighboring school, there would be no advanced pupils. But Johnny's mother seemed to be better pleased with Miss N. than with me, so Johnny went to Miss N. It was rumored that he spent his time in entangling the teacher in arithmetic and history, and in "squeezing the schoolmar'm."

While I had to take the leavings in the way of schools that winter, I think that it was better for me. I made the trip every day, walking or riding as the roads permitted.

I do not think that I proved as good a teacher as my brother, but the patrons were quite pleased; they gave me a big dinner on the last day and requested the trustee to let me come back there the next winter.

Finally I worked my way through college. I intended to teach near Indianapolis the next winter so that I might run in once in a while to a theatre. I secured the school, and was making preparations to dive into the work in earnest. I took the examination, made a high grade, and was very much elated.

But my parents wanted me to teach near home that winter. There was a fight on in our home township over a graded school building. The trustee was a Democrat and was in favor of the school. My father was a Republican, and was also in favor of it. The trustee was able to swing most of the Democrats his way, but not all. The battle waxed hot and strong, but the trustee carried the day. The next thing was to get a principal who could hold things level and who would be able to draw pupils from other districts in the township. I was just out of college and my sheepskin looked about as big as the Presidency to some of the country folks. I had the reputation for getting results in the schools where I had taught previously. Then the trustee knew that I was a Republican, and he thought that fact would tend to appease the Republican opposition over the township and cause them to send their boys and girls to the graded school. We sailed in and "had a rattling good school." Before spring the bitterest opponent was sending his boy to my school.

I felt as proud as the Queen of Sheba. I was "it," being principal of the graded school and president of the teachers' institute, yet I was almost the youngest among them. I worked hard that winter and the school was pronounced a success, but I could not get the Angelo enthusiasm for the work — so I folded my tent like an Arab and silently stole away.

I have often tried to analyze the causes for my lassitude and lack of interest in school work.

In the first place I ate too much. On the Indiana farm there are fresh pork, home-seasoned sausages, spare-ribs, backbone, liver, hearts, sweet potatoes, fried mush,

soup, milk by the gallons, butter by the firkin, corn bread, sauerkraut by the barrel, the whole jam and jelly family, and all their preserves cousins. If you don't eat a "whole lot," the folks will think surely you are sick and will want to call the doctor. Then you top off nearly every meal with pies and cakes; the pie crusts always have plenty and to spare of shortening, and the cakes are quite well saturated with butter and lard, for the recipe always says a lump of butter — and a lump to a farm wife is never smaller than a large goose-egg.

The school children were not in any better condition to learn than I was to teach. Oh, the efforts we used to make to keep awake in the afternoon! We all thought that work was an imposition thrust upon us as punishment by an unmerciful God, for we didn't see any joy-spirits sauntering around and hovering over it. But the minute I was out of the schoolroom, I took a bee-line for home, where I'd plunge into algebra, Latin, and German for my college course. When I got snuggled down to that, I fell like singing, "We won't go home till morning." I ought to have been prosecuted for treating the pupils like that, but it was the fashion. You may find that state of affairs in thousands of schools all over the country, and many of the teachers do not have as plausible an avocation as studying Latin and algebra for college credits.

Another reason for my lassitude in school work and my dislike for it was my lack of scholarship. I made a much higher grade than the average amateur, yet I was deficient in scholarship in spite of that. While scholarship is not the warp and woof of education, it is a very essential part. One of the most conspicuous traits of the child-mind is its boundless curiosity. "I want to know," is its shibboleth, and the child would forever retain this curiosity if we older folks did not dull it and freeze it out. We shut him off by telling him that he is not old enough to understand this or that; or, if we undertake to answer him, our reply is so evasive and so incomplete, so much expressed in hieroglyphics, that the child is misled.

A little girl just turned seven, with life and joy dimpling her rosy cheeks, asked me one day where the flower got its petals. She did not call them petals, but she hap-

pened to have in her hand some petals and she wanted to know where the flower got them. I told her that God made them that way — because at that time I did not know how the bees and the butterflies helped to shape the flowers and to give them color; or, rather, how the flowers had colored and shaped themselves so as to attract the bees. I did not know then that at one time the petals, the sepals, the stamens, and the pistils were green leaves and that nature had found it profitable to change their shapes and hues. If I had only known it, and if I had only told the little girl something about it, what a world of sympathy and beauty it would have opened up to her! It would have made her watchful for a specimen in which some of the petals were green, having reverted to the mother-type and thus given the secret away. She would have known why the bees and the butterflies visit the flowers — that they go not only for honey but also to help the flowers along in their love affairs.

My answer sealed up the avenue to her mind, for the reply was meaningless. It would have been just as injurious perhaps for me to have told her that I did not know. If I had only told her a little of the secret of the flower, she would have been wide-awake when she looked at the next flower. She would have known that it had a secret, too, and she would have been wild to find it out. When she saw the next flower she certainly felt no impulse to examine it, for it would have no secret for her. She would have thought "God made it that way," and let it go at that.

If parents were constant students, if they did not "settle down" when they get married, there would not be so much need for schools. Think of trying to plow with a plow that would not scour, or to cut grass with a sickle that would not hold an edge. Then think you that it is strange that boys and girls grow up with no love for knowledge? The minds of their fathers and mothers are growing more and more rusty all the time. The minds of teachers are very little better, if any, for they cram for the examination; having passed that and secured their certificate to teach, they drop all studies until time to cram again; as for following some systematic course of investigation, such things seldom enter their

minds. If such a teacher arises, he is ambitious to secure some better position than the country school; so, by the time he becomes proficient, he leaves the country school, and the country boys and girls take the beginners, or those who are not competent to command better positions. In the city schools there are head teachers or superintendents and principals who have more or less professional interest and they keep nagging the subs to exertion. There is more doing, more to discuss, and the subs feel that they must study; that perhaps sets the standards a little higher, yet I am not sure but that it makes for greater formality. I think there are more investigators among the city teachers; then, there is a little more inducement from the standpoint of salary and permanency of position. The standards of life are higher in the city than in the country; the city teacher is more refined and on the whole is better educated. So many country teachers are in the work to earn money to take them through college, to help them pay out on a small piece of property, or to make a little money to establish them in business. Of the fourteen teachers who were teaching in my home township twelve years ago, only one is teaching to-day, and he intends to leave the school-room as soon as he raises the mortgage on his farm.

I remember asking my father one time why the woodpecker pecked the tree. He said that he did not know. I asked my uncle, and he did not know. I then asked my teacher, a sweet-sixteen whom I dearly loved. She laughed and told me that she did not know, and added that it wasn't very important anyway. I was rather disheartened and gave it up. One day, however, I saw a woodpecker fly to a rotten log. He pecked first in one place and then in another. Finally he found a place that sounded just right to him, I suppose, and then he pecked for dear life in that spot. Bye and bye he pulled out a big fat worm. So I jumped to the conclusion that woodpeckers peck trees for worms. Two or three years later I saw a woodpecker working in the snag of one of our old apple-trees. The old Gentian had died and we had cut off all the limbs but left the snag standing. It soon rotted and the worms burrowed in it. The

woodpeckers had pecked holes all around it. Two woodpeckers persisted in working there day after day. They burrowed straight in for two or three inches, then straight down. I was interested and didn't get as much wood corded as I should. I do not know whether they found worms all the way down or not, but anyway they quit excavating in a few days. Then they began to carry feathers and grass blades to the hole. The mother bird laid her eggs there, and in due time the little birds hatched out; then Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker were hustling around every day for food just like folks do when company comes. I had learned two reasons why the woodpeckers peck the trees. Later I found a lot of seed-hulls at the bottom of a dead tree where the birds frequently stopped to tap. Perhaps the birds held the seeds in their bills and pounded them against the tree until the shell burst; then they could eat the kernel. I have seen cherry-seeds wedged into the cracks and crevices of old trees; maybe the birds put them there against a rainy day.

I tried to learn when I was a kid where the flies came from. I never could see any little baby flies, and I wondered about it. Nobody whom I asked seemed to know, so I gave it up. I never knew how the maggots were baby flies until many years later. The mind must have some encouraging reports from its searchings or it will lose interest — maybe throw up the job like the salesman who lands no orders.

There used to be in our orchard a number of cherry-trees which were loaded with bright, red fruit about the first of June. Ours were the only cherries of that variety in the neighborhood, and the birds visited the trees in large numbers. I asked my father how the birds knew that those cherries were there, for I could see them fly away ever so far; then one day I saw a bird nearly two miles from our orchard with a cherry that looked precisely like one of ours. Father told me that he supposed that the birds were there last year and remembered the place. I asked him how they found out about the cherries last year. He did not know, unless some of the other birds had told them about it; he smiled when he told me that, and I knew it was his joke smile.

I never knew until years later that the cherries grew red purposely to attract the birds and that the birds could see them for quite a distance. The cherries wanted the birds to come and get them so that their seeds might be scattered in new places and blindly hoped that the baby cherry-trees springing from these seed might have an easier life than the parent had had. If my father had only known that, he would have initiated me into one of nature's great secrets, and that would have set me on fire to learn more about her, to be more watchful and more observant of things in order to learn their secrets. As it was, I got the idea that the whole thing was a matter of chance — and there is no encouragement to the curious mind in that.

I felt my lack of scholarship during my first terms as teacher, so I taught in the winter and attended college and studied during the summer. Bye and bye I finished the little course that I had mapped out and went forth to teach again. I found that I was able to do much better work than at first, but I could not get the joy out of it that I wanted. I just *couldn't* get that enthusiasm for the work that makes one oblivious to the passing of time. I recall only two or three instances where my ideal got hold of the lines, and then I felt that I really taught, that my efforts ignited the blind, consuming, impelling urge in the pupil's soul.

It was this way: Little Ed Kelly was having the time of his life with his numbers. I would give him a series of numbers to add, and he would tell me offhand what the answer was. Then I would give him a number of problems for his seat-work. He seldom or never got the answer right. Then, if I gave him the same problems in the class, he would get up and tell me the correct answer. He had me guessing. He would not tell me what the difficulty was, and his answers varied so much that I could not see what the trouble was. Finally he and I went into special session one day at noon. He proposed it, and I gladly consented. All the others were out playing, except Mamie Jeffers, a little tot of seven with flaxen hair and an eye as bright as a pearl.

It took me an hour to find the loose cog. Here is what he was doing: If I gave him 3, 4, 5 to add, he would put down 93 for the

answer. Then if I gave him 2, 4, 5, he would put down 29 as the answer; and so on. Finally I tumbled. He knew how to write only 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. If he knew that the answer should be 12, he would write it 93 that is, 9 and 3. If his answer was 11, he would write it 29, or 92, that is 2 and 9. See?

It took me another hour to show him how to write the numbers so that he would not make a mistake with them. I cudgeled my brain for ways to show him. At last I thought of a number of matches tied up into bundles of ten, one hundred, and one thousand. I showed him how the fellow who invented the method of writing numbers found that it would be impossible to have a different character for each number, so he hit upon the plan of making the figures do double, triple, quadruple, work, and so on. First we wrote the figure 1 and placed one match under it. Then we wrote 2 and placed two matches under it; and so on up to 10. Then we tied ten matches together, put the figure 1 above it and a 0 beside it to show that there were no units left over. We went through this on up to 100, then on to 1,000, until he got the idea that we went up by tens. He looked up at me and said: "Oh, I see!" and little Mamie Jeffers caught me around the neck and said: "I see it too!" It was after two o'clock when we rang the bell for the other boys and girls. I believe that boy understood. He was curious to understand; he wanted to know; I was in sympathy, and that time I really knew that he was trying to find out and taught it to him in the way that made the idea stick. A little later I showed little Florence Rector how to solve her problems in fractions. The recitation was more than three hours long, but we landed with our idea safely harpooned.

I have always felt that if I could have made every day like those two days, my teaching would have been worth while. On those two occasions I caught the child mind when it was ripe for something, when it was yearning to know and striving to see — and I knew how to deliver the goods. If I had been as competent in the other studies as I was in arithmetic, perhaps I could have done better. I needed the scholarship as a means, not as an end, but I needed it none the less.

A third reason for lack of interest was that other fields looked more promising. It seemed to me that business men had more leisure, less worry, and more money than I possibly would ever have if I continued to teach. Indianapolis business men used to come to the old Reservoir to shoot wild ducks and wild geese in the winter and spring. They would tell tales of city life, of the money they made, and the ease with which they made it. They dressed better than I did, and that was a thorn in my side. They did not have to buy books and magazines to keep up with the times, or so it seemed to me on the outside. This matter of dress makes more slaves of the teachers and of other people than you imagine. It has to be outgrown, and very few overcome it. It's just like getting the measles and never getting over them. In the cities I saw the business men and women going to the theatres once or twice a week. That looked like the blissful life to me. As a teacher, I could go to the city only once or twice a year. The trip to the theatre was a ravishing treat, and I felt that I could never tire of it. I yearned for the city life. The paved streets were better than muddy roads; the bath-rooms, all furnace-heated, were better than a wash-tub bath in a cold room. The bed-room, nice and warm all night long, looked like a paradise to me.

Then I read about the big salaries of business men as depicted in the catalogues of the commercial colleges. There was nothing in the teaching profession that compared to this Aladdin. In business, too, I felt that I would not be pestered to death with the question of discipline. I imagined, too, that there would not be so many little pesky things to do and to decide. I would have to take the manager's dictation, or write up his books, or take off a balance-sheet, and that would be the end of it. I wouldn't have to get up at four o'clock A. M., rush off to the schoolhouse, and build a fire to warm the house before the pupils came; I wouldn't have to sleep in a cold bed, in a cold room, and eat boarding-house hash, for I would then be making money enough to get married — and Mary and I would live in style in a flat with a bell-boy and a janitor thrown in. I would walk so straight that I would lean back, my thumbs under my suspenders,

and everybody would look at me and say: "Who is the gentleman in plush?" I argued, too, that I would be coming into contact with men and women my equal (and, possibly, once in a great while, a superior), instead of associating with children all the time. I went to a fortune-teller, who told me that my ability was too great to rust out in a schoolroom, that law or business was my forte; so I went to a commercial college.

Everything went along smoothly until I got nearly through the course. Then I began to get uneasy, for some of the young women and young men who were nearly through the course when I entered the college had not yet found hundred-dollar positions. They hadn't ever been offered anything that simmered of even \$40 a month, and some of them were sizzling like they would be glad to work a few weeks free just to show the proprietor what they could do. My chances looked slim. My money ran out one day and forgot to come back, so I had to seek work. I got it after three weeks of tireless search. The salary was \$40 a month, and I was to help with the books. The principal of the college explained to me that sometimes it was necessary for some of the students to start in for less than \$100 a month, but that if I would sail in and apply myself properly, the salary would come along all right. I think he was right about that, but it never comes till you get right out and hustle and nearly work your daylight out qualifying yourself for the bigger responsibilities. You have to dig, get up early, beat the whole office-force to the office, work during the noon hour, then finish after the whistle blows in the evening — that is, if you are a little lean fellow and have to shove yourself forward and get your increases on what you can do. If you are a big, portly fellow, and can pull the wool over people's eyes by your persuasive voice and Chesterfield presence, you may have an easier road. But I knew no more of business than a pig knows of logarithms, so I had to begin in the basement. The general rule is, *dig, dig, dig!*

I found it easier to get interested in the office work than in the school work. It was my fortune to find work under a man

who himself had dug. He appreciated effort, and rewarded me as I became proficient. He was an indefatigable worker and I took his cue. He turned me loose with the correspondence after I had been there awhile, and I almost worked my fool head off, so interested did I become in the work. The thought comes into my mind every day — if I could only get as interested in teaching as I did in the correspondence, I certainly would be able to cut a few special capers.

I sometimes imagine that I could go into the schoolroom now with my enthusiasm in the saddle and trot off gallantly. I have been informing my mind all this time. I know history better, having seen a little of it in the making; I have seen arithmetic at work in the counting-room, on the street, in trades of many kinds; I have seen exchange and discount eat a hole in a bank account — but I never did see the Greatest Common Divisor and the Least Common Multiple peep their heads into a business office. Numbers have taken on new meanings to me; so have geography, civil government, and so on. When I was working in a seed-store I learned that botany and chemistry had a direct bearing on crops. I have walked for miles along the railroad track and incidentally found out how a peculiar weed that I saw growing in New York state got started in Ohio and Indiana. I have walked through the fields and have seen how the stick-tights disseminate themselves. The touch-me-nots told me of their secret travels as one of them went "bim," and curled up like a mussel-shell. The dandelions told me their story one day as the winged seeds flew by me while I sat on the doorstep. In short, I have learned to observe a little, and my brain and hands have formed a sort of partnership and they want to pull together.

The fourth reason for the miserable teaching that prevails and which drives the teachers from the work is lack of unity in the aim of education and the means to attain it. Just the other day the superintendent of one of our large cities spoke of the "bookish education" and the other kind, meaning manual training. We don't our Prince Alberts and hoot about education being a preparation for life, but the

course of study and the means of education do not dovetail with this idea very well. The child enters the school at five or six, and comes out at fourteen or eighteen. Really it does not seem that the work has given them much command over things. They cannot write, they scribble; they cannot spell, they stumble and guess at it; they cannot make things nor tell how things should be made; they look down upon the fellow who grows the things we eat, makes the houses we live in, prints the books we read. Very few of them are able to entertain themselves; they must have something novel to amuse them or life is dull to them. The boy on the farm wants to go to the city; the boy in the small city wants to go to New York, to Chicago, to Philadelphia, somewhere where his unusual ability shall be appreciated. Their general health has not improved — so how has the course profited them?

If we could get the maximum of inspiration, discipline would be a negligible thing. And it is possible to do so. What child ever watched the longicorn beetle lay its eggs in the twigs of the hickory-nut tree, then girdle the branch by gnawing around it to provide suitable food for the larvae — or what child ever watched the squirrels carry nuts and acorns to the hollow in the trees, or observed the honey bees go to the white and to the crimson-clover blossoms and not to the red-clover blossoms — without inquiring *why*? When he once understands, he has greater power for reasoning, a keener observation, a life bigger in content. What child ever watched the suction-pump, or the chain-pump, without inquiring how they brought the water up. "Why do you plow, father? Why harrow the ground? Why roll it? Why check-row the corn, drill the wheat, and broadcast the oats and the clover-seed? Why do you have me pour water on the grindstone when you grind the scythe and the sickle? Why don't you turn the horses loose and let them have access to the corn-crib, just as we boys and girls have free access to the cupboard and the apple-bin? Why do you butcher up the grape-vines in the spring? Why do you transplant the cabbage plants but do not transplant the corn and the beans? Why do you graft the fruit-trees?"

cream sour before you churn it? Why dehorn the cows? Why do the cows have horns at all? Why do you clip the mane and the tail of the mule, while you never clip old Charlie's mane and tail? Why don't the horses and cows have just two legs like people?"

I used to watch the wires, thinking that a telegram would come along soon in an envelope, and the envelope would be pierced by the wire, and the current would carry the envelope along. I never could understand how the messages could get over the glass-holders on the poles.

I have made three spurts at teaching. I backed out once because I thought I could get greater pleasure out of life by taking up business; the other two times I quit it simply because I could not grow enthusiastic over it and lose myself in it. During the last two years that I taught, I made enough money out of it, from the teacher's standpoint, but money doesn't count much when your soul feels that it is traveling a road muddy and full of chuck-holes. Each time I went back to teaching I found that I had improved somewhat; it was easier for me, I had seen more of life, I had learned many new things, I got more fun out of it; the patrons respected me enough and even looked up to me; they cooperated with me by keeping hands off and by holding their tongues. I simply didn't feel enthusiastic enough about it. I shall enter teaching again, and will bring to it a contented mind, although it strives and reaches out for new beauties; I shall bring to it a deeper love for childhood than I had before; my scholarship will be fuller, my aim clearer, the goal in sight and quite well-defined.

I shall not have much use for the school-room; give me the open fields, the woods, the sky, the flowers, where we can get lost in the depth of things as they are. I want to teach where I can correlate ideas with work. make them go hand in hand—not make-believe work, but real work in everyday clothes, work that benefits and beautifies the community. Reading, writing, all the studies in the curriculum, can be taught in connection with work and play, and they find their true significance only in these.

If we think less of method, less of forms, less of dress and fashion, we shall have

greater love for the child. There is a little boy who comes to my room two or three evenings each week. He gets stranded in his arithmetic and appeals to me for help. He says that they go so fast that before he gets one thing into his head he is immersed in another subject. One week he had problems in common fractions; the next week, it was decimals; now he is in percentage. He is shown just one way to do a thing, and he thinks that is the only possible way for it to be done. He sees and feels no relation of the problems to his everyday life. He asked me to help him with his problems in fractions. First we went over it step by step, mentally, until he got the idea and seemed to understand it. Then we put it down on paper, step by step, just as we had analyzed it. I told him that was one way to solve it. He said: "I understand it, but are you sure the answer is right?" I told him that I was sure. He said that the teacher would not permit him to solve it that way, and he wanted to solve it her way to see if the answer was correct. I then inquired about the teacher's rule for problems of this kind. We solved it by that rule, and he seemed to be greatly surprised that the answers should be exactly the same. I then explained to him how the teacher's rule taken from the book is a very good one, and that he should solve his problems that way, if she so desired. He said: "It's clearer when you solve it two or three ways; I see it better." This boy was bending all his efforts on remembering how the problem should be solved, and he did not get down to the principle of it. His teacher is a slave to method, and the system is to blame for it.

Before he left last night, we got to talking about decimals and percentage problems. I told him that they were one and the same thing. He said: "Oh, no! Decimals have dots before them," meaning, of course, the decimal points. Then I asked him what the word century meant, and he replied: "A hundred years." Then I explained to him how percentage was made of two words "per" and "centum"—"per" meaning *by* and "centum" meaning *hundred*, that is, figuring by the hundred, or dividing things into a hundred parts. Next I asked him to tell me how much .55 of 200 was. He told me offhand. "What is 55 per cent. of 200?"

He told me readily. We then solved a number of problems until he seemed to understand the relationship quite readily. Jokingly, I told him that percentage was just one of the decimal boys, being a full brother to the tenths, the thousandths, etc. He went home chuckling about it. I believe that he understood. If I had hold of that boy every day for a year, I believe arithmetic would become as easy as "rolling off a log" to him.

There's too much method. The authors of these methods are students of analytical psychology, but as a rule they do not come into close contact with children. They may have taught in the common schools at one time, when on their "way up to something higher," as they call it. Their ideas seem plausible, but I do not believe that there is one in a hundred of them who is deeply in love with childhood. If they were, so many of them would not drift from the teaching of the little tots. They want to go "higher," where they can explode their theories on the students.

It is easy to "knock," but difficult to propose remedies. There are signs of progress. The courses of study are becoming humane; the insistence on this method or that method is less pronounced; the incompetents are being weeded out; salaries are climbing up slowly; things pertaining to the farm are being incorporated in the course of study; efforts are being made to interest the boys and girls in farm-life and its beauties; higher qualifications are being demanded of our teachers; we are drifting in the right direction; the east is aglow. Parents are "waking up," and that is the best sign of all. They are striving to understand as they never strived before. As they understand, their children will understand and the whole world will feel the uplift. Surely our liberties are safe in the hands of the country folks. They may be slow to get the right cue; but, once they have it, there is no other class of people in the world who will strive harder to make the ideal real.

The article that won the Second Prize will appear in the June number.

HOW PLANTING TREES SAVED JUTLAND

A LAND WHOSE PROSPERITY DECLINED WITH ITS
FORESTS AND ROSE AGAIN BY REFORESTATION

BY

WILLIAM HOVGGAARD

FOUR hundred years ago the people of Jutland had destroyed their forests as the people of the United States are doing now. By the year 1500 the central and western portions of the peninsula, where the soil is extremely poor, had been transformed into a barren waste of black heath and sand-dunes. The people, not knowing that the presence of the forests was the main condition for the existence of human life in those parts of the country, had to leave the land which they, in ignorance, had ruined.

By the middle of the eighteenth century only a scant population was left settled on

the long and narrow meadows along the water-courses which cut through the heath. Even these meadows were gradually being transformed into heath, because the water-courses cut themselves deeper into the bottoms of the valleys, whereby the water level was lowered. The climate, which had formerly been damp and mild, now became dry and harsh. Even on the east coast of the peninsula and on the Danish islands, where the soil is richer, the forests had deteriorated to such an extent that in the eighteenth century there was a serious danger of their total disappearance.

In the last half of that century, however, an awakening took place, and in 1805 a Forest Act was passed whereby most of the forests then left were saved. Off and on for a hundred years attempts were made to replant the forests which had been so recklessly destroyed. The Government lent its aid, but the results were anything but encouraging. While the east coast of Jutland was covered with woods and with fields of rye, wheat, oats, and barley, the western and central portions were covered with the dark heather as far as the eye could reach. One-fifth of the entire area of the kingdom was in a desert condition, and a still larger area was but very imperfectly utilized.

The many failures in planting and cultivating the heath had given to most people the conviction that it was hopeless to spend more energy and money on this problem. It was at this point that the cause was taken up by Colonel E. Dalgas, an engineer officer of the Danish army. Dalgas was a man of rare energy and ability and of great patriotic enthusiasm. He saw that the work could not be started on the ground of immediate or direct financial return, and that it was necessary to appeal to the patriotism of his countrymen. It was in one sense an auspicious moment for such a movement. In the unfortunate war of 1864, Denmark had lost the Schleswig-Holstein provinces, and a general feeling of depression and discouragement prevailed. An idea like the afforestation of the country, by which large areas of land could be reclaimed, compensating in some measure for the lost provinces, would naturally appeal to the energetic and active elements of the population. Dalgas soon succeeded in arousing interest in the cause. In 1866 he formed the Danish Heath Society (*Det Danske Hedeselskab*). Also the Government was induced to give a subsidy; this was small at first but was increased in the following years and was supplemented by increasing private subscriptions.

But, having aroused the people, he still had to find a tree which would grow under the adverse conditions existing on the sand dunes and on the heath. The mountain fir from Central Europe (*Pinus montana*) was chosen. It would thrive in spite of winds and drought, wet or cold, and would

kill the heather by spreading close over the ground.

The next great step in the development was the discovery of the remarkable fact that the mountain fir acted as a nurse to spruce trees planted in its vicinity.

In the same localities where spruce, if planted alone, would remain stagnant at an early age, it would, if planted close to a mountain fir, grow up vigorously; and on the basis of this discovery a new system of planting was introduced, by which the mountain fir and the spruce were mixed: one mountain fir for each one, two, or more spruce trees, according to the quality of the soil.

Later it was found that the mountain fir, which had been an excellent nurse during the early years of the life of the spruce, hampered its growth. But if the fir were cut down at an early age, the vitality which it had given to the adjacent spruce trees would remain in effect, and these would continue to grow thereafter as well as if they had been planted in good soil.

This remarkable discovery was made by Colonel Dalgas's son, Christian Dalgas, who is a forester in the service of the Heath Society and one of its leading men, and who has devoted his life to the continuation of the great work commenced by his father. So, year after year, with patience and money, the trees were slowly put back on the soil.

Hence, by the latest method of planting, mountain fir and spruce alternate, so that one mountain fir is planted for each one or two spruce trees, and at an early age the fir is cut down when it has done its work of starting the spruce. The material obtained by cutting down the young fir is used as fence sticks, or utilized for burning charcoal and for making tar.

The spruce mostly used are white spruce (*Picea alba*) and red spruce (*Picea excelsa*). The white, which comes from North America, is particularly well suited for use in those parts of the plantations most exposed to the wind; in fact, it seems to stand the wind better than any other tree. White spruce is, therefore, used in conjunction with mountain fir to form the first sheltering wind-break, and behind such belts the red spruce is planted together with the mountain fir. The mountain fir mostly used is *Pinus montana uncinata*.

Surrounded by the spruce and fir forests, deciduous trees are planted and potatoes and other crops are raised. Behind live fences of fir and spruce as a shelter against the wind, the ground is ploughed and crops are raised even in the poorest soil. Not only has the presence of the forests made the climatic conditions more favorable for agriculture, but the entire character of the country has changed. In the large forests deer are found in abundance, and wood-pigeons, ducks, and many other wild birds have settled in them.

Already more than one hundred Danish square miles (2,500 English square miles), or about one-seventh of the entire area of the Kingdom, have one way or the other been reclaimed since the Heath Society commenced its work, and in one more generation the heath will probably have entirely disappeared. A movement is already on foot to preserve a certain part of the heath as a sample of what has been for centuries a characteristic feature of the country.

The growing interest in this cause is evidenced by the increasing means placed at the disposal of the Society. The subvention of the Government has now reached an amount of \$130,000 a year, and about an equal amount is derived from private

donations. The peasants and farmers are intensely interested in this cause, and most farms even in the poorest part of the country are now surrounded by trees; and often larger groups of trees or small forests have been planted by the peasants or farmers and are regarded by them as their dearest treasure.

Large purchases of land have been made by private people in this way, chiefly for patriotic reasons; but in course of time this land and the forests which are planted on it are likely to acquire considerable value, for with the growth of the forests and the increased cultivation of the soil, the density of the population increases rapidly and the means of transportation are steadily improved. For example, Herning, lying in the middle of the heath district, which in 1866 had but forty inhabitants, now has 5,000.

The United States can see into the future by looking at the past in Denmark — a country which has already gone through all the phases: abundance of primeval forests, deforestation, preservation and planting of forests.

The United States stands at present in the midst of the second stage, the deforestation, which is proceeding at an alarming rate.

MEN IN ACTION

ONE day, not long after Mr. F. D. Underwood became president of the Erie Railroad, a visitor to his office found him eating lunch, consisting of a sandwich and a glass of milk.

"How do you find this job?" he asked. "It's pretty hard sledding, isn't it?"

"Pretty hard," said the president; "but it's going to be easier."

"How's that?"

"I've sent for Dan Willard," said Mr. Underwood, "and that ought to be as good as twenty new locomotives."

Willard came. He did not stay very long, for he has the habit of getting promoted. They soon moved him along to be vice-president and general manager of the

Burlington; but before he left the Erie they named a new tug after him to show how much they thought of him.

He began his railroad career driving spikes on the Central Vermont, thirty years ago. Honors began early. They took him over to the Passumpsic Railroad to fire an engine. Four years old in the railroad service, he was running an engine for the Lake Shore. Then he was brakeman, conductor, engineer, train-master — and finally superintendent of the Soo Line. The rest was easy. He has recently been elected president of the Baltimore & Ohio.

"It doesn't make any difference anyway," says one of his friends, "except that he will be able to buy more things. He

will be just Dan Willard, anyhow. You can transfer his body from the right-of-way to a mahogany desk; but you can't transfer the real man any way at all. He and Underwood are 'pals.' One started in the mines running a wheelbarrow and landed in an office running the Erie; the other started on the road driving spikes and ends in the B. & O., driving men. They do the new job the same way they did the other."

FATHER —, who is in charge of one of the large Portuguese parishes in New England, came to the United States as an immigrant from the Azores Islands. He was the youngest of seven children, and his mother and father could not read or write. The family was so poor during the years when the children were young that many a time the father would walk several miles for a basket of corn to feed his hungry boys and girls. Like the majority of Azores Islanders, his little piece of land was not sufficient to support his one ox and few sheep throughout the year, and in the summer time he would become a sailor to earn enough to piece out the winter's supply of fodder and food. Yet the mother's ambition was to educate her children, though she saw them, one by one, forced to go to work as they grew large enough to be useful in the fields.

At length only two were left, and these she insisted should be sent to school. The family was so sorely pressed even at that time that the little boys were without shoes in the rainy season, and the youngest child got chilblains from exposure and could no longer walk to school. Then the mother would carry him to and from school in her arms, and he has told me that over and over again she would comfort him with the promise: "You shall learn to read and write. You will grow up to be a priest." No greater honor can come to a peasant family than to have an educated son in the priesthood.

The boy caught her enthusiasm. He went to the village priest and begged to be taught more things than the schoolmaster knew. The clergyman saw an apt pupil in him, and in due time fitted him for the seminary. The young man worked dili-

gently there and, cultivating a natural talent for music, was soon able to maintain himself.

In due season this youngest son became a priest. His brothers had all slipped away, one by one, to the Land of Opportunity that Columbus had discovered after the Azores were settled. So he came, too, following the trail to one of the New England cities, where he gathered a hundred scattered families of his own people and organized a parish. Their first house of worship was an old wooden Primitive-Methodist meeting-house. Now, within less than ten years, the little priest has built the first story of what will be an imposing church of granite or marble; for his parish has grown to 2,000 souls. His ambition is to rear a structure in marble.

He has built for himself a beautiful Colonial residence, the working plans of which were sketched by himself and later worked out by an architect. He wanted it to be typical of New England, within as well as without; only he has laid out the spacious grounds in the rear with gardens in which grow Azores Island flowers and vegetables — and he keeps goats in memory of his youth.

What is the significance of all this? The future of these foreign colonies that are growing up among us depends largely upon the loyalty of the priests in charge of them. This Portuguese priest claims our attention because he is the son of that woman in the Azores, still unable to read or write, who was ambitious for her family and wanted them to succeed. It was she who gave him his inspiration and who sent him forth as a good immigrant, bound for our shores.

The little parish that he gathered together in the wooden meeting-house was a parish of poverty but of hopes. He has been pointing the way steadily, not only to material prosperity but to intellectual development and intelligent citizenship. He preaches not only the love of God, but the love of the new land; and he teaches his people to make friends with the Americans, and to copy their ways. He himself sets the example by making his fellowship among Catholics and Protestants alike.

The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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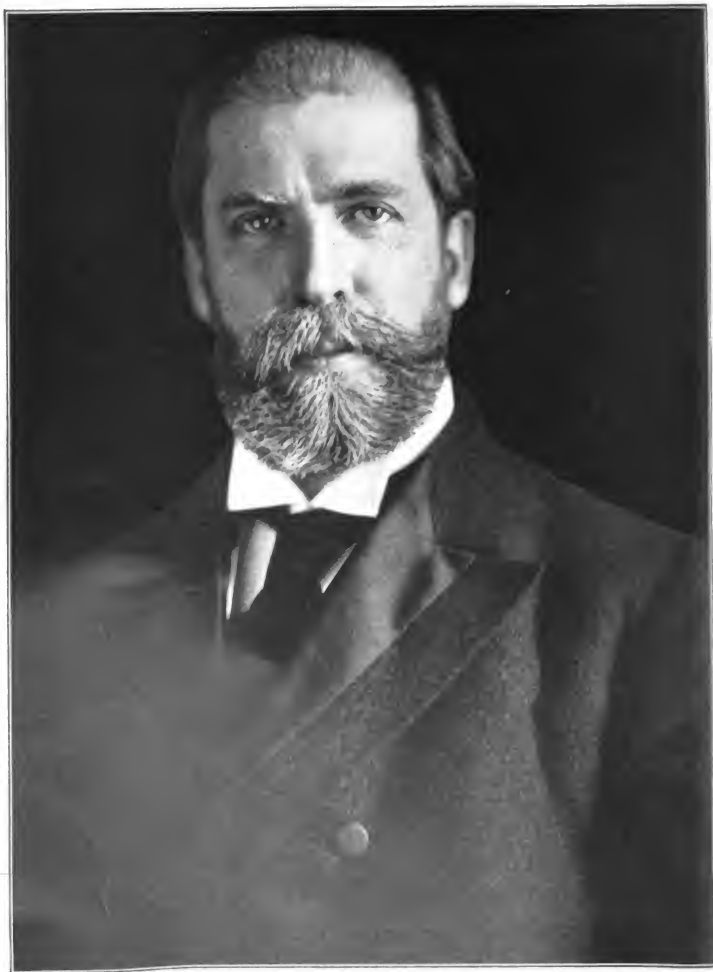
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Country Life in America

The Garden Magazine-Farming

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WALTER H. PAGE



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GOVERNOR CHARLES EVANS HUGHES OF NEW YORK
WHOSE APPOINTMENT TO THE UNITED STATES SUPREME BENCH WAS PROMPTLY
CONFIRMED BY THE SENATE. HE WILL RESIGN THE GOVERNORSHIP IN OCTOBER

THE WORLD'S WORK

JUNE, 1910

VOLUME XX



NUMBER 2

The March of Events

MR. HALE'S description of the President at work, in this number of this magazine, shows how Mr. Taft brings to his difficult task his large resources of sincerity and kindness. A naturally sunny and cheerful nature is a good equipment, and it had much to do with the extraordinary popularity that Mr. Taft won. You cannot be brought near him without liking him and you yield to his winning personality.

But the Presidency has come to be the most difficult office in all the world, and it calls for a combination of qualities that few men have; and, under our system, it seems to become more and more difficult.

As Congress comes nearer to adjournment, it becomes plainer that the President unfortunately missed an important play when he considered his party organization as trumps; for that was then distinctly the losing, and not the winning, card. The trouble was that this organization was a mere piece of machinery, and it was already creaking toward collapse. If the forces known as Aldrichism and Cannonism could have carried out the President's programme, he would have won. But these forces did not accept the party programme with Mr. Taft's sincerity, and by his reliance on them and committal to them he has not won his legislative programme and he has lost the sympathy of a large part of his party.

The party, under his leadership, has become and is becoming a smaller, not a larger, body of men. And one of his spokesmen

(Mr. Wickersham) and Speaker Cannon are doing their best in their public speeches to make it smaller still. To read men out of a political party — that is the way in which Mr. Blaine in his day and Mr. Bryan in his day lost, as they deserved to lose. If a party is to be a compactly drilled little army under leaders whom the people did not choose as leaders — Senator Aldrich, Speaker Cannon, and Attorney-General Wickersham — insubordination soon becomes a virtue and the army continues to dwindle.

Something more than amiability seems to be required for successful popular leadership. Under present conditions something more is required, too, than party discipline. The people have come to regard parties as tools — no longer as masters.

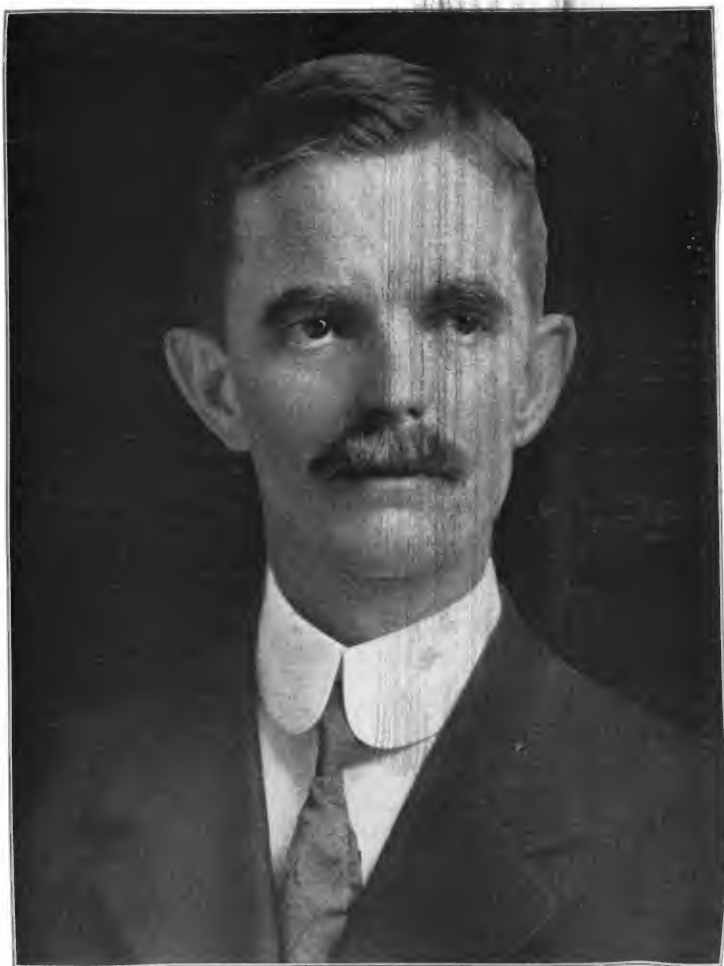
But, although his experience with this session of Congress leaves the President less popular than he was a year ago, there will be many chances for him to regain popular leadership. If, for instance, a tariff board be created that he will use to force the correction of some of the glaring inequalities of the tariff, he will find the public with him. If, in dealing with corporations and railroad problems, his administration should strike the happy mean between oppression of the people and oppression of enterprise and capital, the sober judgment of the nation would heartily commend him.

It is important that a President have a keen popular approval.



MR. WILLIAM H. HOTCHKISS, NEW YORK SUPERINTENDENT OF INSURANCE

WHOSE ENERGY IN CLEANING UP HIS DEPARTMENT LED TO THE BREAKING UP OF
THE "BLACK HORSE CAVALRY," THE CORRUPT REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION AT ALBANY



REPRESENTATIVE JAMES S. HAVENS, OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.
A DEMOCRAT ELECTED FROM A REPUBLICAN DISTRICT AS A PROTEST AGAINST
BRIBERY IN NEW YORK AND THE "STAND-PAT" POLICY IN WASHINGTON



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"I merely wanted three things in my house," Mark Twain once said; "a room of my own that would be quiet, a billiard-room big enough to play in without jabbing the cues into the wall, and a living-room forty by twenty feet. The only other stipulation was that the house should cost a certain sum."

"Did it?" he was asked. "Well, half of it did," he admitted, smiling.



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"Two days overdue, THE WORLD'S WORK has not yet reached me. Pray make a note of this. I would rather not have to resort to violence." — MARK TWAIN.



"MARK TWAIN"

The Photograph by A. R. Lytle Daguerre

"A MAN WITH EYES, A MANE OF GRIZZLED HAIR, A BROWN MOUSTACHE COVERING A MOUTH AS DELICATE AS A WOMAN'S, A STRONG, SQUARE HAND SHAKING MINE, AND THE SLOWEST, CALMEST, LEASTEST VOICE IN ALL THE WORLD — THIS MAN I HAD LEARNED TO LOVE AND ADMIRE, FOURTEEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY." — KIPLING



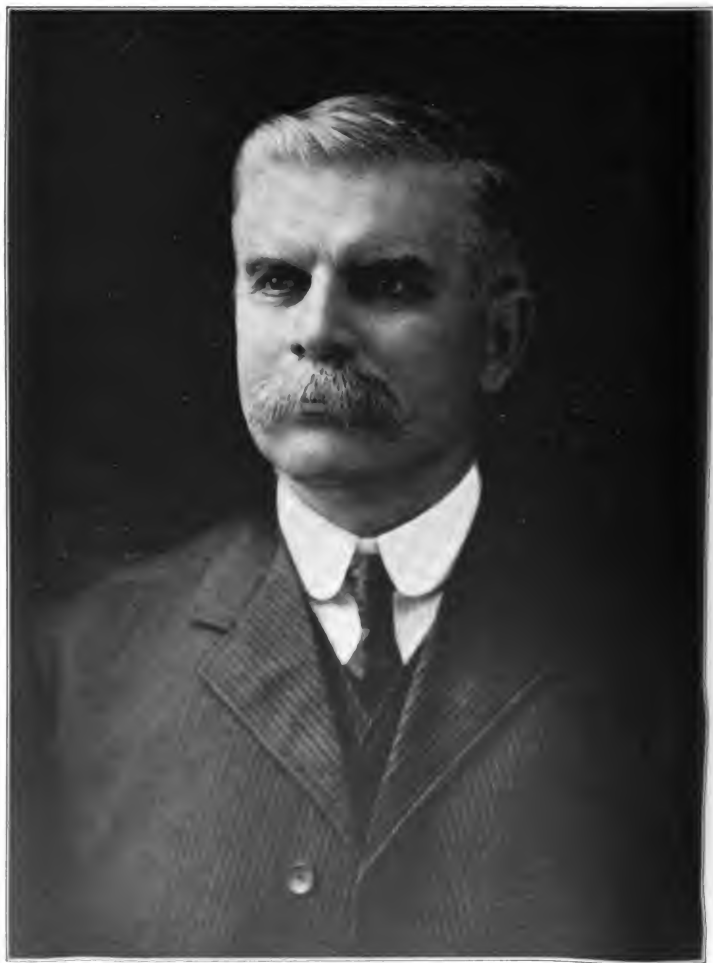
MR. MELVILLE E. STONE

Photograph by Genard, N. Y.

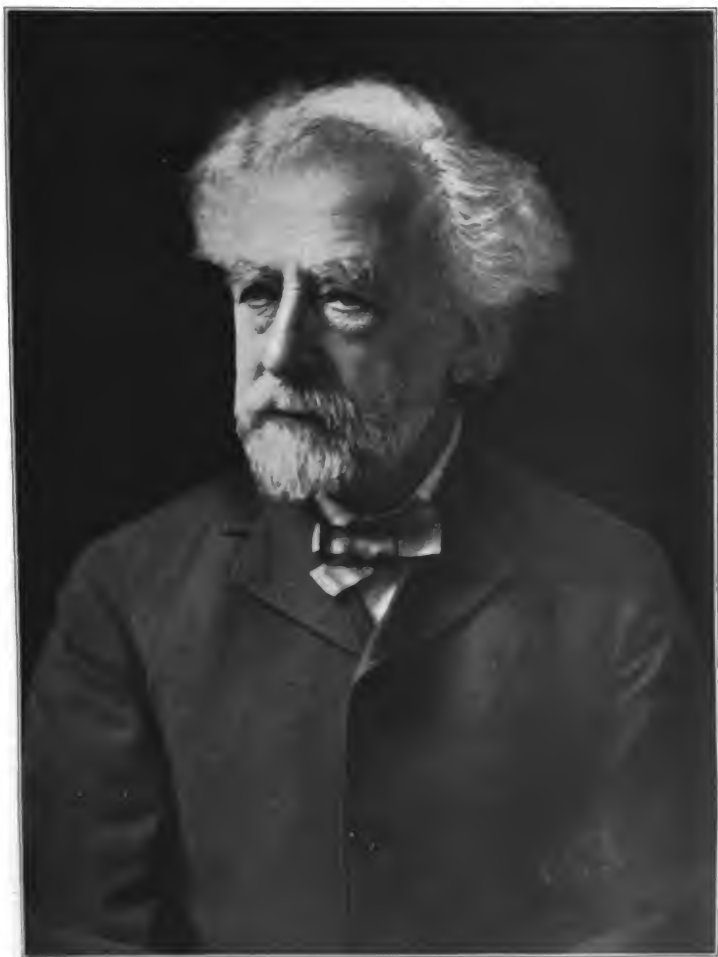
THE MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, WHOSE RECENT TRIP AROUND THE WORLD CONVINCED HIM "THAT WHATEVER MONEY AMERICA INTENDS TO MAKE OUT OF HER EXPORTS TO CHINA, SHE MUST MAKE SOON," FOR CHINA IS CHANGING FROM A MARKET TO A MANUFACTORY



THE SOCIALIST PATTERN-MAKER WHO IS MAYOR OF MILWAUKEE
MR. EMIL SEIDEL, THE FIRST OF HIS PARTY TO HEAD A LARGE CITY GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED
STATES. TWENTY-ONE OF THE THIRTY-FIVE MEMBERS OF THE CITY COUNCIL ALSO ARE SOCIALISTS



MR. W. S. STONE, SECRETARY OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
AN OFFICER OF A MOST EFFICIENT LABOR UNION WHO BELIEVES IN THE "OPEN SHOP"



Photograph by Photo Bros., N. Y.

DR. ABRAHAM JACOBI, OF NEW YORK, AT EIGHTY

"IT MAY BE SAID THAT THE SAFETY OF A NATION DEPENDS ON THE CARE OF ITS INFANTS, AND NO ONE IN THIS COUNTRY HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR THEIR BODILY WELFARE AS DR. JACOBI." — DR. WM. OSLER



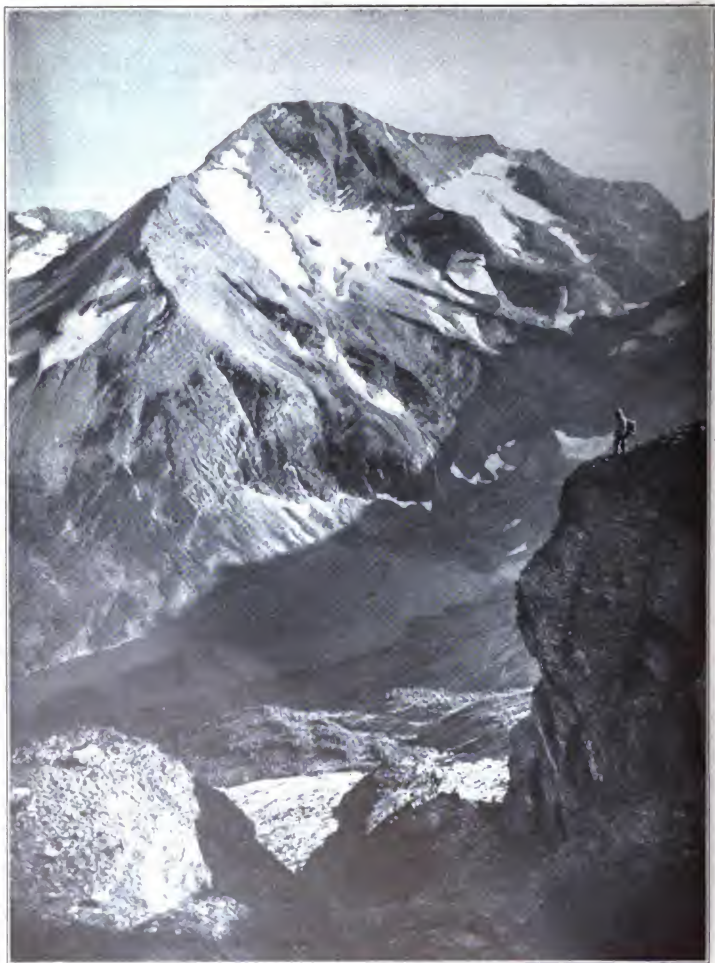
THE LATE BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON AND HIS WIFE

THE MOST POWERFUL SCANDINAVIAN WRITER, A WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR POETRY,
A POLITICAL REFORMER, AND ONE OF THE MOST ROBUST PERSONALITIES OF OUR TIME



PROFESSOR AND MRS. CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, WHOSE SIX-YEAR SEARCH THROUGH DIFFERENT ARCHIVES OF EUROPE FINALLY LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF NEW FACTS ABOUT THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE FROM SHEEPSKIN RECORDS OF A TRIAL PRESERVED IN THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE IN LONDON



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IN GLACIER PARK, MONTANA, A PROPOSED NATIONAL PLAYGROUND

CONTAINING 50 GLACIERS, 250 LAKES, AND HUNDREDS OF PEAKS IN THE MAIN RANGE OF THE ROCKIES
— 1,120 SQUARE MILES TO SERVE AS A CAMPING GROUND FOR PEOPLE AND A REFUGE FOR BIG GAME



KING GEORGE V

THE LATE KING EDWARD VII

THE HEIR-APPARENT

THREE GENERATIONS OF BRITISH ROYALTY



M. LOUIS PAULHAN

THE GREATEST FLYING-MACHINE DRIVER IN THE WORLD—THE WINNER OF THE LONDON-TO-MANCHESTER RACE FOR THE "DAILY MAIL" PRIZE OF \$50,000, A FLIGHT IN WHICH HE WENT 184 MILES WITH ONE STOP AND AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF ABOUT 45 MILES AN HOUR.

GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE SUPREME BENCH

THE appointment of Governor Hughes of New York to the United States Supreme Bench has given practically universal satisfaction. He has not had judicial experience, but he is a lawyer of very thorough training and habits and of an essentially judicial temperament—a studious man of independent mind and of courage.

The first thought of the country was: What will be his attitude on the pending cases against the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company? For the court, it is conjectured, is very nearly equally divided on one of these cases or both—else a re-argument of them would not have been ordered after the death of Justice Brewer. In such complicated cases it would be as hazardous as it would be presumptuous to guess at Governor Hughes's attitude. But the following sentences from a speech that he made in 1906 about the Anti-Trust Act are interesting:

"We do not want anything which will interfere with business enterprise. We don't want anything which will interfere with investments to give opportunities for labor. We don't want to make it difficult for men to find employment. But, on the other hand, we do want to make it difficult for anybody or any set to unite together and prevent other people from having perfectly fair and just treatment. We want to end discrimination in business.

"I am for the Anti-Trust Act. I am against the unfair combinations by which people are deprived of their chance to get to markets and by which independents have a hard time getting along. I believe in the policy that has been adopted of making it absolutely impossible for secret agreements, or those measures which are taken to put down the independent competitor in this country."

II

It is a very remarkable and swiftly developing career that Governor Hughes has had. Six years ago the public had not heard of him. He was a conscientious and studious lawyer in New York City, but not at all widely known. He then became counsel for the legislative committee that was to investigate the gas companies in New York, and he directed the investigation which resulted in finally fixing the price of gas

at eighty cents. His success in this task caused him to be selected as counsel to the committee that investigated the life-insurance companies. Before this task was done all the world had heard of him, and his election as Governor followed.

As Governor he has reformed the insurance laws and secured public service commissions, laws to punish persons for making false reports of corporations, to reform the management of state banks, to stop gambling at race-tracks, to require power companies to pay a tax to the state, and to give the state control over them. He has not yet succeeded in securing a direct primary law. But he has put the executive department at Albany, in all its branches, on a basis of honesty and efficiency—no mean task in itself.

Mr. Hughes is yet young enough to have had a pardonable hope of the Presidency if he had remained in political life; and, if he were to return to the practice of the law, he would be sure of a lucrative and prominent position at the bar. But he is essentially a student and the making of money does not attract him. The work of a Justice of the Supreme Court will be congenial to him; and in accepting the President's offer of it he has followed his most pronounced aptitudes and tastes.

III

The Court will have, during the period that he may naturally expect to serve, as important questions to decide as it has had since the days of Marshall.

In great measure the industrial and political progress of the United States is likely to depend on the opinions of a closely divided Supreme Court. Under the stress of the issues between capitalism and individual rights, laws in their final and definite shape are in effect made by this Court quite as much as by the legislators elected by the people.

Thus the necessity of squaring progressive legislation, required by natural advance—physical, social, and economic—with a revered ancient document, written with no knowledge of present conditions, gives the Court in our time even more than usual importance. Lincoln asserted that no Constitution should outlast a generation. Many

State Constitutions provide automatically for their own expiration at the end of a stated period. No other great National Government rests on a written document like ours. And no other tribunal in all the world has so fundamental a part to play in a progressive nation's progress. Governor Hughes's judgment that this is as important work as there is to be done in the next twenty years is surely a sound judgment.

THE GREAT CHANCES IN POLITICS

SUCH a career as Governor Hughes has made shows that there are as good chances in our political life for men of good equipment, character, and courage as there ever were. In fact, the probability is that the changes through which we are passing make such chances better than usual. The "old guard" of the commercial era of the Republican party is passing, and the Democratic party everywhere is waiting with a pathetic patience for men who have real qualities of leadership.

Perhaps at no time in our history did political life offer a better chance for high public service than now. In spite of the scandals that make good men blush—in municipal and state and national affairs—the level of political life is distinctly rising.

THE HALF-EMPTY DINNER-PAIL AND THE MEAT TARIFF

NOT long ago the guests of several New York hotels saw on the bill of fare in large black letters the words: "Australian mutton;" and the New York newspapers announced that 891 frozen mutton carcasses had been brought here. Men in Carácas, Venezuela, are planning to follow the lead of the Australians and send us beef, which they claim they can sell below current prices here. In a word, the price of meat in this meat-producing country is as high as it is anywhere in the civilized world, and from six to ten cents higher per pound than it is in London, which is supplied from Argentina, Australia, and America.

We have tried all sorts of legal and other artificial experiments to reduce the price of meat, without success; but we haven't yet tried the direct and obvious method of removing the tariff. The Payne law pro-

vides a 27½ per cent. duty upon all cattle worth more than \$14 a head that are imported into this country, and \$1.50 a head upon hogs and sheep more than a year old. Fresh meat may come in with a tax of 1½ cents a pound, but meat prepared or preserved (except bacon and hams) is charged 25 per cent. ad valorem. Bacon and hams are taxed four cents a pound.

If we remove these duties upon one of the first necessities of life we shall at least give the South Americans and the Australians an opportunity to feed us cheaply, an opportunity that they seem disposed to take.

The tariff was long credited with filling the dinner-pail. The dinner-pail is half-empty now. The tariff on food stands in the way of its replenishment, and the owners of the pail are gradually awakening to the fact.

Moreover, the tariff on food can be removed without "disturbing business," for it is not necessary to revise the entire schedule at once and in the resultant confusion fail of all accomplishment. A bill to abolish the tariff on food would at least make each Representative and Senator show whether or not he is in favor of continuing the high cost of living.

THE HARD WAY OF A REFORMER UNDER SUSPICION

THE way of the practical reformer is hard. Postmaster-General Hitchcock has made an official announcement that he will ask the President to place the second and third-class postmasters under the civil service rules. This would take away, at one stroke, most of the valued patronage of members of the House of Representatives. It is reported in Washington that President Taft favors the plan; and it would surely be an admirable stroke.

The "regular" Republicans in Congress favor it; but the Insurgents and the Democrats suspect Mr. Hitchcock of planning a longer lease of life for what they regard as his political machine, in the event that the next House is Democratic. Nearly all the hold-over postmasters are "regulars," and the Insurgents have demanded changes and been denied. Mr. Hitchcock fears a Democratic House. In that event, under the present system of appointing second and

third-class postmasters upon the recommendation of the party in power, a number of Democrats would come in. But, if the present occupants are continued in office, the Hitchcock "machine" would remain in working order despite a Democratic House. So, too, the Insurgents would like to have the post-masters removed from politics, but they first wish their own men put in. They do not wish Mr. Hitchcock's postmasters to be made permanent.

In his better mood, every Congressman would like to see the postmasters put under the civil service rules, because they are continually embarrassed by applicants. But in their usual mood they suspect Mr. Hitchcock of the same weakness of which they are themselves guilty. Every faction is willing to shut the door after its own men have come in.

A BANKING SYSTEM FOR THE POOR

THE credit-banks that were established first in Germany and that soon spread over almost all Europe have done so much for the financial betterment of the poor that they deserve to be classed with the most useful discoveries of our time. For the credit-bank was a "discovery." It rests on a theoretically absurd proposition. Given a dozen poor men who have too little property to reckon and who have no credit — not one of whom could borrow ten dollars; "pool" their aggregate character; combine their responsibility, which individually is of little account; organize them so that every one is responsible for every other one's debts; and you have the most trustworthy borrowers in the world. In no country have the losses from such loans amounted to a large enough sum to provide against; and hundreds of millions of dollars are lent in this way every year. And it is one of the best devices to train the financially weak and irresponsible that was ever devised.

And now the credit-bank, having had such a career in nearly all the countries of Europe, is proving its usefulness still further by success in India — in India among the peasant population that has hardly been out of sight of starvation for generations. During the last eight years more than 2,000 of these banks have been established there, where no banks existed before. They have a membership of nearly 185,000 and a work-

ing capital of \$2,700,000, only a tenth of which was advanced to them by the Government.

Ever since the British began collecting taxes in money, the money-lender has been the curse of the Indian cultivator. If he got behindhand in the payment of his rent, or wished to replace a bullock that had died, or had to find a dowry for his daughter, he went to the money-lender; and once in debt the probability was that he remained in debt for life, every year sinking deeper into insolvency. Sooner or later he became the chattel of his creditors, working from year to year to pay off a debt that never diminished.

Ten years ago, Mr. H. Duperuex, a civil member of the British-Indian service, wrote a little book showing how the credit-coöperative banks might be adapted to the communistic villages of India. This led to the establishment of several of them, and their quick success warranted the passage of an act legalizing the system. The form of the bank is as simple as possible. The reputable members of the village combine, and by pooling their credit borrow money from the Government or from private sources at rates varying from 6 to 12 per cent. From the capital thus raised loans are advanced to the members at from 8 to 15 per cent., but these loans are made only for productive purposes. They do not permit their members to borrow in the old, shiftless way for marriage feasts or for dowries.

If the sole result of these banks had been to rid the cultivators of the money-lenders, they would have been of inestimable benefit to India; but they are doing more than that. They are teaching the peasant the virtues of self-help and self-reliance and thrift by refusing him loans for wasteful purposes and by giving him direct and strong encouragement to save.

Beyond that even, the system promises to make possible the introduction of labor-saving machinery. The value of harvesters and similar machines is far beyond the means of the most prosperous individual Indian farmer. But coöperative credit provides the money and unites the community spirit in joint-ownership. In the United Provinces, according to the last annual report, the demand for agricultural machinery has already outrun the ability

of the Government to meet it, and American manufacturers are finding a continually growing market for small and simple machines adapted to Indian needs.

In the United States the coöperative bank has not become a wide-spread agency. Massachusetts legalized it a year or two ago, and a few scattered institutions are at work.

BANKING FOR COUNTRY PEOPLE

IT MAY be true that there is no general popular demand for postal savings banks; for the people have not had the advantages of this aid to thrift pointed out to them. It is true, too, as a large part of the banking world has shown, that there are now banking facilities within reach of most of the people. In fact, almost every argument against postal savings banks is plausible and most of these arguments are true.

But not one of such arguments probably touches the central truth; and that is this: Given increased facilities for saving, *with absolute safety*, such facilities are sure to develop savers of money and users of banks whose existence nobody now suspects.

The brief explanation of the coöperative credit-banks (even in India) contained in the preceding editorial, teaches this lesson. Nobody suspected the possibility of such a development of financial credit and ability as these so-called banks have developed among the poor people of every European country; and the Germans who first proposed them — whose names are now honored — were regarded as fantastic philanthropists.

The argument for a postal savings system is just this — that there are unknown thousands of men who do not now use banks, to whom a government institution will appeal — poor men in the main. And, after all, the development of the people is as important as the management of the capital that is now handled by the banks.

It is one thing to argue down from given facts. It is another thing to argue up from the undeveloped possibilities of the poor — Lord, there are so many of them!

A PARCEL POST, TOO

A SIMILAR course of reasoning shows the desirability and the necessity of a parcel post — let us say at least of a parcel post to and from the post-offices whence the

rural free delivery service runs. Free delivery carriers go out, let us say, from the small town of A. They carry to the country folk their mail. But they may not carry a pair of shoes or a pound of coffee. They come back to the postoffice at A, with the letters that they have gathered. But they may not bring a pound of butter or a dozen eggs to town for the farmer. The Government now conducts this service at a great loss. If the carriers were permitted to take parcels this deficit would be very greatly diminished. It might, in fact, disappear.

Senators and Representatives from Expresscompanies and Otherinterests may delay the coming of so simple and useful an extension of the postal service as this for a time; but the people will one of these days find out what they need.

VOLUNTEER EXTENSION OF EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

THE United States Steel Corporation has begun to give indemnities to the disabled among its 225,000 workmen. It has accepted responsibility for the accidents and deaths which occur in its service.

During temporary disablement, unmarried men receive 35 per cent. of their wages and married men 50 per cent., with an additional 5 per cent. for every child under sixteen years and 2 per cent. for every year of service above five years. For permanent injuries lump sums are paid, based upon the extent to which the injury interferes with employment and upon the annual earnings of the injured man. The widows and children of men who are killed will receive one and one-half years' wages, an additional 10 per cent. for every child under sixteen, and 3 per cent. for every year of the dead man's service above five years.

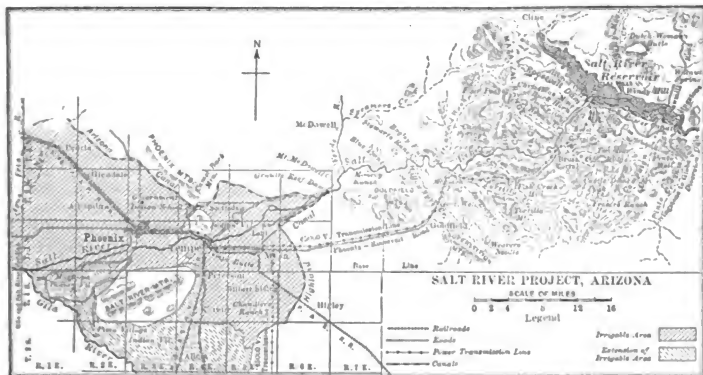
This plan should reduce the number of accidents which have previously disgraced the steel business in this country; for if safeguards will save money as well as men, safeguards will soon appear. And, aside from its humanitarian aspects, it is a wise act on the part of the Steel Corporation from a purely business point of view; for it gives the managers an idea of how such a system works and what it costs, before it is imposed upon them by law, as sooner or later it is sure to be.

It is to the credit of the Steel Corporation that it has put its vast army of workers under such a system as it is to the credit of the many other smaller corporations which had done so before; but their action does not in the least relieve the state from the duty of making all industry responsible for the human losses which it causes. It should not be within the power of companies to decide whether or not the cost of accidents is to be paid by the industry or by the workers, and those companies that evade their duty should not be allowed to profit

of it by 336,000 cubic yards of masonry called the Roosevelt Dam. What used to be the valleys of the Salt River and Tonto Creek, above the cañon, are now twenty-five square miles of water, held in reserve to irrigate the flat lands around Phoenix, more than sixty miles away.

From the eastern end of the lake to the dam runs a power canal which generates 4,400 horse-power, and at the dam another 3,000 horse-power can be produced. But this electrical development is merely a by-product.

The Roosevelt Dam is primarily meant to



THE GREAT SALT RIVER IRRIGATION PROJECT

The Roosevelt Dam, just being completed (in the upper right-hand corner), stores 61,000,000,000 cubic feet of water in the Salt River Reservoir to supply the 375 square miles of irrigable land (in the lower left-hand corner) in dry times. The power-transmission line from the dam to Phoenix is more than sixty miles long

at the expense of their more humane competitors.

In any event, the cost of accidents ultimately falls upon the public. Under one system, the public pays through hospitals, charitable societies, and poorhouses; under the other system, it pays, as it should pay, when it buys the articles produced.

THE ROOSEVELT DAM IN ARIZONA

IN the Mazatzal Mountains in Arizona there is a steep and narrow cañon which it has taken the Salt River many centuries to cut. The United States Reclamation Service has closed the outlet

store water for irrigation. Southwest from it runs the famous Roosevelt Road and nearby is the 45,000-volt power-transmission line. Forty-five miles away the road crosses the first irrigation ditch—the Highland Canal. From the reservoir the water flows down the Salt River bed until it emerges from the foot-hills. There the Granite Reef Dam, a long concrete wall across the river-bed—thirty-eight feet high—turns the water into the canals, in which it flows as far as thirty miles on its way to the farthest fields beyond Phoenix. When the work is all done, 375 square miles of one-time desert will be growing luxuriant crops.

For many years parts of the desert around Phoenix have been irrigated. But the Salt River, which supplied the water, at flood times brought more than the farmers could use and in dry times much less. To save the water for use is the purpose of the Roosevelt Dam, from behind whose solid masonry the water will be sent down to the valley as the needs of the land demand. This strip of country (longer than the distance from Baltimore to Washington) has been changed from a desert into fertile gardens, and there are good roads and cheap power. What nature has abandoned, man has reclaimed.

DEEDS AND HOPES OF THE FLYERS

AT EIGHTEEN Louis Paulhan was a sailor on a French steamer plying between France and Japan. He was afterward a tight-rope walker in a small circus, a soldier in the French army, and a mechanic and pilot of the dirigible *Ville de Paris*. From a worker in the Voisin factory at \$12 a week, he became the foremost flying-machine driver in the world, with an income said to be as much as \$24,000 a month. He has surpassed all rivals on two continents, and won at the risk of his life the greatest prizes offered, in the most dramatic manner. His first public flights were made at Douai on July 10th, last year. Three days later he flew for fifteen minutes, and two days later he remained in the air one hour and eighteen minutes. At Dunkirk, in England, he flew one hour and forty minutes, and at Los Angeles last winter he made the world's record for altitude, 4,165 feet. Then he flew 125 miles in three and a half hours from Orleans to Arcis-sur-Aube. He and Farman, one alternating with the other, made a 225-mile trip across country in France in two consecutive days. Their actual flying time was five hours.

This is the man who flew into Manchester at the end of his 184-mile journey at 5:30 on an April morning; the winner of the great London-to-Manchester race for \$50,000 offered by the London *Mail*. Even at that hour the fields outside the city were black with people waiting to see the end of the most remarkable contest ever flown.

Paulhan had spent the day before on the

outskirts of London, putting his machine together. At 5:30 in the afternoon he had made an ascent, as if to try his motor and to see that everything was working properly. Making a large circle he crossed the starting line of the race (a radius of five miles from Charing Cross), turned suddenly, and headed for Manchester with a special train speeding along the Northwestern Railway as his guide.

Mr. Graham White, the other contestant, was waiting for favorable conditions. When the news of Paulhan's departure reached him he jumped into his machine and flew in pursuit as fast as his motor would drive him. But the extra hour of daylight which his rival enjoyed gave him too great a lead. At 7:55 it was dark, and White was forced to land at Roade, sixty miles from London. Paulhan had reached Lichfield, about thirty-five miles farther on, and reached it five minutes ahead of the special train.

In spite of Paulhan's lead the Englishman had not given up. At ten minutes to three, though it was still dark, he was in the air again. But the attempt failed. Paulhan started on his second flight as soon as it was light (4:10 A. M.), and all pursuit was useless, for he reached a speed of more than a mile a minute. All the way from London he averaged between forty-four and forty-five miles an hour. An hour and twenty minutes after leaving Lichfield he was in Manchester, the winner of the prize.

II

While this was going on in England, Roger Sommer surpassed all previous records by carrying four passengers in a cross-country flight at Charleville, France.

But this summer the eyes of the world will be turned toward America for the International meet, following the meet that was held at Rheims in 1909. For a time after the Wrights had secured an injunction restraining Paulhan and Curtiss from flying because their machines infringed the Wright patents, there was doubt about the International meet. But having established their claims in court, the Wrights have agreed to allow the various aeroplanes to race in such meets as the Aero Club arranges, in return for a reasonable patent fee. With this difficulty removed, it is likely that, in

addition to the International meet, there will be many other contests, such as those for the *Scientific American* and *Country Life in America* trophies.

III

While contests and dramatic flights are stirring the popular imagination abroad, European governments are preparing for war in the air.

Six months ago, during the official military manoeuvres, the three great German dirigibles, *Zeppelin II*, *Gross II*, and *Parsival I*, representing the three types of construction, rigid, semi-rigid, and non-rigid, respectively, gave a striking demonstration of Germany's aerial power. A fourth vessel, *Parsival III*, joined the fleet soon after the trials commenced. From Cologne as a centre a series of speed, endurance, and altitude trials were made, but the details have been kept secret. A night attack was directed against the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein near Coblenz, and the airships, acting under orders, used searchlights and signaled with flash-lights and wireless telegraphy.

The *Zeppelin II* lately made a voyage of reconnaissance, describing a large circle from Cologne, crossing the frontier into the Netherlands, and returning by Jülich after a trip of eight and a half hours. Later, at Hamburg, the Kaiser officially reviewed the airship squadron, the *Zeppelin II*, the *Gross II*, and the *Parsival I* arriving in column like a line of battleships. Along the French frontier Germany has twenty balloon stations, those at Metz and Cologne being large enough to house two *Zeppelins*. At Griseheim, near Frankfort, is a storage station where 15,000 bottles of compressed gas are kept on hand; two tank-trains already connected to a filling pipe stand ready to carry the gas wherever it is needed. At Beckendorf, also, more than 1,500,000 cubic feet of gas is stored in these pressure bottles with the Imperial coat-of-arms upon them. When the proposed aerial passenger routes are in operation, even these facilities will be improved upon.

Though France has spent most of its energy upon aeroplanes it has three dirigibles; and the Government has accepted the offer of *Le Temps*, to secure two more dirigibles and four aeroplanes by popular

subscription. The aeronautical budget is \$4,000,000.

Italy has three dirigibles, of which one of them, second only to the *Zeppelin* in accomplishment, made a voyage of more than 290 miles in fourteen hours during a period of strong winds. Italy also has seven aeroplanes. Other European countries have the following aerial equipment:

Russia	3 dirigibles	6 aeroplanes
Austria	2 dirigibles	4 aeroplanes
Spain	1 dirigible	3 aeroplanes
England	2 dirigibles	2 aeroplanes

Besides these the English army is to receive an airship from the Aerial League. The United States has one small dirigible and one Wright aeroplane.

IV

But all that has been accomplished is as nothing if the most sanguine expectations of this summer are fulfilled. To cross the Atlantic in the air — nothing since the voyage of Columbus has made such an appeal to the popular imagination. Two expeditions have been planned to make the passage by utilizing the same winds that brought Columbus to our shores. These winds have been systematically explored by sounding balloons and their courses carefully mapped out by Professor Hergesell in his expedition on board the German cruiser *Victoria Luise*. One of these expeditions is headed by Dr. Gans Fabrice, lately president of the Frankfort Aeronautical Exposition, and the other by Joseph Bruckner of Berlin. They propose to start from Teneriffe, with the West Indies as their destination, floating with the wind and using their power to keep them in their course. The distance to Porto Rico is 2,500 miles, and Herr Bruckner says this should be accomplished in four days.

A REAL PARLIAMENT AT WORK

THE fourth session of the Tenth Parliament of Canada began on November 28, 1907, and ended on July 20, 1908. Its record is now an old one, but it is worth recapitulating. It enacted only 172 acts, of which 77 were general and only 95 were local and private. To show what can be done in 200 days if a Parliament means business, the work of this one is worth sketching.

One of the first things that came up was a peculiar appeal for help. The farmers of the Northwest needed seed grain, for 1907 had been wet and it was dangerous to use the grain for seed. An appropriation of \$2,850,000 was set aside to be loaned to Alberta and Saskatchewan farmers. The best seed in the world was bought and delivered to them in time for the crops of 1908. Less than half the appropriation was needed, and it has been paid off since then.

An entire system of old-age annuities for the Dominion of Canada was enacted.

An act stopped the adulteration of cheese and the marking of apples — two staple exports.

A complete system of juvenile criminal treatment, looking toward national juvenile courts and a national probation system, was enacted.

A subsidy for a press service from Great Britain was granted.

An act was passed to allow banks automatically to expand their currency at crop-moving times.

A pure drugs act as strict and complete as the American act of 1906 was enacted. A reform of the civil service was put in operation.

Several railroad subsidies were granted; and the Quebec Bridge, after the great catastrophe, was taken over by the Government on terms that meant its completion.

Telegraphs and telephones were put in the jurisdiction of the Railway Commission.

As a crowning act of a busy session, a bill was passed that wiped the opium industry from the country, even forcing the exportation of all opium already in the provinces.

This little summary of a few items of the last Canadian session of which we have a full detailed report is commended to the attention of the Congress and Senate of the United States, which at its last regular session enacted many thousand bills, concerning several thousand matters, few of which are worth recalling, and very, very many of which were merely private measures.

GREAT IMPENDING CHANGES IN ASIA

MR. MELVILLE E. STONE, the manager of the Associated Press, who has well-informed correspondents in every country, recently came home from a trip around the world, and declared that we

do not know how serious the unrest in Asia is. Mr. Stone did not speak of the Japanese in particular, except to say that it was the Japanese-Russian war which taught the Oriental that a yellow man behind a gun can kill as many people as a white man can. He spoke rather of all Asia. Since the signing of the Portsmouth Treaty there have been revolutions in Turkey and Persia, and rebellious disorders in China, Ceylon, and India.

The art of killing is not the only thing that the Orientals have learned from us. "Consider," says Mr. Stone, "how they have learned our methods of sanitation." The mortality in Asia half a century ago was terrible, but it has been greatly checked. This lowering of the death-rate reminds us that the human swarm is increasing much more rapidly than in Europe or America. The danger is not immediate, but we shall ultimately find ourselves face to face with overwhelming numbers of Asiatics.

The use of American goods in Asia is diminishing. The Orientals are already able to grind their own wheat more cheaply than they can get it from Minneapolis. India and China, not to speak of Japan, are manufacturing cotton goods. The Chinese are making steel rails for their own roads. "I cannot help believing," says Mr. Stone, "that whatever money America intends to make out of her exports to China, she must make soon."

A few years ago — during the short-lived flush of the "era of expansion" — talk like this would have caused us consternation. But now that Argentine beef and Australian mutton appear on New York dining-tables, now that China's pig-iron is landed on the shores of Puget Sound cheaper (in spite of the tariff) than iron from Pittsburg can be laid down there, we are less anxious about foreign markets than about prices in the home market.

On the other hand, in this period of initial industrial development in Asia, the great exploiters of natural wealth, in all lands where there is accumulated capital, are watching and planning for the control of the sources of supply. When the Chinese learn to make general use of their coal and iron ore, it will be profitable to control it.

For many reasons — approach the subject from any point of view you will —

Asia is more interesting than it ever was; and the Americans are more ignorant of it and indifferent to it than any other important people. Mr. Stone invites us to wake up and learn as every other traveler and student of world-affairs does.

A SOCIALIST CITY IN AMERICA

THE election of a Social-Democratic government by the city of Milwaukee was a definite triumph of deliberate, persistent, politically organized Socialism. There was no fluke nor accident about it; no unusual city conditions explain it; and it was not a case merely of sore-headedness in the old parties. It was a clear issue and the Socialists won, their candidate for mayor, Mr. Seidel, receiving only 5,000 votes less than his two opponents combined. The victory was the victory of the Social-Democratic party in the city of Milwaukee, an integral part of the National Social-Democratic party. It was the result of organized agitation and ten years' work. In 1900, the party in Milwaukee cast 2,473 votes; in 1902, they cast 8,453; in 1904, 15,056; in 1906, 16,837; in 1908, 20,887, and this year 27,622. Moreover, Socialists were elected who bear such American names as Alldridge, Coleman, Churchill, Welch, Poor, Thompson, and Gaylord.

During the contest the Democratic and Republican newspapers assailed the new party as revolutionary, and they denounced its head as a bloody-minded revolutionist with a definite programme of violence. The old parties placarded blank walls with such sentiments as: "Victory for the Socialists means a conflict with the red flag of blood-lust." "The time to kill the serpent is now; to-morrow may be too late."

The people did not believe these warnings or fears, for the Socialists elected the mayor, the whole city ticket, (consisting of the controller, the treasurer, and the city attorney), seven aldermen-at-large, and fourteen ward aldermen (a majority), eleven of the sixteen supervisors, and their candidates for civil court judges.

II

It is, therefore, clear that the citizens of Milwaukee do not believe that the election of a Socialist government will bring a

bloody revolution. It is equally clear that they are bent on social progress and are weary of the old political ways of trying to get it.

It is safe to say that there will be nothing done to injure or to threaten the city's welfare or its credit. The newly elected government is too wise to push its first victory beyond the point where public opinion will sustain it. Its integrity is not questioned. Socialism cannot be put into full effect in Milwaukee or any other American city; for the state laws and the limits imposed by the city charter will allow but little of the full plan to be put into execution. But the Mayor and his associates talk of the following things:

A general investigation and clean-up of the municipal government; the overthrow of grafters and contractors' rings, and discharge of superfluous employees.

Taxes to be readjusted so that their burden will fall in less degree upon the poor.

Public work to be done directly, instead of through contractors. Union wages to be paid, though the law forbids discrimination between union and non-union workers. Work to be provided for the unemployed so far as possible, but it is not proposed to furnish every man a job.

Street railways and other public utilities to be required to give better service. If authority of law can be obtained, public service enterprises will be taken over by the city. This would mean a municipal light and power plant, and, eventually, municipal docks, street railways, railroad terminal and belt line, wood and coal yards, and ice plant—coal, wood, and ice to be supplied to citizens at cost.

A public abattoir, public baths, street closets, sanitary inspection of workshops, inspection of food, and more free concerts in the parks.

An effort for a new city charter giving complete home rule, under an initiate referendum and the right to recall. Then, free text-books, free medical service, free dispensaries and hospitals. Slum habitations to be condemned and replaced with modern buildings, rented slightly above cost.

Suburban territory to be annexed to the city and laid out by experts with a view to healthful and aesthetic conditions for future homes, factories, schools, and playgrounds.

There is nothing alarming in this programme; almost every item in it has been carried out in some American city. Mr. Seidel's programme is a summary of his purpose: to make Milwaukee a clean, beautiful,

and comfortable, and above all, a safe place for our boys and girls."

If he gives the city a successful administration, he will remove from many minds much of the alarm that the word Socialism causes. The ultimate aim of Socialism — the abolition of most forms of private property — is hardly imminent; but the abolition of private monopolies and an extension of municipal functions are already going on. And it is evident that to hasten them many men are willing to be called Socialists or revolutionists or anything you will.

The old parties, at least as far as their government of cities goes, will do well to take notice.

ARE WE BECOMING MORE CORRUPT?

PITTSBURG, Albany, and Chicago are ablaze with exposures of bribery. There is a general feeling that politics has reached the limit of corruption and that government is becoming steadily more corrupt. To balance such a judgment, it is perhaps justifiable to find solace in the thought that, after all, things are no worse than they used to be.

"'Twas ever thus," might be the motto of Gustavus Myers's voluminous "History of Great American Fortunes." Mr. Myers tells us of the all-embracing corruption (of the very sort we are exposing and fighting to-day) which a new Captain-General, sent out from England to the American Colonies, found when he got here in the year 1700. This Captain-General was the Earl of Bellomont. In his first communication to the British Lords of Trade, the Earl of Bellomont reported that he had been offered £10,000 to confirm the fraudulent claim of Colonel Samuel Adams to the whole of what is now the state of New Hampshire. In following reports he exposed a dozen big land-grabbing conspiracies: Captain John Evans had given the preceding Governor a bribe of £100 to grant him a piece of land forty miles long by thirty miles deep on the west shore of the Hudson. Colonel William Smith had secured a grant of forty miles of Long Island beach, from which he collected £500 yearly revenue out of the whale-catch there. Henry Beekman got a tract sixteen miles long in Dutchess County and another twenty miles long on the Hudson.

Peter Schuyler had got a grant fifty miles long on the Mohawk. All these were the results of corrupt bargains with Governor Fletcher. The noble Earl tried to persuade the Assembly to annul these grants, but at every turn he found that the most powerful men in the Assembly were the deepest in the mire.

Mr. Myers reminds us that in 1795 the Georgia legislature gave 5,000,000 acres of public land to a Boston syndicate. The bribed legislators were turned out and a new legislature rescinded the grant and solemnly burned the deed; but the United States Supreme Court held that a contract could not be thus repudiated, and Congress gave the syndicate an indemnity award of \$1,500,000. In Ohio, in the years following 1830, land-grabbers bribed government land-officers and shut out legitimate settlers. The same methods were notoriously used during this period in Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. In the Northwest banded speculators, such as those composing the Portage Lake Canal Company and the St. Mary's Falls Canal Company, got gratuitous grants of "swamp" lands full of copper. The Calumet and Hecla mines are located on a "swamp" thus grabbed.

There are people who remember how Jay Gould went to Albany with a satchel containing \$500,000 and secured the legalization of fraudulent Erie Railroad stock. It is not beyond the memory of living men how the Third Avenue, the Sixth Avenue, the Ninth Avenue, and the Belt Line car franchises in New York were bribed through the New York board of aldermen, nor how Jake Sharp distributed half a million among the aldermen for the Broadway franchise.

Undoubtedly, "it always has been." Whether it always will be depends on the conscience and resolution of new generations.

THE DECLINE OF LITERATURE—AS USUAL

THE *Dial*, the critical literary journal founded by Mr. Francis F. Browne, in Chicago, has now finished its thirtieth year, not only creditably but (through all the changes that have come in our critical literature within that time) as easily the best-balanced of our journals of its class. It has kept its sane course of common sense and fair judgments without "smartness"

or sensationalism—in a field of great difficulty and of slow popular appreciation. Thirty years of continuous, honest, unwearying work of this sort mean character.

Especially is the standard of the *Dial* commendable in a time which it describes in this way:

"Literature, if not on the verge of bankruptcy, is at least threatened by an impairment of credit for which the natural remedy would be a drastic overhauling of its securities and a general retrenchment in most directions. There are no evident signs that this remedy is likely to be applied. The number of people who write flimsy novels and perpetrate bad poems and bad plays goes on steadily increasing, and the number of editors and publishers who encourage these misguided persons seems to grow at nearly the same rate. . . .

"During the last half-century the world has passed through one of the golden ages of literature; but the age in which we now live is at best one of silver, if not one of lead or plated metal. The most enthusiastic spokesman of modernity would not claim for the best score of living writers anything like a parity of importance with the best score of those whose deaths we have been called upon to chronicle with such painful frequency since 1880."

This is a dreary outlook, which everybody may not share. The trouble with all such hopeless pronouncements (and they have been made at every period since literature began) is that there may be a score of writers to-day who will be looked upon by the next generation as the great twenty of the last generation are now regarded. We may be living in a dull literary day, but it is worth recalling that the golden age has always seemed far off—behind us or before us. May the *Dial* add hopefulness to its other virtues!

AN EDITOR TO HONOR

G. W. ALDRIDGE, a discredited Republican member of the New York legislature, after his resignation sought vindication as a candidate for Congress in the district ably represented by the late Mr. Perkins. Although he controlled the Republican machine in a strong Republican district, he was ignominiously defeated by Mr. Havens, Democrat—to the credit of the voters in the district.

One incident of that campaign is worth telling. The Rochester *Evening Times* is a Republican paper. For reasons upon which we have not facts enough to pass judgment, the owner of the *Evening Times* supported Aldridge. The editor, Mr. Livy S. Richards, although he is a Republican, could not support Aldridge. Although he is dependent on his pen for a living, he did not take a vacation for a few weeks nor content himself with writing about the fundamental virtues or about foreign affairs. Nor did he seek notoriety or martyrdom by ostentatiously rising up in rebellion. He recognized the right of his employer to decide whom the paper should support; but he kept his self-respect by giving up his job. He had been given to understand that as editor he should be free, and he had been free to write his own convictions till this campaign came on. Then the ways parted and he took the only road on which he could travel with his own regard.

This is not chronicled as an exceptional act. Yet is the like of it very common? While an editor who surrenders himself deserves reproach, and an editor who stands erect deserves no especial praise, yet isn't this incident worth recording in a world of weak men and of easy evasions?

PARTIES AND THE PEOPLE

WE are come to a new chapter in our party history. It was just fifty years ago that the Republican party elected its first President. During this half-century it has had the Presidency for forty-two years; and during six

of the eight years of a Democratic President it controlled one or both Houses of Congress. For only two years since the accession of Lincoln was the Democratic party in full possession of the Government. During the last fourteen years the Republican

party has held both the Presidency and Congress.

The Democrats, too, had a half-century of power. It was in 1801 that Jefferson's party took possession of the Government. It continued in charge of it from that date (except during the administrations 1840-44 and 1848-52) until 1860. In round numbers, then, each party has held a half-century of power—with short intervening victories by the other. The crisis which the Democratic party, after fifty years of power, proved unable to meet, was no more vital than the crisis that now confronts the Republican party. But the Republican masses are not so violently split as the Democratic masses were in 1860.

The other day a Republican Senator, standing in his place in the Senate, asked:

"What is wrong with the Republican party? We were shocked when we heard the results of the election in a Massachusetts district. We were overwhelmed and dismayed when we read the dispatches announcing the outcome in a New York district. Some people attribute this disturbance, this loss of faith in the Republican party, to the tariff; some to the Postal Savings bill; some to this measure and some to that.

"Let me remind you, however, that it is not due to any particular law. This result in Massachusetts, this result in New York, the turbulent waters that are stirring everywhere, are simply evidences that the people, whether right or wrong, are wondering whether the Congress of the United States is faithful in the discharge of the high duties that have devolved upon it. They are wondering whether our ears are as keen to hear the complaints of the people as they are quick to listen to the wants of the interests.

"I am not saying, and I do not believe, that this political disturbance is because the people have any more faith in the Democratic party than they had before. It is due to a gradually weakening confidence in the public servants who have been endowed with power by the Republican voters of the United States."

This is a true indictment. The Republican party, under its commercial leadership in Congress, has fast lost the moral approval of the people; and one of two things must happen. Its commercial leadership must yield to moral leadership or the party will lose power. It could be swept from power easily if the Democrats had leaders that inspired the moral confidence of the people. But because of the ignorance of the Demo-

cratic party, the change that is most likely to happen is a change of Republican leadership in Congress. The downfall of Speaker Cannon and the early retirement of Senator Aldrich and Senator Hale point to such a change.

Since these events were deferred too long, the Democrats will be likely to gain control of the House and perhaps considerably reduce the Republican majority in the Senate. Their chance of winning the Presidency is yet too uncertain to speculate about. If we could imagine a world without Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt, the Democrats would have the better outlook. But they are both with us and the very presence of each works to the same end—the strengthening of the Republican opportunity. For, in this time of the loosening of party ties, personalities count for more than in times of party compactness. Mr. Bryan has progressively weakened his party and Mr. Roosevelt has progressively strengthened his.

And the faction morally strongest in either party now is the Republican Insurgents. They have won more significant victories and wrought more significant changes during this session of Congress than the political managers seem yet to understand.

They opened the proceedings in the House so that "a bill may be read before it is passed." The retirement of two dominant Senators will radically change the methods in the Senate and put upon every Senator a greater responsibility. When Senators can no longer blindly follow leaders, they must show their individual qualities. Most of all, the Insurgents have won the confidence of the people. They hold to the old traditions of the Republican party, especially to the individual freedom of opportunity; and they are free enough and courageous enough to apply it to present conditions. When a Democratic Senator (Mr. Rayner) proposed that they become Democrats and an Insurgent Senator (Mr. Doliver) declined the invitation, the whole party situation was made plain. The Democrats said: "You are dissatisfied. Come with us and we can win." The Insurgents replied: "We thank you, but we do not trust your judgment nor your management, and

with a new kind of leader we can ourselves win." And their chance is good.

II

A winning national political programme is not hard to construct. Opposition to privilege is its main plank. This, in fact, was the essence of Jefferson's programme when he won for his party its long lease of power, and it was the essence of Lincoln's programme when he won for his party its long lease of power. At each period the principle was applied to different problems; and it must be applied to a still different group of problems now. But it is the same fundamental, unchanging American battle-cry—the purpose that justifies our confidence in Republican government.

Rejoice at it or regret it, as you may (and there are many good men who regret it and more who rejoice), the man that stands for this fundamental principle more clearly than any other, in the minds of the masses, is Theodore Roosevelt. The man who stands for it far more effectively than any other in the Democratic party or any other now in executive authority in either party, is William J. Gaynor.

III

To illustrate the present application of this principle of opposition to privilege, consider the two prevalent points of view that men take of government. They are really two outlooks on life.

The first point of view is that opportunity shall be equal, that every man shall have a fair field and free play so long as he does not restrict the opportunities of others, but no further. It is this idea that lies at the bottom of American life. This is the road that has seemed to all who believe in popular government to lead to continuous human elevation.

The other point of view starts with the unfortunate fact that, even with the greatest practicable equality of opportunity, most men will remain weak. Therefore the minority of the stronger will always lead the majority of the weaker, and the few strongest will lead all. In fact, all human progress comes by strong leadership; and there is no other law in biology or in social and industrial life than the survival of the fittest.

This philosophy of life and of government maintains that, if to-day you could strip the fortunate and the strong of inherited and acquired advantages, the same advantages would quickly be won again by a small group of the most capable; that in the long run those who have won advantages deserved to win them; and that therefore all restraint of men prevents the development of natural leadership and holds back all progress.

Let us apply these two points of view to the part that great corporations play in our industrial and political life.

A corporation is a lever—a big corporation a long lever. By means of it a man or a small group of men can exert a power far greater than their individual strength—greater in proportion to the length of the lever. Another and even greater advantage that it has over an individual is its continuous existence. It outlives individuals.

By the second philosophy of progress—that we go forward only by the strength of the strong—the corporation is the most useful as well as most powerful tool invented in industrial life. It concentrates leadership. By any measure of progress the corporation is a useful tool, provided it do not have artificial advantages that restrict individual opportunity. But, under the theory of popular government and free opportunity, it must be made to serve the individual, not to crowd him out.

By one philosophy corporations must be left practically free, and by the other they must be very rigidly restricted.

You may apply these two theories of life and of government to the tariff; to postal savings banks; to banking and currency systems. In every application you will find the line of division and the line of battle. Everywhere the same question arises—where do individual rights end, and beyond what point may the strong work and win according to their strength?

But there is no doubt about the line of battle now, nor any doubt about the final result. Awkwardly, sometimes angrily, sometimes unjustly, often at the hands of demagogues, but surely, the people are going to regain the opportunities for the many against the concentration of privilege for a few. And this is the cue to the whole present political situation.

FIVE PER CENT. AND SAFETY

A SHORT time ago a man from an up-state town in New York came into this office with a little roll of bonds and stocks, and wished to know how good they were for him to hold. He was a retired brick manufacturer. Most of his fortune was represented by a mortgage on the yards that he had owned and sold. As this mortgage was paid off year by year he invested the proceeds in bonds and stocks.

His stocks may be passed by without comment. They consisted of small blocks of well-known industrials, mostly in New York state. "I know those fellows," he said, "and I hold these stocks as a way of backing them. If there's anything wrong with them, I'm likely to hear of it."

Two of his bonds were bought in 1908, and were good, solid, railroad issues, also in New York. They passed without comment. Another bond was a lien on a power plant established about five years ago. He bought it at a price to yield him nearly 6 per cent. It is now an established issue of its sort, and has a good market of the class. He could sell it with a profit of about 5 per cent. if he liked.

"Where did you get it?" he was asked.

"My bank is the correspondent of — & Co. in New York," he said, "and they thought it was good. It's too far out West for me; but I guess that's prejudice. I've got to like it."

It was good. Then, with some hesitation, he unrolled three other bonds for \$1,000 each.

"These are the ones I'm not so sure about," he said. "I bought them all, at different times, from a young fellow who travels up our way for — & Co., of Philadelphia. He is a good talker. He tells me that many of the banks in Pennsylvania buy these things, and I have always taken his word for it. But I read in the local newspaper the other day that half the bonds of power companies in the country

are not good; and I wanted to know something about these."

Two of them were the bonds of new power companies. The third was an industrial, a junior bond of a well-known company.

A glance at the power bonds showed that they belong to a big group of flotations that has come to the surface within the past two years. Both bonds at the outset were sold with a stock bonus and at a discount. According to his memorandum, this man had bought both during their periods of flotation.

"Did you get a stock bonus with this?"

"No — I got the bond at a discount of 2 per cent., and that's all."

"Do you know in what stage of construction this plant is at the present time?"

"It's finished, isn't it?"

"It is still in process of construction, it has not earned a cent, and the interest on your bonds is still paid out of the money you paid in."

The visitor gasped. "I thought it was a bargain."

Now at the time it was sold, that bond was, and is to-day, a bargain. The buyers, when the bonds were first sold, got a bonus of \$500 stock with every \$1,000 of bonds. The bonds are now worth about \$950 and the stock is worth about \$225. The cost to the original buyers was about \$975 for both. When he learned these facts the visitor puzzled for a minute, then came to this conclusion:

"I guess I got the right thing, but I got it from the wrong man, didn't I?"

The second bond was somewhat similar. The ex-brick-maker described it in his own way:

"It's still in the fire, I guess."

It is. He paid for it cash, \$985, and interest. It pays its interest. The power company is a good prospect. It is, however, located in a section of the country where there are to-day few industries using power of any sort, for coal is very high there. The power is there — always has been — and

the promoters of the power company believe that with power cheap a great manufacturing development will take place. In fact, they have many contracts to furnish power to new plants that will start up.

Yet the company is, strictly speaking, "in the fire." When its construction is done and the industrial development has come, it may turn out to be very excellent; or it may not.

Both these bonds are good enough securities of their class. This particular buyer, however, got them from the wrong kind of a dealer. He believed, when he bought, that the companies had done their construction, were earning money, and were solidly established. He was induced to regard the bonds as "investments," and to ignore the fact that their ultimate value depended on certain future contingencies.

He should have received with each of them a substantial bonus of stock. If a man when he buys a bond assumes some of the larger risks of the construction and operation of a plant or of a railroad or of any other industry, he ought to get a certain amount of stock to compensate him for that risk. The theory is that, since the stock will get all the profits over a certain limited amount, it is supposed to carry also all the risk. If the bondholder assumes some of the risk he also ought to get some of the profits, if there be any.

As a result of his visit to New York the visitor is holding both his bonds; but he has determined that hereafter he will learn a great deal more about the bonds he buys. His banker, in the case of the two power bonds and the one industrial, belongs in the third or fourth class of retail bond-dealers. He filled his orders by taking bonds from the big retail dealers, keeping a small amount of cash as commission and putting the "bonus" in his pocket. He is probably not dishonest; but his customers always pay high for their bonds and stocks.

This buyer, like many thousands of others all over the country, is just learning how to buy public-utility bonds. A "public utility" is a bond that represents the property and good-will of a company organized to supply service to the public. It may be gas, electric-light, water, street transportation, power, or even heat. It is to-day the biggest active

class of securities for the people outside of the standard railroad bonds and possibly real-estate mortgages.

Ten years ago, the most conservative of the banking houses of New York and Boston and Philadelphia sold such bonds only with much hesitation. They were new in those days. Now everybody handles them. You can buy them from the most hide-bound banking houses in the United States. In fact, many of the very best banking houses in the bond business now make most of their profits out of such bonds and deal in the standard old railroad bonds more as an advertisement than anything else.

Naturally the prejudice against public-utility bonds dies hard; but it is dying, and it ought to die. Many of the street-railway and electric-light bonds of ten years ago — called speculative at that time — are already underlying bonds, with millions of other bonds and paid-in stock now standing behind them. These old bonds are very good securities. A man who owns them may be very comfortable indeed and never worry about his interest payments.

Right now there are dozens of issues of power and electric-light bonds sold to the public. Some of them belong to the established class; but most of them are in their early stages. A buyer should discriminate very carefully. If he has the right kind of a banker he will get a fair judgment from him; for an honest banker does not sell bonds on a plant under construction as if they were bonds of finished projects. He points out how long it will be before the plant is finished. He tells how many factories are ready to buy power. He tells how many other factories are going to be built — so far as he knows. He does not talk wildly and with enthusiasm about future customers for the plant as though they were already standing around with signed contracts, waiting only for the electric current.

The main thing in making this kind of an investment is to "buy right." You can buy standard railroad bonds from a bucket shop, if you like, provided you pay cash. You can sell them, if you ever wish to, through any banker you happen to meet — provided, again, you see that you get the money right away. But if you buy public-

utility bonds from "any-old-firm" you will search the world in vain for somebody to sell them for you after the "any-old-firm" has disappeared, or moved on to another section of the country, or taken all your money that it thinks it can get. You may then hear the well-worn phrase: "We are not bidding. We are selling the bonds, not buying them."

Ordinary common sense will guide the buyer in this field as well as in the railroad bond field. If a man wants to get 5 per cent. on his investments to make up for the increased cost of living, I should pick out for him the public-utility bonds of the better classes. They are safer than second or third mortgages of the weaker railroad companies, and you have to go quite a way down the railroad list, these days, to get 5 per cent. on your investments.

In return for the higher rate, you ought to understand that you have to sacrifice one of two things: safety of principal and interest, or quick marketability.

Nine men out of ten would rather give up some of the quick marketability of the

listed bond than to give up safety. In the public-utility field—the better classes of such bonds—you give up only a certain part of the marketability. Most of the reputable houses that handle such bonds provide also a fairly good market for them, and are willing to take them back, in normal times, at a regular market price.

Further down the list, you get a still larger income, less marketability, and, in many cases, less safety. Still further down, you leave the investment field entirely and get a purely speculative bond that cannot be sold and that has little guaranty of safety, no matter how good its speculative chances may be.

Don't forget our visitor's simile of the bricks that are still "in the fire." If you buy bricks before they are finished, or bonds on plants that have their destiny yet to work out, be sure you get them at prices or under conditions that insure you something to balance your risk; and don't whine if you have to wait for a while for the fire to cool down.

C. M. K.

IS YOUR BANK VAULT REALLY INSURED?

IN THE year 1909, 107 American banks were the victims of hold-ups and burglaries, and the money loss was \$159,000.

Under the circumstances, it is well worth while for every banker to discover whether or not his vaults are really insured against violence. Most bankers carry insurance, and will answer off-hand that they are well protected. But are they?

Perhaps the most celebrated bank-robbery incident in recent history will serve best to illustrate the fact that a burglary policy locked up somewhere is not always a real insurance against bank loss.

The bank cashier in a Kentucky town was a friend of the central telephone operator. The operator wished to take his sweetheart to a village party, and he asked the cashier to come up and take charge

during the early evening. The cashier locked up the bank, went upstairs to the telephone exchange, and became, *pro tem*, a telephone operator. A friend dropped in. Along about ten p. m. the operator came back, and the three friends sat and talked.

Two men came through the door, wearing masks. At the point of a revolver, the three unlucky friends lined up against the wall, and one of the intruders went through the pockets of the cashier. He found the key of the bank. The other two men were then bound and gagged. The cashier was forced to conduct the robbers to the bank, open the doors, find a lamp, and light it. The vault door was opened in a similar way. The safe stood exposed to view. It was guarded by a combination lock, not the more modern time-lock.

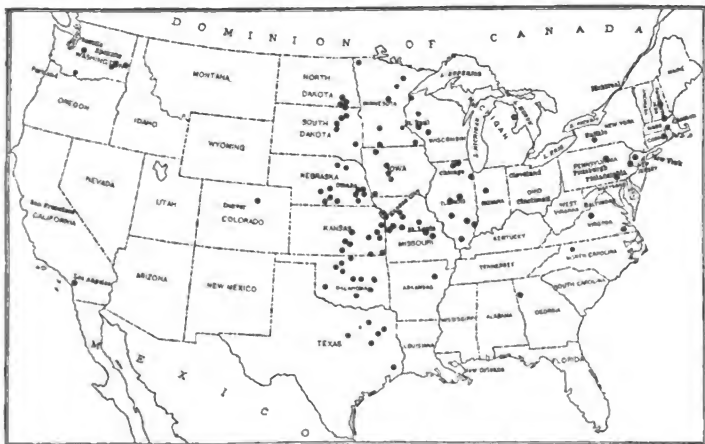
They told the cashier to open it. He demurred. They made initial preparations to blow it open, proposing to use the body of the cashier as a pad to deaden the noise of the explosion. The cashier thought it over and decided to meet the demand. He opened the safe. Several thousand dollars in cash and specie rewarded the raid. The robbers bound and gagged the cashier and left him upstairs, with his two companions, to meditate upon the stirring events of the evening. They got away with the loot.

The bank, of course, put in a claim for

had paid premiums for. They took it into court to find out.

The judge in the circuit-court found for the bank. He held that the robbers had used both force and tools, as provided in the contract. They had applied force to the cashier to make him open the doors; and the cashier himself was the "tool" of the robbers!

Somewhat astonished, but thankful that the cashier was not also considered an explosive, the insurance company took an appeal. The higher courts were more literal. The ultimate decision was to the



BANK BURGLARIES, SEPTEMBER 1, 1908, TO SEPTEMBER 1, 1909

its insurance. The company met the demand by citing the conditions of the contract.

The bank, it appeared, was insured against loss "in consequence of the felonious abstraction of money and securities from the safe by any person or persons who shall have made entry into such safe by the use of tools or explosives directly thereupon," and against loss by robbery or hold-up provided that at the time the regular force of the bank was at work in the bank.

Clearly, it seemed, these provisions did not apply to the case in point. The bank people, however, wanted to know what they

effect that the bank could not recover, as the contract evidently meant to specify the use of "burglar's tools or explosives," and not duress applied to a man. The case stirred up the banking world to an astonishing degree. The *Journal of the American Bankers' Association* made it the basis of a propaganda for a new form of burglary policy that would really cover a few of the losses suffered at the hands of burglars.

In most of the up-to-date burglary policies issued to banks to-day, there is a new clause covering such hold-ups as the one that is recorded here. The premium for such a

policy, however, is higher than for a policy without it, if the bank is not equipped with a time-lock. Similarly there are many policies written to-day by standard companies that cover losses by daylight hold-up, in spite of the fact that some of the staff may be out of the bank. Since it is a matter of simple common sense to figure that robbers raiding a bank in broad daylight would be most likely to choose the hour when there are fewest men in the bank, the utter folly of failing to get a policy that offers this safeguard should be evident to anyone.

Yet there are thousands of banks all over this country that are paying insurance premiums to-day on policies that guard against nothing except "entry by tools or explosives," or hold-up while the whole force is at work. Is your bank one of them? Why not look up the policy and find out?

Here is a tale of the Middle West that ought to make some people think: The directors of a new bank instructed the cashier to get burglary insurance on the vault and safe and contents. He knew very little about bank insurance, or any other kind. He called up his friend, the local insurance agent, and asked him whether he could get it. Few bank policies ever passed through this agent's hands; but he wrote to the company here presented, and finally turned up with a list of questions about the equipment and safeguards of the bank.

The cashier went around with a tape-measure, filled in the blanks that asked for sizes, and felt that he had done his duty in that line. The blanks concerning the equipment did not bother him. A certain door was hard, and shone like polished steel. It went into the list as "solid steel."

When, a few months later, the bank was entered and robbed, with all the necessary concomitants of force and violent entry, the cashier felt quite comfortable. The bank filed its claim for recovery. The insurance company sent a man to look over the place, armed with the list of questions and the cashier's answers.

When he came to that "solid-steel" door he smiled, and presently went away, quite happy. Then the bank received a letter from the company to the effect that liability was denied because the alleged door of

solid steel was merely a fireproof door of polished sheet-iron filled with concrete and offered no resistance to the burglars at all. The cashier looked at it, and learned something about doors and burglary insurance all at the same time.

The upshot of the whole affair was a larger lesson. His particular policy, he found, was voided by the mistakes he had made. Other policies, he discovered, provided that in the case of such mistakes the policy is not voided, but only partially voided. The policy still holds good for as much insurance as would have been obtained for the same premium if the true description had been given.

It cost this particular bank several thousand dollars to find out what a real burglary-insurance policy is. It ought to cost very little. The records of the companies are well known among the insurance agents and brokers of the larger cities, and it is no defense to plead ignorance or innocence as an excuse after a burglary.

"I thought that I was insured," said a bank president, who was a victim in 1906, "but I found out that I was merely a contributor to the dividend fund of an insurance company."

Actually, he was not liable to his depositors or his stockholders on account of his ignorance of the terms of his policy; but morally he was guilty of "contributory negligence" in the matter of the loss of \$2,000-odd met with by his bank.

This article is not an essay on bank burglary. It does not pretend to list the ways in which a bank-burglary policy may be voided, evaded, or partially invalidated. All that it aims to do is to raise in the mind of every bank officer into whose hands it falls the simple question:

"Is my vault really insured?"

If you are not dead sure, after you have dug your policy out of the safe place where you put it without reading it when it came to you, write to an intelligent insurance broker, or to one of the bigger agencies that handle policies of many companies — or, if you like, to *THE WORLD'S WORK*. It is just as well to find out before you are numbered with the victims when the next detective agency makes its report next September.

THE PRESIDENT AT WORK

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SCENES OF WHICH MR. TAFT IS THE CENTRE AS HE BUSIES HIMSELF AT HIS BIG JOB—TEMPERAMENT OF THE MAN REVEALED IN CROWDED DAYS AT THE WHITE HOUSE—HOW, BELIEVING HIMSELF MISUNDERSTOOD BY THE PEOPLE, A SINCERE PRESIDENT SMILES AND GOES HIS WAY

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

(AUTHOR OF "A WEEK IN THE WHITE HOUSE WITH THEODORE ROOSEVELT")

IT doesn't look like work. It is done so smilingly, with such unflinching good humor, such alacrity, such a spring of welcome toward each new phase of the job as it presents itself, that you say to yourself "The man is at play."

He isn't, quite. Later, you come to know that he feels, feels keenly, the responsibilities of his office; that he grieves, grieves deeply, over the misapprehensions which somehow have fallen upon his best endeavors; that sometimes he even doubts his fitness for a post which seems to require not so much a concern to serve as a vulgar eagerness to please. There are episodes every day that distress him; a man of instinctive sympathy, he takes much to heart the individual tragedies that he is constantly appealed to interpose in, like a remedial Fate. There are things, a dozen times a day, which it must sadden him to have to refuse. There are plenty of things to anger him, that do anger him; when he hears ascribed to him motives which he couldn't possibly harbor for a second, there mounts, I think, in the Taft breast a hot anger that a less virile man couldn't feel.

Yet he is good-humored always, sunny always. His cheerfulness—this is very clear, after a while—is the cheerfulness of a good conscience. His is a nature which has disciplined itself to go ahead and do the work that has to be done without regard to praise or blame.

I have enjoyed the privilege and honor of observing President Taft at his work. During the greater part of a busy week, the President allowed me to sit by his side in his office at the White House while he received visitors and transacted business.

Inevitably I was witness to a succession of scenes which were not merely of extraordinary interest in themselves, but were amazingly revealing as to the compelling motives of the chief actor in them. The revelation was such that I can see no reason why the President should object to its being imparted to the public. Mr. Taft is a man who underrates publicity, though publicity could do much for him. He will be perfectly indifferent whether his visitor tells or does not tell what he saw—indifferent whether the telling be sympathetic or critical.

IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

The setting is one of more dignity than any previous President has enjoyed. The executive offices have been generously enlarged. There are commodious waiting rooms and ample lobbies. The President's private office is now an oval chamber in olive-green and white, with some architectural grace marking the Georgian fireplace, the windows (their curtains embroidered with the national arms and crest), and four doors—which invariably puzzle callers unfamiliar with the geography of the place. On the walls are just two pictures: a photograph of Mr. Roosevelt, outraging taste in a garish gilt frame, and a painting of President Taft's father, looking like the mellow statesman that he was. Half encircling the room are set-in bookcases, the eight doors of which reflect eight images of gesticulating Congressmen. An echo inhabits the chamber—as often is the case with oval rooms—frequently conveying the whispers of cautious visitors in megaphone utterance to ears thirty feet away.

The President would be satisfied to see his visitors in a public whispering gallery, but most of them think that they have private and confidential communications to make, and some now and then succeed in luring him to the adjoining Cabinet Room, through the open door of which the President's voice is heard speaking more loudly than ever. Mr. Taft has never learned to whisper. For the most part, he gives audience sitting at his desk or standing in the centre of the room. The expression "gives audience" may not be a republican one, but it best describes what the President does. Mr. Taft is a good listener. Mr. Roosevelt's accomplishments — lay in another direction.

The President gets up about seven o'clock. He exercises, breakfasts, reads the *Washington Post* and the *New York Tribune* and glances at the first page of the *New York Times* and the *Sun*. At 9.30 or 10 o'clock he walks by his private passage to the executive offices.

On his desk the President finds a list of his appointments for the day, the letters which demand immediate personal attention, and half a dozen more newspapers. On top always lies the *Charleston News and Courier*; the President is particularly fond of the pungent style of Mr. Hemphill, who is just taking charge of a Richmond paper. Mr. Taft is not a great newspaper reader, but what papers he does read he reads in their original state. No clippings are submitted to him.

The morning letters rarely number more than a dozen. He disposes of them in a few minutes. He dictates swiftly, steadily, his eyes on the floor, never changing a word. Mr. Taft used to hesitate, correct, and revise a good deal, especially when dictating speeches. He has acquired the habit of making his first dictation generally final. For one letter which has to be submitted to the President, Mr. Carpenter, the Secretary of the President, answers ten. But the President signs nothing, except purely formal notes, which he has not himself composed.

THE GENERAL LEVEE

The first appointments are fixed for ten o'clock. For a few minutes before that hour, however, the doors are opened for

a general reception. At this from fifty to two hundred people pass rapidly through the office. Each has a grasp of the President's hand and a word.

It is a case of all sorts and conditions of men. They come from every state of the Union, from the ends of the earth and the islands of the sea. Most of them are conscious of an experience to be ever remembered and to talk of. Those from the South and West, in particular, are manifestly exalted with patriotic sentiments as they clasp the warm hand and look into the sunny eyes. Everybody goes off smiling.

"Not ninety, surely!" exclaimed the President as he greeted a venerable gentleman whose son had mentioned her age.

"No, I shall be ten years younger from this hour," was the instant rejoinder.

Behind her come a group of half a dozen nice-looking schoolboys from Philadelphia. They tell the President that they are "doing the sights of Washington."

"Go to the Capitol, young gentlemen," the President advises. "Sit in the gallery a while and listen. You will hear debates on great subjects, and you will see — well, I hardly like to tell you that you will see what one of your Philadelphia citizens, Wayne MacVeagh, used to say might be seen there. Mr. MacVeagh used in this connection to recite the instruction given by Count Oxenstern when he sent his son out on 'the grand tour': 'Go, my son,' he said, 'and observe with what lack of wisdom the States of the world are governed.'" The President's smile neutralized the apparent bitterness of the remark.

Travelers from Europe, authors with books to leave, clergymen and editors, young ladies' schools, have their swift turns. "What building is this?" stage-whispers a pretty miss. Poor child! She has been dragged about her country's capital till she doesn't know the White House from the Census Bureau. A Negro thanks the President effusively for a speech he had made the night before at a meeting to raise funds for Wilberforce University. The President is curious as to the amount of the collection. "Consid'able, sah, consid'able," was the noncommittal answer. "I suppose that means you got your hat back, anyhow," laughed the big patron.

As a rule, ten minutes sees the public procession disposed of and the doors closed, to open only for those favored ones for whom engagements have been made.

ENTER ALDRICH AND BOUTELL

The day begins with Senator Lodge, who comes to report action of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Senator Beveridge is on hand early — the Senior Senator from Indiana always comes early. Senator Aldrich is closeted with the President for a minute and a half; he assures the President that the Administration Interstate Commerce Bill will be given the right-of-way the minute that appropriations are disposed of. Senator Smoot follows him; he wants a little advice about the amendment which he has offered and which the Administration is willing to accept. Then comes Representative Boutell of Illinois.

"Ho, Boanerges of Protection!" is the greeting he gets. And the Apostle of Protection begins a harangue on the beauties of the Payne Tariff. Those were beautiful figures, he says, triumphant figures, that he had prepared for the President, setting forth the benefits vouchsafed the country by this great work of the Republican party. He wants to submit some other figures — an analysis of the reductions made by the new law without considering silks and liquors. He calls the President's attention to the attitude of the Chicago newspapers. It is all due to their advertisers, particularly the department stores. These embodiments of iniquity won't allow the Chicago papers to publish an honest statement about the tariff. One Chicago correspondent prepared and sent in a true account of the effects of the Payne-Aldrich Law, showing it to be the most scientific, just, and beneficent revenue act ever passed. His dispatch was returned, and he was instructed to send what his newspaper wanted, and nothing else. So says Mr. Boutell.

The Illinois Congressman impresses it on the President that Chicago needs a lesson from headquarters. The President is going out; won't he give Chicago the straight goods? Mr. Boutell knows what the straight goods is: "We Republicans must stand by the tariff settlement; it would be

traitorous to apologize for it in any particular. It is ours, and we must be proud of it. It is the best revenue producer ever put on the statute books. The cost of living is a result of our national prosperity. The tariff has not caused it. It is a world-wide phenomenon. The country never enjoyed such prosperity, and it is the Republican party and the Republican tariff that did it."

Thus are the not-unfamiliar echoes awakened by the Son of Thunder.

President Taft is a good listener, even when he does not need to be convinced.

CONFERRING WITH CONGRESSMEN

President Taft is keenly interested in what is going on at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. With Senators and Representatives he freely discusses the measures under consideration. At this moment the Railroad Bill is the centre of legislative interest. Several Senators call for enlightenment as to the purposes of the bill and the Administration's willingness to accept amendments. Mr. Taft makes it clear that he is not insisting on the bill in detail. He listens carefully to criticisms; in two cases he refers Senators to the Attorney-General for the draughting of proposed amendments. No, he wouldn't particularly oppose a proposition to lodge in the hands of the President, instead of those of the Court, the power to order publications of rates; he does insist that the classification feature be retained.

One Senator, suggesting an amendment, remarks: "This could do no harm, and would satisfy a certain public sentiment."

Mr. Taft takes fire. With immense vehemence he answers:

"I will do nothing to satisfy public sentiment. The bill may be altered to make it more effective, but I will have none of any provision worked in to pacify anybody. I am away past that. When I learn I've stirred up a new sort of criticism or a new set of critics, I feel a sort of gleeful satisfaction!"

CONFESSIONS OF A PRESIDENT

This is a note which you hear again and again. We have to do with a President who has but one concern. one motive, one

thought — the good of the country. He resents instantly and angrily any suggestion that he temporize with public sentiment. Public sentiment as it reaches Washington seems to him a thing unstable and artificial. In newspaper criticism he takes no stock. He puts his trust in the good friends around him and the consciousness of his own integrity. He has come — it is no secret that President Taft has come — to despair of popular applause or even of popular understanding.

Here is a visitor who urges a campaign of publicity; he tells the President that all the country needs to bring it to his side again is a knowledge of his views and his purposes. The President could if he would command a far greater volume of publicity than can his enemies. He ought to expose the hypocrisy of the Insurgents, give the public the facts, beat a call to arms in defence of causes which might be lost because of the treason of the very men who are shouting loudest for them.

President Taft says in substance:

"What's the use? I have resigned myself to misunderstanding. I don't say that I'm indifferent to public opinion, but I have ceased to count on it or hope for it. I must wait for time and the results of my labors to vindicate me. They will do so. I have a profound and abiding faith in the people. Their final judgment will be right. But it will not be given till the results are clear — as they will be.

"I don't want any forced or any manufactured sentiment in my favor. Besides, I don't believe that anything I could do or say would contribute in the least to enlighten the public or to change its view. I simply can't do that sort of thing, anyhow. That isn't my method. They who know me know the single-minded purpose of my efforts for good laws and good administration, and they know the hypocritical nature of most of the enmity my measures are meeting with. But I can't undertake to enter into long explanations, which would do no good anyhow.

"But I'll tell you what I can do and am going to do. I have three more years in which to give the country the very best service I know how to give it, in my own way. There isn't going to be much said

just now, but there are going to be things done, before the country gets through with me, that ought to insure a final judgment that I won't be ashamed of."

"Surely more than three years, Mr. President," interjected the visitor. "There is no reason why you shouldn't serve the country a second term. The understanding will come long before the first term is over."

Mr. Taft seemed to reject the idea instantly and decisively.

"No, three more years."

INSURGENTS AND MAGAZINES

President Taft is amazingly frank in the expression of his views regarding measures and men and regarding his own aims. It is a fact that no President of recent years has been so little known as to his real personality and purposes. Yet no one has been readier "to give himself away" to all and sundry who approach him. President Taft, as the country looks at him from afar, is no little of an enigma. President Taft, seen and talked to, is as plain as day.

Much that has been said about him he believes is unjust, uncharitable, or uninformed. He does not believe that it represents the country's sober thoughts. He is certain that it doesn't represent what the country will think when his record is complete. The burden of his thought is that the honesty and the wisdom of his intentions will be so fully vindicated by results that criticism will grow ashamed and silent. He felt when he took up the tariff that he would be visited with wrath as soon as any bill, no matter what, was made law. Mr. Taft believes that the activities of certain of the Insurgents, in Senate and House, have but one reason — namely, to embarrass and to harass him. He believes the only result will be to frustrate, or at least to delay, legislation and to give the Democrats the next House.

Talking with more than one visitor, the President expressed himself very freely on the subject of the attitude of the magazines and newspapers. Mr. Taft does not accept this criticism as sincerely made. He attributes the antagonism of the magazine writers chiefly to the demand for muck-rake copy. He feels it the more keenly

because the magazines are the recipients of what he calls a subsidy from the Post-office Department. It appears to him gross ingratitude for the periodical press to attack the Government which annually contributes millions of dollars to its support. Conscious of the rectitude of his purposes, he finds it impossible to understand how persons so well informed as are the political writers for the magazines and the correspondents of the daily papers can impugn his motives or give to political news the representations which he reads in the press.

AS TO SPEAKER CANNON

To a visitor who begged the President to give the country some assurance respecting his attitude toward the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Taft replied:

"I don't think anything that I could say would persuade the country to understand me in this matter. What I am anxious about, anyhow, is not to be understood, but to get the work done that I want done. I suppose the public imagines that when I want to put a measure through Congress, all I have to do is to send across to the Capitol and say so. The fact is, of course, I have to use what influence I possess in the way that promises best. I have to use the machinery of the party. Mr. Cannon is the head of the party in the House of Representatives. He is the head of the organization. I have to work by means of the organization and of its head. I have need of the Speaker and of the votes of the organization, just as I may have need of the Insurgents.

"When the country gets through with me, perhaps it will understand that. Meanwhile, I just go ahead in my own way.

"As for the Cannon question, it will settle itself. I don't concern myself much about it. I have other things to think about." (All this was said before the Congressional revolution of March 18th.)

Those about President Taft have understood perfectly his attitude toward the Speaker. He has treated him with consideration because he has been a power in Congress and the head of one of the branches of the Government. He believes that he has been too promiscuously abused. But he probably hopes that his term as Speaker

will end with the present Congress. He is not responsible for Mr. Cannon's position, and he believes that the duty of dealing with alleged abuses of the Speakership lies with the Congress and not with the Executive. The President has felt that his business with Congress was not to reform it, but to get out of it all the legislation that he could.

At the time of my visit to the White House, the President expressed himself as hopeful that the chief of the measures recommended by him to Congress would go through. His programme at this time included acts to regulate issuing of injunctions without notice; to authorize the President to make temporary withdrawals of areas of public lands; to authorize the sale of certificates against the reclamation fund; to establish postal savings banks; to amend the interstate commerce law, and to confer separate statehood on Arizona and New Mexico.

"Jim" Watson, late Republican whip in the House and later unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Indiana, came in one day to confer on party conditions in the Hoosier State, and casually imparted his emphatic conviction that Arizona would send two Democratic Senators to Washington. He did not succeed in shaking the President's faith in Secretary Hitchcock's assurance that the new state would be Republican.

With his Congressional visitors the President discusses measures as one man with another. His manner is earnest but always pleasant, his personality entirely captivating. Those who have seen and heard Mr. Taft on the platform have little conception of his personal winsomeness. He does not drive; he draws. The atmosphere about him is filled with sunlight and serenity. His soul is as open as his eye is limpid and clear. In him speak sincerity, consciousness, and indifference to everything but what he regards as public good. His zeal is not so much tempered with good nature as steadily enforced by it.

DEALING WITH CANDIDATES

"I entered on the Presidency," the President said, as he discussed with General Streeter the possibility of finding a place for somebody from rock-ribbed New Hamp-

shire, "I entered on the Presidency under very peculiar conditions. No President was ever situated quite as I was in respect to patronage. Practically all the appointees of President Roosevelt were as much friends of mine as they were of the President who appointed them. I couldn't ask them to step down, and there are very few unsuggested resignations, I assure you. The result is that I have had few chances to make appointments. No President, I believe, ever had so few places for his friends."

Replying to a criticism of an appointment, the President remarked somewhat sadly, "I am afraid I am not suited to this place. I confess I can't take it much to heart who gets a collectorship or a post-office. One does the job about as well as another, and I don't seem to be properly weighed down by the responsibility of having to make a choice."

In the filling of one class of offices, however, President Taft is thoroughly interested. He was wrestling, during my week in Washington, with the appointment of four or five Federal Judges. Delegations and candidates from Texas, northern Ohio, Maryland, come and go. The President impresses it upon all that he desires and seeks but one thing: namely, the best man who can be found and persuaded to take the place. He asks many direct and searching questions. Does the suggested candidate stand at the head of his profession in his neighborhood? Is he in active practice? What are the facts as to his health? What was the real truth about this or another episode of his career? Is he a college graduate? (This is always an early question.) A man of general culture, breadth of view?

"I find no part of my work more difficult," the President said to me at the close of a day almost entirely given up to the scrutiny of judicial candidates, "than this. It is hard to get at the facts. Friends of candidates always put their eulogies in general terms. When I ask particular questions, they can't answer; they don't know."

"This is particularly the case with regard to Southern candidates, and the conditions are peculiarly hard in the South. Other things being equal, naturally I want to

appoint Republicans, but there are some districts where no Republican can be found of quite the first rank."

DEFENSE OF THE CORPORATION LAWYER

Two men from northern Ohio have appointments and are ushered in at the same moment. A doorkeeper isn't infallible. One is a candidate, the other a friend of a rival candidate. I suspect it was a bit of Presidential humor which seemed to be unaware of the circumstance till they were seated side by side before the Executive desk. At all events, the situation inured to candor.

I observe that the President seems more interested in what the friends of one candidate say about the other aspirant than in what they say regarding the man they came to recommend.

"What do you know about Judge G.?" he asks.

"Never heard anything against him except that he has been a corporation lawyer."

The Taft smile slides off like magic, and the Taft eye lights up with fire.

"Why shouldn't he be? and why shouldn't we get his services if we can, and take him away from the corporations?"

"There is a lot of thoughtless nonsense in the outcry against lawyers because they allow themselves to be employed by corporations. Corporations have the right, as anybody has, to employ the best talent in sight. That is no reason why the United States should not get the best talent for itself if it can."

"There are two classes of lawyers: those who sell themselves, body and soul, to their employers; and those who perform to the best of their ability the duties of honest counsel to their clients, meanwhile keeping their own independence and self-respect, their own opinions as citizens."

"What I want to know is which class does your man belong in? Corporation lawyer or not, is he an honest lawyer, a conscientious man, a good citizen of independent opinion and liberal outlook on life?"

In a day not long past, the war veteran was the daily hero of the White House procession. The sun of military glory has set. To-day, the lawyer is the man who gets the best reception at the hands of the

country's Chief Magistrate. There are plenty of them who come to get it, too. Every legal light whom an appearance before the Supreme Court or one of the Commissions brings to Washington gravitates to the White House on one excuse or another, but really because he wants to swap a legal yarn or two with "Judge Taft." He goes away with a new pride in his profession; usually with a new idea or two; the need of a general code, the tragedy of dilatory justice.

which thus guards the enactments of the British Parliament.

One busy morning the President could not refrain from devoting half an hour to discourse with a group of Judges.

"I envy you gentlemen," he said. "The joy of taking up a problem with absolute indifference to the result except to solve it on its merits is a joy which only a judge can know."

"I envy you. I wish I were still in the midst of the happy experiences of my days on the Bench. They were days of what



THE PRESIDENT AT WORK

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With Mr. Fred W. Carpenter, Secretary to the President

A young attorney detailed on the revision of the United States Statutes was discussing with the President some of the curious enactments cunningly tucked away in totally irrelevant laws — such as the prohibition of the sale of liquor in the Capitol. He turned to us and opened up on the subject of the need of a legal adviser to Congress, so that before a bill should be finally passed it might be studied by a specialist familiar with the body of Federal Statutes. The President referred to the legal committee

would be called hard work. Very often I put in twelve hours of uninterrupted study. But I was never conscious of exhausted nerves. I did the very best that I could, and hoped that I was right, but remembered that if I had gone wrong, there was another judge who would correct me. So I let him walk the floor, and I went to bed."

Senator Elkins, who has come in great haste to discuss with the President a bill on which his Committee is going to act



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THE PRESIDENT ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKESHAM SECRETARY MEYER SECRETARY WILSON SECRETARY NAGEL POSTMASTER-GENERAL SECRETARY BALLINGER
 SECRETARY MACVAGH, Treasury NAVY AGRICULTURE COMMERCE AND LABOR HITCHCOCK INTERIOR
 SECRETARY KNOWLTON SECRETARY DICKINSON, WAR

PRESIDENT TAFT IN SESSION WITH HIS CABINET



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that afternoon, has time to give his version of the story told at the death of Senator Platt regarding the delivery of the New York state delegation to Benjamin Harrison in the Republican National Convention of 1888. Mr. Elkins knows what did happen better than any other living man. The ruddy-faced and bushy-browed Duke of West Virginia is conscious of nothing humorous in the detailing in the White House of the arrangements which made Mr. Harrison an inhabitant of the historic mansion.

A Mr. White of Kentucky — Mr. White is as black as the ace of spades — intro-

duced by Senator Bradley and the entire Kentucky Republican delegation, wants to be appointed Minister to Hayti.

"But I can't do that," responds the President. "Mr. Furness is as able a minister as we have in the corps. You know Mr. Furness, don't you, Mr. White? He is a colored man, and you wouldn't want me to call him home just to find you a place, would you, now?"

Mr. White's wandering eye answers that he is in no particular anxiety about the other colored brother's fate.

"Better not designate any particular



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JUDGE TAFT
1887-1900



GOVERNOR-GENERAL
TAFT
1901-1904



SECRETARY OF WAR
TAFT
1904-1908

post. Just leave it to me. I had another colored man in here a while ago whom I offered to send as Secretary to Liberia. He didn't accept, and that is open. We are going to have to take over some responsibility about Liberia, and I shall want several of your race to go out there. We'll find something. I haven't forgotten Kentucky."

The delegation's spokesman makes a little speech on the importance of recognizing the Republicans of the state. "Kentucky ought to be Republican," Senator Bradley urges. "There are a lot of good Negroes in Kentucky. Everything looked very hopeful until this tobacco excitement came up."

"What's the matter?" inquires the President.

"Well, they brought indictments against a lot of them. They didn't use force; they just persuaded a planter to unload his tobacco after he had it loaded for shipment, and now they've indicted them. There are one hundred thousand of these tobacco growers, and fifty thousand of them are Republicans. I don't know what the result will be for us."

The President laughs loud and long. He is especially interested in Republican progress in the South—no President was ever more so—but this turn of affairs "strikes him funny."

"So the Anti-Trust Law is beginning to work both ways!" he exclaims, and lets the Kentuckians go.

Ohio, too, is in a disturbing condition of affairs. Senator Dick is on hand to talk it over. He has a set of memoranda in his hand. First, there is the case of the postmaster at Sandusky. The President thinks that there has been delay enough; he touches a button and dictates a note to the Postmaster-General, mentioning a name. "I believe that I will send this name in without waiting any longer. It seems pretty well agreed upon."

The President wants Senator Dick's aid in restoring harmony and insuring Republican triumph in Ohio. It is curious how much harmonizing Ohio requires. Dick promises everything in his power. He will make a personal canvass of the state.



CANDIDATE TAFT
1908



PART OF A TAFT
CROWD
1908



PRESIDENT
TAFT
1909



PRESIDENT TAFT SECRETARY KNOX PRESIDENT HADLEY OF YALE MR. C. P. TAFT
A PRESIDENTIAL OUTING AT A BALL-GAME

A procession of New York Congressmen have a great deal to say to the President. New York state affairs are troubled and troubling. "Things are in a hell of a fix!" sighs the Vice-President as he waits a second for the President to free himself.

Senator Jones of Washington gets the

President into the Cabinet Room and urges the appointment as a United States District-Attorney of a man with the biblical, though unauspicious, name of Cain.

Senator Kean of New Jersey presents a recommendation for the appointment of a New Jersey man as Commissioner to the Exposition of Arts in connection with



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS MOUNT

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THE PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY

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MR. AND MRS. TAFT
ON VACATION



A WARM DAY ON A
COOL PORCH



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THE PRESIDENT AND
THE FIRST LADY
OF THE LAND

the Rome celebration of 1911. The recommendation, which comes from one of the editors of *The Outlook*, is written on the letter-head of that publication. The President reads the names on the letter-head, gravely asks the Senator if the gentlemen named are constituents of his and if he can vouch for their good standing. Senator Kean replies that, with one exception, they are all his constituents, and that the good company in which he appears suggests that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is also a man of reputable character.

The private burdens that are unloaded on the President's broad shoulders are enormous. An army lieutenant who has had a fall from his horse and who contracted fever in the Philippines has come to a moment when he must be examined for promotion. He could never pass an examination. Personal friends of every friend of President Taft bring in the officer's mother and make a plea for action in his behalf. A youth prospering at West Point has developed suspicious heart symptoms. His father, son of a former President of the United States, speeds to the White House and lays the case before the Commander-in-Chief. A letter is written directing the Army Department to take no action until a Johns Hopkins specialist has reported. A modest colonel, ranking first in seniority and third in rank in his grade, with recommendations from every brigadier under whom he has served, has not been recommended for promotion. The son of an old crony of Mr. Taft turns up with a plea. The widow of an old civil servant who committed suicide, leaving his family in poverty, must be looked after. But there is not a single vacancy outside of the classified service.

Of course these things ought never to come to the President at all. But what is to be done when a Senator or a near friend brings them up? A President's day is thus loaded with a multitude of private sorrows and needs. Mr. Taft feels them; it is easy to remark how deeply his sympathy is enlisted by the little personal story. The office which he holds was created, however, not to deal with individual tragedies, but to take a



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A PRESIDENTIAL
RECREATION



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THE PRESIDENT
HAS "SMASHED" IT



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A RELAXATION FROM
THE WORRIES OF THE
WHITE HOUSE



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THE PRESIDENT AS A TRAVELING MAN

Since his inauguration, President Taft has traveled more than 30,000 miles

directing part in the great national and international drama.

Somewhat such, then, are the scenes which attend President Taft in the execution of his duties in the White House. When he is in Washington, the hours of a long morning are devoted invariably to public work. For the rest of the day he is, of course, by no means free, but now he goes into retirement and labors on, often quite alone. The President's luncheon hour is 1.30, but more often than not it is 2.30 before he sits down at the table.

The afternoon is usually free from appointments, except that on Tuesdays and Fridays (Cabinet days) members of the Diplomatic Corps are received in the White House, generally with an aide or two in attendance.

The President returns to his office very soon after luncheon. Now he enjoys a few hours of uninterrupted work. He has commissions to sign, a mass of business to dispatch, plans to make, communications, speeches to compose. No one calls in the afternoon, except at the President's request. At 5 o'clock he knocks off work and goes home or out for a walk or a drive.

Mr. Taft goes out evenings more frequently than any other President of late. He enjoys the theatre and is often in attendance. Not infrequently, however, when he has a series of speeches or a message to prepare, he sends for a stenographer and works with him far into the night.

The future will put the true assessment on the twenty-seventh President of the United States. It is true that the first year of his administration closed without the applause of the people. He expected nothing different, I think. Perhaps he expects too little of the future. He will proceed. I fancy, with the programme which he has laid out and the methods which seem best to him, whatever the popular feeling may be.

President Taft's place in history is by no means yet determined. As a contemporary figure they do him injustice who see him otherwise than as a man of rare courage, of absolute and unimpeachable sincerity, doing a hard job with unflinching devotion, not undiscouraged, certainly, but always with a true heart and a cheery face.



ON AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP

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IN CUBA

WITH THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD, JAPAN



WITH ARMY OFFICERS IN THE PHILIPPINES



MANCHURIA'S STRATEGIC RAILROAD

WHY THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT'S PROPOSAL TO BUY BACK FOR CHINA THE SOUTH MANCHURIAN LINE IS OPPOSED BY THE JAPANESE

BY

T. IYENAGA

(PROFESSORIAL LECTURER IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO)

THE South Manchurian Railway is not a mere business undertaking.

With it have come to Japan certain rights and privileges. These rights, privileges, and influence, together with the road, were bought by Japan at an enormous cost. It would be worse than idle, therefore, to deny that there are some considerations of political and strategic nature of first-rate importance connected with the holding of the railroad.

The recent proposal of Secretary of State Knox to take the Manchurian Railroad out of international politics by China's re-purchase of the road through the means of an International Syndicate is confronted with insuperable difficulties. That would mean the complete derangement of the existing status in Manchuria. That status from the American standpoint may not be all that could be desired. It might have been well, perhaps, had the Powers agreed



THE HUN BRIDGE ON THE SOUTH MANCHURIAN RAILROAD

Where the Russians and the Japanese faced each other before the battle of Mukden



A GLIMPSE OF THE BUSY YARD AT DAIREN (DALNY)
Heavy freight-trains bring coal and beans from the interior and carry machinery and merchandise inland



THE GENERAL OFFICES OF THE RAILROAD AT DAIREN (DALNY)

upon such a plan as the neutralization of the Manchurian railroads in the year 1903. At that time some of the Powers, including the United States, were loud in raising the cry of "wolf" in Manchuria, but took no measures to convert that voice into action. It might have been better still had China taken upon itself the responsibility of preventing the complete "Russification" of the Chinese Three Eastern Provinces. This, however, China did not and could not do. In that cause Japan risked all; and, with the moral and financial support of the United States and Great Britain, it restored Manchuria to China and insured the principle of open door and equal opportunity to all. But this was accomplished only after Japan had expended two billions of treasure and sacrificed the lives of 130,000 men. Is it not then just and proper that the nation which has sacrificed so much should enjoy

the reward of its labor? These fruits have been guaranteed by the Portsmouth Convention and the Peking Treaty of 1906, and other nations have also recognized the justice of Japan's special rights and privileges.

The insurmountable difficulty lies in this question: How would Japan's vested interests be safeguarded or adjusted? As for the financial phase of the question, the powerful international syndicate could settle it before breakfast. But other matters are not so easy of disposition, for they cannot be estimated in terms of dollars and cents. The Japanese people will justly resent the suggestion that the rights and privileges won by the blood of their fathers and brothers could be sold for money.

In saying that considerations of strategic nature are also involved in the holding of the South Manchurian Railway, it is not



THE SOUTH MANCHURIAN RAILROAD STATION

(DALNY)



CHEN-CHIN-CHAI, THE TERMINAL OF THE BRANCH-LINE THAT RUNS FROM MUKDEN TO THE FUSHUN COAL MINES



THE OFFICE OF THE JAPANESE GOVERNOR-GENERAL
AT PORT ARTHUR



THE YAMATO HOTEL (OWNED BY THE SOUTH MAN-
CHURIAN RAILROAD) AT DAIREN

meant that Japan will use it for offensive military purposes. This Japan promised not to do by a clause in the Portsmouth Treaty — "To exploit the railway in Manchuria exclusively for commercial and industrial purposes, and in no wise for strategic purposes." For the defense of the interests secured, however, the holding of the South Manchurian Railway during the term of the concession is vital to Japan. To give a single instance, it is apparent to even the uninitiated in military affairs that the Kuantung territory would become completely untenable if the South Manchurian Railway should fall into the hands of a hostile nation. The enemy that could gain the command of the sea and amass its formidable troops at the doors of the Kuantung territory would be able to starve to death Japan's army of defense within a

short time. For Japan to surrender the railroad would be to repeat the history of the retrocession of the Liaotung Peninsula. It is tantamount to the giving up of Port Arthur and the leased territory before the life of its lease is ended.

To avoid the recurrence of such a contingency, to prevent Manchuria from becoming again the scene of warfare, is perhaps one of the chief aims of the American Secretary of State in his neutralization measure. But is it practicable? Has the millenium dawned upon us? Has the world grown wise enough to turn sword into ploughshare, cannon into rail? Not until then can the peace of the world be guaranteed. Not until then can it be assured that the neutralization of Manchuria will not peradventure be blown to the winds, in case the Powers who are parties to the



A STATION ON THE SOUTH MANCHURIAN RAILROAD

The soldiers are a part of the 15,000 Japanese who patrol the railroad zone

neutralization scheme quarrel among themselves. These considerations of self-protection and the safeguarding of its interests will make Japan unwilling to part with the railroad at the present time.

The explicit reasons which prompted the Japanese Government to decline the acceptance of Secretary Knox's proposal are beyond my knowledge, for I am only a private citizen of Japan. The fact that the Japanese Government could not see its way to accept the

(13 miles), and to Chien-Chin-Chai (31 miles). In addition, the Antung-Mukden line of narrow-gauge, constructed by the Japanese army during 1905 for military purposes, has also become a part of the system. The company is to-day converting the road to standard-gauge.

The total mileage of the South Manchurian Railway is at present 703 miles. It is comparable only with such a branch line of the Southern Pacific as that from



THE NORTH TOMB, MUKDEN

A centre of interest under the old régime in Manchuria

American proposal argues that the Government was in accord with the attitude of the nation toward the neutralization plan, which has shown an absolute unanimity on the point.

The South Manchurian Railway is one of the few tangible assets Japan acquired as the results of its victory over Russia. The main line runs from Dairen (old Dalny) to Changchun, a distance of 438 miles. It has branch lines to Port Arthur (32 miles), to Yingkou or New-Chwang

San Francisco to Portland, or with such minor independent railroad systems as the Monon Route. Until the manifold interests involved in it are considered, however, the proper importance of the railroad will not be appreciated.

800 MILLION TONS OF COAL

In connection with the road, Japan obtained "certain rights and privileges appertaining thereto." The most valuable of these rights is that of exploiting the coal

mines at Fushun and Yentai. This right was reaffirmed by the September Treaty of last year between China and Japan. The most conservative estimate of the coal field at Fushun places its resources at 800,000,000 tons. The present daily output is about 2,000 tons, but preparations are in progress to increase it to 6,000 tons per day.

With the railroad Japan also acquired the lease of a strip of land along its route. The present area of this Railway Zone is

possession of the railroad, it authorized the organization of the South Manchurian Railroad Company, with a capital of \$100,000,000, half of which was contributed by the Government in the form of property handed over to the Company — namely, the railroads already constructed, all property accessory to them, and the coal mines at Fushun and Yentai. In consideration of this transfer, the Government was to hold the shares representing one-half of the



THE JAPANESE CITY OF DAIREN (DALNY)

The Centre of Activity in the new Manchuria

44,770 acres. Within this area Japan is entitled to take such proper measures as will contribute to the welfare and improvement of the inhabitants. For the protection of the road Japan has further secured the right of stationing an average of one soldier every ten miles, so that about 15,000 men are quartered in different places along the line. China has also granted to Japan the privilege of exemption from customs dues on all materials used for the road.

When the Government of Japan took

authorized capital of the company. Further, it was provided that the Japanese Government shall guarantee interest at 6 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital of the company for fifteen years after the registration of the organization, and that the subsidy with interest at 6 per cent. shall be made a liability of the company to the Government, repayable out of the excess of the company's dividends above 10 per cent. per annum on all shares. When the subscription was opened, it was a thousand

THE WORLD'S WORK



A STREET IN THE MANCHURIAN CITY OF MUKDEN
Which is located about half-way between Dairen and Changchun



A STREET IN THE JAPANESE CITY OF DAIREN (DALNY)
Which is only a short distance from Port Arthur

times over-subscribed. The Government's \$50,000,000 being regarded as paid-up, the actual subscribed capital of the company is now \$60,000,000. During 1908, however, the company floated a loan of \$39,000,000 and in January of this year it was empowered to float another loan of double the subscribed sum.

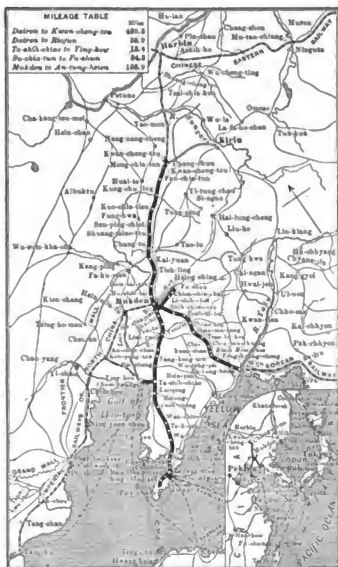
Besides engaging in the main business of a common carrier, the company is empowered to engage in mining and marine transport; it may conduct electric works; it may sell on consignment the principal goods carried by rail, and carry on a warehousing business; and it may also build houses and administer the area belonging to the railroad. It is also empowered to make the necessary provisions for education, health, and engineering work within the Railway Zone, and to collect fees from the inhabitants thereof to defray the expenses.

REBATES NECESSARY AT THE OUTSET

Barely five years have elapsed since the organization of the South Manchurian Railroad Company, yet "it has passed through all the gamut of legitimate railway adversities and a storm of invective and abuse which would have swamped any ordinary enterprise." Among the epithets applied to the company, the most widespread were those of "the wicked discriminator" and "the secret rebater."

That certain special rates were granted and that a system of rebate was adopted by the company is true; the company makes no secret of this. The so-called preferential rate was, in the first place, the equalization of the freight-rate between Changchun and Dairen on the one hand, and between Changchun and New-Chwang on the other — although there is a difference of 135 miles between the two haulings. This policy of giving special rates to the shippers to Dairen seems to have been adopted simply to build up Dairen (Dalny), where the company has heavily invested in land, property, and other undertakings, just as some American railroad companies are doing to build up their terminals. Special rates were also granted to the shippers of kerosene oil and the chief agricultural products of Manchuria — beans, bean-cake, etc.

The rebates were given to those shippers who patronized the South Manchurian road to the amount of \$50,000 a year. The reason for the adoption of the peculiarly American system, and its final abolition on September 30, 1909, will interest the United States, where the hated system "has made some prominent captains of industry 'undesirable citizens,' and where the Sherman Law keeps the rebaters hustling to



THE SOUTH MANCHURIAN RAILROAD

devise new evasions." This is the explanation given by the secretary of the company:

"The rebate system was originally adopted as an expedient. In order to attract as great quantities of goods as possible to the railway as a channel of commerce, we offered the rebates to large shippers; and the results were as successful as desired.

"New responsibilities created by the changed situation as the common carrier on the international highway between the West and the East have confronted the company, and we have decided to meet them squarely in the

face, ready to assume full responsibilities for the goods in our custody. In order to do this the company must necessarily undertake the loading, unloading, and warehousing of goods under its general management, thereby depriving the forwarding agents of the major part of their business, and so crowding them out of the field of activity as middlemen. This will leave of those who could profit by the rebates only a few large shippers with immense financial backing, who can well afford to lose the benefit of the rebate system. Thus the system will have lost any valid reason for its further retention, and it may well be put out of existence."

The company now runs semi-weekly express trains on the trunk-line from Dairen to Changchun, where it connects with the Russian Manchurian line, which makes its junction at Harbin with the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The company has also started a semi-weekly steamship service between Dairen and Shanghai. It has thus become possible to travel from London to Shanghai in little more than sixteen days — which is a new record. When the reconstruction of the Antung-Mukden line is completed, it will reduce the distance between London and Japan to about fourteen days. The South Manchurian Railway also connects at Mukden with the Imperial Railway of North China, which takes the traveler to Peking in twenty-six hours.

The freight traffic is a more profitable source of revenue than the passenger traffic, for the road traverses one of the richest agricultural fields in the world. Along its route are located most of the prosperous cities of Manchuria, and consequently the bulk of the population.

Certain publicists and newspapers have charged the South Manchurian Railroad Company with being an agent for Japan's monopoly of the Manchurian trade, thus indirectly accusing the Japanese Government of violating the principle of open door and equal opportunity to all. The accusation, as well as the defense, has become rather stale. Just grounds for the criticism there may have been during the military régime, or during the first years of administration of the company when it was striving to stand on its feet, when it was standardizing the road, and had an extremely meagre supply of freight cars and

locomotives — seventy cars for the whole road! No real foundation, however, exists to-day for the serious charge against the Japanese Government. Japan is living up to the principle of open door and equal opportunity to all with the best of intentions. Its late decision to open Port Arthur is an added evidence of Japan's good faith.

FOREIGN TRADERS BADLY HANDICAPPED

It should be remembered that Japanese merchants have certain legitimate advantages over Europeans — for instance:

(1) The proximity of the base of their supply, while foreigners have to cross thousands of miles of sea and land to deliver their goods to the Manchurian market.

(2) The identity of their script and customs with those of the Chinese, while foreigners are strangers to them.

(3) Japanese are the greatest buyers of the Manchurian staple produce (beans), while foreigners do not figure much as buyers.

(4) Japanese merchants have banking facilities through the Yokohama Specie Bank, which has established its branches in several centres of trade in Manchuria, while foreigners have banks only in New-Chwang and Mukden.

(5) The expense of business establishments of Japanese merchants is less than that of foreign merchants.

It would be strange if these advantages did not place the Japanese merchants in positions of vantage in the Manchurian trade.

Of the goods worth \$9,717,000 which the South Manchurian Railroad bought from all countries (including Japan) during the one year ending March 31, 1908, its purchases from the United States amounted to \$6,580,000, almost two-thirds of the whole amount. Of the total imports (\$33,286,000) into Manchuria through the port of Dairen from April, 1907, to March, 1909, the supply of the South Manchurian Railroad Company amounted to \$27,419,000, of which its purchase from the United States was \$16,705,000, more than one-half of the total imports.

Although the export of certain articles from this country to the Manchurian markets may have decreased — for instance, cotton yarns — the trade of the United States with Manchuria shows a constant increase.

A hand-drawn map of the New Line and Old Line rail routes through the Rocky Mountains. The map shows the New Line (solid line) and Old Line (dashed line) with various features like tunnels, bridges, and landmarks such as Sleeping Ute Mountain, Cathedral Mt., and Wapiti Lake. A legend in the bottom right corner identifies the New Line and Old Line.

EIGHT MILES OF STEEP CANADIAN PACIFIC TRACK THAT NO LONGER REQUIRE FOUR BIG ENGINES TO HAUL ONE TRAIN—A SERIES OF LOOPS AND SPIRALS TO AVOID A DANGEROUS GRADE

CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER

AFTER two years of hard work by a small army of laborers and the expenditure of \$1,270,000, "The Big Hill" of British Columbia has been robbed of the renown that it bore unchallenged for more than twenty-three years as the worst bit of standard-gauge railroad on earth. The Canadian Pacific is now using its new line, which takes the place of that part of the old road which is known officially both as "The Big Hill" and "The Kicking Horse Grade," between Hector, B. C. (2,379 miles west of Montreal) and Field.

Instead of crawling down a serpentine, steel toboggan-slide four miles long, with an incline of 237 feet to the mile and curves of 11.5 degrees, at a speed rigidly restricted to eight miles per hour for passenger-trains and six miles per hour for freight-trains, with a tantalizing uncertainty whether they ever would reach the bottom or not, trans-continental trains now trundle over eight miles of ordinary track with a gradient of only 116 feet to the mile and curves no sharper than 10 degrees.

The new line zigzags down the side of Mount Stephen in three loops instead of taking a single plunge, as the old line did.

disappearing in a spiral tunnel in the depths of which it turns completely around; emerging forty-eight feet below the entrance, it retraces its course at a lower level to another spiral tunnel, in which it again turns almost a complete circle, and doubles back on its original course at a still lower level to rejoin at last the old line below its steepest grades. Taken altogether, the Hector-Field grade reduction is a wonderful piece of engineering; but engineers perform so many marvels nowadays that they no longer confer distinction. Nobody will have any thrilling tales to tell of the new line down the western slope of the Canadian Rockies, but the memory of the Big Hill will live in tradition until railroads are no more.

If an ill-tempered cayuse had not tried to kill Dr. (afterward Sir James) Hector, the Big Hill might never have been known to fame. While on an exploring expedition more than half a century ago, Hector had crossed the continental divide and was searching for a way down the western slope when he incautiously passed within reach of the cayuse's heels. The brute kicked him, breaking three ribs and apparently killing him. His Indians dug a grave for

the explorer on the brink of a mountain torrent, but before they could get him into it he revived sufficiently to protest against immediate burial.

When he was able to travel, Hector explored the stream on the banks of which his last resting-place had been chosen, and discovered the practical route that he had hitherto sought in vain. In recognition of the instrumentality that had made possible the discovery of the pass, Hector immortalized the cayuse by naming the stream in its honor — "Kicking Horse River."

Later the Hudson Bay Company made a trail (still plainly to be seen) on Hector's route, which became its main road to the valley of the Columbia. Still later on, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, on the theory that a railroad should be able to get down any hill that a river or a dog-train could descend, laid its rails down the eight miles of declivity from Wapta Lake to the base of Mount Stephen, or between the present stations of Hector and Field, B. C. Soon afterward the company claimed to have completed the Canadian transcontinental railroad by driving the last spike at Craigellachie, on November 7, 1885.

This claim, however, was disputed by the Canadian Government which, having undertaken to pay a subsidy of \$25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land for the building of the road, asserted the right to say when it was finished. The Government pointed out that, whereas the agreement with the company stipulated that the maximum grade should nowhere exceed 3 per cent., the grade on the Big Hill was 4.5 per cent. for more than three miles and from 3.5 to 4 per cent. the rest of the way; it therefore refused to admit that any railroad had been built on the Big Hill or to pay any subsidy for that particular eight miles.

On the other hand, the Canadian Pacific had strained its resources to the utmost to get the road through. No better route was known; and even if there had been, the company could not have raised another dollar to build a road upon it. Under the circumstances there was nothing to do but to abandon the undertaking altogether or to

run trains over eight miles of track that did not exist — at least, officially.

THE WRECK OF THE FIRST TRAIN

The company chose the latter alternative; but many a time afterward the operating staff fervently regretted that the other horn of the dilemma had not been taken. The first train that tried to descend Big Hill — a construction outfit consisting of two engines and three flat-cars — ran away, climbed the rail at a curve, plunged down to the river below, and killed three men. For the next twenty-three years the Big Hill was one long nightmare for the whole operating department; all the different kinds of trouble known to happen on a railroad, together with new varieties never heard of elsewhere, continually occurred in spite of the most stringent precautions.

To begin with, there was the difficulty of operating trains over a bit of road that required four locomotives to do the work of one. This gave each train four chances for delay through engine failure to one that it would have had if but a single engine had been required. In winter, when the temperature often sank to 40 degrees below zero, and the arctic winds from off the great Yoho ice-fields howled down the valley and covered the mountain-side with enormous drifts of hard, dry snow, the difficulties of moving trains on the Big Hill were multiplied.

However, the Big Hill was rarely dependent upon anything so lacking in picturesqueness as an engine-failure or a snow-storm to furnish excitement. It was counted a dull day when something as original as it was startling did not happen.

DAD AMES LOSES A SNOW-PLOW

It was here that Engineer Dad Ames achieved the truly remarkable feat of losing a snow-plow. Any one who has ever seen a wing-plow will concede that something akin to genius would be required to lose such an unwieldy piece of property, for it weighs about forty tons, is about the size of a box-car, and has wings that cut a swath sixteen feet wide through the snow-drifts.

Dad started up the Hill with Tommy Cod Conger as lookout in the cupola of the

snow-plow and the usual crew inside to work the wings and the flagger. He bowled along at the usual speed for a couple of miles, with the usual clouds of snow flung back against the cab windows and obscuring the view. He knew by instinct when he reached the tunnel, two miles and a quarter from Field, and there he eased up on the throttle and the cut-off. When he emerged from the tunnel he "dropped her down" and opened the throttle for the encounter with the drifts to be expected there; but things did not seem to be going right, so he opened the window and looked out.

The snow plow was gone.

Dad stopped, got down, and walked up to the pilot and felt of the draw-bar before he could convince himself of this incredible fact. Then he started back slowly, he and the fireman keeping a sharp lookout on both sides. He backed up all the way to Field without finding any trace of the lost plow or its crew. It was so astounding that Dad went into the telegraph office and asked if any one could tell him whether he really had started out with a snow-plow or not.

With a volunteer searching party in the cab, Dad started up the Hill again in quest of the lost plow. Near the west portal of the tunnel a voice was heard. Tommy Cod was discovered floundering laboriously up the hill, bemoaning his hard fate with many a picturesque invective. The snow-plow, he reported, was lying at the river's edge 300 feet below. When it had left the rails he had been thrown out of the cupola window on to a rock, from which he ricocheted to another, from which he went bouncing down the hill in a series of graceful parabolas with the snow-plow in hot pursuit, until both landed in a deep drift from which he had great difficulty in escaping. None of the crew was hurt to speak of, but they would all be much obliged to any one who would kindly dig them out.

Just how that snow-plow came to leave the track, and how it managed to disappear without attracting the attention of the engineer or fireman on the locomotive behind it is a mystery that no one on the Canadian Pacific has ever been able to solve.

Away up on the brow of Mount Stephen a glacier hangs on the brink of a precipice,

from the foot of which a steep talus slopes down to the track 5,000 feet below. One day, when there did not appear to be anything else that could make trouble on the Big Hill, a million tons or so of this ice-field broke off and came thundering down the slope, sweeping 500 yards of track into the river far below.

Most of the sensational incidents on the Big Hill, however, grew out of the steepness of the grade. For the benefit of the unimportant few who are not connected with railroads and who, therefore, may be unable to appreciate properly the formidable character of a 4.5 per cent. grade, which is 237.6 feet per mile, it may be well to compare it with a few of the great inclines of the world.

During March and April, 1852, Chief Engineer B. H. Latrobe, to meet an emergency in the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, operated a 10 per cent. grade over the Alleghanies while the Kingwood tunnel was being built. The incline was only 2,200 feet long and the total rise was 210 feet. One of the Rose Winans's famous "Camels," a locomotive with its entire weight on four pairs of drivers, weighing twenty-eight tons, had to take a run for the hill and use sand all the way to push a single car, weighing with its load but fifteen tons, to the top. Sometimes the wheels would slip and then the engine and car would slide back to the bottom of the grade. This was the steepest grade ever operated by adhesion, for the limit of adhesion had been fully reached. As the coefficient of friction between the iron tires and iron rails of those early days was greater than that between a Krupp steel tire and a Bessemer steel rail, this feat could not be equaled nowadays.

In after years the Northern Pacific and the Santa Fé both operated temporary switchbacks having grades of 5 or 6 per cent. on short legs. These were emergency affairs on which the railroads had to do the best that they could. On more than one occasion trainmen became frightened and jumped when some trifling thing went wrong on those fearful grades. In Ceylon is a toy railroad of 2.5 feet gage on which traffic is very light, with a maximum grade of 6.3 per cent., climbing 1,335 feet in four

miles. The Mount Tamalpais Railroad, a scenic line in California, operates a 7 per cent. grade by using a geared locomotive to push a single car.

All these are freaks, however, which by no means represent usual conditions. The Central of Peru, which crosses the Andes at an elevation of 15,670 feet, the highest point reached by any railroad in the world, nowhere exceeds a grade of 4 per cent. None of the Colorado lines, several of which cross the continental divide at elevations of more than 11,000 feet, exceeds a maximum grade of 4 per cent. The Transandine Railroad, now nearing completion between Argentine and Chile, a combined adhesion and rack or cog road for the 160 miles over the summit, does not exceed a grade of 2.5 per cent. on the adhesion sections nor 8 per cent. on the rack sections.

FOUR ENGINES TO ONE TRAIN

Perhaps the foregoing may be sufficient to show that the Big Hill was fairly entitled to the distinction of being the steepest grade ever regularly operated for any considerable period of time as part of a standard-gage main-line. The honor came high, for it required four consolidation engines, weighing 154 tons each and having cylinders twenty-one to twenty-eight inches and a tractive force of 36,000 pounds, to take a train of 710 tons up the Big Hill, and it was an hour's work under favorable conditions to do it. Such a train would consist of from fourteen to twenty freight-cars, or eleven coaches.

But locomotives, like mountain-climbers, find it easier to go up than to come down. It was getting down the Big Hill that worried every one connected with the process. As a grade of 2.5 per cent., or 132 feet to the mile, has been found sufficient to cause a runaway ending with the destruction of the train and the death of the crew, and even less than 2.5 per cent. has caused such disasters on the Erie and the Pennsylvania Railroads, it may well be imagined that on a grade of 4.5 per cent. some exceptional precautions were necessary.

Every passenger train was required by the rules to stop on reaching the top of the Big Hill while the air-brakes and the sanding apparatus were inspected and tested. The

retaining valve on every car was closed so that when the engineer released the brakes for a moment to recharge the auxiliary reservoirs for a fresh application, a pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch would still be retained in each brake cylinder; then the train crept cautiously down while brakemen dropped off at intervals and trotted beside it to make sure that the wheels were not sliding nor "heating" unduly. As the retarding power of the brakes decreases as speed increases, eight miles an hour was fixed as the limit of safety beyond which a passenger-train dare not venture.

Box and flat-cars being harder to manage than coaches, freight-trains were restricted to a speed of six miles an hour. Two of the huge consolidation engines were permitted to take no more than seventeen loaded cars in daylight or twelve at night, and one engine was limited to twelve cars by day or nine by night down the Big Hill. The brake on every car was set by hand, the brakeman inserting a "club" (a pick-handle or similar timber) in the brake wheel to get sufficient extra leverage to apply the brakes as tightly as they could be set without sliding the wheels. Then the powerful water-brakes on the locomotives were brought into service and the long toboggan slide was begun. The air-brakes were reserved for emergencies so that if anything went wrong the engineer might have a last resource with which to stop the train — if he could.

SWITCHES FOR RUNAWAY TRAINS

If in spite of all these precautions a train should get beyond control, there were three safety switches or catch-sidings about nine-tenths of a mile apart on the 4.5 per cent. grade that might save it — perhaps. These safety switches were on spurs leading from the main line up the mountain-side on a steep incline. Day and night tenders were stationed at these switches, which were always kept set for the spur, being turned to the main-line only long enough to permit the passage of trains. The switch-tender at the upper spur was notified by telephone when a train left Hector so that he might be sure to be at his post. He notified the second tender, who then informed the third.

A thousand feet from the switch the engineer was required to sound a warning blast. At a distance of about three hundred feet from the switch he blew four blasts as a signal to throw the switch to the main line. It was the duty of the switch-tender, according to the rules, to determine by observation (aided by an automatic speed recorder) whether the train was exceeding the speed-limit or not. If not, he threw the switch and let it proceed; but if it were going too fast he was supposed to let it run up the spur and so stop it. In practice, however, the switch-tender was more than once called upon to decide in an exceedingly brief space of time whether it would be more agreeable for the company to have the wreck come off in a retired spot up on the spur or whether to let it muss up the main line where it would be handy for the wrecking crew, but where it would also be in plain view of the passengers on later trains; for engineers who found their trains running away have been known to call for the switch in the forlorn hope that they might stick to the rails and so get down alive.

It was an excellent theory that the safety switches would turn runaways up the mountain-side where they could be brought under control, thus saving the property of the company and the lives of its employees; but, like many another fine theory, it did not always work out well.

FREAKS OF A RUNAWAY ENGINE

One day in January, 1909, for instance, an engine coming down the Hill with only a caboose got beyond control just below the first safety switch. As soon as he realized that his engine was running away, the engineer decided to get off and walk; pausing long enough to yank the throttle open as he yelled at his fireman, he let himself fall out of his window. The engine was already reversing in order to use the water-brake; when steam was admitted to the cylinders the drivers began to spin impotently backward, thus decreasing their holding power as the engine shot down the mountain at a speed which increased every instant. The conductor and brakeman lost no time in following the example of the engineer and fireman by disembarking

with more celerity than dignity. As everything had been done that could be done, it would have been folly not to jump.

A runaway on a 4.5 per cent. grade can cover nine-tenths of a mile, the distance between safety switches, in a very short time. The switch-tender, seeing the runaway tearing down the mountain with the drivers encircled by haloes of fire, leaped over the bank and fled toward the river.

The engine broke away from the caboose just above the switch. Being light and having its brake set to the limit of effectiveness, the caboose slowed down the instant it was released from the heavy locomotive. The engine ran up on the spur to the very end. The forward trucks even went off the rails a distance of six feet before the runaway came to a standstill. All this time the driving-wheels were turning backward to the accompaniment of a violent sputter from the exhaust. When the engine came to a standstill, the great wheels had their first chance to get a good grip on the rusty rails. After a pause that seemed hardly perceptible to the spectators at a construction camp just below, the engine pulled its trucks back on the rails, then under a full-head of steam rushed backward down the steep incline toward the caboose which was loitering at the switch.

There was a crash as 154 tons of steel leaped upon the helpless little caboose. There was not enough of the caboose left to provide souvenirs for the crew. As for the engine, it contrived to derail a tender-truck and so to bring the incident to a close with a minimum delay to traffic.

Another runaway that ended in a tragedy occurred in January, 1904. Instead of jumping, Engineer Jack Ladner determined to save his train, even though it was composed of nothing more precious than ten cars of coal. He applied the air-brakes, opened the sand-valve, and then began whistling for the second switch, apparently thinking that if he could keep on the main line he might reach the bottom in safety. So swiftly had the runaway gathered speed that the switch-tender was unable to get the lever over in time. The engine struck the switch as the rails were half over. The great machine bounded over the ties for a few yards, then swung

toward the mountain-side and went over. At that spot was a narrow stretch of soft earth several feet deep. In this the engine buried itself, turning up a rock two-thirds the size of a box car. It was two days before the bodies of the engineer and fireman were recovered. Although the cars were so completely demolished that nothing was left worth hauling away, the two brakemen escaped with their lives, though one of them was badly hurt. The conductor was not even scratched.

AN ENGINEER DISCHARGED BY WIRE

After these illustrations of what a runaway on the Big Hill really meant, the exploit of Engineer Jimmy Fidler can be appraised at its proper value. Somebody ought to appreciate it, for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company apparently did not.

Jimmy started down the Big Hill one summer day a dozen years ago with a light engine. He let the engine get away from him and found himself approaching the first safety switch at much more than the eight miles an hour prescribed by the time-card for light engines. The runaway was already reversed to use the water-brake, so all that Jimmy could do was to attempt an emergency application of the air-brake and give it sand. Having done this without producing any visible effect, Jimmy turned to the fireman with a sickly grin and shouted:

"Here goes for Field!"

He reached for the whistle lever and sounded four imperious yelps to inform the switch-tender that he wanted the main-line. Fearing that the signal might not be taken seriously, Jimmy repeated it and then gave it a third and a fourth time. The switch-tender saw that the approaching engine was unmistakably running away, and the rules warned him in big, black-faced type that under such circumstances he was to leave the switch set for the spur to trap the runaway. But here was a man clearly going to destruction who wanted to meet his fate on the main-line. As between obeying the rules and humoring a dying man, the switch-tender allowed Jimmy to tear down the main-line, sounding a continuous succession of signals to the next switch-tender.

Such frantic reiteration was not to be disregarded. Number two switch-tender obeyed the command, then number three did the same. The three profoundly astonished switch-tenders gazed open-mouthed after a trail of smoke disappearing in the distance. The sound of a whistle came faintly up from the direction of the smoke, for Jimmy seemed to have formed the habit.

The fireman's first impulse had been to jump, but the rocks looked hard, and Jimmy's grin caused him to hesitate until he had become too terrified to act. The engine took the sharp curves with a violence that called for the fireman's undivided attention to keep from being thrown against the boiler-head and having his brains knocked out. As for Jimmy, the grin had frozen upon his face. He sat upon his seat-box staring straight ahead, working the whistle-lever like an automaton.

Two miles and a quarter from Field is a tunnel which marks the bottom of the steep grade. On emerging from this tunnel the runaway began to respond to the efforts that had been made to stop it. Then the two men recovered their self-possession and looked out upon the bright world in pleased surprise at finding themselves still in it.

When they reached Field the fireman, with an earnestness born of conviction, assured the excited group awaiting them that they had come down the Hill at the rate of 480 miles an hour. The unemotional records, however, showed that the actual time consumed in covering the eight miles from Hector to Field, including a stop below the tunnel, was seventeen minutes. Even this seemed to Jimmy Fidler a feat to be vaunted, for no engine had ever made the descent of the Big Hill in such fast time; and, it may be added, none has ever done it since, for the average engineer is thankful for the time allowance of forty-two minutes for light engines.

The company, though, did not reciprocate Jimmy's sentiments. Instead of being dismissed in the usual way, Jimmy was discharged by wire; and as if that action were not quick enough, the message was marked "rush."

The train-despatchers gave up the Big Hill in despair. They could worry them-

selves into premature old-age fast enough over the 2.5 per cent. grades of the Selkirks without piling the Big Hill upon their burdens. So the company, years ago, made it an independent block in charge of a man who, as brakeman and conductor, had been running on the Big Hill until his nerves had atrophied. Trains were run to the Big Hill under the train-order system in force on the rest of the line and there delivered to the Big Hill train-master, to be moved to the other end on the staff system under which the only rights recog-

nized are conferred by the possession of a little steel wand, which obviously could not be held by more than one train at a time. The passage of the Big Hill accomplished, the train was once more turned over to the dispatchers.

That eight miles of track was the shortest division ever operated by a railroad, but the train-master in charge of it never complained that it was too small. Neither did he protest against being finally relieved from duty when the last train passed over the Big Hill and traffic was diverted to the new line.

PLAYS THAT DON'T GET PLAYED

WHAT THE READING OF OVER 2,000 MANUSCRIPT DRAMAS REVEALED—WHY ONLY THREE WERE ACCEPTABLE—LIGHT ON THE MERITS AND FAULTS OF THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT

BY

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THERE is a glamour on the unproduced play. Even folks who join most loudly in the cry of decadence in the acted drama harbor a glorious belief that all would be well if the commercial manager could be made to open the way for the aspiring playwright. Genius is burning all about us, brothers! Listen! At the door of every theatre the Great American Dramatist is knocking! It was in this belief that the Theatre of Arts and Letters was started as long ago as 1891; and since then half a dozen similar efforts have been made — and have failed.

What is the result of so much optimism? To my own mind one very considerable source was suggested when I became responsible for the plays submitted to The New Theatre. Before the first season was over they numbered between two and three thousand. And behind each was a playwright believing in at least one unproduced drama with a fervor almost religious. What might not be accomplished by the united opinion of two thousand? Many times in history a far smaller force has established creeds or overthrown empires.

From the army of unproduced playwrights, alas! no united action is to be expected. For the only means by which they can assert their claims is by having their plays produced; and when a play is produced the glamor falls from it as if by the waving of a wand. No sooner has the Great American Dramatist ceased knocking at the stage door than he is himself much more loudly "knocked" in the lobby. In a trice he becomes a flagrant evidence of the decay of the acted drama, at least in the minds of the rest of the two thousand.

In effect the two thousand are generally right — with regard to one another's plays. There may have been a time when the commercial manager barred the way to the native playwright, though personally I doubt it. To-day, certainly, the boot is on the other foot. Not too few but too many American plays are produced — too many, that is, for the good of the art and the business of the theatre, and perhaps, also, for the good of the playwright.

This is no paradox, though it may sound like one. The surplus of plays is caused by the surplus of playhouses which of

years has resulted from the wars of managers. The chief engine in this warfare has been a duplication of the existing system of playhouses, first of the producing houses in New York, and then of chains of "road" theatres extending through all the chief sections of the country. "Routes" have been paralleled as pipe-lines were paralleled in the oil wars. In New York, to-day, there are as many first-class theatres as in London and Paris combined, and outside New York there is a similar excess of playhouses, each yawning for the "dramatic novelty," the "theatrical attraction," which will keep its doors open.

AN OPEN DOOR TO PLAYWRIGHTS

Almost any play which bids fair to attract general attention, to "hit the public in a new place," is sure of a hearing, however crude it may be as a representation and interpretation of life. And in the mad rush to fill the many stages, details of mounting and acting are not infrequently slurred. The dramatic critics of the metropolis, according to actors and managers, suffer from chronic bad temper and fits of verbal violence. They are dubbed "the Death Watch." But, considering the mass of mediocre productions they are called upon to witness, they manage to keep remarkably cheerful. The general public strikes the balance of opinion with regard to them. It finds them so lenient to imperfection that it suspects them of being scarcely honest!

The simple fact is that, in spite of occasional and very natural impatience with stupidity, the critics, and with them the public for which they write, are uncommonly hospitable. Nowhere is it as easy for a young playwright to gain a reputation and a living as in America. Among many advantages, this fact has one great disadvantage. It does not make for sound workmanship. To achieve his marvelous technique Ibsen spent almost two years on each play. The leading playwrights of Europe to-day are scarcely more prolific. But in full view of play-starved managers and an easily entertained public, the constant temptation of the American playwright is to hurry his work, and so to muddle it.

This being the case with the fortunate few who have "arrived," it may be inferred

that the work of the thousands of unproduced playwrights is, as a whole, baser than the base. From the point of view of the producing manager, perhaps, this is true. Of all the unproduced plays considered by The New Theatre, only three were given a production, two of which — "The Nigger" and "Don" — met with popular and critical success. But the authors had already had plays produced, so that their unproduced plays were not the work of unproduced playwrights. Thus the New Theatre did not discover a single dramatist. That is its great fault, perhaps.

Yet the fact remains that of all the rejected plays not one has been successfully produced elsewhere. Since The New Theatre started, as it happens, nobody has discovered a dramatist. The producing manager is not without warrant in his opinion of the unproduced play.

Yet there are other points of view than his. To the eye of the disinterested observer it is a portentous thing, this army of unproduced playwrights. Something is fermenting. What will the vintage be? Now and again, in point of fact, the result of the ferment has mellowness, life, even sparkle. More than once an unproduced play, and a play which is quite unproducable, has had more to tell of life and character and has given a far more precious revelation of individual mood and thought, than the reigning Broadway successes. Such a play is mysteriously fascinating. For the greatest of all dramatists have begun by being unproduced; and somewhere among our army of unproduced playwrights the drama of our future lies hidden. But where?

The first superficial impression of the army is its representative, its popular quality. One is accustomed to think of the best-selling novel as the acme of popularity. But the successful novel sells, let us say, 100,000 copies. A successful play runs through two seasons of thirty-seven weeks each, and is witnessed by from three to five hundred thousand. Again, the novel circulates, as a rule, mainly on a single level of life and intelligence. A play must appeal to the public of the gallery as well as to the public of the orchestra.

The gallery god, no less than the patron of the padded chair, aspires to write for

the stage. I have a vivid remembrance of the first of all the plays submitted for production at The New Theatre. It was from an employee in a local railroad station, probably a baggage-smasher, and I shall betray no confidence in recording that the author's name was Murphy. Though Mr. Murphy called his work a play, it was in reality only a scenario. It was entitled "Jim's Wife." The plot was as follows: In the first act Jim had no wife, but he took his girl to a dance. Action: they danced. In act second came the "great scene." The scene was caused by the fact that Jim's girl danced with another man. Jim felt impelled to kill him; but he refrained, reflecting that such things did not occur in the best circles and would thus be socially displeasing to his lady. The curtain fell on his act of self-sacrifice in not killing the other dancer. In act third there was still more action. Jim's girl rewarded him for his delicacy of instinct and his self-abnegation by marrying him. Final curtain. Mr. Murphy seemed weighed down by a fear that his play was too serious for The New Theatre. In his letter he said: "If you would rather have it a comedy, I will send you the jokes. I have a few jokes, too."

The problem playwright also is abroad in the land. One of this kidney wrote that he had attacked the chief problem of American life, and had long been corresponding about it with Governor Hughes. The problem may be inferred from his title. He called his play "The Servant Girl's Dream." He did not offer us jokes to palliate it. He was in deadly earnest, as his subject deserved. When the news was broken to him gently that his servant girl could not possibly dream in The New Theatre, he challenged us to the ordeal by box-office receipts. If we would produce the play, he offered to bet \$1,000 to my \$500 that "The Servant Girl's Dream" would be "the hit of the season, and the parole 'crowded houses.'" This sporting proposition was poor repayment for his gubernatorial collaborator, to whom the chief problem of American life is his anti-gambling law. It is not impossible that the problem playwright might have won his bet. There are plays out of which fortunes would be reaped if they

could only be made to convulse the audience as they convulse the play-reader.

"POETIC DRAMA IN VERSE"

A favorite vehicle of the unproduced dramatist is the "original poetic drama." Sometimes the title-page reads: "An original poetic drama in verse"; and the distinction is not without a difference. Generally such poetic dramas are in five acts, and dozens of scenes, plus prologue and epilogue. One original poetic drama was so original that the epilogue came first and the prologue last. The poetic author wrote that his play had been "criticised by the International Correspondence Institute of Washington, D. C., claiming it to be an excellent drama, stating also that the literary parts were well-nigh perfect, and one almost any manager would ——" Here came the bottom of the page. Hope springs eternal in the play-reader's breast, even the hope of discovering a poetic drama in this age of prose. With trembling hands I turned the leaf. The sentence concluded: "Any manager would be delighted to read." Judging by my own experience, this was a perfectly accurate statement. The author hailed from the purlieu where enamored swains sing: "My goyl's a poyl," and read the *Woyld* and the *Joynal*. His letter arrived on the morning after our opening performance, at which, owing to an unforeseen conflict between the ventilating dynamos and the lines of Antony and Cleopatra, scarcely a sentence of a great poetic drama had been audible. It may or may not have been with reference to this deplorable accident that the author proclaimed his play especially suited to our needs because it was written in "blank voice." V-o-i-c-e spelled verse. With reference to the well-known patriotism of the foundation he added in a postscript: "I am an American, born and brought up in Brooklyn."

One poetic drama came from an Australian professor of English literature. In his letter he solemnly assured us upon his professional honor that the lines of the drama were pure poetry. As to his stagecraft he admitted a modest misgiving, owing to his lack of familiarity with the stage. He gave us professional assurance,

however, that his dramaturgy was precisely that of Shakespeare. How is it possible to beat a man with a game like that? He was the Pooh Bah of the poetic drama. The letter of rejection pointed out that the stagecraft of Shakespeare was formed by a stage radically different from that of to-day, and that it is impracticable nowadays to produce a play with more than four or five scenes. In due course the drama came back, reduced from eighteen scenes to five. and with it the assurance that its dramaturgy was now in the precise manner of Rostand and Stephen Phillips. The career of this dramatist appears to have been predestined by his name, which I am able to reveal without indiscretion. It was Laurel Anguish. Emerson sang "For the present hard is the fortune of the bard," and the saying holds, even when the bard is an auto-laureate.

POETIC DRAMATISTS WHO HAVE FAILED

It is only just to add that if the unproduced poetic dramatist deserves his fate he has failed in good company. What poet since Shakespeare, even among the greatest, has written viable blank-verse drama? Among the futile great are Milton, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Hardy, and Meredith. Sometimes they have written according to the dramaturgy of Shakespeare, sometimes according to that of Sophocles. Virtually without exception, their plays are not adapted to the modern stage and are in effect killed by production upon it. Almost alone among his kind, Wordsworth did not attempt the drama. He once remarked, however, that he could have written plays like those of Shakespeare if he had had the mind. Lamb, who had himself attempted the rigors of dramatic construction and the flinty heights of dramatic passion, agreed with him heartily. It was, he remarked, only the mind that was lacking.

If Lamb had aimed to be precise as he was malicious, he would have said that the shortcoming was in the matter of the technical mind. France, in which the high poetic passion is conspicuously lacking, has never lived through an age without producing dramatic literature. One reason for this lies in the fact that the tradition in stagecraft has developed in almost unbroken

continuity from Molière to Rostand. The technique of the theatre is bred in a Frenchman's bone. The dramaturgy of our old platform stage became obsolete with the closing of the Elizabethan theatres, so that, in proportion as subsequent poets have been swayed by the majestic tradition of Shakespeare, they have tended to write plays that are quite unactable on the modern picture stage.

The more important source of the dramatic superiority of the French lies in fundamental racial traits. The chief quality of the French mind is clarity, the sense of form; of the French manner, tact, address; and of the French temperament, expressiveness. These are the qualities essential to dramatic effect. To embody an important idea, mood, or character in the realistic action of the modern stage is a feat of construction incredibly difficult to anyone who has not attempted it. And to judge with any degree of success of the effect of any character, speech, or scene upon the composite audiences of the playhouse requires a sort of social sixth sense — an instinct for the psychology of the crowd. Neither of these qualities is common. In conjunction they are of the utmost rarity. Many plays are logically constructed, and many are attuned to the moods of collective humanity. Very few are both.

TRYING TO TELL TOO MUCH

One technical fault is especially characteristic of the novice—the attempt to say more and do more than can be said or done upon the stage in one performance. Economy in the use of material is the stamp of the highest technician. I take the case of a political play — one of the many that have followed the success of "The Lion and the Mouse." Here is the central situation of the first act. A railroad president has reclaimed a road which had been all but wrecked by financial buccaneers. He has protected the savings of innocent stockholders and has created wealth throughout the line of his road. His heart is not in his own private fortune but in the great public property that he has created. To compete with rival roads it becomes necessary to get a tunnel franchise into the metropolis. Here the grafting alderman bars

the way. Rather than sacrifice the good he has accomplished, the president bribes the common council, as his rivals have done. His son is a reform politician, pledged to expose all evils; and, in the heat of a campaign against the boss and the machine, he is confronted with the evidence that his father, whom in his heart he reveres, is a bribe-giver. We have here, in a clear-cut, dramatic conflict, the two most significant forces in our business and political life to-day — the creator of our material wealth, whose hands are often soiled by the earth he has worked in, and the champion of ideals so high and pure that they would have paralyzed the practical creator of prosperity.

The novelty and the significance of this play lay in the fact that it represented the bribe-giver as an admirably public-spirited citizen, though legally guilty, and the reformer as an unpractical busybody. There is a strong element of truth in this view, and one which the common sense of an audience would instantly recognize. In the first act there was material for a great American drama, and one which could not fail to cause very stimulating discussion. But in the following acts the question of the bribe sank into insignificance. The action wandered far afield, into a thousand loosely related subjects. In brief, the play attempted to give a breadth of view upon the world of politics and business which it would have been possible to present convincingly only in an extended novel. Character in vital action, which is the essence of drama, gave way to unvitalized characters discussing things which had taken place in other scenes.

Of the failures of tact with regard to the mood of an audience, none is more common than the attempt to make a play out of emotions and characters too special and rare to command general recognition. One play, very interesting to read, centred in a young woman of wild, flamboyant impulses, who was married to a middle-aged man of calm, deep moods and undemonstrative nature. The abnormal need of her heart was to be dominated and subdued by an equally savage love. With consummate art the author showed the whole repertory of cajoleries and tyrannies to which the wife

resorted in order to strike the sparks of emotion of whatever sort from her passive husband. A more futile, agonizing life could scarcely be imagined than that which both were leading. There was a second woman, sweetly reasonable—an old friend, who loved the husband in a mood of gentle dignity. And there was a second man, a Lothario, who burned for the wife in her own best manner. After two acts of fruitless, conjugal tyrannies, the wife bolted with Lothario, leaving the way clear for the gentle, patient lovers. The comedy of the close lay in the intimation that the eloping couple were well-mated savages; or, if not well-mated, that at least they served each other right! The play belonged in the category of "The Tyranny of Tears," "The Girl with the Green Eyes," "The Truth," and "The Mollusc." But each of these dealt with characters much more nearly normal, the vices of which were of universal experience. The public does not give its evenings and its money to witness the curiosities of human nature, however skilfully presented. People go to the theatre to see themselves and those they hold dear, either as they actually are, in comedy and tragedy, or as they would like to be, in romance.

The old managerial rule against plays with unhappy endings has often enough been proved fallible. From "Camille," to "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Easiest Way," unhappy endings have been popular. Yet they have been popular in spite of the unhappiness. Goethe very well remarked that no painful incident is endurable in the theatre which does not give rise to a mood of sympathy or of nobility which compensates for the effect of pain by transcending it. Hauptmann lately said of the Greeks that however deep they take one into the vale of tears there is always a glimpse of the blue sea beyond. In a word — our modern word — there is no true tragedy without uplift. "Camille" and all its progeny of two-handkerchief plays bring the sweet relief of tears. "The Prisoner of Zenda" tells that love is not all — that there is something above it to which love alone can lift us. "The Easiest Way" itself, in spite of all its uncompromising realism, opens up new vistas in the heart of human sympathy.

One of the favorite subjects of the unproduced playwright is Benedict Arnold. The New Theatre received half a dozen plays of which he was the hero. Vivid as is the fate of this arch-traitor to our country, and in the superficial sense dramatic, no one has yet succeeded in enduing it with a popular emotional reaction. Any of these plays would have emptied the theatre. One of the tensest and most absorbing unproduced dramas that I ever read centred in an old "rounder" who was stricken with paresis, who knew all the symptoms and watched them as they grew on him one by one. In "Ghosts," Ibsen made such a subject the vehicle for the most drastic indictment that the institution of marriage has ever received, and still our public will have none of it. The later play did not offer even an intellectual reaction; and though The New Theatre has sixty-odd exits, I would warrant it to tax the capacity of all of them.

It is perhaps too early to rest assured that none of the plays rejected by The New Theatre will be successfully produced elsewhere. One of the essentials of what the managers call dramatic novelties — though the fact is strangely ignored — is that they shall be novel and dramatic! It must already be evident that the unproduced playwright is striking into new paths. Tomorrow, if not to-day, any of the plays for the rejection of which glib reasons can be given may be a Broadway Success.

A PLAY THAT ALMOST WON

About two or three plays I have especial misgivings. One of these is called "The Lady in the Mirror." A very beautiful young woman has been painted by a celebrated portrait-painter looking at her image in the glass. Her own face is all youth, health, and innocence; but the face in the mirror has a subtle, evanescent look of grief, and of the knowledge of evil. A manly young fellow is in love with her and proposes marriage. She returns his love, but before accepting him raises the question of personal purity. Humbled before her sweetness and nobility, he admits that until he met her he had gone the way of so many young men. As the play progresses it develops that she herself, when scarcely

more than a child, had fallen through a friend of her father's, a fascinating man of the world. In girlish terror she has contracted a secret marriage with a playmate of her childhood; but under one pretext and another she has kept him at a distance; and, also, in childish weakness, she has continued her relations with the older man.

The study of her character is one of the most remarkable in the modern drama — as vivid and sympathetic as it is unflinchingly real. In secret she drinks and smokes. She is an accomplished liar, an instinctive dissembler. All that one sees in the portrait in the mirror the painter rightly divined in her. Yet one feels throughout that the face she shows to the world is her true face; that except for the malevolent power of the older man she would still be what she seems. Eventually she tells the truth to her lover, and to the young man who is nominally her husband. At the final curtain, the husband kills the older man, and with the aid of the other two establishes an alibi. His generous purpose is to have the secret marriage annulled, to make way for his more fortunate rival. And so we have what must pass for a happy ending.

Is the theme too repulsive for the public? Perhaps. Is it of general enough interest to attract an audience? Possibly not. Yet such cases are commoner than the world is aware; and the play has a full measure of the finest dramatic art and of the uplift of right feeling. Some day it may surprise us all, as "The Easiest Way" surprised us.

It must already be evident that playwrights as yet unproduced are attacking novel and interesting themes with real feeling both for life and for the theatre. Potentially, half a dozen plays that are still going the rounds of the managers are as notable as any which our stage has yet produced. In England the last generation of dramatists has learned the more obvious lessons of technique, and has come closer and closer into sympathy with the curious limitations and even the more curious capabilities in appreciation of the modern audience. Amid so much intelligent striving, it would be strange if our own playwrights did not do likewise.

It has long been evident to thoughtful

observers that the most interesting social development in the modern world is taking place about us here in America. Bernard Shaw remained for years a virtually unproduced playwright, and was first publicly "discovered" on the American stage. Ibsen has been popular here as nowhere else in the English-speaking world. "The Servant

in the House" had long been an unproduced play in England, where it became one of the great successes of the present decade. Our public, however tolerant of mediocrity, recognizes and welcomes the best. Personally, I believe that we are on the eve of the next great dramatic development which the world is destined to witness.

THE PERPETUAL "BEST-SELLERS"

"DAVID COPPERFIELD," "JOHN HALIFAX," AND "LORNA DOONE"
STILL POPULAR—DICKENS, COOPER, AND SCOTT CHIEF AMONG
THE OLD FAVORITES, AS SHOWN BY A PUBLISHER'S STOCK-BOOK

BY

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

WHAT books have the steadiest sale? Is there a market for the works of the standard authors? Has the call for the poets ceased? Are the common people buying histories? Does the modern novel destroy the sale of "Ivanhoe," "David Copperfield," and "Vanity Fair?" Have essays ceased to interest book-buyers? Is there any field for books dealing with the permanent elements in religion and philosophy? If the works of the great novelists still have a field, for which titles is there the greatest demand? How does the present sale of the fiction of a generation ago compare with that of the flood of modern novels?

For the replies to these questions we must turn, not to the publishers of the expensive editions, but to those who are placing upon the market these books at popular or moderate prices. Do the people want them and buy them and read them?

It was the privilege of the writer not long ago to be permitted to examine that arcanum—the holy of holies of a publishing house—the stock-book of one of the most prominent and successful of the firms which are making a specialty of books at low cost. As he read, his eyes stood out, not with the "fatness" of the psalmist but with the astonishment of the uninitiated. To be shown figures, for example, that recorded

the sales, in reprinted and cheaper form, within three months of 125,000 copies of "The Shepherd of the Hills," and to see orders at the end of that time for 100,000 more sheets of the same beautiful story, astounding as the report was, prepared the way for the confident prediction of a total sale of a million copies before the demand ceased. In a matter-of-fact-way he was informed that the sales of reprinted editions of popular fiction, that in this form usually retailed at fifty cents a copy, in all probability reached a total of four millions of copies annually! Think of it: the house to which reference has been made informed me that approximately 75,000 copies annually were sold of the four novels of Augusta J. Evans—"Vashti," "Inferlice," "A Speckled Bird," and "At the Mercy of Tiberius."

But it was to the reports, not of the reprints, but of the established and standard works to which the writer turned with greater eagerness. How fared it with the older works? Had they had their day and ceased to be? The permission not only to behold but also to report what was seen was seized upon and the results are placed before the readers of *THE WORLD'S WORK*. It must be kept in mind that the house which gave me the privilege of using the figures I am quoting, though it is one of the

prominent, is but one among many engaged in the business of publishing low-priced books. The sales of many of the books might therefore be multiplied many times. Then, too, it must not be forgotten that the reported sales are taken somewhat at random and fairly represent not only the sales for the year quoted, but the *average* sales of many years past, as well as of years to come. Indeed, in most cases the stock-book showed that any one of ten years past might have been used instead of the year which was selected, and the figures would not have varied materially, except as they show that certain books are more than maintaining their hold on the buying public and others show that they have passed the summit and are slowly descending like old men and other creatures and creations that have "crossed their meridian."

The first study of the writer was of some of the books which have been known for years, and well known. In some instances several editions of the same book were issued — the *list* prices usually being one dollar or seventy-five cents. When one edition only is issued it is usually listed at one dollar. The year selected is 1909:

OLD FAVORITES SOLD BY ONE HOUSE IN 1909

"John Halifax, Gentleman" (three editions)	4,230
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" (three editions)	3,302
"Pride and Prejudice" (two editions)	2,769
"Sense and Sensibility" (two editions)	555
"Jane Eyre" (two editions)	1,928
"Shirley" (one edition)	230
"Lorna Doone" (two editions)	3,707
"Last Days of Pompeii" (three editions)	2,837
"Hypatia" (two editions)	1,201
"Pleasures of Life" (one edition)	302
"Westward Ho!" (one edition)	870
"Wide, Wide World" (one edition)	900
"Little Minister" (two editions)	1,538
"The Moonstone" (one edition)	565
"Thaddeus of Warsaw" (four editions)	2,294
"The Cloister and the Hearth" (one edition)	890
"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (two editions)	1,830
"Samantha at Saratoga" (three editions)	1,223
"Makers of Florence" (one edition)	385
"An Egyptian Princess" (one edition)	588

A comparison of the sales of 1909 with those of 1905 — based upon the sale of the edition which lists at one dollar — shows a slight falling off in the demand for the following: "Cloister and the Hearth," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Little Minister," "Makers of Florence," "Pleasures of Life," "Samantha at Saratoga," "Shirley," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Wide, Wide World"; the greatest relative decrease was in "Pleasures of Life," and "The Little Minister." On the other hand, the sales of every other book in the list were greater in 1909 than in 1905, "An Egyptian Princess" showing an increase of more than one-third, an increase shared equally by "Lorna Doone," "Pride and Prejudice" increased 25 per cent., as did also "The Moonstone." The growth in the sales of the other titles has an average of 15 per cent.

Some surprising figures in the sales of some of the old favorites for younger readers were also found, as the following table indicates:

OLD FAVORITES OF YOUNGER READERS — SALES IN 1909

"Tom Brown at Oxford" (three editions)	2,247
"Tom Brown's School Days" (four editions)	4,663
"Scottish Chiefs" (two editions)	2,645
"Treasure Island" (four editions)	6,050
"Swiss Family Robinson" (five editions)	4,347

Slight decreases in the sales of 1909 over those of 1905 are reported in the more expensive editions (list-price, one dollar) of the following: "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Swiss Family Robinson." The gain in "Treasure Island" is about one-third.

In science, philosophy, and religion, when the steadiness of the sales is considered, one finds much to confirm his impressions that more people are interested in these subjects than at first seemed probable, especially when the increase in such a book as "Origin of Species" is nearly 50 per cent. in 1909 over 1904. A marked increase was also noted in Farrar's "Life of Christ,"

Darwin's "Descent of Man," and Herbert Spencer's "Education."

SALES OF SERIOUS BOOKS IN 1909

"Origin of Species" (one edition)	1,502
"Descent of Man" (one edition)	1,302
Farrar's "Life of Christ" (two editions)	1,935
Renan's "Life of Jesus" (one edition)	500
Spencer's "Education" (two editions)	1,591
Spencer's "First Principles" (one edition)	647
Farrar's "Early Days of Christianity" (one edition)	500
"Reign of Law" (one edition)	95

The fact that "The Reign of Law" dropped within the five years from a sale that exceeded 500 to one of less than 100 is not difficult to understand, excellent as the Duke of Argyle's work was in its day.

The question is frequently asked in our day: "Are fairy tales and works purely imaginative in demand in this practical age?" A glimpse into the stock-book was a revelation altogether comforting, showing as it did that the children of the present are not to be denied the appeal of their natural instincts, and that the man of the future is to be more than an animated ledger or a mechanical adjustment to the machine that he tends from day to day.

FAIRY AND IMAGINATIVE TALES — SALES IN 1909

Æsop's "Fables"	3,453
"Alice in Wonderland"	8,078
Andersen's "Fairy Tales"	4,285
"Arabian Nights"	2,314
"At the Back of the North Wind"	1,250
Grimm's "Household Tales"	4,151
Grimm's "Popular Tales"	4,976
"Pilgrim's Progress"	6,446
"Water-Babies"	1,030

A comparison of the sales of the higher-priced edition of the books in the table above shows a marvelous uniformity. Year after year shows only a slightly varying sale. The two exceptions to this statement are "Water-Babies," which dropped 50 per cent. in five years, and "Pilgrim's Progress," which in the edition listed at a dollar sold 551 copies in 1904 and increased to 1,419 in 1909.

A study of the table of poets reveals some startling conditions. Longfellow is without doubt most in demand in America; but, as this house handles only his earlier

poems, his works cannot be included in the report. These poems in the table are issued in several editions and vary much in price, the cheapest being listed at one dollar.

SOME POETS THAT ARE BEING READ

Elizabeth Barrett Browning	419
Robert Browning	778
Burns	1,525
Coleridge	177
Hood	171
Meredith's "Lucile"	779
Macaulay	393
Moore	534
Rossetti	131
Scott	955
Shelley	381
Tennyson	2,912

Of these poets, Burns, Scott, Tennyson and Mrs. Browning show increases in sales in 1909 over those of 1904; but, with the exception of Burns (one-third increase), the change is so slight as hardly to be noticed. On the other hand, Rossetti is the one to have had the greatest falling-off, the decrease in the five years being about 60 per cent. It is not difficult to understand which poets have sung to the hearts of the people.

To what extent translations of famous works appeal to the buyers of moderate-priced books is a question whose answer was easily and somewhat startlingly obtained. The following table is at once suggestive and illuminating:

FAMOUS TRANSLATIONS — SALES IN 1909

"Abbé Constantin" (two editions)	470
Conington's "Virgil" (one edition)	137
"Republic" of Plato (two editions)	385
"Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius (one edition)	458
"Paul and Virginia" (two editions)	539
Amiel's "Journal" (one edition)	455

A comparison with the sales of 1904 shows a marked steadiness in the somewhat limited demand, with slight increases in the calls for "Abbé Constantin," and "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius.

In the field of essays, too, the demand for those of Emerson seems to show that the sage of Concord easily leads:

ESSAYS — SALES IN 1909

Emerson's "Essays," complete (six editions)	3,919
"Essays of Elia" (two editions)	
Bacon's "Essays" (two editions)	

"The Intellectual Life" (one edition) . . .	153
Addison's "Essays" (one edition) . . .	252
"Heroes and Hero-Worship" (two editions)	1,001
"Self-Help" (two editions)	909

With the exception of Emerson, the figures for 1909 are uniformly below those of five years previous, the greatest relative falling-off being in the sales of "The Intellectual Life."

Whether or not historical works are in demand in low-priced form is not satisfactorily solved by the figures obtained, because, of necessity, only the works of historians of an earlier date are at hand. The table, however, clearly shows the continued popularity of certain standard works:

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY — SALES IN 1909

"Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" (two editions)	1,810
Carlyle's "French Revolution" (five editions)	1,432
Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe" (one edition)	350
Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York" (three editions)	1,000
Headley's "Life of Grant" (one edition)	225
"Autobiography" of Benjamin Franklin (three editions)	2,669

A study of the sale of the works of the standard novelists is best approached from the demand for sets of the complete works of each of a few of the more famous writers. The call for separate novels reveals the place which certain books have, and also plainly shows how much more popular some books of each novelist are than are others of the same author:

SETS OF NOVELS — SALES IN 1909

Scott — *5 vol. set (listing at \$3.00) . . .	500
Complete in 12 vols. (\$12.50 to \$33.00) . . .	347
Dickens — 5 vol. set (listing at \$3.00) . . .	660
Complete in 15 vols. (\$12. to 36.50) . . .	575
George Eliot — complete in 6 vols. (\$5 to \$18.50)	389
Thackeray — complete in 10 vols. (\$9 to \$23.50)	350
Cooper — "Leather Stocking Tales," 5 vol. set (listing at \$3.00)	1,255

*The five-volume set of Scott included "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Black Dwarf," "The Monastery," and "Rob Roy." The five-volume set of Dickens contained "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Christmas Stories," and "Tale of Two Cities."

Cooper — "Sea Tales," 5 vol. set (listing at \$3.00)	600
Dumas — complete in 12 vols. (\$12.75 to \$31.00)	124

The reports of the sales of distinct novels, however, shows much more clearly the place which the great novelists still hold:

SCOTT'S NOVELS — SALES IN 1909

"Ivanhoe" (five editions)	7,204
"Kenilworth" (four editions)	3,228
"Waverley" (three editions)	805
"The Antiquary" (three editions)	809
"Old Mortality" (two editions)	1,049

In the edition listed at one dollar, "Ivanhoe" sells steadily about 2,000 copies annually, double that of its nearest rival — "Kenilworth." In this form many of the Waverley novels fail to attain a sale of 150 copies each.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS — SALES IN 1909

"Henry Esmond" (two editions)	1,658
"Vanity Fair" (two editions)	1,679
"The Virginians" (two editions)	1,150
"The Newcomes" (two editions)	1,071
"Pendennis" (two editions)	968

A comparison of the sales of 1909 with those of 1904 shows that "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes" have a slight increase and the others a small decrease. It is also evident that Thackeray's place in the hearts of the book-buyers is not large, nor is it increasing.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS — SALES IN 1909

"Adam Bede" (two editions)	2,018
"Felix Holt (two editions)	738
"Daniel Deronda" (two editions)	992
"Mill on the Floss" (two editions)	1,893
"Romola" (three editions)	2,068
"Silas Marner" (four editions)	2,067

In the uniform edition, listed at one dollar, "Adam Bede" heads the list, with "The Mill on the Floss" not far behind. The sale of "Adam Bede" in 1909 is nearly double that of 1904. With the exception of "Romola," which reports a slight gain, all the other novels report a loss. The sale of "Adam Bede," the highest in the list, is more than five times that of "Felix Holt," for which there is the least demand of all.

DICKENS'S NOVELS — SALES IN 1909

"Barnaby Rudge" (two editions)	1,060
"Little Dorrit" (two editions)	1,415
"Bleak House" (two editions)	1,320

"Pickwick Papers" (two editions)	1,717
"Old Curiosity Shop" (three editions)	3,048
"Oliver Twist" (five editions)	4,645
"David Copperfield" (four editions)	8,281

In the dollar edition, "David Copperfield" in 1909 sold 2,910 and in the edition at seventy cents the sales were 4,124. The nearest rival was "Old Curiosity Shop," which sold 1,180 and 1,293 for the respective years.

The query concerning the continued sales of Cooper's novels is frequently raised. A study of the reports indicates clearly that many of his tales are no longer purchased, except as parts of a complete set of the novelist's works. The following table, however, clearly indicates that the "Leather-Stocking" stories have not lost their hold on the public. It will be noticed, too, that "The Last of the Mohicans" easily heads the list:

COOPER'S NOVELS — SALES IN 1909

"The Deerslayer" (five editions)	4,788
"The Pathfinder" (five editions)	4,395
"The Last of the Mohicans" (five editions)	4,844
"The Pioneers" (four editions)	2,920
"The Prairie" (four editions)	3,178

A comparison of the most popular novels of each of the five novelists in the above tables has an interest for the ardent admirers

of the one whom they fondly declare to be the greatest of all the writers of fiction.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF FAVORITE NOVELS — SALES IN 1909

Dickens — "David Copperfield"	8,281
Scott — "Ivanhoe"	7,204
George Eliot — "Romola"	2,068
Thackeray — "Vanity Fair"	1,679
Cooper — "Last of the Mohicans"	4,844

Among books for boys, the rapid and steady decline in the sales of the once famous Henty books was more than counterbalanced by the astounding figures of the Alger books. Several publishing houses are now issuing these books, but the sales in 1909 by the firm which has given me the figures of its stock-book show approximately a *half-million* copies of the total long list of Horatio Alger, Jr.'s books for boys! The combined sale of these books by all the various houses that issue them was estimated at more than *one million* copies a year. Of course many of these are in an extremely cheap form, listed perhaps at twenty-five cents per copy, but the figures are staggering. Think of it — in ten years a sale of ten millions! Whatever their elders may think of the Alger books, there is no question concerning the opinion of the boys! These figures at least do not lie!

THE SHIFTING RAILROAD CONTROL

SIX MONTHS OF RAPID CHANGE SINCE THE PASSING OF HARRIMAN
— THE EIGHT OVERLORDS OF TODAY, AND THEIR KINGDOMS

BY

C. M. KEYS

DEATH — and easy money!"

We had been talking of the wonderful things that have happened in the last six months in the railroad field, and that phrase was the gist of the explanation offered by the railroad-owner.

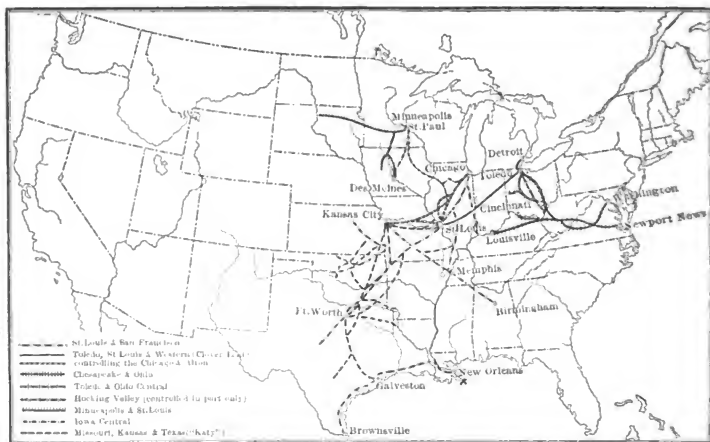
The talk had covered many things. It touched upon Mr. J. J. Hill's invasion of Oregon, the Southern Pacific's untilled garden patch. It sketched the larger am-

bitions of Mr. Edwin Hawley, his taking of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, his linking of the broken Eastern lines into a pen-and-ink sketch of a railroad system. It dwelt upon the new Moore holdings of the Lackawanna and the Lehigh railroads, the right and left bower of the anthracite combination. It hinted at the return of the Vanderbilts to power in the roads that bear their name. It recalled that again the

hand of Mr. J. P. Morgan supports the Erie Railroad and the Santa Fé, which a year ago slipped almost from his grasp. Somebody had wondered, even, if it were not almost time for Mr. Stuyvesant Fish to come back and bid for the Illinois Central.

It is true. In 1906, the late E. H. Harriman obtained an injunction restraining Messrs. Hill, Moore, Hawley, Vanderbilt, Fish, et al., from prosecuting their several railroad ambitions. The injunction was granted by the private bankers of Wall

roads began. Mr. Edwin Hawley announced that he had taken practical control of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, familiarly known as the "Katy" because the letters K. T. make the name. It was fitting that the first important announcement of the sort after the death of Mr. Harriman should come from Mr. Hawley's office on Broad Street, for Mr. Hawley more than any other one man of parts in Wall Street had retained, even through the miracles of the last two years of Harriman's life, an air of defiance



THE NEWEST RAILROAD DOMAIN

These lines have been gathered together more or less securely by the activities of Messrs. Edwin Hawley and B. F. Yoakum — men to whom trading is the chief joy of life. They are not operated as a system and any one of them may be sold whenever one of the systems is willing to pay the price

Street, who alone supply to ambitious magnates the means for the accomplishment of their ambitions. No appeal was possible. A dozen of the biggest railroad men that the world has seen sat down and waited for the lifting of that injunction. It was all that they could do.

On the afternoon of September 9, 1909, Death dissolved the injunction. The unseen chains of fear that had fettered the hands and minds of the magnates dropped from them as the ticker flashed the news.

In less than a month the grab for rail-

toward "the Satrap of the Rail." That it was much more than an air of defiance is hard to believe. The two men had for one another a profound respect, so far as prowess went. Each recognized the other's tremendous advantage in certain details of the game and avoided conflict on fundamentals. Open battle had often been threatened; but it always ended in a skirmish.

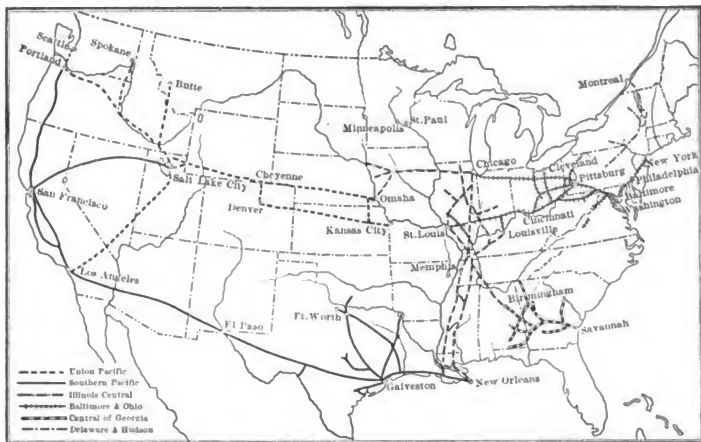
Mr. Edwin Hawley is not another Harriman, and he never will be. In some minor details they were alike, but in the important characteristics that make or do not make a

Harriman they are totally dissimilar. Mr. Harriman had the patience of a real-estate investor. He could plant his fortunes and leave them underground through a long winter of resultless years. If anything like that happened to Mr. Hawley, he would go out with a spade and dig them up to see if they were sprouting.

He is a trader, with the instinct of the operator. Trading profits are the dearest thing in the world to his heart. An extra fifty miles per year on the average movement

railroading itself he has a passing interest, little more. He smiles because, if this continue, the Vanderbilts may be willing to pay his price for the Eastern lines, or the Burlington may "come across" with a decent offer for the Colorado & Southern, one of the "Hawley Roads" till recently.

So in October Mr. Hawley and some of his friends took hold of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas. It isn't that the "Katy" is much good to any of the lines that Mr. Hawley and his friends had before that time. But



THE END OF THE HARRIMAN AMBITION

Of all the American systems, this comes closest to being a true transcontinental railroad, like the Canadian Pacific. The Baltimore & Ohio, however, is held only in a sort of community of interests, through the bankers. The total mileage is about 35,719, and most of it is rich and profitable, running through good country

of his freight-cars gave to Mr. Harriman the same delight that Mr. Wilbur Wright experienced when his first machine really did rise six inches from the ground. Mr. Hawley hears of it — and lets it go at that.

But if his traffic men report to headquarters that they have got a foothold here, or are breaking into Vanderbilt territory there, or have the watchful masters of the Burlington Railroad guessing about their traffic in the Big Horn country far out West, Mr. Hawley is delighted. He does not smile because this is good railroading. For

the Burlington Road had bought the Colorado & Southern, because the Colorado & Southern *did* run a survey up north across the lines of the Burlington, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific—even, it is hinted, to the Great Northern. Because Mr. Hill doesn't like to be "tapped," in a traffic sense, he handed over a certain amount of money to Mr. Hawley and his friends, and took possession of the "tap" himself.

But there are other railroads that run north and south beyond the rivers, and there are also other rich roads that run east

and west. Mr. Hawley had sold one north-and-south road to an east-and-west road because it promised to make a nuisance of itself. Why not another? The "Katy" was in the market. Mr. Hawley and his friends took it. What is the use of guessing what they will do with it?

Some day, perhaps, it too will creep toward the north, running out from Kansas City through Nebraska. It may cut across the Missouri Pacific, the Rock Island, the Union Pacific, the Northwestern, the Mil-

scalp," financially speaking, and hang it up to dry in the bankruptcy court. Talking about this, my railroad friend remarked:

"They'll never 'get' Ed Hawley in the trading game. He and Mr. Yoakum know that business better than any other men that have ever grown big down here. But some day, perhaps, Hawley will grow sentimental. He will want to build a railroad monument, a real Hawley System, just as Mr. Rogers wanted to do with his Tidewater Railroad. When he gets the monument built they will



WHERE THE VANDERBILTS HOLD SWAY

Their railroad empire includes the Chicago & Northwestern, the New York Central System (comprising a large group of rich railroads), and the Western Maryland, recently bought by a Vanderbilt syndicate and to be linked with the Pittsburg line. The system comprises 23,444 miles, mostly classed as "trunk-line railroad"

waukee—and on, if its nerve and cash hold out, to meet the Canadian Pacific in the border country. Perhaps, when the time comes, the Milwaukee may want it, or the Northwestern, or even the Canadian Pacific. It's a good trading proposition, any way you look at it, for in a multitude of possible buyers there is much comfort when one has railroads for sale.

Down in Wall Street everybody always figures out, when a man grows great, how many chances there are for some other power to "get" him. That means to "take his

take his scalp, perhaps, and bury him under the monument. That's what a monument is for, anyway!"

To-day Mr. Hawley is building no monuments to himself, at least. He is making good money in what he conceives to be a perfectly honest way. He buys into railroads that nobody else wants, injects into them more or less of an element that railroad pirates of the past used to delight to call "nuisance value," and cashes them in—rails, nuisance, and all—in the best possible market.

Mr. Hawley's hand is in many things these days. Scarcely had the news of the "Katy" purchase grown cold when a bigger tem appeared. The "Rock Island Crowd" split up again. Mr. Yoakum and Mr. "Jim" Campbell of St. Louis had been absorbed by it after a former split between the late W. B. Leeds and the Moores. In December, 1909, it was announced that they had gone out again, taking with them the control of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, a collection of country roads

through the panic, then handed it back to Mr. Yoakum and his friends — the same crowd with some additions — at a price that represented a cash loss of six or seven millions of dollars.

Mr. Yoakum, like Mr. Hawley, knows how to trade. When he sold his road seven years ago, there is reason to believe that he did a wise thing — for it takes a pretty strong aggregation of capital to look after a scattered system of cheaply built railroads in panic times, and the panic was on its way.



THE MOST EFFICIENT RAILROAD SYSTEM

The Pennsylvania Railroad and its controlled lines move more freight every year than any other three railroads in the country. The system, very compact and limited, lies almost entirely in a region of very dense traffic. Its new terminal in New York City and its network of tunnels are nearing completion.

nearly 7,000 miles in extent. Mr. Hawley appeared as another member of the syndicate that had made this strange purchase.

It is almost unique to find a big consolidation letting go its component parts. To be sure, the Pennsylvania Railroad did it some few years ago in the case of the Norfolk & Western and of the Chesapeake & Ohio, but that was pure policy. This was quite different. The Rock Island Company bought the 'Frisco from Mr. Yoakum and his friends in 1903, carried it through the slumping market of that period, then

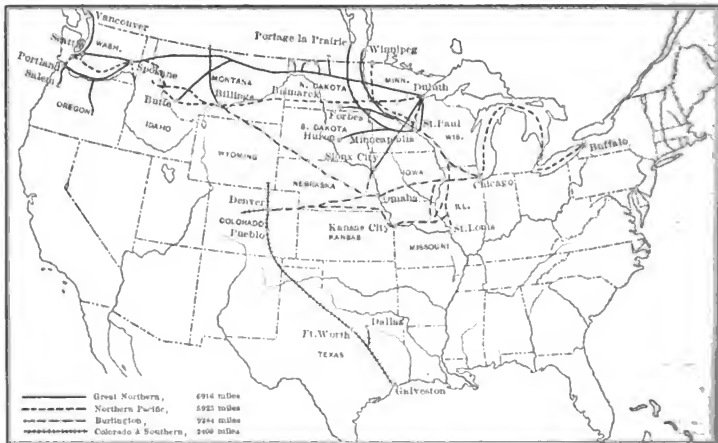
When he bought it back last winter it was stronger. It had made a good banking friend and had financed most of its worst needs in the line of cash. The firm of Speyer & Co., who look after most of the financial needs of the Rock Island, had come into the St. Louis & San Francisco and saved it. When a banking house does that, it must stand behind the road.

Mr. Yoakum sold a road in 1903, facing a big lot of debts coming due in the next few years with a weak stock-market position, and in the very shadow of a coming panic.

He bought it back again in 1909, with its maturing debts all paid, with a strong banking house committed to it, and with much more cash in its treasury than it had when he sold it. Incidentally, he paid some millions of dollars less for it with these advantages than he received for it without them. If he had never done anything else to justify it, Wall Street's judgment would be justified. It was put in three words by my railroad friend:

"Yoakum can trade!"

to its aid and help it pay its current debts. Here an old and well-tried Richmond takes the field again. It is not the same B. F. Yoakum that came out of the West a decade ago to run a tilt with Wall Street. Then he was a railroad man, right off the rails. Now he belongs in the shadow of Trinity spire. He has traded against the best brains in the financial game. Sometimes things did not look rosy. Big things happen in the cañons of Wall Street very fast, and they cast no warning shadows before them



MR. JAMES J. HILL'S RAILROAD EMPIRE

It began in 1879 with the 656 miles of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, which has expanded into the Great Northern system. To this have been added the Northern Pacific, the Burlington, and the Colorado Southern. The total mileage of the Hill railroads has now reached 24,522

It is permitted to do some guessing when one talks of railroad policies. The guess of the Wall Street men is to the effect that if Mr. Harriman were still in the saddle Mr. Yoakum and his friends would hardly have dared to take the "Frisco" from under the protecting wing of the old Rock Island; and that the Moores would hardly have dared to let it go. That the Harriman interests had their eye on it was sufficiently evidenced two years ago when Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the Harriman bankers, were willing—at a good, stiff price—to come

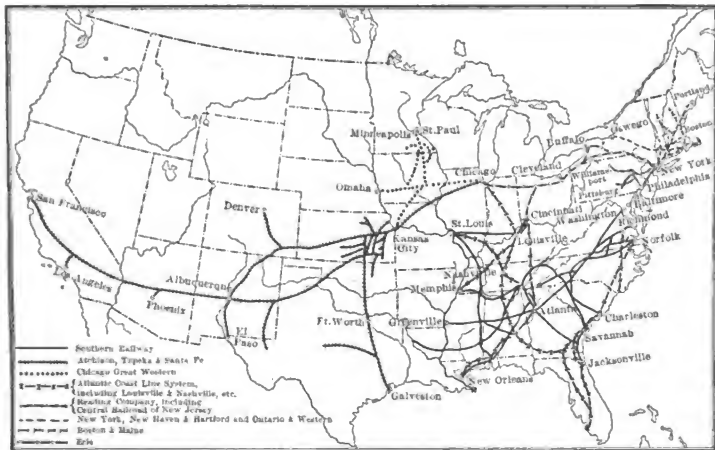
as they do on the plains of Texas. But on the whole the Texan has fared well. Even while he drew the big salary that the Moores figured him to be worth, he was counted as an individual rather than as a salaried man.

What is to be the result, nobody can say offhand. Most people who think much about these things say that the "Frisco" will be sold again before many years pass by. Maybe it will. In the meantime it has called to its services some of the best railroad men in the Southwest, and it seems to be run as a railroad, not as a Wall Street

bargain. With most of its troubles financed, for the time at least, it ought to be able to carry itself through.

Long before the deal whereby they got rid of the "Frisco," the Reid-Moore forces had plunged into new matters. It is only a few years ago that these men came swarming over the Western horizon, loaded with Morgan money from the trades in Steel, to snatch the old Rock Island Railway from the Street, getting much of it from the firm of Flower & Co. At first they were classed

in industrials. He made enough money out of that to pay the debts that hung over from his failure in the Diamond Match panic of 1896, and to start something new. Working toward the truly respectable branches of the financial profession, he bought into a Western railroad. Also he moved his office from Chicago to New York. Another of the steps to eminence was climbed when he began to lay up a great store of bank stocks and was elected to board after board of directors.



A BANKER'S POWER IN THE RAILROAD WORLD

The House of Morgan dominates the policies of more miles of railroad than any other interest in the United States. This power was obtained mainly through banking operations, and in many cases is not extended to the operations of the railroads at all. The 45,226 miles in the group are not closely related in operation

as buccaneers. After a while Wall Street sized them up as artistic pirates and took to them accordingly, as something akin to itself. As the years passed, Mr. Dan. G. Reid remained classified this way; but Judge W. H. Moore was promoted. He was taken into the sacred ranks of the railroad magnates, recognized as both able and conservative both daring and cautious, both honest and respectable.

It remained, however, for the year 1909 to reveal him as one of the true elect. Prior to that time he had been first of all a trader

The crown of true financial eminence, however, is reserved for the "trunk-line magnates," the few mighty ones who, having made all sorts of money in all sorts of things, put it into the stocks of the big Eastern railroads—New York Central, Pennsylvania, Delaware & Hudson, Lackawanna, Lehigh Valley. Only the elect may amount to very much in this great field, for prices are high and one must have the approval of the gods.

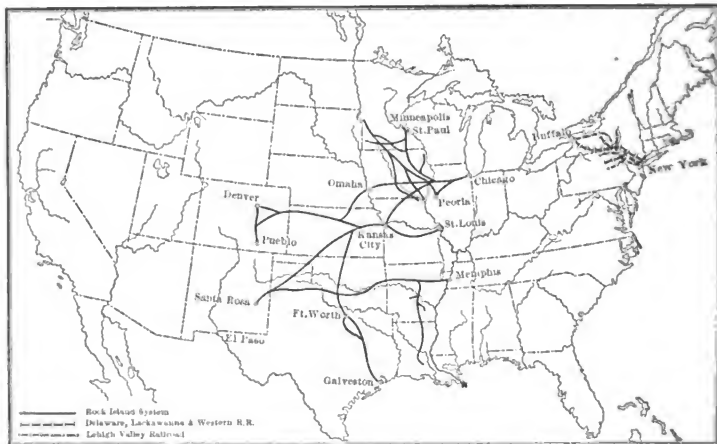
Just how it came about, nobody knows; but the fact remains that into the very

select of all the trunk-lines — the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western — the Moores and Mr. Reid presently entered. Not only did they enter but they seem to have shut the door behind them. Apparently there is room for no more.

Then on top of that came the sudden announcement that they had also coveted the Lehigh Valley. Of course they could not do much with that without the consent of the powers that be — for the Lehigh was sterilized as a source of trouble many years

The thing that has seemed to attract these invaders of the sacred trunk-line field is "coal." They look upon anthracite with favoring eyes. So did Mr. Harriman. He wanted the Delaware & Hudson. His estate, presumably, still holds a large amount of that. When it wants to sell it, there is no good reason why the same hands that have reached for the Lackawanna and the Lehigh should not be ready to take the D. & H.

Without certain knowledge on the point — for Wall Street knowledge is seldom



THE QUEEREST RAILROAD KINGDOM

The Moore-Reid combination now has its largest railroad investments in the Rock Island System and in two anthracite roads, the Lehigh Valley and the Lackawanna. The East and the West are divided by a big gap. Rumor fills it in by guessing that the Wabash will some day be bought to make a connection. The mileage is 10,650

ago when big blocks of its stock were scattered around among the other railroads, the hand that did the scattering being the hand of J. P. Morgan.

But somehow the Moore-Reid combination was big enough, strong enough, and forceful enough to get in even here. The other railroads sold their Lehigh stock to them. They were elected directors. The Lehigh Valley began to count its treasures, preparatory to handing some of them over to the stockholders. It had never thought of doing that before.

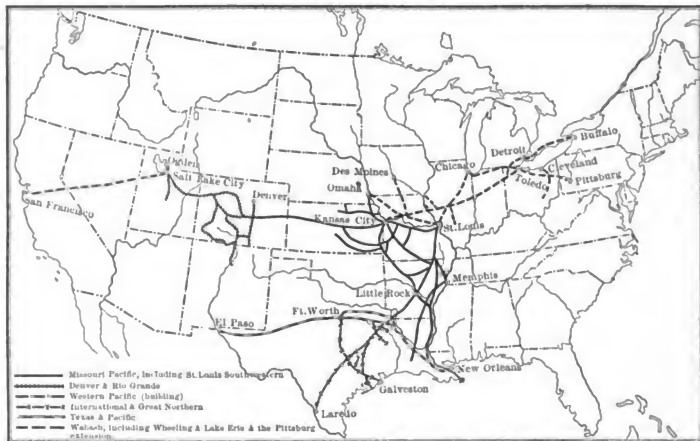
certain — it can be said that the huge interests of the Moores in these coal railroad stocks of the East were not picked up in Wall Street. Lehigh Valley is not even traded in there, the only market being Philadelphia. The exact alliances by which the new people obtained their "pull" in this field are not matters of common knowledge. Only it is known for certain that some of the oldest, most conservative, and most powerful of the trunk-line rulers have contracted treaties with these Westerners.

The "Rock Island Crowd" is not by any

means what it used to be. When W. B. Leeds died, two years ago, the pioneering spirit was gone. It was his ambition that drove the Rock Island to buy the Chicago & Alton, the St. Louis & San Francisco, and the new line from St. Louis to Kansas City. The Alton and the 'Frisco have been sold; and if anyone should come along and offer anything worth while for the St. Louis-Kansas City line, his offer would probably be accepted the same day.

If the old Rock Island ambition—to be

standing barriers that shut the gates of Pittsburg, and through that other closed gateway of the West that had been so long held by the Central Pacific, he arrayed himself at one time against the power of the Pennsylvania Railroad and against the power of Mr. E. H. Harriman in his prime. His enemies were armed with the mightiest credit in the country, backed by the most powerful banking interests, standing hand-in-hand with the huge invested estates of the East. Besides that they had, to carry



ALMOST A GOULD TRANSCONTINENTAL

It was the ambition of Mr. George Gould to make the first American transcontinental. He will reach the west coast when the Western Pacific is finished. The eastern link, the Western Maryland, has been sold after a receivership, and the eastern connection seems to be given up entirely. The length of the line is 17,789 miles

the biggest railroad system — has gone by the boards, there are many other such ambitions that have also been discarded, or at least set over for another era. Five years ago, Mr. George Gould was struggling against long odds to achieve the distinction of being the first of the modern Americans to own and operate a transcontinental railroad. To-day he has no such idea. For some years to come, his whole energy must be bent upon preserving what he has, rather than upon adding to it.

When Mr. Gould broke through the long-

on the battles of the long campaign, the best of officers, seasoned men, policies mapped out in definite campaigns along settled lines. The result was a foregone conclusion.

It ended in a series of disasters, followed by defensive treaties. The extension into Pittsburg collapsed and lies bankrupt to-day. With it went the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad. Mr. Gould won his way into Pittsburg, but only to find when he got there that he was surrounded and cut off from every profitable source of income. The Pennsylvania Railroad was out for that.

The Western Pacific is still being pushed through to San Francisco, and will undoubtedly get there. What will happen after that, no one can say. There was a sharp break between M. Gould and Mr. Harriman; but after the Eastern collapse Mr. Harriman offered help to Mr. Gould,

Vanderbilts are largely interested. They are going ahead to link it with the Pittsburg & Lake Erie Railroad, to make a new Vanderbilt line from the Great Lakes to tidewater in the South. So ends the Gould ambition for a free and independent trans-continental railroad.

EIGHT GROUPS, 1900, \$1,142,821,000; 183,294	MORGAN \$15,884,000 21.2%	TOTAL, 1900, \$1,142,821,000
	HARRIMAN Lines \$300,437,000 15.0%	
	VANDERBILT Lines \$312,088,000 12.8%	
	PENNSYLVANIA \$108,262,000 12.6%	
	HILL \$10,132,000 0.0%	
	HAWLEY-YOAKUM \$150,520,000 6.2%	
	GOULD, \$135,768,000 5.5%	
	MOORE, \$120,830,000 5.2%	
12.5%	INDEPENDENT \$300,402,000 12.5%	

EARNINGS

THE RAILROAD EMPIRES OF THE UNITED STATES

The eight great systems of today, with a mileage of 183,294 and earnings that amounted to \$2,142,821,000 in 1900

and his help was accepted. In the process of the shifting going on to-day, possibly Mr. Hawley—and not Mr. Gould—may prove to be master of the road.

The eastern link of the Gould system, the Western Maryland, fell into the hands of receivers; it has been quickly reorganized, and sold to a syndicate in which the younger

EIGHT GROUPS, 183,294 MILES; 28.2%	MORGAN 45,226 10%	TOTAL, 1900, 183,294 MILES
	HARRIMAN Lines 35,719 13%	
	HILL 24,522 10.5%	
	VANDERBILT 23,444 10.0%	
	GOULD* 17,280 7.6%	
	HAWLEY-YOAKUM 17,288 7.6%	
	PENNSYLVANIA 13,221 6.6%	
	MOORE 10,660 4.6%	
21.3%	INDEPENDENT 40,709 21.3%	

* Not including Western Pacific, 1000 miles, under construction

MILEAGE

Among the magnates of the railroad world, Mr. Gould is a young man. If, within the next few years he should get for his railroads the same kind of banking connection that supports the Hill, Harriman, Pennsylvania, Vanderbilt, or Moore ambitions, he will probably have to be reckoned with in many fields and in many enterprises.

The Gould estate, with all the troubles and losses of the past decade, is still a very powerful weapon in the hands of a single man. If Mr. Gould had the personal power to draw together to his assistance and to mobilize into one force a few other outside monied interests of large volume, his position would be perhaps the strongest of them all.

If the death of Mr. Harriman began the process of reconstruction on the part of Mr. Gould, it also brought about a somewhat similar recrudescence in the Vanderbilt System. This powerful collection of railroads and railroad capital had for half a generation rested without disturbance in the hands of the Vanderbilts, fortified and backed at all times by the banking prestige of J. P. Morgan & Co. Dry-rot in various forms had crept through the system. Then Mr. Harriman, without owning or controlling any considerable amount of the stock of the roads, had by force of personality become a very prominent factor in the making of the New York Central policies.

His death left the Vanderbilts again in the saddle; but there has been an awakening all along the line. The officers are ceasing to be "Mr. Vanderbilt's hired men," and they exercise a certain amount of the kind of authority that the Morgan-appointed presidents exercise on the New Haven, the Atchison, and the Reading. Mr. W. C. Brown, the president of the New York Central, is not a figure-head. He has already made his executive power felt in the policies of the railroad. Measured by the sternest standards — against such men as Messrs. Howard Elliott of the Northern Pacific, W. H. Truesdale of the Lackawanna, C. S. Mellen of the New Haven, F. D. Underwood of the Erie — he is not, one would say, one of the biggest of the salaried railroad presidents. Yet in the first years of his office he has come up pretty rapidly.

He has on his hands a task of extraordinary size. Forced by the pressure of its own demands and by the competition of the Pennsylvania in New York City, the Vanderbilt roads have had to go into a campaign of terminal building that will call for the spending of probably \$150,000,000 in the next few years. That

is a big burden. How well the New York Central may meet it depends upon circumstances. Certainly it may be taken for granted that there are four or five anxious years ahead at the Grand Central Station.

If the changes in the East have been the more important from a national viewpoint, they lack the dramatic appearance of the changes in the West. A little more than a year ago, Mr. Woods, a lawyer in Portland, Ore., speaking at a dinner given to Mr. J. J. Hill, made this epigrammatic remark to explain the fact that Central Oregon still lay without a mile of railroad:

"Oregon is bounded on the north by the Harriman Lines, on the east by the Harriman lines, on the south by the Harriman lines, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. From this, Mr. Hill, you may see that Central Oregon is between the Devil and the deep blue sea!"

Mr. Hill just laughed and said nothing, either then or for six months afterward. Just before the return of Mr. Harriman from Europe, however, the silence of Hill was broken. It was briefly announced that a new company, the Oregon Trunk Line, would, if the laws would let it, build a line from the Columbia River south into Central Oregon. It quickly became known that the real head office of this company was in the Great Northern offices at St. Paul.

The Oregon deadlock is broken. The Harriman lines have awakened and will make all possible efforts to hold the territory that Mr. Hill has invaded. To do it they too must build; and the field of the last battlefield of these two well-tried antagonists is practically the last neglected corner of the once "Great American Desert."

Of course there are many rumors that it is to go farther. Mr. Hill is reported to be a possible buyer of the Portland Electric Railroad, which parallels the Southern Pacific through the Willamette Valley, the rich territory that is tributary to Portland. There are tales even of Hill surveys over the mountains into California. Every year for a decade past such rumors have borrowed wings to fly; but now, perhaps, they may have wings of their own.

Even the House of Morgan has felt the vital change that came with the death of Mr. Harriman. He, alone of all, had

courage and power to withstand the sweep of the Morgan arm. He did it in the case of the Erie, in his first year of recognition two decades ago; and he did it again in the case of the Erie in his last year — when, a doomed man, he telephoned from his bed an offer to advance the millions needed to save the road from bankruptcy. For twelve months past the Erie has lived in the shadow of Harriman.

Now Mr. Morgan's great house holds it up. So, too, with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, a Morgan road into which Mr. Harriman had forced his authority. The Morgan kingdom continues to be the greatest in extent, if the flimsiest in structure, of them all. There is not a single railroad man in the Morgan firm; and there is probably not a shred of railroad ambition in the mind of any member of that firm. Its railroad power is simply an incident of its banking power. It exercises authority over nearly twenty miles of every hundred miles of rail in this country simply because it has helped organize or reorganize that much railroad — and Mr. Morgan stands solidly back of every road that he handles. It is a

wonderful thing — this Morgan railroad kingdom, stretching from Portland, Me., to San Francisco, Cal., and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Hardly a city of size in the United States but pays toll, one way or another, to the railroad power of the House of Morgan.

It has been, one may see, a busy six months. All these sweeping changes, the shifting of personal interests from hand to hand, the swinging of control from treasury to treasury, the alteration of great executive relationships, the pushing of hostile lines into forbidden territory, the re-ascendency of banking power over lines once lost, the recrudescence of men more or less overshadowed by the power of a single autocrat, the rise of new men almost unknown in the railroad world, the spectacular triumphs of Mr. Edwin Hawley, the steady aggression of the Moores — these make the epitaph of Edward Henry Harriman.

The railroad world is still an oligarchy, it is true; but it is no more an autocracy. Whatever one may say, this fact stands out beyond a question: there is no Harriman the Second.

POLICEMEN AROUND THE WORLD

THE WORLD-WIDE BEAT OF THE GUARDIAN OF THE PEACE
AND THE PICTURESQUE COLLECTION OF MEN WHO PATROL IT

BY

NEVIN O. WINTER

(AUTHOR OF "MEXICO AND HER PEOPLE OF TO-DAY")

IN Southern Nigeria, about a year and a half ago, a white trader was murdered back in the bush. A "punitive expedition" was sent by the local Government to impress the nearest village with the seriousness of the offense against a stranger within the tribal gates. The village was burned, and 127 natives were slain. So reported a Southern Nigerian official while on leave of absence.

In the hinterland of Liberia, at about the same time, a native trader was found murdered. When the matter was reported to the Liberian Government, the king of the

tribe was instructed to apprehend the murderer and send him to the coast for trial. After a few weeks the king reported the name of the murderer, but said that he had escaped from the tribe. The murderer happened to be a relative of the king.

The Government then proceeded to impress the whole tribe with the majesty of the law. A local official was ordered to bring the king and his head-men to the coast, and if necessary hold them as prisoners until the murderer should be found. In many other colonies a detachment of the Frontier Force would have been despatched

on this errand. In this case, however, a half-naked native, who receives a salary of \$5 a month and boards himself, was entrusted with the job of going four days into the bush and arresting a king and three head-men of the village. He did it, and delivered them at the coast. The only force which he employed was a small Liberian flag, which answered the same purpose as the silver-plated star of a rural deputy sheriff.

This is one of many picturesque ways in which the world is being policed. On the east coast of Africa, for example, a wise administrator adopted a plan of assessing a heavy fine upon the entire tribe in which a serious offense should be committed. Since the African is extremely reluctant to pay even a small hut-tax, it was but a short time until every important native in the whole region was acting as a sort of ex-officio policeman.

When the Klondike excitement was at its height a few years ago two French Canadians, Victor Fournier and Edouard LaBelle, decided that they could make money faster by killing prosperous miners who were returning to the States than by doing the hard work of digging it out of the ground.

Three miners laden with gold-dust came along and to them Fournier and LaBelle offered their services as guides and helpers down the river. When they had encamped for the night and the three miners were asleep, Fournier killed two of the men and LaBelle the third one.

Fournier was afterward located in Dawson, but LaBelle was apparently lost. One of the Northwest Mounted Police force took hold of the case, went to Dawson, secured extradition papers, and sailed for Seattle. There he heard of two Edouard LaBelles. Finding a man who knew the real LaBelle, they visited every lumber camp on Puget Sound, looking for the murderer, who had formerly been a woodman. The trail led to Spokane, then to a settlement in British Columbia, and then the two men followed up the construction gangs which were working on a branch of the Southern Pacific. Their man had been at work there, but had gone to Ogden, Utah; and from Ogden a clew led them to Wadsworth, Nevada. Here LaBelle was taken into custody and returned to Canada, where both he and his partner were hanged.

Another case was that of Piapot, a restless and quarrelsome Indian who loved his liquor. Aroused by the construction of a railroad through the reservation of his tribe, he started an Indian war.

Orders were sent to the Canadian Mounted Police to remove these Indians from the camp which they had chosen. A sergeant and one private were sent to carry out this order. Piapot laughed when the order was read to him. The sergeant gave him fifteen minutes in which to commence striking camp. During that fifteen minutes the Indian bucks jostled the sergeant and his companion, yelled defiance at them, and fired their guns over their heads. At the end of the fifteen minutes the sergeant threw the lines of his horse to the other officer, dismounted, walked over to the painted tepee of Piapot and deliberately knocked out the centre-pole. The tent collapsed around the squaws who were in it. Then he walked from one tepee to another and knocked out the centre-poles.

Piapot knew that the only way to stop this sergeant was to kill him; and he also knew that if he should kill one of the Northwest Mounted Police, his tribe would be chased from one point to another until the last Indian was either killed or in prison. He decided to move.

These Northwest Mounted Police have a world-wide reputation for efficiency. In that vast and thinly settled region less than one thousand men maintain such order that travel is as safe as in the older provinces along the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes. It is peopled mainly by Esquimos and Indians, with several thousand whites, including many adventurers who used to think that no law was in effect so near to the North Pole. The motto of the Northwest Mounted Police—"Get the Man"—taught them differently. To secure one necessary witness in a murder case a few years ago, two of the police traveled 400 miles by dog-team and 1,300 miles by canoe.

Here is the story of another long chase. Almighty Voice, the son of John Sounding Sky, was an Indian and lived near Duck Lake in the Northwest Territory. One day he killed a cow which did not belong to him. A sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police, together with a half-breed who acted

as guide and interpreter, was sent to place Almighty Voice under arrest. The two men started out and finally came upon the Indian in camp.

"Tell him that I have come to arrest him for killing cattle," said the officer to the interpreter.

"Tell him that if he advances I'll kill him," answered Almighty Voice.

Unmoved by this threat the officer rode forward without even a weapon in his hand, for the standing orders of the police are to arrest and not to kill. Another warning came from Almighty Voice, but the officer rode on; according to the code of these police, they dare not retire, even to save their lives. The sergeant had advanced but a few paces more when a shot from the Indian's gun went through his heart.

This act made Almighty Voice an outlaw, and the whole of the Northwest Mounted Police were aroused. A price was set upon the murderer's head and the country was scoured for a thousand miles in every direction. It was many months, however, before the murderer was seen by the white men, though several of the police had meanwhile fallen before his gun.

One day a horse was stolen from a camp, and a member of the force who followed the thief recognized Almighty Voice. The news flashed over the wires to Prince Albert and a detachment of the police rode eighty miles that night. In the morning the outlaw and two other renegades were located on a bluff where they had made an ambushade. It cost the lives of three more members of the force, but in the end Almighty Voice and his companions were sent to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The relentless persistency of the chase and the ultimate triumph of law made a great impression on the other Indians.

POLICING THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Wherever the British flag floats will be found an excellent police system after the model of the mother country. In India there is a force of more than 150,000, and this does not include the native village police who are twice that number. In Siam and British Burma there is an additional police force of perhaps 147,000. It is the duty of every village head-man at once to give

information of any offence occurring in his village, to secure the offender if possible, and to turn him over to the proper representative of the Government. In the Asiatic and African colonies it is the custom to employ natives in the police service, but the higher officers are Englishmen.

The Sikhs of India have developed into the best native policemen that Great Britain has yet discovered. These handsome, stalwart men may be seen all over the British Oriental possessions. A good Sikh is a fine specimen of the Oriental and his knowledge of the Oriental nature is greater than an Englishman could hope to acquire in years of residence. The Sikh likes police duty and his loyalty to the white man is unquestioned. Nothing suits him better than to swing an obstreperous Chinaman around by his pigtail.

The police of the entire British Empire, if joined together, would make an immense army. There is an army of about one policeman to 571 people, and one to every ten square-miles of territory, taking the whole empire over. If they should march by a reviewing stand, one would see almost every nationality represented. Following in the lead of the City of London police, who are generally six-footers, would come giant Chinese policemen from Hong Kong, thin-legged and turbaned East Indians, tall Zulus of Natal (the aristocrats of the black race), Negro police of Jamaica and Belize, dark-skinned Egyptians, tattooed Maoris of New Zealand, and the incomparable white policemen of Cape Colony, Canada, and Australia.

In the old City of London, which constitutes only a small portion of the city proper, there are about 1,000 policemen—a very efficient body of men of large stature and imposing appearance. Their will is absolute law, and woe be to the driver who disobeys this czar of the streets. In the entire county of London there are more than 16,000 of these uniformed officers of the law. The headquarters of the department are at the Scotland Yard, a name known the world over.

The same efficient police system is found all over the British Isles; and there are more than 30,000 borough police in the forty counties of England alone. The Royal



A CORPORAL OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE



ONE OF MEXICO'S REFORMED BANDITS, THE "RURALES"

Irish Constabulary is a separate force, numbering about 11,000. They are a semi-military organization, live in barracks, and are armed with rifles, swords, and other weapons.

In all of the countries of continental Europe the police act in a dual capacity. Primarily they are guardians of the peace; secondarily, they act as spies for the Government; in an absolute government like Russia, the relative importance of the two duties might be reversed. In France, since the time of Napoleon, the police have been under the supervision of one of the cabinet officers. For police purposes the

entire republic is divided into departments and communes, which are under the direction of prefects and sub-prefects and their assistants, and all of them are under the control of the Minister of the Interior.

The same system with slight modifications prevails in other parts of the Continent. In some of them — Germany, for instance — the police have the appearance of soldiers rather than of civic officials, and they could, in fact, be used as a branch of the military service.

One unusual feature of the police service in some of the cities of Europe is the employment of dogs. In Paris they are used along



TWO TYPES OF AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED POLICE



ONE OF NEW YORK CITY'S MOUNTED POLICE

The traffic policeman is the only man in New York who can bring the procession of trucks and automobiles to a standstill with one motion of his hand

the Seine as life-savers for those who have fallen into the water or who have attempted suicide. One of these dogs has a record of saving twenty-three lives, which is perhaps a better record than that of any of the human attachés of the department. The use of dogs as regular assistants to the police originated at Ghent, Belgium. About ten years ago the first experiment was attempted with three Belgian shepherd dogs. The success was so great that the number was gradually increased to thirty and then to sixty, which is almost half as many as the number of men on the force. Each dog wears a leather collar with his name and number, and his record is kept just as carefully as that of the human police. The dogs are first made familiar with all places that might afford hiding for criminals. At night they are sent out with the men and, when released, they run around among all these places. If any one is found there the dog barks and the policeman immediately follows him up. The dogs are frequently poisoned, but young dogs are constantly being trained in the work by the older dogs, so that the number is kept full. The experiment has also been tried in New York City with imported dogs.

It is not hard to find a policeman in



A LONDON "BOBBY"



A "BOBBY" HANDLING A LONDON ELECTION CROWD

The rioters were trying to overturn a speaker's automobile



A POLICE LUNCHEON ON SKATES IN SWITZERLAND



NIGHT DUTY IN BELGRADE, SERVIA



A POLICEMAN IN PRAGUE, BOHEMIA

Mexico and some other parts of Spanish-America. In the city of Mexico, for instance, he may be found at every important street intersection. During the day he stands like a statue, occasionally leaning against a door-post for support. At night he brings a lantern and a blanket, sets his lantern in the centre of the crossing, and stands beside or near it. Sometimes, after the most of the people

have gone home, he may lean up against a building and fall asleep, but you can always locate him by the lantern. Since the windows are all heavily barred and the doors are of heavy oak and fires are infrequent, his task is not a very hard one. An important part of his duties is to supply political information.

The Mexican *Rurales* are a unique body



A POLICE OFFICER, PARIS



A "CARABINIERE"



TWO OF "THE FINEST" IN NEW ZEALAND.
Maori policemen with their billies

of mounted police. When President Diaz came into power he found the country overrun with robbers and bandits. Having some veteran troops, he sent them after these outlaws on every possible occasion. They were hunted and trailed into their mountain fastnesses, and the soldiers were instructed never to take captives. This war of extermination sent a thrill of fear through the hearts of the outlaws. President Diaz then sent word to some of the leaders that if they would enlist in the Government ser-



IN BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

vice he would furnish them employment. From this class of men the first bands of *Rurales* were formed. These men were brave and thoroughly familiar with the mountain retreats and haunts of the outlaw bands. They hunted down their former confederates until a live bandit was a rare specimen. Traveling once more became safe, and now there are few places in Mexico where it is perilous for an unarmed traveler to journey alone. Like the famous *Guardia Civil* of Spain, these gray-uniformed men, wearing steeple-shaped picture-hats, patrol the remote mountain trails and great plains



IN SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA

of the central plateaus, and they are in reality a very efficient body of rural police.

In the oldest, largest, and most densely populated nation in the world there are no policemen except in the cities controlled by foreigners and in the foreign compounds of the Chinese cities. In China every member of a family is responsible for order in that family, and every inhabitant of a city is jointly responsible with every other citizen



IN BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS



ZULU FRONTIER POLICE

for its tranquility. The Chinese are essentially a law-abiding and law-observing people for that reason. If a younger son in a family should commit a crime, the older son is likely to be taken into custody for the offense.

For some crimes, such as patricide — which is the worst crime known in Chinese criminology — a whole city might be destroyed and thousands made to suffer and bear a disgrace that would last for generations. This extreme penalty is not often exacted, but it is permitted under the criminal laws of China. This idea of brotherly responsibility is often carried to a ludicrous extreme. An attorney who had

practised law in Shanghai told me **that** he was frequently very much embarrassed in securing witnesses. If he subpoenaed a Chinaman and looked for him on the day of the trial, he would many times find **that** a brother had come in his stead.

Morocco, the home of the Moors, is still a mediæval country, and the patriarchal form of government still prevails, **except** in the coast cities where the French or the Spanish are the real rulers. In the interior, which is still the home of nomadic tribes,



AN ENGLISH POLICEMAN IN CAPE TOWN



PORTUGUESE POLICE AT LORENZO MARQUES, IN SOUTHEAST AFRICA

Europeans are frequently the victims of marauding tribes. There are no police in the country districts. In Tangier, where a considerable number of foreigners reside, there are two khaki-clad bodies of military police, one under a French officer, the other under Spanish control. Every legation is provided with one of the Sultan's soldiers, who also discharges the functions of an ordinary errand-boy. This soldier may generally be found doubled up on the rough stones in front of the doorway, enjoying a nap. If a robbery should occur, however, at a house where such a soldier is employed,



THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW IN SOUTH AFRICA
A Zulu policeman at Durban, Natal



A POLICE OFFICER IN RANGOON, BURMA



A WALKING ARSENAL AT JERICO



TURKISH POLICE IN JERUSALEM

the Sultan would be obliged to reimburse the owner for his loss.

In greater New York, a little more than 10,000 men constitute the police force. This is an average of one policeman for every 547 inhabitants, as compared with one for every 496 inhabitants of London. This is a smaller proportion than in most large cities. St. Petersburg and Buenos Ayres have one policeman for every 184 persons. And yet New York is less compact than European cities, and contains 3,200 miles of streets

that must be patrolled. It has a water-frontage of 136 miles which makes the problem more difficult; furthermore, one-half of the population are of alien birth, and of those at least half do not even understand the English language. Thousands upon thousands of immigrants land in New York every week, and a large proportion of these remain permanently. Most of them are poor, many of them ignorant, and others are viciously inclined, thus constantly adding to the problem of police supervision. With



A CHINESE POLICEMAN IN HONG KONG



A SIKH AT SINGAPORE

these perplexing problems before them, it is a wonder that New York's police accomplish as much in the preservation of order as they do.

It is generally conceded that "the Force" of New York City is the finest body of policemen in America, and that none are more obliging to strangers.

Nicknames are applied to the policemen everywhere. The English "bobby" owes his epithet to Sir Robert Peele, who framed the bill that organized the force. American police are everywhere called "cops" or "coppers." The police of Spain are called

about six feet long. In Seville, Spain, the night police are armed with long spears, such as the knights of old used. The police of Holland, Belgium, and many other countries are armed with a short sabre besides the regulation club and pistol.

The police of the various English colonies generally wear a uniform adapted in some way from that of the English "bobbie," and with some modification for climate. The helmet is usually a part of the outfit, and the barefooted Zulu police officer would not consider himself dressed without it. In the country and smaller towns these Zulu



THE SPANISH AND FRENCH MILITARY POLICE OF TANGIER, MOROCCO, ON PARADE

serenos from a custom that formerly prevailed there. Once every hour it was the duty of the man on the beat to cry out the state of the weather. As it was usually clear, his cry was "*tiempo sereno*," and the word *sereno* (clear) became synonymous with policeman. The name has followed the Spaniards across the seas into their new possessions.

In the equipment the policeman varies from a walking arsenal, such as the Jericho policeman, to the clubless patrolman of one or two American cities. The club, however, is generally recognized as the policeman's badge of authority. In Darjeeling, India, the policeman carries a reed pole

policemen carry native weapons, including spear and shield. Nevertheless they are commissioned officers of the law, duly authorized to arrest any person who may be caught disturbing the peace of His Britannic Majesty's Empire.

In caste-ridden India there is less yielding to European regulation in the costume, for the natives of that country are very slow to make changes in their apparel. The Indian policeman would not wear a helmet and throw away the turban, for in so doing he would lose caste. Much as he might like the job and the pay, he would rather dispense with both than change the headgear which is his birthright.



A LITTLE UTAH IN MEXICO

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A DESERT REGION IN CHIHUAHUA
INTO A RICH FARMING COUNTRY BY MORMON COLONISTS

BY

GIBERT CUNNINGHAM TERRY

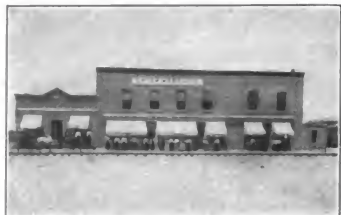
BETWEEN Ciudad Juarez (the old Mexican city just across the Rio Grande from El Paso) and Colonia Juarez, the capital of the Mormon colonies of Chihuahua, is a hundred and fifty miles of semi-desert land. There are the usual number of deserted railroad stations, where the slouch-hatted, tobacco-chewing American is in charge; from their leaning positions

against the station walls, big-hatted, shiftless peons stare insolently at you and all other "Gringos"; from the dry scrub that forms the sole vegetation you hear the "hee-haw" of some lone burro; and at every station there is the quick cough of a gasoline pump.

After one hundred and fifty miles of this, monotonous beyond words, the landscape changes with a suddenness that makes you



THE MORMON CITY OF COLONIA JUAREZ TODAY



ONE OF THE MORMON STORES

jump. "Is this really Mexico?" you ask, "or is it the valley of the Wabash?" Here are acres upon acres of alfalfa, over which hover millions of bees; irrigating canals bubble through great fields of corn and big stretches of oats, wheat, and barley. Knee-deep in clover, magnificent dairy cows chew the cud of content, while as far as the eye can reach you see well-tended truck-farms, gardens, and orchards. Everywhere is an abundance of that commodity so strenuously needed in north Mexico — pure water — and attached to every house is the American windmill.

Along fine, well-kept roads proceed American wagons, laden to overflowing with grain,



THE MORMON TRAINING SCHOOL IN COLONIA JUAREZ

fodder, and alfalfa that have been grown entirely from American seeds; the drivers are clad in blue overalls made in the United States; the sturdy horses and mules are American bred.

It is a wonderful thing to see — this absolute lifting-up and dropping down into a foreign land of a region seemingly taken bodily from one of the rich farming regions of Indiana, Ohio, or Kansas. Not many Mexican laborers are seen; the Mor-



A MARKET-GARDEN WHERE ONLY DESERT-GRASS ONCE GREW

mons do their own work, and the Spanish language is seldom heard.

Some fifteen miles from the station of Casas Grandes, on the Rio Grande and Sierra Madre Railway, is the first of eight Mormon colonies. Named in honor of Mexico's first patriot, it is known as Colonia Juarez; and one might travel many a mile before encountering a neater, prettier village than this Mormon town.

A wagon takes you rapidly from the station to Colonia Juarez over a well-made and well kept Mormon road, and soon you reach the comfortable \$40,000 hotel. The streets are beautifully laid out and cared

the homes of the colonists, built of brick, are set about with blooming rose bushes, fruit trees, and big fan palms, with entwining grape vines. All along the streets and lanes small ditches have been cut, and through them flows water from the Casas Grandes, which is diverted at will into gardens, orchards, or truck farms.

In this town lives the President or headman of the colonies; he has a handsome



THE PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON COLONIES OF NORTHERN MEXICO

brick mansion which cost \$10,000 and which he himself helped to build. From the town of Colonia Juarez this very capable man directs the affairs, both spiritual and temporal, of the various colonies, and that with no uncertain hand. In him great power is vested; he is the local Alpha and Omega; his will is absolute, and by him all controversies or weighty questions are settled without appeal.

It was this man who during the anti-



A COLONIA JUAREZ RESIDENCE

polygamy agitation in the United States first realized that the freedom of Mormons might possibly be limited by adverse legislation. With Europe closed to them, Central and South America formed the only possible lands of refuge — and not very far to the south they found their “promised land.”

Just across the Rio Grande, in barren northern Mexico, stretched mile upon mile of desolate, unoccupied land, scrub-covered in summer and mere whitish, dreary “bad land” during other seasons of the year. To the west of it, as one traveled south, lay the two hundred-mile tract of land, better watered, where the millionaire General Terrazas grazed his million or so of cattle. To the east were those dangerous ranges of the Sierra Madre through which General Crook made his famous journey along “Dead Man’s Gulch,” when hot on the trail of Victoria and the renegade Geronimo.

Poor colonizing ground, one might have thought. There was no railroad except



THE COLONIA JUAREZ KINDERGARTEN



AMERICANS WITH AMERICAN HORSES AND MACHINERY
Harvesting wheat grown from American seed

that which passed east and west through Deming, N. M. To accomplish their long and dangerous journey, the Mormons had to cross Utah and Arizona, and the two hundred miles (as the crow flies) of Chihuahua sand and "bad land." Traveling in caravans that contained all their worldly goods, they escaped the bands of outlawed Apaches, who were the menace to northern Mexico at that time, and the renegade white men who were equally to be feared.

Having settled upon this land, a region that no other people desired, a select party of prominent Mormons proceeded to the City of Mexico to secure such privileges and concessions as would render it possible for a general migration from Utah to the Mexican Republic. I well remember them — those ungainly, solemn, hard-handed men, in their frock-coats and slouch hats —

and the awkward yet dignified meeting with President Porfirio Diaz.

From him these Mormons secured the liberal terms and concessions always granted by him to foreigners, especially to Americans. To the Mormons they were more than usually favorable, for Diaz well knew the difficulties ahead of those intending settlers in barren, unwatered Chihuahua. As to polygamy, he cared little; "farmers, not religion or social customs," he said, "are what we need in northern Mexico. Tilling of the land first; social questions later."

The Mormons were exempted from all taxes for ten years; and all their personal property and implements were allowed free entry into Mexico. The title of "The Mexican Agricultural and Colonization Company" was adopted by the migrating colonists, who had been incorporated under



BALING ALFALFA GROWN ON IRRIGATED DESERT SOIL

that name in Colorado. Beginning with the allotment to each colonist of a certain number of acres, at low interest and on easy terms, the prominent Mormons who conceived and financed this colonization scheme have so wisely and successfully handled it that they now control nearly 300,000 acres, to which they are constantly adding through purchase from Mexicans who lack the necessary energy to farm.

Eight or ten years ago, when the one small colony of a few hundred people had expanded into eight colonies with a population of more than 5,000, a railroad was built through the centre of the state of Chihuahua, with headquarters at Ciudad Juarez. This road, the Rio Grande & Sierra Madre, was for years badly mismanaged by the people who handled it, but it has done an enormous business in the hauling of produce and freight from and to the Mormon villages. At the present time, under active management, this railroad is extending its lines southward and largely recouping its heavy outlay by hauling from El Paso the machinery, farm implements, American-bred cattle, and other supplies imported by the Mormons; and from these colonies they bring back to El Paso the dairy products, fine fruit, canned products, grain, alfalfa, corn, potatoes, and the other farm products grown in such profusion by the industrious followers of Brigham Young.

GOOD BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

Splendid agriculturists as they are, the Mormons of Chihuahua turn their thrifty hands to many pursuits other than the outright tilling of the soil. At two of their settlements, Colonia Juarez and Dublan, they are running at good profit two mercantile establishments, selling nearly anything from a wagon to a woman's hat. These two stores, known as "*Los Uniones Mercantiles*," carry stocks worth many thousands of dollars and are the only well-equipped stores within many miles' radius. The Mormons themselves do not patronize these establishments to any great extent, for Mormon purchases are few and far between. Being so very temperate that they do not drink even coffee and tea, there is little in the food and drink line which they do not themselves grow.

When the frugal Mormon desires anything which he has not himself grown or manufactured, he patronizes the "Tithing-office," a Utopian institution in each large village or settlement. Attached to each of these "offices," where tithes are paid and a great deal of colony-business transacted, is a tithing-yard wherein various commodities are stored until exchanged or otherwise disposed of. Here the colonists "trade" their commodities — without the interchange of money. If Brother Petersen has several gallons of fine honey for which he has no use, but needs hay for his cows, he may swap his honey to Brother Smith for hay. At these same "tithing-offices," by the way, are kept records which show at all times the exact assets and payments of every man of the colonies.

These Mormons of Mexico breed a large number of fine horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry. Among the other industries which are being developed are the manufacture of beet sugar, the production of raw silk, and the canning of fruits and vegetables.

Furniture for their homes is made by the Mormons themselves, for they own two furniture factories. Here they make what they need, instead of importing it at exorbitant freight and duty costs. They also have three tanneries and make their own shoes, saddles, and harness from the hides which they have in abundance. Their lumber they get from that practically untouched source, the Sierra Madre range, where the pine grows, huge and tall. Here the colonists have several saw-mills, where they make lumber for their own requirements and mine-timbers for the numerous mines throughout Chihuahua and Sonora.

There are also some of the brethren who make successful mine-promoters. As a disgusted "Forty-niner" expressed it, "The Mormons talk about the Prophets and pray regular, but they do love to get their hooks into a Gentile."

It is a curious fact that not one of the colonies has a temple or church-building, but every settlement, large or small, has its schoolhouse and competent teacher. Every village has its graded school, where eight or nine grades are taught. At Colonia Juarez, the educational centre, is the "Juarez

Stake Academy," a large brick building, stone-trimmed, which cost \$75,000. It is said to be the best schoolhouse in the entire state of Chihuahua, and was paid for entirely by the Juarez colonists, with some help from other Mormons. Here young women are prepared for colleges in the states.

All these schools are supported by a voluntary income-tax on every colonist, running as high as 8½ per cent. in the years when the colonists were not so prosperous as they now are. Tuition is free to all the Mormon children, as well as to Mexican children within the radius of these schools. Very often the school-boards purchase books for the children of Mexicans who are too poor to buy them.

Practical training — carpentering, dress-making, and the like — is given at the largest of the Mormon schools; and teachers are sent at the colonists' expense to study in the summer schools of the United States in order to keep these Mormon schools up-to-date. General instruction is mostly in English, but Spanish is also taught. Most of the Mormon boys and girls speak, read, and write Spanish.

NO OPEN POLYGAMY IN MEXICO

The Mormons of Dublan, Juarez, Morelos, Oaxaca, and the other Chihuahua colonies deny the possession or maintenance of more than one wife each. But if one should come to know one of them really well, he might find that more than one wife had been "sealed" unto him. Many travelers declare that polygamy is openly practised by these people, but I have seen little evidence of it. It is true that throughout these colonies there is a large preponderance of women and children over the men; it is also true that the Mormon man is quite at home in more than one house. These self-evident facts, added to the primary one that these same Mormons originally abandoned civilized Utah for practically a desert land because they were not allowed the practise of polygamy, must lead one to imagine that polygamy and not "monotony" (to use the small boy's definition of matrimony) is the rule with the Chihuahua Mormons.

Speaking from personal observation, I do

not believe it possible for any farming people to have achieved such success as have these without the help of farm wives at the ratio of about three females to each male. The working day of the Mormon wife is a long, long day, beginning before dawn and never ending until near midnight. Her life is spent, from cradle to grave, between cook-stove, cradle, sewing-machine, poultry-yard, hog-pen, orchard, garden, and laundry-room. Our American women, failing other diversions, clamor for the ballot; the Mormon women ask only the privilege of folding their tired hands for a brief rest. In almost every case they look to be five or ten years older than their respective husbands; their hands are hard and scarred; their faces are lined and sad.

Proselyting has no success in Mexico, for no Mexican woman, whether of high or low degree, would openly share her husband with another woman. The converts are from the United States, Canada, and Europe. There are many Olsens, Petersens, and Yonsons among the disciples of Brigham Young in Mexico.

Though the Mormons of Chihuahua have as yet no temple or church, they were until 1896 classed as a mission in charge of "Apostle" Teasdale. Later, they were organized into "The Juarez Stake of Zion," presided over by Anthony Ivins, of Utah, and two others.

The tithing-system in use with these colonists shows a very flourishing condition throughout all their colonies. Colonia Dublan, for example, showed a net revenue of \$96,442 for 1906, an average of \$659 for each family, or approximately \$125 per head. For the year 1908, agricultural products of the combined colonies amounted to \$400,000, due in great measure to the growth of several crops of alfalfa in one year; it sells nearly all the year round at \$22 per ton. The population of these colonies has tremendously increased during the last three years, owing to increased birth-rate and arrival of new Mormon colonists; and the revenues have correspondingly increased.

This unheralded experiment in American colonization may, therefore, be considered in all essential particulars a material success and a credit to the Mother Country.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLTEACHER

BY

F. W. C. DEW

(OF TEXAS AND WASHINGTON)

The experience which won second prize in the Teachers' Competition

I SUPPOSE the confession of a country schoolteacher should be honest and commence at the beginning, even though he must confess that he began teaching by accident and not from a careful choice of life work.

This was the case with me, at least. When I was about seventeen my father scolded me for neglecting one of the daily chores. I grew angry, and decided that it was time for a man like me to cut loose from mother's apron-string and become one of the world's workmen. I went to the house to pack my few clothes. While I was doing this I picked up a stray copy of the county paper. It contained the announcement of the county board of examiners, that they would hold the December examination for teachers at the county-seat at an early date.

"Can I pass the examination?" flashed into my mind. "I have 'ciphered'" — we used that word then — "through Ray's Third-Part Arithmetic; read Barnes' Common School United States History; diagrammed through Reed and Kellogg's Graded Lessons in English; spelled forward and backward through the 'Blue-Backed Speller,' and can answer all the questions in Monteith's Manual of Geography. Ed. is teaching. He was in my class last year, and I got more head-marks than he did. I'll bet I can pass! Besides, I heard Bob Smith say that they wanted a teacher at Vinegar Hill. I know that he'll give me the school."

I called on Bob the next day, and the result of that visit was that another boy had entered the ranks of the noble band of men and women who mold the lives and charac-

ters of the American children. Only the boy did not think much about the characters — he was too young, you know; he thought a great deal, however, about the \$1.50 a day that he would now earn. You must not blame the boy, for all his life he had been taught to think first of the dollar.

The county board of examiners, which granted teachers' certificates in Texas at that time, was composed of three members appointed by the county judge. In our county this board had on it two teachers who had taught our school, while the other member was an old friend of my mother's. They received for their services the fees of all *successful* applicants, so I would have to do very poor work if I failed to pass this examination. I do not know whether this county board system still grants certificates in Texas, but in the early '90's very few came before those boards and failed to get certificates.

I found the examination very easy except in Theory and Practice of Teaching. Of this I knew nothing. What could a boy seventeen years old, who had spent only thirty months in a country school, know of such a subject? As I look back at that period, I realize that the foolish questions asked on this subject let me pass it. Here is an example; the fourth question read: "When would you administer corporeal punishment to a pupil?" I stared at that list of words for ten minutes — and into that stare I put the hardest thinking of my life. What did they mean? Then I thought that *corpus* meant body — at least, a teacher had told me that *habeas corpus* meant: *habeas*, to hold; *corpus*, the body. Did they mean bodily punishment? How

funny! They never punished except by whipping. But I must answer that question or fail to pass. I answered: "When, in my opinion, it is needed." I did not mean to dodge or "play horse." I thought that was a good answer. I still think that it was an excellent one, but I have a different viewpoint. Nine other questions as sensible as this one — no more so — followed, and answers as pregnant with child-knowledge were given to them.

Of course I got my certificate. Monday following the examination found me at Vinegar Hill. The schoolhouse — but why describe one of those ugly things which we know so well? It was just the usual country schoolhouse. I enrolled eighteen pupils armed with eighteen different books, varying from an old edition of the History of England to a modern copy of Reed & Kellogg's Higher Lessons in English. This scared me, as I had diagrammed only the Graded Lessons.

I taught that three months' term and whipped only one pupil — an unusual thing in that time of rule by force. My patrons were satisfied with my work. This was due to the fact that they never visited my school but took the children's verdict of me.

I could outrun and outjump all of the boys and pitch fairly good ball, so that I was much admired by them, and their verdict of me was good. The lessons learned there were not worth much to any one but me, and it was years before I made use of what I learned.

An immature boy like me could not get a school now, you say. Do not be too sure about that. Visit your rural school and see what sort of teachers you have and what kind of teaching they do. I had a girl-teacher ask me a few weeks ago, as she watched some boys separate some "scabby" seed-potatoes from clean ones:

"What are you teaching? Is it botany?"

"No, agriculture," I answered. "The course calls for ten minutes a week, you know."

"Oh, yes! I teach that. I planted some beans in a chalk-box about three weeks ago and put them under my desk. I had forgotten them. But when I go back I will have the children look at them. That will take ten minutes, and I will have a week's agriculture done."

I asked her a week later how the bean-patch came out, and she said that the mice ate up the beans. But she lectured the children ten minutes on farm-pests, so she got in the week's work on that subject just the same. No, don't laugh; she was only eighteen and this is her first school. She is making \$2.50 a day. Her patrons are satisfied. A better-trained teacher would cost more, and that would raise their taxes. She regards agriculture as a nuisance, so why should she teach it?

At the close of my first term of school I entered a high school and did two years' work in one term. Next, I entered the freshman class in a small college and took some normal work. Then I taught three terms more and decided to leave Texas.

I went to Arizona and worked in a mining camp as a shovel hand, on a stock ranch as a line-rider, and in the schoolroom. This was a fair sample of my life for the six or eight years that followed. During this time I wandered through all of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States, going from schoolroom to grading-camp or lumber-camp, from the camp to the harvest field, and then back to the schoolroom. It did not matter to me. I was a common laborer and had muscle or brain to sell. I sold that which was in best demand at the market to which I was selling. The purchaser was usually satisfied. It was my business to satisfy him. He called for a few more hours and a higher quality of work when I sold muscle than when I sold brain. Perhaps he understood what was good work with the pitch-fork and did not understand when I used the birch. He looked into my life and character as closely when I handled his horses as he did when I taught his children. If he made any distinction, it was in favor of the horses. Perhaps he thought — if he thought at all — that a man holding a teacher's certificate was vouched for morally by the certificate.

This life led me at last into the state of Washington and into the harvest fields. The upsetting of a header wagon left me in September with a broken arm. My harvest had ended for that year. Schools were starting though, and teachers were scarce.

I applied to the county superintendents and mailed my certificates. Both

sent me permits to teach, and also sent me a list of schools that needed teachers. I chose from this list one that was some distance from the railroad and applied in person.

"Yes, we need a teacher," the clerk said, "but my daughter will finish at Cheney at Christmas. I want to hold this school for her." Meantime the children could wait. His daughter must make the \$2.50 a day.

I walked back to the railroad and took stock. I had seventy-five cents and an arm in plaster. I spent twenty-five cents for a dinner, and at the table met a young man with keen eyes and, as I soon learned, keen sympathy. He was also an itinerant teacher. Through his help I secured a position in the next county at \$50 a month. This called for a new permit, and I mailed my old certificate once more.

I was now making \$2.50 a day, or \$1 a day more than I had made eleven years before. Though my teaching wages had advanced, so had my laborer's wages, and I could make about the same with either shovel or birch.

For six weeks school ran along about as my other schools had run. I followed the course of study literally. It never occurred to me to follow it in the spirit. If the course called for ten minutes on morals, I read a story or told an incident to fill in that time; if for ten minutes on agriculture, I showed some sand and some loam and told how each was formed, and why — if I knew why — one was better than the other. Thus it was with the other subjects called for. I was giving satisfaction—at least I thought that I was; no one had complained. No one had visited my school, but many of the patrons had invited me to visit them. I generally pleaded work and declined; then I went home to read a novel or a magazine.

About this time we were called to the annual teachers' institute. I was one of 200 or 250 teachers in attendance. The object of these institutes is for us to get new ideas and methods to take into our work, and to that end we are lectured by a corps of instructors, many of whom were never in a country school. We draw our salaries and are supposed to put in a week of work. Some of us, however, did not do this, but came to the sessions and had our cards punched and then "played hookey." The humor of a teacher who has lectured his

pupils for ten minutes a week on honesty coming to the institute and stealing \$2.50 a day by "playing hookey" did not occur to us.

I asked a question on the second day of the meeting, and this drew the attention of one of the instructors to me. After session that day he asked me to go for a walk with him. This man was only two or three years my senior, but he had risen from the country schools to a chair in one of our normals. This gave him a broad knowledge of the school work.

"You are new to this state, aren't you?" he asked soon after we started.

"Yes," I answered. "This is my first term here. I broke my arm and had to locate till it got well. I will go on the road again in the spring."

"Where?" he asked.

"Anywhere, just to be moving."

"How long have you taught?"

"Eleven or twelve years."

"In the country schools all the time?"

"Most of it. I don't like teaching in town. The children are too wise for their years. The effect of the street, I think; and they soon see that I am a 'hobo.'"

"You needn't turn the crust to me," he said. "I am going to get beneath it. I believe you are in earnest and I want to help you. Now I think that the hope of our schools is in the country boys and girls. What we need there is earnest men and women who love the country and have what Mr. Sampson calls 'a burden of soul for humanity.' I think in many ways that you are one of these men. If you are, you have a better chance of starting pure-minded men and women on the road of life than has the teacher in town, where the effect of the street overcomes the influence of the school to a large extent. What are you doing along this line?"

"Giving satisfaction," I said.

"To yourself or to your patrons?"

"My patrons, of course. I don't count."

"You are the one that should count. Your patrons are not the ones to measure your work. They are not capable of doing it. You must measure it. Are you doing your best right where you are now?"

"The pay is too small to do much," I said.

"Yes, I know you are not paid enough. But you won't be paid more unless you do

\$150 worth of work for a \$50 salary. If you are not throwing all the energy, earnestness, and ability that there is in you into the uplift of your school, you are being paid too much. We need men like you who see these things and understand these conditions, but they must be teachers and not school-keepers. Now, what are you?"

"I won't just keep school," I said, "but I may 'cut bait' for a while and then quit."

"No, that is not what I want you to do," he said. "But better that than marring the life of one of these children. You go back to that district and go into the homes and meet your patrons. Study those children in their homes. Then see what you can do to better conditions. If you think I can help you, call on me. But bear this in mind, that this problem must be solved by men like you who know conditions. We normal men are on the outside and can only advise you on the reports that we get from those on the inside. Do this and your pay will increase."

This and several other lectures that he gave me led me to thinking. This thinking made me join several other teachers in getting the rural schoolboys admitted to the annual county track meet. In this meet one of my boys took a medal, and my school captured the country-school pennant. Of course this fired the enthusiasm of the boys of the district, and from that time on they came to school as regularly as they had stayed at home before. I had solved the first part of my problem, and my salary had risen to \$80 per month.

In the spring I proposed to the boys that we make a hotbed, grow tomato plants, and send them to their homes to be grown in the gardens. The men in the community laughed at us. "Tomatoes won't grow up here, teacher," they said; "you better send them down to the river where they can be irrigated." We kept on, and in May sent the plants home by the boys; and, as they were determined to show their fathers that the old men were wrong, they took good care of those plants and grew some nice tomatoes. I was teaching agriculture.

I saw here the germ of what I thought we needed to resuscitate these rural schools. But I also realized that the average country school was too small. I was up against

the sticker. Right here I called in my normal friend. "Look into the Ohio consolidated school question," he wrote me.

I "got busy" with that question and read everything that I could find on the subject. Then I consulted State Superintendent Dewey and received some new literature from him. I next enlisted the county superintendent; then I brought the subject up before the patrons of my district and of the three adjoining districts. They laughed again. "You want to be principal of a big school," they said; "we can teach our boys to farm at home." In vain I showed them what we would gain by this system.

The next summer I tried once more; my district was willing but the other districts hung back. But I had aroused some thought on the subject, and as the people became familiar with the plan they decided that it would work. This last summer it was up in earnest, and we got the necessary signers from all four districts and consolidated those schools. The opponents of the scheme turned the fight on me, and I decided that a new man would be better able to pull success out of the scheme, so I resigned and moved into a new district. They started the new school last fall, and in it I see the dawn of a better day for that community.

The study that I have given this problem in the last three years has convinced me of this—that school boards must use more care in selecting teachers, and select only men and women who feel Mr. Sampson's "burden of soul for humanity." That they must have larger schools where the teachers will have more time for the subjects assigned them. That they must teach—in addition to their present curriculum—agriculture, domestic economy, and the use of common tools. To do this we must pay higher wages for the higher class of work that we demand, and we can hope to accomplish this only through the consolidated school movement.

I am convinced that I am not fitted by training or nature for school-teaching in either rural or graded schools—so now, after seventeen years of school-keeping, I am going to quit and make room for a man better able to handle the more complex system that I believe to be the solution of the whole problem.

WHAT NOT TO DO FOR A HEADACHE

THE REAL DANGER IN POWERFUL DRUGS THAT WEAKEN THE HEART — LABELS WHICH MISLEAD THE PUBLIC TO BELIEVE THAT THE GOVERNMENT GUARANTEES THEIR HARMLESSNESS

BY

EDGAR ALLEN FORBES

TWO room-mates at college had been "cramming" for a week in the hope of passing the final examination. One of them, whose system was pretty well run down, had been troubled with headaches and had been taking "Cephalgine." Late one night he took another tablet and went back to his books, while his room-mate went to bed. When his friend awoke the next morning the boy was still sitting at the table, his head bowed on his arms. He was dead. A coal-tar preparation did it.

A business man who read this in a daily paper was so impressed that he filed the clipping away in his desk. Some days later, on returning home from his work, he found his wife suffering with a severe headache. Remembering the clipping, he persuaded her to take a cup of coffee and go to bed. Ten o'clock came and the headache was causing intense suffering. The husband searched the medicine-case and found some acetanilid tablets. He gave her one, waited half an hour, gave her another, and went to bed.

Then, with the clipping on his mind, he began to get nervous. His wife told him that her head was aching less, however, and that she felt like going to sleep. But the husband didn't. As she dozed off, he put his finger on her pulse; it was throbbing like the gasoline engine of a motor-boat — and the man had heard a physician say that a fast heart is always a weak heart. He held on to the pulse, which became weaker and weaker as the woman sank to sleep. Finally, he couldn't feel it at all. He put his hand over her heart, but could detect no pulsation. Then he tried the throat and could feel a slight throb of the carotid artery. Thoroughly alarmed but not wishing to frighten

his wife, he awoke her as though by accident and induced her to answer a question or two.

As she dropped back into sleep the pulse again vanished. He aroused her a second time, and the experience was repeated. For the next two hours he continued waking her up at intervals, keeping up a conversation as long as he could each time. Then the pulse began to strengthen and the man breathed more freely. The night was nearly gone, however, before he felt it safe to go to sleep himself. He said nothing about the incident to his wife the next morning, but the first thing that he did on arising was to throw the rest of the acetanilid down the sink. It also is a coal-tar preparation.

Some months later this same man had an attack of malaria. He took several doses of quinine — the same that he had taken many times before. It seemed to increase his headache symptoms, though, so he took two doses of antipyrin, one hour apart. He soon went off to sleep and slept the night through. The next morning he started to tell his wife how he was feeling, but found that he couldn't talk. His vocal cords felt as though they had swollen up and filled his throat, and he could not string together more than three disconnected words. It was two hours before he was well enough to quiet his wife's alarm. Since then antipyrin also has disappeared from his stock of household remedies. It, too, is a product of coal-tar.

The history of modern headache-remedies is full of such instances as these. When a German physician made the discovery, twenty-five years ago, that acetanilid would reduce a high temperature, it looked like

the beginning of a new era in the treatment of fevers. But when ninety-four cases of acetanilid poisoning were reported in the following year, enthusiasm began to decline. Since then, year by year, its use by physicians has declined; they are afraid of it. A recent inquiry showed that 66 per cent. of 400 physicians are using acetanilid and antipyrin less; 51 per cent. are shutting down on phenacetin. But, year by year, its use by people who buy their remedies direct from the drugstore has increased — and the proportion of deaths among the cases of poisoning has rapidly risen.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, who has sounded frequent warnings against the indiscriminate use of headache remedies, has succeeded in forcing their manufacturers to specify on the labels the amount of coal-tar drugs that they contain. But the manufacturers have been shrewd enough to nullify the force of this publicity by printing in much more prominent type the phrase, "Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act." This apparently makes the Bureau of Chemistry vouch for the harmlessness of a drug which should really be labelled with the skull and crossed bones that go with other poisons.

Suppose that you have a headache and step into a drugstore for a remedy, what do you receive? To test this, I sent a young man to three prominent druggists. He knew nothing of the purpose and had no instructions except to avoid duplication. He returned with six varieties, and their labels give the following interesting information:

All but one are "Guaranteed Under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906."

All but one contain a coal-tar drug, usually acetanilid.

Only one cautions the user against taking more than two doses in succession — and these two are to be an hour apart.

Taken one by one, these six headache remedies — which were purposely purchased at random — afford the kind of an investigation that anybody can make for himself with whatever variety he may chance to buy. As a guide, he may consider the average dose of acetanilid prescribed by some Washington physicians as a standard. The dose averaged $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains.

and the average interval between doses was three hours. (It goes without saying that the remedies contain other drugs also.)

(1) "Shac." "Each wafer contains 4 grains of acetanilide"; repeat at the end of an hour, but do not take more than two in succession; "not intended for children." The leaflet which is enclosed in the package warns the public against headache remedies in the form of powders or tablets "because many poisonous substances are also offered in the form of tablets and powders." It also emphasizes the absence of antipyrin from the wafers, but of course does not mention the fact that of the 1,669 cases of coal-tar poisoning tabulated by the Bureau of Chemistry, 911 were due to acetanilid (which the wafers contain) and only 593 to antipyrin.

(2) "Orangeine." "Each powder contains $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains of acetanilide." If not relieved, repeat in fifteen or twenty minutes; repeat again at the end of an hour. The "inventor" is represented as a "living illustration" of its "upbuilding power." Since he says that he has taken from one to four powders daily for eleven years, he may congratulate himself that he is "living." Here is what happened to one less fortunate — the case having been reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

"A young woman, physically sound, had been taking 'Orangeine' powders for several weeks for sleeplessness. Her family noticed that her skin had a bluish tinge, and sent for a physician. He found the skin of face, lips, and extremities blue. She was also faint and chilly. Had taken six of the powders within eight hours. Her family promised that she should obtain no more, but three days afterward she was found dead in bed in the morning. Coroner's verdict: 'Death was from the effect of an overdose of Orangeine powders administered by her own hand, whether accidentally or otherwise unknown to the jury.'"

(3) "Bromo-Seltzer" has for years been taken by people who never imagined that they were taking about $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains of acetanilid in every teaspoonful. "Repeat the dose every thirty minutes until relieved, or until three doses have been taken."

(4) "Kohler's Antidote." "Each powder contains Acetphenetidine $5\frac{1}{2}$ grains." Repeat in twenty minutes. Acetphenetidine is another name for phenacetin.

which is also one of the coal-tar drugs. A government bulletin says that "phenacetine possesses many of the harmful characteristics of acetanilide." Here is the effect that it sometimes has, as reported by the Massachusetts State Board of Health:

"A girl of 16.5 years, in good general health, but having a headache and feeling that she had taken cold, took two headache tablets and went to bed. Later, her mother heard her coughing and went to her. There was nothing at this time to cause alarm, but a little before 11 o'clock the girl's lips and face began to become blue, and in consequence a physician was sent for. He responded at once and found the girl with great weakness of the heart. Before he could administer any remedy she was dead." The State Board of Health examined the tablets and found phenacetin.

The Kohler Manufacturing Company offers inducements to purchasers of large-size packages. It will send you eight doses for twenty-five cents and throw in "four good books" — "How to Get Rich," "100 Rules of Etiquette," "Napoleon's Game of Fortune," and "The Gypsy's Dream Book"!

(5) "Barker's Headache Powders" do not bear the usual printed label, but the words "acetanilid 25 per cent." are written in ink on the bottom of the box. Dose, one powder every hour until relieved.

(6) "Bromo - Caffeine" warns against acetanilid and says that this is "the one headache preparation on the market to-day that contains no acetanilide or other dangerous drug." Its composition is thus described: "Containing the active principles of guarana with combined hydrobromic acid; this preparation more than equals one grain of hydrobromate of caffeine in each heaping teaspoonful." Caffeine (as everybody knows) is the alkaloidal principle of coffee; it relieves some headaches as effectively when poured from the coffee-pot as when taken from a bottle — and is cheaper. In minute doses, it is a part of practically all of the coal-tar headache remedies. It is the spur applied to the heart which acetanilid or antipyrin or phenacetin is trying to stop by pulling on the reins.

But if coal-tar remedies are all to be placed under the ban, what is to be done by the woman with a headache? for practically all the "cures" are made of acetanilid.

This is the answer: If it be too severe for

endurance, stop it with hot foot-baths or cold cloths on the head — or call the doctor. What you shall do is not the main thing. The all-important thing is what you shall *not* do: Thou shalt not take coal-tar drugs except by direction of a physician.

Before 1884 there were none of these coal-tar remedies on the market, but headaches have been stopped since heads first began to ache. Generally speaking, a head aches because a rush of too much blood has raised its temperature and caused pressure on the nerves — but the head may also ache from a lack of blood. If the mechanical cause be too much blood and the head is burning and throbbing, put the feet in hot water and see how quickly a surplus of blood rushes there; that means less blood elsewhere. Cold applications to the head not only feel good, but they drive the blood toward the feet; the evidence is the blanching of the skin beneath the application. If the ache can be relieved in this way, it is better than shutting off the heart with acetanilid; and a cup of coffee is safer than a dose of caffeine.

This applies mainly to the exceptional headache. It cannot be too strongly urged that everyone who has repeated or chronic headaches should get a doctor to find out the cause — for headache is not itself a disease; it is only the flash of warning. The trouble is often in the eyes, and the remedy may be glasses, not phenacetin. The ache is very often a vicarious atonement for the sins of a sluggish intestine, and the sinning organ is the one upon which should be visited the drastic medication. In fact, there are so many causes of headache, each calling for different treatment, that it is absurd to think of any remedy that will relieve them all indiscriminately.

But whether you call a doctor or "grin and bear it"; whether you bind brown paper and vinegar on your forehead or put a mustard poultice on the back of your neck; whether you go to bed or into the open air — whatever you do — *do not take anything that contains acetanilid, antipyrin, or phenacetin without having a physician who can watch your heart.* Disregard this and you may be one of those who will help swell the list of poisonings in the next report. Better not to cure a headache than to cure it with coal-tar — unless you are tired of life.

GARDENING AS A CURE FOR MENTAL BREAKDOWNS

THREE SPECIFIC CASES IN WHICH THE CULTIVATION OF A SMALL PLOT OF GROUND PROVED TO BE AN ANTIDOTE TO MELANCHOLIA

BY

BOLTON HALL

WHEN the official returns of the Philadelphia hospital for the insane at Byberry showed that the inmates of that institution had raised about \$10,000 worth of garden truck in one year, gardening began to attract attention as a cure for mild cases of lunacy. Since that time the experiment has been made in many hospitals for the insane and always with gratifying results. Not only have good crops been secured, but the improvement in the condition of the patient has always been notable.

Dungeons, whips, chains, strait-jackets, and other means of torture are seldom found in hospitals for the insane to-day, because public opinion, enlightened by the researches of science, would not permit their use. They once constituted the only means of dealing with lunatics.

The first attempt to use cultivation of the soil as part of the treatment for lunatics was an inspiration, and the success of the Byberry experiment established its practicability. It is now generally conceded that for mild cases it is as nearly a specific as has been discovered, while even in violent cases it has worked wonders. The superintendent of the State Hospital, Central Islip, Long Island, has reported some especially interesting cases.

A German who was admitted to the Manhattan State Hospital in 1895, suffering from depression and acute hallucinations of hearing sounds, continued irrational for about three years and then became considerably demented. He improved later and was finally sent to the Islip Hospital in 1901. By that time he had recovered a fair degree of cheerfulness, so he was given outside work to do; he took consider-

able interest in it and, continuing to improve, was soon given parole of the grounds.

He began clearing a piece of land for himself, and in the second year of his work began to raise vegetables. During that summer and fall he cleared more ground and enlarged his garden; during the winter he piled up the dead wood and fallen trees, burned them and kept the ashes for fertilizer. Having thus established a connected line of thought which would carry him through the year, keeping both mind and hands busy, it is small wonder that he made rapid strides toward improvement.

From that time on he continued to enlarge his garden until it had become a little farm; then he built for himself a small shack from pieces of old lumber and boxes that he had found; he made lockers in which to keep his seed and improvised a stove for use in the winter months. He has even constructed cold-frames from spare wood and broken glass. Although he sleeps in the hospital ward and takes his meals in the dining-room, he spends his day on the farm the whole year round, taking shelter in his little shack in inclement weather.

He takes the entire responsibility of his little farm, which has grown to such a size that he now has two other patients to help him — sowing and planting as he sees fit. Although he saves seed every year, the institution provides more seeds for him and furnishes him some additional fertilizer. In 1906 he planted a few peach-tree slips, and two years later had about twenty peach trees. He next experimented with strawberry plants; meeting with considerable success, he last year set out 500 plants.

As a result of this work he is now happy and contented, and unless interfered with

he gets along very peaceably. This is his personal gain, the disappearance of depression and hallucinations; the institution's gain has been material as well as scientific, because the product of this man's garden during 1909 supplied the dining-table of his group with:

100 barrels of tomatoes, beets, beans, onions, and carrots.

900 heads of cabbage and celery.

17 bushels of cucumbers, radishes, lettuce, turnips, etc.

95 melons and other vegetables.

Estimated at regular market value, this result made the experiment well worth while as a purely commercial venture.

The second case was somewhat similar except that the patient was more violent, being a menace to his family and community before he was sent to the hospital. In 1902, when the Central Islip Colony was started, he was transferred from the Manhattan State Hospital to the Islip Colony, and soon after his arrival was set with others to clearing the ground of the scrub-oak and pine which grow heavily in that region. At first he was indifferent to his work but soon began to show interest and to gather all the ashes that were left from the burnt scrub and put them in one pile in front of his own ward.

This patient, says the superintendent, is now very approachable, quite affable and sociable, plays cards and checkers with the other patients, and is practically no trouble to get along with. Although he still has some delusive ideas and occasional hallucinations, he is no longer controlled by them. "For instance, a man may be digging, and, as he digs, he imagines he is burying some enemy. This man does twice as much work, and at the same time is satisfying himself. We try, as far as possible, to select work which will interest the patients."

A patient suffering from active hallucinations and many delusions was admitted to the Central Islip Hospital in 1905. During the first year of his residence there, he had many periods of great excitement and spent a large part of the time in bed; when around the wards he would make many senseless attempts to escape. In 1906 they tried employing him about the ward; after a

time he became interested and began to show improvement in judgment. He was next put to work on the lawns. This aroused him to such an extent that in the spring of 1907 he laid out flower-beds and asked permission to grow some vegetables. This was granted, and within the year his improvement warranted the parole of the grounds being given him. In the fall he collected some strawberry shoots, which he planted; from that time on he began enlarging and improving his garden until last year his plot was 75 x 100 feet and furnished the dining-room of his group with the following garden truck:

30 quarts of strawberries.

375 heads of cauliflower, celery, and lettuce.

30 bushels of beans, peas, carrots, beets, parsnips, tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, etc.

120 melons

30 squash.

The patient has greatly improved in his general attitude and manner and has become quite reconciled to his surroundings. Although his delusions have not all disappeared, he has had no bad hallucinations for some time.

Such cases do not by any means show all that the cultivation of land might do for the inmate of a hospital for the insane. In nearly every case these buildings have considerable land about them which might be utilized for raising much if not all of the garden stuff needed to supply the institution. These gardens, which would practically amount to farms, could be operated largely by the patients, who might also have small plots allotted them for their own use. From these small plots the patients should have whatever profits could be reaped. These proceeds might either be invested for the patient against the time when he should be sufficiently recovered to return to his home; or, if that were unlikely, they might be turned over to assist his family, if needy, or to aid the state in his support.

There still are people who believe that it is not possible to earn a living from the soil without a great deal of previous experience, a large farm, and much hired help—and that even then the living is poor and the work exhausting. The truth is that anybody of ordinary intelligence may

add considerably to his income by cultivating a small piece of land in his spare hours, and can earn a good living, if his interest and intelligence and industry are of good quality, from the same small piece of land intensively cultivated. The work of these three insane men gives some slight idea of what can be done. Following the modern plan of trying to cure instead of punishing defectives of any sort, there is no doubt that

the multiplication of such instances will lead to the establishment of garden plots for inmates of all institutions.

All who believe that not only the physical, but a great deal of the mental and moral, disease of modern times has its root in the divorce of the people from the land, will rejoice to find that the return to the land of these mentally diseased people has served to better their condition.

WHY I WROTE MY LATEST BOOK

MY AIM IN "THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN LIFE"

By HERBERT CROLY

THE idea which lies at the basis of "The Promise of American Life" first occurred to me about ten years ago, during a reading of Judge Robert Grant's novel, "Unleavened Bread." In that story the author has ingeniously wrought out the contradiction subsisting between certain aspects of the American democratic tradition and the methods and aspirations which dominate contemporary American intellectual work.

It struck me as deplorable that American patriotic formulas could be used with even the slightest plausibility to discourage competent and specialized individual intellectual effort, and I began to consider the origin and meaning of this contradiction, and the best method of overcoming it without doing violence to that which was best in the American democratic tradition.

I soon found myself confronted with a much bigger task than I anticipated. The attempt to justify the specialized contemporary intellectual discipline and purposes against the tyranny of certain aspects of our democratic tradition necessarily modified the far more complicated and dubious task of giving a consistent account of the group of methods, conventions, and ideas which have been gradually wrought into the fabric of American national self-consciousness.

A book written with such a purpose is

necessarily experimental, controversial, and a little imprudent. Our fellow-countrymen are sincerely attached to their democratic tradition, but they are usually unconscious of the irrelevant and contradictory elements contained in that tradition, and of the extent to which the individual and the national interest suffer therefrom. They accept the political and social system wrought by their forebears as a sound and wholesome structure, which at worst merely requires occasional repairs, and a man who believes that the house of the American democracy demands thoroughgoing reconstruction is obliged not only to draw a set of tentative plans but to convince the owner that they are needed.

The immediate practical object of the book became, consequently, that of stimulating serious and disinterested thought in relation to the fundamental problems of American life. The particular formula which has been suggested as affording a possible basis for a formative American national theory—namely, that of a constructive relation between democracy and nationality—may or may not be adequate and convincing; but in case it helps to arouse American public opinion to the danger of permitting the ideal foundations of their political and social structures to remain a chaotic mixture of alien and shifting elements, it will have served its deeper purpose.

HOW TO HELP MEN MOST WITH MONEY

EDUCATE SIX MILLION NEGRO CHILDREN

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

SOME TIME ago, in Alabama, one old colored woman met another in the public road and said, "Sister, where is you gwine?" Her friend replied, "I has done been where I's gwine."

It is not often that an individual or a nation has the privilege of dealing close at hand with a new people, of shaping and molding a new race. Most of the races of the world have been "where they is gwine"; the American Negro has yet to go "where he's gwine," and is now on the way. During the next few years the people of this country will have an opportunity, such as will perhaps never occur again, to shape the destiny of the millions of Negroes in this country.

The Negroes in the Southern States occupy nearly one-eighth of all the farming land in the United States. It is safe to say that for a number of years at least Negroes will occupy this territory as farmers, almost to the exclusion of any other race. Since we have, then, nearly seven millions of Negroes occupying nearly one-eighth of the richest farming land in the United States, it is important that every individual Negro be made just as valuable a producer as is possible.

In the agricultural states of the Middle West, the average farmer produces annually more than \$1,000 worth of products. In the Southern States, the average Negro farmer produces only \$3.40 worth of produce. This condition can, I am convinced, be speedily changed if the masses of the Negro people, especially those who reside in the farming districts, are given the opportunity for an education that will really help them to live and make the most of their opportunities.

I know perfectly well that when I speak of educating the Negro there are a number of people who will express doubts. They

will perhaps refer to the sums that have been already expended on the education of the Negro without any adequate results. Very few people in the United States realize the fact that education has never been tried on the Negro except in spots, and these spots are generally in the larger towns and cities.

In South Carolina last year, for example, every Negro child had spent upon him for his education from the public fund \$1.70. At the same time Iowa spent \$18.33 on every child, irrespective of color. There is one county in Alabama where the state contributes from the public fund \$15.84 for the education of every white child and \$1.78 for the education of every Negro child in that county.

Under such circumstances it is impossible to educate the masses of the Negro race, and a little education serves in many cases to hurt rather than to help. When I speak of the small amount per capita spent on the Negro in the rural districts in the South, I have not by any means told the whole story. This small expenditure means a schoolhouse that is not fit for creatures of any kind to remain in, a poor teacher, a school-term of from two to five months during the year.

If I speak confidently concerning the use to which a large sum of money could be put for Negro education in the rural districts of the South, it is because in Macon County, Ala., where I live, the thing has been tried, and the results have justified the expense. In Macon County the Negro children and the Negro people of the rural districts have good schoolhouses. The schools are in session from eight to nine months during the year. The teachers receive good wages. The children are not only taught from the book, but are taught cooking, table-serving, sewing — and especially gardening, farming of all kinds, poultry-raising, pig-raising, and

dairying. The teachers in the rural districts of Macon County take pride in their school farms, which are usually found adjoining the schoolhouse and serve to furnish part of the money for the support of the teacher. Where such conditions as I have described exist, the whole life of the community centres in and around the school, and the work of the school touches and changes every part of the life of the people surrounding it.

If it were possible to get sufficient means for the purpose, it would be possible to multiply these thrifty, little farming communities all over the South, and the whole Southern country would prosper as a result.

The colored people of Macon County have learned, as a result of the efforts that have been made to articulate the work of the school with the life of the farm and the community, that education actually means something; that education does not make a fool of an individual, but makes him a sensible, sober, useful person.

The white people in Macon County see the benefit of this kind of education. They have long since learned that it pays to have a good Negro schoolhouse, to have a good teacher, and a school session lasting from eight to nine months — because the people of the county pay less money in punishing

criminals, because the land is more valuable, because farm laborers are contented and permanent, and because more friendly relations exist between the races.

Whatever is done in the way of helping Negro rural education, let me add, should be done in connection with the public school. The public school system is permanent, and whatever is contributed ought to be done with the knowledge and coöperation of public-school authorities.

The money spent in this way is used not merely to improve present conditions but to build up a permanent system. Faster than anyone realizes, the masses of the colored people can be taught to help themselves in these matters. In Macon County in one year, the colored people have raised in extra taxation more than \$3,800 to be used in building school-houses and extending the school term.

It is a disgrace to our Christian civilization for the outside world to know that, with all of our wealth and intelligence in this country, we are permitting between six and seven millions of children in the rural districts of the South to grow up in almost total ignorance. Here is a rare opportunity, in my opinion, for a large sum of money to accomplish the greatest good in this generation.

EDUCATE THE POOR — AND STOP WAR

BY HENRY WALLACE

EDITOR OF "WALLACE'S FARMER."

IT IS plainly evident that the annual expenditure for the relief of human suffering and in saving what is best out of the debris of modern civilization serves only a temporary purpose. It deals only with the boils and carbuncles which appear constantly on our economic system, but does not even seek either to diagnose or to cure the disease that produces them. In this sense, therefore, it is largely wasted.

If I were to diagnose the disease I should say that it is a lack of proper education — physical, intellectual, moral. Therefore, the way in which large sums of money can be best devoted to the public welfare and the

advancement of civilization is by aiding to this broad education those who desire it and will help themselves.

This may be the education of the poor white or the poor black in planting, sowing, reaping, or earning his living from his own farm. It may be in adding to the endowment of the small colleges in the land, provided they teach the children of the farm the elements of agriculture and of domestic economy, and how to teach others. It may be by aiding in the endowment of schools of technology in the manufacturing districts, in which the boy and the girl after reaching the age of fourteen may be taught

the handicrafts peculiar to the locality. Larger endowments for the great universities are not desirable for the reason that these involve a standard of admission and a scale of living which exclude all but the children of the rich and well-to-do, and prevent the students from coming into that touch with the common people that is essentially necessary for good citizenship and for the successful practice of any profession or business. I fear that some of these vast sums are worse than wasted. It is the child of the farm and the factory that needs help, not the child of the rich.

Most of the evils of which we complain and the sufferings which cry out for relief are due to a lack of a morality sufficiently robust to handle properly the big business of this era of great industrials and corporations. Why not, then, spend a few of the millions which their owners think they ought to use for some great purpose in giving to the citizen, rich and poor, that training in essential morality that lies at the foundation of both individual well-being and national prosperity? Do not the rules of the game of business as it is now being

played need a radical revision, which can be accomplished only by a campaign of education in morals, that can be conducted only by men of great wealth?

Much of the present suffering and want of the world is due to preparations for war, when no one wants to fight and there is nothing to fight about. To such an extent have these preparations gone on, that a foolish act of some subordinate may any day begin a war that would put back progress a hundred years.

It is easily within the power of men of millions to induce any three of the great sea-powers to form an alliance for the sole purpose of keeping the peace of the world — an alliance always kept open to any other nation that desires admission. In other words, courts and cabinets need education in the simplest elements of morality and sound business. A dozen of our rich men could finance a world-wide campaign of education that would force kings and cabinets to submit their disputes to arbitration, and render the building of another battleship or the construction of another fortification entirely unnecessary.

MEN IN ACTION

A CITIZEN of Kalamazoo, Mich., threw a banana-skin upon the pavement. Immediately a small boy thrust into his hand this printed slip:

"Please! The Women's Civic Improvement League has undertaken to keep Main Street clean. We ask you to help us. Please do not throw anything into the street; put it in the can at the corner."

"Humph!" grunted the citizen, and started on.

"No you don't," chuckled a friend. "I just picked up my envelope and carried it to the can. I know you're stout to stoop, but ——"

The can received the banana-skin. So began the putting-in-order of one American city by one American woman — for at the bottom of all the League's work was Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane.

She it was who, as pastor of the People's Church, discovered that there was more to be done on six days of the week than she could preach about on the seventh. She gave up her pastorate and started the League. Kalamazoo needed clean streets; she not only discovered the fact, but she induced the city council to give her charge of six blocks for three months. On these blocks she installed the Waring system of hand-sweeping, which proved vastly cleaner than the one previously in use, and she returned to the city \$3.39 from each \$8.39 appropriated. School children were enlisted to induce citizens to use the waste-cans. Kalamazoo installed the system permanently, and she became the housekeeper of her city.

She went to work at its backyards, school-gardens, window-gardens. The League

offered prizes for the best of these. Flower seeds were given away that everybody might compete. Kalamazoo blossomed. But all this was merely putting the city's parlor in order. There was its kitchen to attend to. Where did the food supplies come from?

Seven slaughter-houses were situated within a mile of the city-limits. These she visited; and her report threatened to turn the town vegetarian. A battle ensued and her bill providing for the municipal inspection of slaughter-houses was at first voted down; finally it was passed.

She then investigated the dairies, and Kalamazoo now has a properly inspected milk supply. Then followed her "visiting housekeepers," who went to the homes of the poor and tactfully suggested improved methods of housework and economy.

Asylums and almshouses also drew Mrs. Crane's attention, with the result that she gave over her entire efforts for a while to those whom she called "the forgotten people." In an almshouse she found a woman of ninety dying, with no care except that given by another inmate who stole her food; a young man, sick, and in need of an operation, yet utterly neglected. These and similar cases roused Mrs. Crane to make appeals which in turn roused the public; Michigan's indigent are no longer "forgotten people."

Twelve cities in Kentucky, three in Pennsylvania, and others in Michigan and Tennessee invited Mrs. Crane to make sanitary inspections. As a result, parks and playgrounds have been opened; hospitals, almshouses, workhouses have been improved; meat and milk inspection has been installed; water supplies have been purified; streets have been cleaned and paved. As a Board of Health officer in Kentucky said, "She came to make us put our house in order — and she did it."

IN the 128 one-room country schools of Page County, Iowa, boys and girls live, move, and have their-being in a refreshing atmosphere which makes them relish the life into which they have been born. This quite unusual condition is due to the county superintendent, Miss Jessie Field, who has

the art of being in delightful personal relation to every child in the rural schools; who has the responsive loyalty of every teacher and through them has developed in all pupils a genuine love of farm life, appreciation of the country home, and ambition to initiate something in agricultural activity; and at the same time she has brought out mental power and alertness through the regular exercises in school.

The pupils have unusual skill in fundamental processes. They learn to use tools skilfully and to do needle-work artistically; they can raise crops profitably; they know well-bred grains and blooded stock; they can judge corn and cattle scientifically. All this has been attained without new laws or large appropriations — in the same school-houses in which the earlier generations had their monotonous grind in the "Three R's."

In order to have her boys and girls measure up to specific standards, Miss Field decided to match them and their work against the world. From August 15th to January 15th, five months, she let them enter scholastic competitions of various kinds in the county, at the Chautauquas, at the State Agricultural College, at the State Fair, and at the National Corn Show. They took first prizes everywhere — in arithmetic, in composition writing, in geography, in drawing, in manual training, in needlework, in raising and judging corn. In cash premiums these schoolboys and girls received \$1,857.50, and Miss Field was awarded \$550 by the National Corn Show for the purchase of an automobile, because her rural schools led the world.

This is merely the material side that can be tangibly presented, but the real achievement in these 128 country schools is their influence upon the rural life, upon improved farm conditions, upon social situations, upon the relations of the boys and girls, and upon their conduct and character. The best of it all is that nothing has been done in Page County that may not be done in any rural community. Here is an actual demonstration that is worth a thousand times as much as any Utopian theory.

The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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Country Life in America

The Garden Magazine-Farming

CHICAGO 1268 People's Gas Bldg. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

WALTER H. PAGE, President



A. A. Weinman, Sculptor

THE LATE PRESIDENT A. J. CASSATT, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

"WHEN THEY FINISH THE GREAT TERMINAL ON SEVENTH AVENUE, IN NEW YORK CITY, THEY WILL PUT BENEATH ITS DOME, TO STAND TILL THE DEPOT IS A WAY-STATION, A GREAT STATUE OF MR. A. J. CASSATT"

(See "Cassatt and His Legacy," page 1347)

THE WORLD'S WORK

JULY, 1910

VOLUME XX



NUMBER 3

The March of Events

TO MAKE our country a better land to live and to work in for every man of character and industry—that is the aim of all worthy public acts; and these are the things best worth striving for—laws, customs, institutions, points of view, and habits of thought that shall preserve and broaden every man's opportunities.

Is it national legislation? It is a little matter whether a measure be a Republican or a Democratic measure. A tariff revision, therefore, that left the woolen and cotton schedules as they were or made them worse was bad; for the only proper measure of its value is, Does it help the mass of the people or only a few? So, too, with the plan for a parcels-post. Whom would it help and whom would it hurt? So, too, with postal-savings banks, and railroad-regulation acts, and conservation bills—so with all legislation.

This is a platitude, but it is a platitude that the public mind is now very strongly concentrating its thought on. It is at the bottom of conservation. It is at the bottom of the objection to the concentration of banking power. It is at the bottom of the rising tide of earnestness for tariff reduction. It is at the bottom of the demand for the regulation of corporations. It is at the bottom of the criticism of express charges.

It is at the bottom of the enormous extension of education to cover subjects of every-

day concern. It is at the bottom of the efforts to make rural life more profitable and attractive. It is at the bottom of the rapid increase of rural coöperation in buying and selling. It is at the bottom of the fast-rising objection to large land-holdings.

The United States, its land and the products thereof, its mines and its waters, all its machinery of industrial progress (transportation, manufactures, exchanges), the machinery of government, too, (taxation and expenditure)—all these are the people's forever; and they must be held in trust for the people by those who, for a brief period, own or direct them; and they must be used for the greatest common good. This is the meaning of the present political unrest and of the growing moral earnestness of the nation. It is not Socialism—that is to say, it does not mean the abolition of private property. It does not mean the cessation of fortune-building, nor the checking of prosperity. But it does mean the abridgment of unfair privilege. It does mean the making of the United States a better home for a continuously developing people.

And the agitation for these things is a ground-swell, not a mere passing mood of discontent. The old political parties are losing their hold because they have lost moral earnestness, and the moral earnestness of the people continues to become greater and to show itself in new forms.

And every statesman and social reformer may safely hitch his wagon to this star.



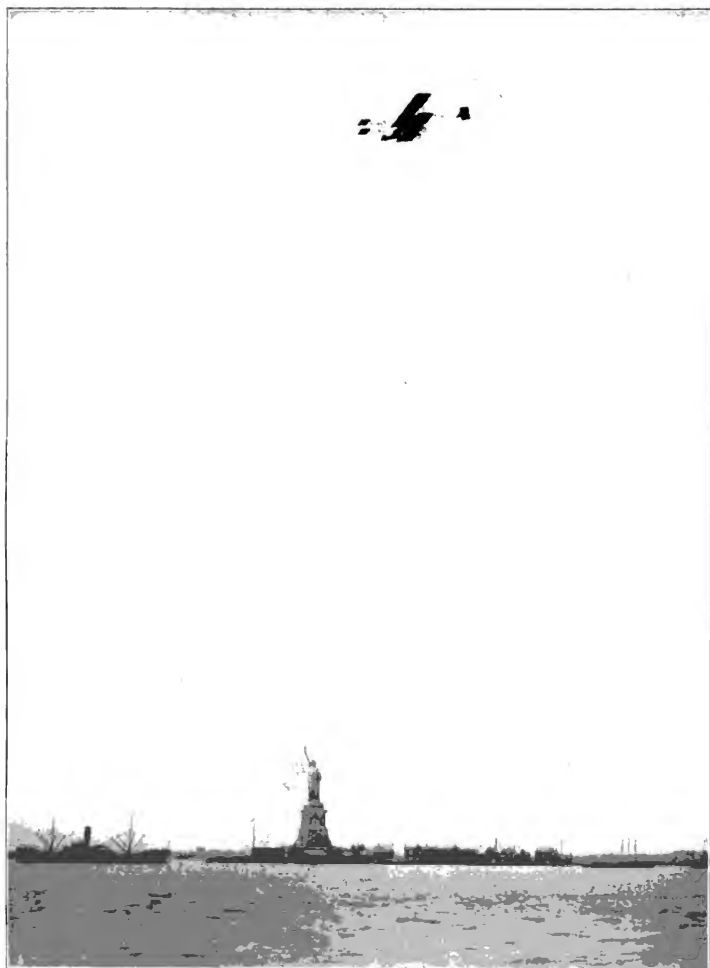
PASSING OVER WEST POINT



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MR. GLENN H. CURTISS, ON HIS ALBANY-NEW YORK FLIGHT

HE FLEW 150 MILES IN 2 HOURS AND 51 MINUTES, WINNING THE NEW YORK "WORLD'S" PRIZE OF \$10,000



THE END OF THE FLIGHT

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MR. CURTISS PASSING OVER THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AND PREPARING TO ALIGHT ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND

[See "Curtiss", Great Flight, page 13100]



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF EDWARD VII.

NINE SOVEREIGNS AND FORTY-SIX OTHER ROYAL PERSONAGES RODE TOGETHER—A SIGHT WITHOUT PRECEDENT

(See page 1371)



ENGLAND'S THREE GREAT SOLDIERS
FIELD-MARSHALS SIR EVELYN WOOD, LORD ROBERTS, AND LORD KITCHENER



THE PROCESSION OF THE KINGS
(1) THE KAISER. (2) KING GEORGE V. (3) THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. (4) THE KING OF SPAIN.
(5) THE KING OF PORTUGAL. (6) THE KING OF NORWAY. (7) THE KING OF DENMARK. (8) THE
TSAR OF BULGARIA. (9) THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. (THE KING OF GREECE NOT SHOWN)

KING EDWARD'S FUNERAL

(N. P. 1071)



MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE KAISER

AT THE MANOEUVRES OF 12,000 TROOPS — THE FIRST TIME THAT THE
GERMAN ARMY HAS EVER BEEN REVIEWED BY A PRIVATE CITIZEN



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MR. LOUIS DEMBITZ BRANDEIS

WHO, AS ATTORNEY FOR MR. L. R. GLAVIS, CONDUCTED THE INQUIRY INTO THE MANAGEMENT OF THE LAND OFFICE AND THE RECLAMATION SERVICE, BEFORE THE BALLINGER-PINCHOT INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

[See "The Burden of Ballinger," page 13109]



THE LATE WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER ("O. HENRY")

THE MOST POPULAR OF AMERICAN SHORT-STORY WRITERS, AUTHOR OF "THE FOUR MILLION," "CABBAGES AND KINGS," "THE TRIMMED LAMP," "STRICTLY BUSINESS," AND "WHIRLIGIGS"



Photograph by Hollinger, N. Y.

MR. ABRAHAM FLEXNER

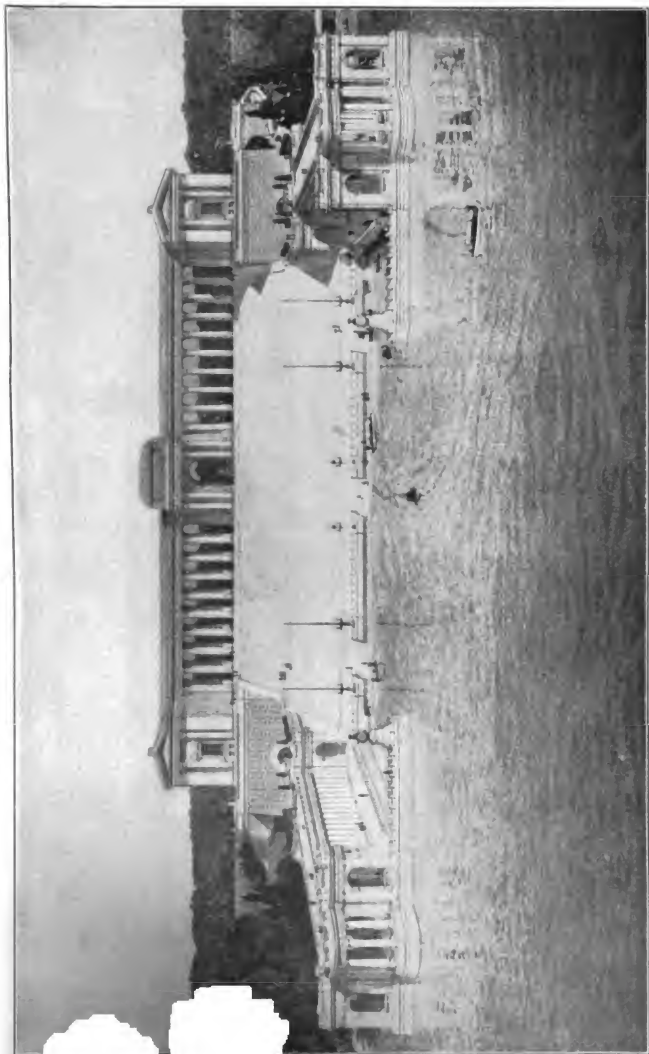
WHOSE REPORT ON THE MEDICAL COLLEGES OF THE UNITED STATES, MADE TO THE
CARNEGIE FOUNDATION, WILL OPEN A NEW ERA IN THE TRAINING OF PHYSICIANS

(See "Many Medical Schools," Page 13784)



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"THE NORTH POLE" AND "FARTHEST SOUTH"
THE DRAMATIC MEETING OF COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY AND SIR ERNEST H. SHACKLETON



Photograph by Wurts Bros., N. Y.

THE FULTON WATER-GATE

THE DESIGN BY MR. H. VAN BUREN MASONIC FOR A MEMORIAL TO BE BUILT ON THE HUDSON RIVER FROM 114th TO 116th STREET, NEW YORK



"THE CORN KID"

A YOUNG VIRGINIAN WHO WON A PRIZE IN THE SCHOOLBOY DEMONSTRATION FARM-WORK, UNDER THE INSPIRATION OF DR. S. A. KNAPP, OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, BY GROWING MORE THAN 80 BUSHELS PER ACRE. ADJACENT LAND YIELDED FROM 8 TO 10 BUSHELS



Courtesy of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

MR. YUNG WING

WHOSE AMERICAN EDUCATION HELPED TO FIT HIM FOR A CAREER OF GREAT USEFULNESS AT HOME,
AND WHOSE REMINISCENCES, "MY LIFE IN CHINA AND AMERICA," HAVE JUST BEEN PUBLISHED



Designed by Carl A. Heber

THE FLYING TROPHY, GIVEN BY "COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA"

TO BE PRESENTED TO THE FIRST AMATEUR MAKING AN AEROPLANE FLIGHT FROM MINEOLA, LONG ISLAND, ACROSS LONG ISLAND SOUND TO A POINT ON THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY OR CONNECTICUT SHORE. THE FLIGHT IS TO BE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AERO CLUB OF AMERICA

MR. ROOSEVELT'S FUTURE

IT IS this strong tide for the strengthening and the broadening of the opportunities of every man that causes the continued extraordinary popularity of Mr. Roosevelt; for this is nothing but the Square Deal. The people believe that he believes in this doctrine, not as a mere party or political creed, but with profound moral earnestness. In the minds of the masses he stands for this doctrine as no other single man does.

The test of public opinion that **THE WORLD'S WORK** made when it sent a series of questions to a thousand subscribers equally divided among the states, without knowing who these men are, is very significant. The answers brought the familiar criticisms of Mr. Roosevelt; they brought objections to a third term; they expressed the feeling that no country and no party ought to confess that any one man is indispensable. But, in spite of such objections, these answers brought an overwhelming volume of opinion that Mr. Roosevelt's election to the Presidency again is necessary. Although you can hardly pick up a newspaper in any part of the Union that doesn't contain ridicule of him in words or by a cartoon; although you can hardly fall into a group of men without hearing stories that make sport of him; although every comic paper in Europe and in America laughs at him in every issue—yet, when you ask the people in any part of the United States what the best programme is for the curbing of privilege and the giving to every man a normal chance, a large number of them (Democrats and Republicans alike) frankly declare that he represents the strongest moral force in our life. They believe in him. Some believe in him regretfully, but most men believe in him strongly. Other men, they will tell you, have policies; he has convictions.

This is the largest single fact now on our political horizon. Of course, great outbursts of popular enthusiasm have their rebounds. When we proclaim a man a hero, we soon begin to find reasons why he should not be considered heroic. Whirlwinds of popular enthusiasm are as short-lived as other whirlwinds. Still Mr. Roosevelt seems to defy precedents. The same men

that ridicule him respect him. The explanation of his popularity is found in the fundamental qualities of his character. A shrewd observer remarked the other day that more than any other man in modern times he had identified himself with those things that last and that have always made a permanent appeal to mankind—he fights, and men have always liked a fighter; he promotes peace, and the world likes a peacemaker; he is a sportsman, and Nimrod has outlived all his contemporaries; he walks, he rides, he shoots, he is at home in the forest and in the jungle. One of the biggest dams in the world bears his name. So does a species of antelope. He began the Panama Canal. The earth, everything that grows out of it, its beasts and birds, the robust physical virtues, sport, fecundity—wherever you touch nature or human nature you find this extraordinary man's activities and sympathies.

Mr. Roosevelt surely cannot desire to enter another political campaign nor to undertake the difficult duties of another term in the White House. His position, not only in our own country but in the whole world, is now extraordinary and unique. He can spend the rest of his life as he chooses. He can have a strong and continuous influence as a private citizen. He can work with unparalleled effectiveness for whatever political principles or social programmes he has most at heart; and it is not at all certain that, if he were again to go into the fierce combats of active political life, he would come out of them with this influence and position unimpaired. All the enemies that he has made and others that he would make would again become active. Along with new triumphs would come also new mistakes. There would be grave perils to his reputation and to his influence in another term as President. Still, if the people remain in their present mood until the time comes for nominating Presidential candidates again, it is probable that a nomination will be thrust upon him in such a way that he cannot refuse it.

Dangerous as political prophecy is, men may just as well look these facts in the face now. Those who regret them may begin to reconcile themselves to them, for those who are glad have already begun to work toward this result.

TWO VIEWS OF THE ADMINISTRATION

HERE are two points of view that make a man think: One was expressed by a citizen of Iowa thus — "Mr. Taft's good nature and especially his simple confidence in the party organization is making his Administration weak for lack of popular support. The people don't believe in Ballinger, and they don't like Wickersham as a general censor of political parties. Who is Wickersham that he should say who may and who may not be a Republican? The President and his advisers and the party managers at Washington are living in a fool's paradise. They don't know what the people are thinking or doing — they don't know the people at all. They think that criticism of the Administration or of Congress is the result of mere partisan enmity or of 'conspiracies' of disappointed men. We all feel sorry for Mr. Taft, but we have no means of bringing him to our point of view — no means of informing him of the real facts. The newspapers have not criticised him wantonly. In fact, they have been very considerate. The Insurgents are not rebels. They speak for the people. Distrust of his advisers is not treason to the President — it is a necessary result of the careers and activities of these advisers; and yet the President, after he knows that they are distrusted, holds to them and works with them."

The other point of view was expressed by a man in official life at Washington: "The outburst of criticism of the Administration and of the leaders in Congress comes from papers that wanted a reduction of duty on wood-pulp and didn't get what they wanted and from magazines that are mad because the President favors an increase in their postal-rates. This sort of thing is disreputable and unjust. Then, there are groups of disappointed men, who expected offices and didn't get them. They have an organized conspiracy to discredit the Administration and to drive some of its members into private life. The President is thus forced to stand by his friends — he would not be the man that he is if he didn't. It'll all blow over. The people have no use for traitors and conspirators and deserters. We in Washington scorn the whole gang of them."

THE BURDEN OF BALLINGER

EVERYBODY came out of the Ballinger-Pinchot Congressional investigation somewhat the worse for it; for such a voluminous inquiry is never reported with proper proportion and with emphasis on the most important facts, and personalities and sensational statements stick in the public mind more easily than well-reasoned conclusions from a large mass of evidence.

But the main fact is — and this is more important than all the rest — the cause of Conservation was undoubtedly strengthened by it. The general demoralization under Secretary Ballinger was checked.

In general it may be said that the original mistake made by the President in selecting Mr. Ballinger for his Cabinet, for what seemed good political and sectional reasons, has been clearly shown and emphasized. Conservation was the largest and most important constructive policy that Mr. Taft inherited — the largest and most important constructive policy now in the public mind; and the President himself is committed to it and sincerely desires it to be carried out. But he selected as the Secretary of the Interior a man whose leanings and temperament at once caused a general demoralization of the Conservation forces and excited the suspicions of its friends. Then when it came out that he praised Mr. Ballinger after a briefer examination of all the facts than the public had supposed, and when the papers in the case were formally prepared after the event, and especially when this fact was very reluctantly made known — this unfortunate chain of events produced upon the public mind the impression that the President's personal loyalty to the Secretary, and the Attorney-General's loyalty to his Cabinet associate, were stronger than their judgment was good. At the same time, Mr. Ballinger's manner under examination before the committee confirmed the impression of those who doubted his fitness for his important post. He evaded and quibbled and was not frank. The better part of public opinion saw that the Administration had already suffered greatly by Mr. Ballinger's presence in the Cabinet, and that it will suffer more every day that he remains. The whole moral force of the situation is against him. For

instance, his attitude toward the Reclamation Service has been such that its chief engineer said on the witness-stand:

"I told him (Ballinger) then — in as strong language as I felt politeness and proper respect would permit — that in my judgment his entire course since he had been announced as Secretary of the Interior, so far as my knowledge went, had been one that was subversive of the interests of efficiency in the Reclamation Service, and tended to its disintegration."

And:

"I have had men in the service ask me to pass the word to them so that they could resign in a body, as a protest against the handling of this service by the present Secretary."

To talk about "conspiracy" by a large body of most efficient, well-trained, non-political, technical employees of the Government, many of whom have spent their whole working lives in its service and are men of high professional standing — that is childish and peevish, and shows an inefficient state of mind.

The Administration is not strong enough in public esteem to be able longer to afford the burden of Mr. Ballinger. This is the important net result of the investigation. He is a man of many forcible and admirable qualities, but his whole experience as Secretary has been so full of trouble that his appointment ought frankly to be acknowledged a mistake. He will suffer less by getting out than by holding on.

PRACTICAL PLANS FOR PRESERVING PEACE

SECRETARY KNOX has permitted the important announcement of his early expectation of the establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration. The responses to his circular note to the leading governments are so favorable that he expects "a truly permanent Court of Arbitral Justice, composed of judges acting under a sense of judicial responsibility, representing the various judicial systems of the world, and capable of insuring the continuity of arbitral jurisprudence, to be established in the immediate future, and that the third peace conference will find it in successful operation at the Hague." It is proposed that Mr. Roosevelt be made the head of this court.

President Taft, it will be recalled, recently expressed his approval of arbitration of all differences between nations, without the reservation of so-called questions of honor.

Mr. Roosevelt proposed in one of his European addresses that the nations should, by arms if necessary, enforce the decisions of arbitrators — enforce peace by war. A similar proposal was made in Congress by Mr. Bartholdt. The Roosevelt-Bartholdt proposal is at least definite. The time may or may not be ripe for its adoption, but it is a step in clearness beyond general peace-preaching without definite method.

Mere general peace-preaching, in fact, runs the risk of ridicule by the practical and the governing parts of the world. For instance, a recent circular of one of the peace societies declares that the cost of one battleship and its "twenty years' upkeep" would build 1,400 churches or buy 7,000 farms or give a college education to 14,000 men or women or build 40 mammoth Y. M. C. A. buildings, and so forth. Assuming that these calculations are correct, it does not follow that, if the battleship were not built, the money would go to any of these other excellent projects. Of course it would not so go. This sort of peace-preaching is merely shooting in the air and gives the unfortunate impression that the peace-preachers are a sort of general evangelists and not men and women who have a grasp on practical affairs or know what the great forces are that control men and nations. Such an impression of the peace-societies is not fair to them; for these organizations have among their members many men of great practical wisdom. But every great "cause" suffers more or less from its emotional professional advocates.

II

There is no doubt that the public sentiment in favor of peace under almost any provocation is steadily making headway in the world — such headway as is bound to have an effect on the governing classes. But it would be rash to say that this general movement would yet be likely to prevent a war if strong economic forces were to provoke one.

The two danger-points in the world are the relations between England and Germany

and between the United States and Japan. Fortunately there is no immediate danger in either case and perhaps not even a remote danger of a war between the United States and Japan. Still the yellow journals and the alarmist politicians of each country at intervals proclaim such a danger.

A more practical task, therefore, than the general preaching of peace—to which nobody dissents—would be a practical and continuous and thorough study by some competent group of men of all the forces and events in our life and in the life of the Japanese and the Chinese that could possibly cause friction—political, military, commercial, social, and economic forces and events. If such a group of men could speak instantly and convincingly and with fulness of knowledge whenever the diplomatists begin secret work or whenever the yellow journals cry alarm, they might organize and concentrate conservative public opinion so as to dispel danger in its very beginning.

III

There are two conceivable causes of difficulty between the United States and Japan. One is irritation of the Japanese by our treatment of their countrymen in our Pacific States. A new treaty touching that question is soon to be made. A treaty can be made that will be acceptable to the common sense of both nations; and when it is made it ought to be impossible for a mob in San Francisco, whatever the provocation, to embarrass the Federal Government in its relations with the Japanese Government.

The other remote conceivable cause of friction may come some time because of the pressure of Japanese population and its necessity for more room. The pressure of population has been the cause of most wars. The Japanese have sent their overflow to Formosa and to Korea and they are now sending it to Manchuria. Their natural outlet is on the mainland of Asia; and the gravest danger that they encounter is, of course, that of international complications because of this overflow. This brings the troubles that are now threatened in Manchuria.

Now if a strong group of men, representing the best public opinion of the United States and Japan, were to set to work to

keep the world accurately informed of every event that can possibly have a bearing on this danger and should gather and disseminate full information about trade, financial situations and events, migrations, tariffs, treaties, local conflicts of authority or local friction, such authoritative information would make sudden yellow-newspaper sensations impossible; it would make dangerous, secret, financial arrangements more hazardous; it would, in a word, bring dangerous acts into the full light of the world's knowledge.

This sort of work would go far to prevent war at any time between Japan and the United States, or Japan and China, or Japan and Russia. For during the next twenty, or the next fifty years, Japan must have room to grow, and will have room to grow, for reasons that are stronger than all governments and all treaties; and a wise management of the world—if such a thing be conceivable—would see to it that peaceful and proper ways for the expansion of that growth were found.

The way to prevent a war in this quarter of the world is to take such a situation in hand and to bring it and to keep it in the full light of publicity and to work with a knowledge of great fundamental forces and with a firm grasp on those great economic tendencies which drift into crises and then make sport of rulers and parliaments and treaties.

If the peace of the world is to be permanently maintained, there must be masters of economic knowledge at work with the same "preparedness" that the masters of warships and armies show. To shape international relations with reference to the great natural laws of national growth and thus to prevent the causes of war is a safer method even than to arrange for arbitration after provocation has arisen.

The economists of the world would be more powerful than the rulers and the generals if they were to work together as men of action.

CURTISS'S GREAT FLIGHT

THE telephone rang for Glenn Curtiss at his hotel at Albany, N. Y., at four o'clock on Sunday morning, May 20th. Mr. Ten Eyck, the starter of the Albany-New

York flying-machine contest, intimated that it was a fine morning for flying. Mr. Curtiss answered that it was also a fine morning for sleep, and he took another hour. At five he came down, ate breakfast at a quick-lunch counter, and looked over the weather. Few persons were up, and until he put on his rubber fisherman's trousers and life-preserver (for a spill would drop him in the Hudson), it was not thought that he was going to try the trip down the river. But he circled seven hundred feet up in the air over Albany and turned south toward New York. A special train, with Mrs. Curtiss on board, started after him. It ran faster than the "Twentieth Century Limited" or any other regular train between Albany and New York, but it had gone twenty miles before it came up with him, and then only because he had run into head winds.

Not many people have had the sensation of seeing a man in rubber breeches and a life-preserver drop out of the sky on a couple of pieces of taut canvas propelled by a roaring little motor whose 150 pounds hold the power of fifty horses. It is a thing to stir the enthusiasm, especially if one knows that the man has come seventy-five miles in a record-breaking flight. Farmer Gill, of Camelot, near Poughkeepsie, had put up a new flag-pole and run up the Stars and Stripes over a red flag as a signal to the aviator. When Curtiss came in sight Gill tore off his coat and waved it frantically in the air. As the machine landed he flung the coat down and jumped up and down upon it. The great fire-bell on the Poughkeepsie City Hall had begun ringing at ten minutes past eight, and now on every road to the Gill farm rose clouds of dust and the whirr of approaching automobiles. There were not twenty spectators of Curtiss's landing, but he was hardly out of his seat before the farm was black with people. He had beaten the Poughkeepsie crowds, the people from the laggard special train, and even beaten a telegram sent by himself from Albany, asking for a fresh supply of gasoline! He had come seventy-five miles in an hour and twenty-three minutes. Leaving Albany at 7:03, he had landed at 8:26. When Mr. Post, Secretary of the Aero Club, came over to the machine from the special train,

it was resting on the identical spot that he and Mr. Curtiss had picked out several days before.

The gasoline tank was refilled from an automobile, and the journey began again at 9:26. From Poughkeepsie south the Hudson flows through the Highlands, from whose valleys and hills vicious, eccentric gusts swoop down on the river. The wind in this region is so uncertain that small boats do not often sail on this part of the Hudson. Down this dangerous path Curtiss came. Suddenly the little craft ran into a falling current of air and dropped like a broken elevator. Sudden gusts, both horizontal and upward, are bad to meet in an aeroplane, but falling currents are far worse, for the aeroplane drops in them faster than its driver and he has no purchase on his seat with which to work his levers and right the machine. Forty feet down it went and then he straightened it out. The engine with its un-muffled roar needed to be cooled by a constant flow of oil. The oil supply began to give out. The gauge sank lower and lower. Then the white column of the Metropolitan tower in New York came into view. He was within sight of New York—and of the record for long-distance flight.

Mr. J. A. Schreffer, an old acquaintance of Mr. Curtiss, is the manager of a motor-boat company on the Manhattan side of the Harlem River. At 10:30 he was in his office. He said:

"I heard what I thought was the roar of some fast motor boat.

"'Gee!' I said to the watchman, 'there comes a fast boat, all right. It must be a hummer!'

"We tumbled out of the office-building to take a look at it, as all the fastest craft pass here and we like to keep tabs on them.

"I looked up the river toward the entrance of the creek at Spuyten Duyvil, and the water was as calm as a lake. Then I saw a shadow flitting across the rushes down by the shore and coming right for me, and I looked up to see if it was a cloud.

"And there was Curtiss in his aeroplane, skimming like a bird over the roofs of the buildings only a few feet up in the air. It gave me such a start that instinctively I jumped back toward the door and sent the watchman tumbling ahead of me. But I was on my feet in a minute; and, realizing what it was, I sprinted for

the seven-foot board-fence back of the yard over which he had disappeared.

"I ain't much at fence climbing, but I reckon that no one ever took a high fence as quickly as I did that. By the time I was up on top of it so I could see over, he was settling down into the tall grass on the hillside a hundred and fifty yards away. The machine was as graceful as a bird coming down with white, outstretched wings into a clover field. That was all I could think of as I tumbled over and picked myself up and sprinted for the place.

"As I ran, the machine touched the ground on all three wheels as gently as a butterfly lighting on a moss tuft. It wouldn't have broken an egg-shell. I was so elated that I just yelled. I didn't yell anything—but just made a noise.

"The aeroplane ran along a few feet and stopped, the tall grass-tops bending down gracefully with the wind made by alighting. Then Curtiss got off and came around back of it and met me with a smile.

"I knew him when he was riding a bicycle, and he had the same quiet smile that he used to have when he and I were pedaling together. The first thing he did was to pull out his watch and look at it, and then he shook hands with me.

"I guess I'm on time," he said."

Then the crowd came, breathless men and women, from every direction. A ball-game in the neighborhood was deserted. The local telephone was so clogged with eager questions that Curtiss could not tell the *New York World* that he had landed on Manhattan Island and won its \$10,000 prize.

Blowing off the hats of the attending crowd with the air-thrust of his propellers, and entirely upsetting one small boy, the machine started again at 11:42 for Governor's Island in New York Bay, where its shed stands. There it landed at exactly noon.

The trip cost two cents a mile—and a steady courage. The average speed from Albany to upper Manhattan was more than fifty-two miles an hour. The flying time was two hours and fifty-one minutes for 150 miles.

In 1614 Hendrik Hudson sailed to Albany from New York in the *Half Moon* in five days, the same time it took the pedestrian Weston to walk it. In 1807 Robert Fulton steamed the distance in the *Clermont* in thirty-two hours. In 1900 the "Empire State Express" began to run on a

two hour and forty minute schedule. Curtiss reached its terminal eight minutes quicker. Ordinary birds of the air could not, of course, keep abreast of him.

The nearest approach to this achievement was Paulhan's London to Manchester flight, in which he made 186 miles in four hours and eleven minutes.

II

Though his cross-country flight was eclipsed by Curtiss, Paulhan set another record by going 5,798 feet up in the air. The Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls crossed the English Channel and returned to Dover without alighting—a flight of fifty miles in 90 minutes. The Wrights have been making many successful high flights in Dayton. At St. Louis Willard and Mars made creditable flights; and at Hempstead, L. I., Harmon, Hamilton, and Baldwin have been flying every day. So far, in this country, no one has been fined for promiscuous flying over cities, as Herr Frey was fined at Berlin; yet with all the capable American aviators and the many who will come to compete for the International trophy this will be a summer of great flights. Besides the International trophy, there are cups offered by *Country Life in America* and the *Scientific American*, a \$25,000 prize offered by the *New York Times* for a New York to Chicago flight; a \$30,000 prize offered by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *New York World* for a New York to St. Louis flight—and a number of others.

TO HIM THAT HATH, ETC.

EVERYBODY knows that the era of high prices is an era also of high returns on invested money. A man who was formerly content with 4 per cent. now wants 5 per cent. Bonds and mortgages have reached prices at which they give the investor better returns than in former periods of similar financial conditions.

The burden of the rise in prices has fallen most heavily upon the poor, not upon the owners of bonds. The biggest single army of investors in this country is an army of 2,700,000 depositors in the savings banks of New York. Their deposits are more than \$1,400,000,000. In the general advance of

the rates of interest, when adjustment of incomes must be made to cost of living, this army ought to share.

But it is a melancholy fact that only in this corner of the investment world an opposite tendency is at work. Here several of the biggest savings banks in New York, serving the poorest and most cramped of the divisions of that great army of investors, have reduced their rates from 4 per cent. to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year, and the superintendent of the banks of the state advises the banks to make the movement general. This is the grim fact that faces us. The savings banks of New York, the strongest, cleanest, most beneficent of all our banking institutions, have failed in this crucial point. The rich investor can now buy bonds and stocks at prices which will give him larger returns than he received a year ago, but the poor man's small investment-account is cut down in income. "To him that hath, it shall be given," etc.

It is not hard to see the reason, and it is not a very creditable reason. The lenders of money, particularly of other people's money, are too tender with the big borrowers and too hard with the little. The conditions in New York months ago indicated that it was time to raise the interest rates to men who borrowed millions of dollars for building operations, for great real-estate developments, for huge operations in land — city and suburban. But the banks did not do so. They were afraid. They knew that if they raised these interest rates a thousand bubbles would burst. New York is but an example. One may study building operations in all our cities and find that the builders have broken all records. They build on money borrowed, in the main, from the accumulations of the poor and the middle class.

Now we reach a point where either they, the big and wealthy borrowers, must be forced to pay more interest, or the poor, who pile up money in the savings banks, must take less interest. The banking world answers by striking at those whose resistance is weakest. It is cowardly — but it is business. If the little investors in this great army of 2,700,000 savers don't like it, they can withdraw their deposits and use their money to buy some of the land

that the boomers sell or some of the bonds that the builders offer them!

PROSPERITY AT STAKE

THE railroads declare that, with the rising cost of their pay-rolls and expenses and supplies, it is necessary for them to increase their rates. The Western roads proceeded to put a slight increase into effect. No change of rates, whether to raise or to lower them, can be made without an agreement among competing roads — this is a practical railroad necessity. Many times, since the Sherman Law has been in effect, rates have been lowered by such an agreement. But, when they were about to be so raised, the Government secured an injunction restraining the roads. Stocks fell. The whole industrial and financial outlook became cloudy. A long, stubborn contest seemed imminent. It was, in effect, an injunction against prosperity — good technical law, no doubt, but a very severe practical proceeding.

Happily, after a conference between the President and prominent railroad presidents, a truce was arranged which, it is hoped, will result in permanent peace.

The President has asked that the Sherman Law be so changed as to permit "pooling," and the changes, in progress through Congress when this truce was made, will permit pooling. The Government's suit was withdrawn on the agreement by the railroads that they will not increase rates till the law is passed, and that then they will submit their proposed increase to the Interstate Commerce Commission, as the law-in-the-making is expected to provide. Thus the situation rests.

One thing is certain — if, after the truce, there is a hard struggle about rates, prudent business men will put their affairs in shape to weather a storm. For the present, there is a very welcome peace.

THE GREAT MONEY-CENTRE OF THE WORLD

EVERY now and again we become enthusiastic over the prospect that New York is soon to be the financial centre of the world. Then some startling episode, like the panic of 1907, reminds us that England and France are yet the great investing nations. Nothing could illustrate this more

clearly than the simple fact that the American bond-market a little while ago turned upon the success or failure of negotiations to sell in Paris nearly if not quite \$100,000,000 worth of American railroad-bonds. Already this year some scores of millions of dollars of our bonds have gone to Paris; and the English buyers have taken from our market \$107,000,000 worth of securities in the first four months of the year.

This tremendous flood of securities goes into strong-boxes all over the Continent and wherever the English flag floats. The money comes here. It goes to every corner of the land.

Again, more than \$9,000,000 a month was subscribed by the English from January to May for American enterprises other than railroads; and about \$2,500,000 came from England to take away American city bonds and stocks, to build our streets, to equip our fire departments — to help us live.

Yet, not one out of ten American investors owns or ever did own any security that represented anything outside of the United States. Even the bonds of Japan, brought here by our own bankers, were never scattered widely; and we have less than \$200,000,000 in all Canada.

This is something to think about. In one small country whose centre is London, investors in 1909 subscribed for securities worth \$1,070,000,000. Nearly every dollar of it went to work, either in the peaceful pursuits of British commerce, or out on the firing-lines in Canada, the United States, South America, South Africa, or Asia — where the armies of commerce fight wars of conquest. We are not the only people under the sun, and the long-accumulated and well-managed wealth of England is simply prodigious in comparison with our smaller, newly-acquired capital.

PUTTING THE BRAKES ON A LAND BOOM

ONE day early in May a great bank in the West announced that hereafter the minimum rate of loans on farms in Iowa, Minnesota, and the adjacent states would be 6 per cent. instead of 5 per cent.

On this increase of the interest-rate wise Eastern financiers congratulate the West. More than once, in this last five years, they

have wondered whether the West would stop before trouble began. For the tremendous demand of Western agriculture for money to finance its irrigation areas, its huge expansion of farm facilities, and its transfers of farm-lands at from two to five times normal values would, if continued, sooner or later glut the market with this class of investments and bring the inevitable reaction. The action of the Chicago banks is one of the sanest, safest, and most praiseworthy financial episodes of the year. It is hoped that this wise action will bring the "boom regions" of the West back into line with the solid agricultural areas; and, above all, teach a few "rapid-fire" financiers of the West that a tree never grows quite to the sky.

THE FARMER'S UNEARNED INCREMENT

IF THAT imaginary person, the average farmer, had divided up his farm into six equal portions and planted them in wheat, corn, oats, hay, barley, and potatoes, he would have averaged a gross income of \$13.13 per acre in 1900 and \$21.69 in 1909. Here is an increase of 65 per cent. in the income-producing power of the farm. Has the farmer earned that increase, or has it been thrust upon him?

Careful farming, scientific cultivation, hard work, and diligent attention to business have often, in the history of agriculture, done this much both for individual farms and for communities taken collectively.

But we know that these causes did not bring all this increment of farm products, measured in cash. On the contrary, the chief reason for the increase of individual results lies in the relative failure of the American farmer to do his full duty. His task is to produce food for the nation and a part of the rest of the world besides. Because his collective products have not been enough to meet these demands, his individual profits have been swelled by the mounting of prices incident to his failure.

Not only is the farmer approaching the capitalist class in the possession of actual dollars and cents, but he is exercising to a remarkable degree that ancient capitalistic privilege — the collection of the unearned increment. Perhaps in time he will also share the troubles of the class into which he

is graduating. Then we may expect a pretty row!

PATRIOTISM ON AN ECONOMIC BASIS

INDEFINITELY rich as the United States has been, and very rich as we yet are, we have come to a time when we have begun to spend our capital. One measure of the impairment of our natural capital is the waste of coal, of timber, of soil, and of other large items of non-replaceable wealth. It is one thing, for instance, to grow enormous crops by methods that leave the land as rich as we found it: that is all gain and good husbandry and a positive addition to our wealth. But the burning of coal in furnaces that unduly waste it, the cutting of timber in unscientific ways, the exhaustion of the soil by culture that leaves it poor — however great the immediate income — make our country poor, reduce our capital, lessen the chances and the resources of those that come after us, and strike at the very foundation of our natural solvency. It is the most unpatriotic form of robbery of civilization and one of the lowest kinds of immorality.

This view of natural wealth and of its use is as obvious as the decalogue and as true and commonplace. But, while enlightened men have always known it, and men of the strongest character and convictions have carried it into action, this conception of real riches is now for the first time becoming a part of the common knowledge and a part of the common conscience. The public conscience grasps it somewhat more slowly than one might wish; but it is beginning to grasp it surely and securely.

And this means the moving of public morals to a distinctly higher plane, and the putting of patriotism on an economic basis.

THE BOTTOM ECONOMIC FACT

THE most fundamental of all tasks is to bring it about that the land shall be owned by the men who till it and that they shall till it well. We are fast coming to the time when practically all our food products will be consumed by our own people and the farmer's profit will become greater rather than less. Every year farm-machinery is improved and its use is extended. Every year we learn more

about the productivity of the soil. There is a steady increase in the value of the products of scientific farming. Trained men may make more certain and more profitable careers at agriculture than ever before.

But the value of good farm-land increases even faster than the profits of good farming, and it will continue to increase for some time to come.

This fast upward movement in land values gives the key to the most important economic fact of our time — the buying of farm-land for speculation, the increase of ownership of large tracts, and the increase of absentee ownership. This tendency makes against ownership by the men who till the earth.

Now all movements to keep people on the farms and to induce the surplus town-population to go back to the soil are well-meant, and some of them are more or less successful. But there is one fundamental silent force that drives them to town or keeps them as tenants that is stronger than all efforts to make them independent owners. *The land that is held in large tracts or that is held for speculation is, almost everywhere, assessed at lower values and taxed less than the land held in small tracts and worked by the men who own them.* The current, traditional method of assessment and taxation almost inevitably throws the burden on the small farmer-owner and encourages the absentee landlord and the speculator or the mere holder for an increased value. The mere investor has this silent advantage over the worker.

Two men in different parts of the country were asked by **THE WORLD'S WORK** to verify this assertion in their own communities. One says:

"On one side of the river [this is in the South] most of the land is held by small farmers. On the other side most of it is owned by men who live in the city. The small farmers are assessed at about four times the assessment that is put on the large estates, because there are more improvements and the land is tilled better. Yet the land of the large estates is at least four times as intrinsically rich."

Another (from the West) says:

"The big undeveloped estates are assessed at about half the value put on the small farms.

This discrimination does not seem to have been consciously made—it is a habit."

Now this comes near to getting at the bottom of the problem of rural life. The condition of land-ownership and the practical discriminations in taxation that have brought the English people to the verge of a revolution are beginning to exist—in some communities in almost unconscious and very slight ways, but beginning nevertheless to show themselves in the United States. If any agricultural state wishes enormously to increase its income for building roads and schools, it would be surprised at the strides it would make if it should force the large land-owners to pay the same rate of taxes that the small ones pay—force unproductive land to pay the same proportion of its real value that productive land pays. One of these years—not far-off either—will bring all this home to us as it is now brought home to the landless people of England.

NEW HOPE FOR THE MAN WITH THE PLOW

THERE is good reason to hope that the gasoline engine has greater triumphs within its easy and early reach even than the automobile and the flying-machine. Mechanical help is needed by the plowman more than it is needed by any other man on this planet. The muscle of man and of beast yet turns most of the furrows whence our food and clothing come. True, the grain-crops are planted and worked and gathered to a very considerable extent by machinery on large farms and in the most advanced regions of our agricultural life. But cotton is yet picked by hand.

But soon the small farmer will have his gas-engine that will propel his plow as well as saw his wood and pump his water and thresh his grain and cut his fodder; and the long, tedious, and costly experiments to build a successful cotton-picking machine seem practically certain of a successful result. It will be worked by the same kind of power that has made the automobile and the aeroplane possible. And there is no reason why the same power should not be detached from one machine and applied to others that will plow, plant, and cultivate the cotton-fields as well as gather the crops.

If you are given to using so big a word as

"revolution," you may find an interesting justification of such a dangerous habit in the study of the application of the gasoline engine to the tilling of the soil. It may free more men from the plow and the hoe than have yet been freed from muscular drudgery by steam and electricity.

BAD NEWS FROM TEXAS

TEXAS has the largest grazing area left in the United States; and to Texas, therefore, more than to any other state, the public looks for possible relief from the high cost of meat. The Texas Commercial Secretaries' Association has made its annual canvass of the grazing herds. The result is alarming. It found on January 1st, this year, only 5,960,000 cattle; while on the same date in 1909 there were 8,794,000. The decrease is 30 per cent. in a single year.

Clearly enough, there is something more than dealers' manipulation behind the price of meat. The world-old law of supply and demand cannot be ignored, either by the public or by the trusts.

Across the border in Mexico and on the pampas of South America there are still (and there will be for generations) tremendous areas suitable for grazing. Who can doubt that one of the first important steps in the readjustment of supply and demand will be the removal of all artificial barriers that cut off our people from their food-supply of to-morrow? We cannot, by legislative act, repeal the laws of economics; but we can change a man-made tariff. Texas gives a strong hint that it is time to set about the task.

A STURDY STOCK THAT NEEDS MOVING

THERE was an article in a recent number of this magazine by Mr. Dawley about the Southern mountaineers, in which it was explained that some of them live in economically impossible places; and the best thing that could happen to these is to move away. In fact most of them—in these remote places where life is lonely and hard—who become educated and find out that there are better places in the world, do go away. Education results in removal.

That article provoked the following letter from one mountaineer, which gives a hint

of the constant and beneficial emigration from these regions:

"I was brought up in a log-cabin with one window of four small panes of greasy muslin. My children were born in similar cabins. One of them is Professor of Botany in Maryland Agricultural College. Another is an expert in plant-breeding in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. Another is a landscape-gardener's wife, at Buffalo, N. Y. Another is the wife of a prosperous contractor and builder at Jerome, Idaho. One son-in-law is a wealthy stock-farmer at Randolph, Kan. Another son-in-law is a teacher in Colorado; his wife is a successful 'dry farmer.' My baby girl is teaching domestic economy in the County High School, at Cheyenne Well, Colorado."

The best process of evangelization or of education that can be applied to sturdy folk of this sort might take the form of railroad tickets.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT COLLEGES

TWO college presidents and a layman fell to talking lately in this office about college work and life. Said one of them: "Surely two of the most useful things for a youth to learn—two practical things upon which one's happiness depends—are the careful use of money and the simple rules of good digestion. How to spend and how to eat—the young should be taught these, if nothing else. Yet how many of our colleges pay the slightest attention to these subjects, directly or indirectly?"

Another remarked: "At many of our colleges' student-life is permitted so to organize itself—or to remain so unorganized—that it falls a prey to the most neglectful and vicious habits regarding these two fundamental things. Boarding-houses and eating-clubs, unregulated, lay the foundations of dyspepsia and all its later train of ills; and the tradesmen encourage and tempt to irregular and extravagant uses of money by the students. These subjects are yet regarded too often and at too many schools as beneath the dignity and outside the range of a college's activities. And yet we consider what we call education as a training of youth for life."

And the third said: "Within a decade college presidents whom we knew and loved died of the results of—to put

—gluttony; and we know others whose little personal incomes are so ill-managed as to cause them much unhappiness and to detract from the value of their work."

"And," the conversation went on, "the management of the finances of many educational institutions is so unbusinesslike as to make their presidents' lives always burdensome, and to rob them of inspiration and happiness—all because of the lack of the mastery in practice of the simplest principles of money-husbandry."

Yet, in both these departments of activity, there is a continuous improvement. A generation ago hardly an American college gave serious attention to the feeding of its students; and now many of them do. And the subject is scientifically studied and sensibly practised in some. As for the teaching of common sense, some self-discipline and self-denial and forehandedness in managing one's income—that, too, may at some time be regarded as worth while. We now have courses at some of our universities whereby young men who are in debt to all the tailors and florists and restaurant-keepers in the college town are instructed in Finance and Economics and the Organization and Management of Corporations. It was a distinguished college-president who recently remarked that he wished a new chair in his college to be filled by a Professor of Common Sense.

Yet the conversation of these three men was concluded with this remark, to which all assented and to which most men will assent whose judgment is respected and whose knowledge is wide: "The American college, with all its shortcomings, is the best product and the best activity of American life. It keeps and lifts higher our best ideals. It does its undefinable inspiring work better than any of our professions or our occupations or trades or activities. We could better afford to lose or to lower anything else that we have. But—we can give it more common sense."

HOW TO DEAL WITH PUBLIC SPEAKERS

A LITTLE while ago the principal of a school for girls wrote to a man whom she did not know and who knew nothing of her school: "Will you be

kind enough to deliver our commencement address this year? And what will be your price?"

Surely a commencement address to a company of young women and their friends and parents ought not to be a discourse by a man who should speak to earn \$100—a man who knows nothing about the history of the school or its traditions, or whether its work be good, or who the young women are—a mere stranger who should go to do a professional performance. For, if a speech on such an occasion be necessary or even excusable, it ought to be a speech by somebody who by acquaintance and association would be at home in the company. Or, if it be delivered by a stranger, he ought to be a very eminent or wise man whom any audience would be glad to hear at any time.

May it not be—this is written with timidity, but none the less with a very profound conviction—that the Commencement Oration, as it is usually delivered, has outlived its freshness? Several thousands of them have this year, as every year, made the happy June days heavy for young audiences that have straightway forgotten them. Preachers, editors, men in public life make long journeys, are introduced to audiences that meet not to hear orations but to see their sons or daughters honored with the rewards of their work—introduced generally in exaggerated phrases—and they deliver what? the results of some special study? wisdom gathered from a long experience? Not often. But a string of platitudinous advice seasoned with efforts at humor. And, if you were to tell the whole truth, nine Commencement Orations out of the ten that you may have heard in your life were simply dull harangues to helpless youth.

Couldn't a substitute for them be found? Choral music or a pageant or a play or merely a luncheon? Of course, if you have an eminent man or a great orator or a man of invariably suggestive mind, then a speech is the thing. But a forced or merely conventional or perfunctory oration—the young deserve better treatment at the hands of their elders.

We are more patient than ingenious. Else who would listen year in and year

out to commencement orations and after-dinner speeches from a sort of professional advisers and entertainers. We should invent something better. Public speaking, except at its best and on occasions that naturally suggest great subjects, is an indulgence in lazy endurance and an exercise in sheer dullness.

The best thing to do is to bring public opinion sharply to bear on the subject. If we all insist that a man who makes a speech shall take the trouble to prepare it carefully and to make it the best speech that he can and to make it as short as he can, and should punish any man who bores an audience with our displeasure—then the business would be better done. And criticism of the prevalent laziness and long-suffering of audiences is useful only if it prod us to be frank with public speakers.

WHERE WAS YOUR DOCTOR TRAINED?

MR. ABRAHAM FLEXNER'S report to the Carnegie Foundation on the medical schools in the United States and Canada applies frank publicity to a most important activity which the public has hitherto accepted on trust. It is a reasonable statement that the number of deaths that occur every year because of doctors' ignorance would cause a riot in any community if it were known.

There are two lessons to be learned from this revolutionary document. One is the general lesson that no institution—nothing of public concern in a democracy—can safely be left to itself. The public must be informed how it does its work. Many otherwise reputable physicians have been conducting "medical colleges" which have turned out raw and ignorant men—for the little profit got from fees; and they have kept up this diabolical and murderous activity because the community took it for granted that they were honorable men and were doing honest work. The other lesson is the obvious one: Before you engage a doctor find out at least this much—where was he trained and what was the character of the "college" at the time he attended it?

A similar question, by the way, might sometimes be asked about your lawyer and your schoolmaster and even your editor.

WHERE TO FIND INSPIRING COMPANIONSHIP

A LITTLE while ago a retired business man from one of our mid-continental cities explained his long visits to Europe by saying that it was hard to find good companionship at home. All his friends had a feverish interest in "business." They thought of nothing else. They could talk of nothing else. But in Europe he found men with minds in repose, with some leisure, and with an interest in other things than the things of the work-a-day world.

True; for a much larger proportion of the people in Kansas City give their whole lives to practical pursuits — say even sordid pursuits, if you prefer — than in any city of the Old World; and naturally and properly. Nor, perhaps, is there any good reason for serious criticism of a retired business man for seeking congenial and restful and inspiring companionship wherever he may find it. It is a narrow patriotism that should insist that a citizen of Bungtown or of Kansas City or of Boston or of London should not seek enlightenment or rest elsewhere.

But the following also is an interesting incident: Three men who had practically retired from active pursuits — were no longer engaged in making money — happened to be together in New York, when one of them read to the others the story of the man from Kansas City. They made no serious criticism of his action, but their comments were tinged with a certain pity. One of these men lives in Iowa, another in Chicago, and the third in New York. They had all been about the world; they were all fond of cultivated and congenial companionship; and they had all found it in their own country and at their own homes. Each of them had an active interest in institutions and organizations that encourage the intellectual and artistic life. Each of them by visits and frequent journeys, for summer or winter comfort of climate, spends a part of his mellow years of comfortable fortune and ripe experience with men and women of similar tastes of his own generation and in guiding and advising and supporting the cultivating activities of younger people at their own homes. One makes his house the constant meeting-place of men and

women of thought and of artistic work; another watches and encourages outdoor recreations and the improvement of country life; and the third has philanthropic activities that are as far removed as possible from the active professional work of his younger years.

"There is no part of the United States," one of them remarked, "where a man who has a wholesome interest in his fellows may not find inspiring companionship if he knows how to look for it — that is, if he be inspiring himself."

A BROADENING OF THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

THERE was set up the other day a very appropriate bronze portrait in bas-relief of Henry George, made by his son, on a wall in the building in New York where he died. This is a good reminder, if any reminder were needed, of the continued vitality of "Progress and Poverty." And more vital than the book is the large principle that it set forth — the code of ethics that it advocated.

For many men who have not assented to the definite method of taxation, which is called the single-tax, have come to recognize the essential immorality of withholding land from productive uses and the doubtful morality of sheer speculation in land. The use of the earth and direct access to it under the most favorable conditions that do not abridge the rights of others are very much more seriously considered than they were twenty-five years ago. That the earth should be easily accessible, that it should not be monopolized, that ownership and use of it should be given to all on the same conditions — this underlies the great parliamentary struggle in England; and it is in a dozen forms coming into more general acceptance in the United States every year.

It is doubtful whether any book has appeared in any part of the world these twenty-five years that has had so far-reaching and profound an influence as "Progress and Poverty" — even on those who do not accept its ultimate conclusions. It brought a large new area of life and thought within the reach of men's consciences; and the public conscience has been moved higher by it.

A MONEY-MANIA AND ITS VICTIMS

WHEN a gambling craze seizes the English, its culmination marks an epoch and generally introduces a world-panic. The people of England have been in the midst of the maddest, craziest, and least intelligible of all their manias.

I have before me a list of 386 rubber companies whose stocks are traded in more or less day by day on the London market. Some of them are old, well-established, dividend-paying companies; but more than half of them have been floated since January 1, 1910, and are in the first stages of promotion and development.

The public, mad with the lust for quick profits, turns from the old high-priced and high-dividend stocks to the new, glittering, much-belauded projects. The stock of a company called Selangor, which paid dividends last year of 287½ per cent. on its capital, is quiet and peaceful. A hundred stocks of a hundred different companies, bearing wild, unpronounceable names and located in wild, unapproachable places, boil in the market.

Official guesses are not forthcoming as to the amount of money that the people of England are already pledged to supply to this strange market. Loose guesses range from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000. The *Statist* makes it \$70,000,000 in the first four months of 1910. Very few of the people who rush to buy expect to pay for the shares. They buy to sell again. For months past they have been doing this, buying at a few shillings a share, and turning the stock out into the market to later comers at pounds per share. Sudden fortune has followed sudden fortune.

The banks did all that they could to stop it. They would not lend on rubber stocks as collateral. They would not deal in rubber shares. The most conservative of the private banking-houses stood for months on a refusal to execute gambling orders. Hundreds of their best clients slipped away from them; the barriers gradually broke down. The orgy spread from the purlieus of the market into the best of the private banking-houses.

Every day, long hours after and before the regular market is at work, a money-mad crowd of all sorts and conditions of men besieges the offices of Mincing Lane and the other little streets where men deal in paper tokens of value. Gamblers from the race-tracks jostle clergymen from the provinces; silk-hatted peers touch elbows with little clerks from the mercantile rows; priest and courtesan stand side by side to sign contracts for shares of stock in unknown companies. There is no class in England that has not been infected — the clergy, as usual, leading the race.

For it is a gamble in which a man may go far without much cash. You buy your block of stock and pledge yourself to pay for it at a "settlement day," weeks and months ahead, with no present liability at all. Then you go home and hope that the price will go up. You figure that you will sell if it does — and you are almost certain that it will.

Nothing could be much more seductive than that. The people of America have heard this story often. A hundred "promotion syndicates" tell it every day. You are poor. They send you a letter setting forth the fact that the Wall Street market is closed to you and every one else but the wealthy. But here — right in your mail — here is the golden opportunity. "We" will sell you the stock of the greatest invention the world has ever seen. Here is something that will make you rich. You can buy it — oh, so easily! Ten dollars down, and five dollars a month — that's all! And long before you finish paying for it it will be worth many times what it cost you! The dividends alone will meet your later payments! Was ever such a chance before?

England "fell to it." It has often happened before. As long ago as 1720 the English public bought the shares of the South Sea Company, at a premium of 2,000 per cent., and saw it go to pieces in a single year. At the same time they bought (at

high prices) the shares of a company "for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is"; and \$5,000,000 of stock "for a wheel for perpetual motion."

Again, in 1825, a similar madness overwhelmed the country — only this time it was mining and industrial shares. It ended in a great panic in which more than seventy of London's banks went down. It is no wonder that the English bankers try to put the brakes on speculation of this sort.

But, of all the lessons of history, none can compare with the "railway madness" of 1845. In a week more than \$500,000,000 of railroad capital came out and was taken up. In a month 327 railroads were chartered, with a capital of more than a billion and a half. In less than a year the new railroad capital amounted to the total of \$3,500,000,000.

Never was such a madness. Then, in the midst of it, the Bank of England suddenly raised its discount rate. John Ashton, in his "History of Gambling," quotes a paragraph from a writer of the day:

"It is the conviction of those who are best informed that no other panic was ever so fatal to the middle class. It reached every hearth; it saddened every heart in the metropolis. There was scarcely an important town in England but what beheld some wretched suicide. Daughters delicately nurtured went out to seek their bread; sons were recalled from academies; households were separated; homes were desecrated by the emissaries of the law. There was a disruption of every social tie. The debtor's jails were filled with promoters; Whitecross Street was filled with speculators; and the Queen's Bench was full to overflowing. Men who had lived comfortably and independently found themselves suddenly responsible for sums they had no means of paying. In some cases they yielded their all and began the world anew; in others they left the country, laughed at their creditors, and defied pursuit."

The present episode is, in many respects, very like the episode of 1845. The rubber craze, like the railroad craze, is based upon the phenomenal success of a few established companies, coupled with the extraordinary demand for crude rubber throughout the world. "Up-river" rubber is quoted here today at \$3 a pound against an average of little above \$1.15 for ten years past. This

is caused, to a large extent, by the wonderful increase in the manufacture of automobile tires. Again, the rubber trading (like the railroad subscriptions of that day) consists of contracts to pay in the future.

If there is a sudden break, millions of dollars must be found by the subscribers to pay their debts. The honest will pay if they have to sell every standard stock and bond they own, let their homes go, and "begin the world anew." The dishonest will emigrate, if they can beat the police to the landing-stage.

Here, in the United States, this rubber craze has hardly touched us. Half a dozen little Central American and South American syndicates have appeared upon the Curb in New York and tried to "start something." But, by chance, this very year for the first time in its history, the Curb has some rules, and two or three men are trading down there who intend to see that "the game" is "straight." So the rubber boom makes poor headway. In private circulars and letters there is some of it, but most men are wary. Even the greenest of the uninitiated seems to draw back.

We do not gamble as our English cousins do, out in the open where men may see. In Los Angeles, it is true, there is a mania for oil shares, but it is pale and insignificant beside the English orgy, or beside that other oil madness which centred around Beaumont, Texas, a few years ago. In Toronto, every now and again, they have a new outbreak of the "Cobalt fever," but it passes quickly and wise men keep their heads. The "wildcats" enjoy a short life and not a very merry one in the mining markets of the North these days, for the leaders of the Toronto market shoot on sight. They thrive better in New York — and there are some of them abroad.

Only, below the surface, quietly and insidiously, a thousand little "get-rich-quick" schemes creep into the mails of this nation month by month. Do not forget, when you find them on your breakfast-table, that a list of a million names of "possible easy-marks" can be bought in Nassau Street, New York, all nicely classified, with full addresses — and many of them specifically recommended as "already sold something." C. M. K.

HOW LIFE INSURANCE SAVED A BUSINESS

A SMALL manufacturer in New Jersey fell into financial trouble this last winter. His business was perfectly good — too good, in fact. His orders were so heavy that he had to go into debt to the bank far deeper than he ever went before, and the process was so gradual that he did not know just where he stood until one day his bank notified him that it could not handle any more of his paper.

He tried to make a personal loan from an acquaintance, but when he had told him that the bank was refusing him credit the acquaintance drew the line, and the manufacturer could not blame him. His house was already carrying as large a mortgage as was possible. Talking it over with a friend, he put the situation tersely in these words:

"It looks as though I am going to be ruined by prosperity."

Once more he tried the bank. The vice-president, with whom he had always been on terms of personal friendship, sat down and discussed the matter for a full half-hour.

An idea came to the vice-president: "Have you no life insurance in force?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said the customer, "I've always carried \$20,000 life insurance. I took it out when I went into business, fifteen years ago. I've always kept it up."

"Why don't you borrow on it for six months or so, until you get your loans here shaved down a bit, and until your deliveries catch up with your orders? That ought to be sound business."

"I never thought of it as a life-saver before. How much can I get on it?"

The banker could not answer the question. He referred him to an insurance-broker down the street, called the latter on the telephone, and made an appointment for the same afternoon. The manufacturer went home to lunch feeling quite cheerful.

The insurance-man received him that afternoon. The manufacturer handed over two policies for \$10,000 each, written fifteen years ago by two separate companies.

Both were excellent companies, of first-class standing — one a New York company, the other in the Middle West.

"What I want to know is how much I can get in loans on these policies, or by giving them up," he said.

One was a twenty-year straight life policy. The other was an ordinary life policy. Both were in mutual companies. The broker studied them, made a few remarks to himself as he read the loan provisions, then pulled down a little leather-covered book full of figures and studied that. Finally he turned to his anxious visitor:

"I don't know what these companies will lend you. The policy that this company now issues on the 20-year-payment plan calls for a loan value at the end of fifteen years of \$3,430. Your policy calls for only \$860. This other policy, if it were issued now, would have a loan value of \$1,360; but your policy calls for only a quarter of that sum. All you can get under your rights is about \$1,300 in all."

"What's the matter with the policies?" asked the other, anxiously.

"I guess there is nothing the matter," said the broker, smiling, "except that they were not so liberal in those days as they are now. In this 20-year policy, for example, there is no cash value stated at all in the text, but the agent who sold it to you seems to have had it indorsed to the effect that you can get certain cash values. I suppose there was some competition."

"I remember that," said the other. "And he said that I was getting a special favor. A Boston friend of mine had advised me to see that there was some cash value to the policy if I wanted to give it up any time."

"You can get a good deal more for your money these days," concluded the broker, "and you need not be afraid of being cheated so long as you stick to the well-known companies."

"Yes; but what good does that do me? I am not trying to get more insurance. I want to get cash. What can I do?"

In the end the broker offered to take the policies and do what he could. He did not promise much.

A week later he called the manufacturer on the telephone. He had made an arrangement, he said.

The worried citizen wasted no time in getting down to the insurance office. He found that the broker had arranged loans aggregating more than \$4,000. The two companies — both standard insurance companies of the highest class — had offered, under skilful persuasion and well-directed personal influence, to go beyond their strict legal requirements and make loans on the policies aggregating what the broker called the "full legal reserve." He had to explain to his client that this meant the sum which the company sets aside as an investment to safeguard the policy. It was enough, he said, to amount to the face value of the policy after a period that is figured as the "expected life" of the insured, with interest figured at 3 per cent.

It was enough. In this particular case it saved a man from almost certain bankruptcy, brought on by conditions that certainly reflected no discredit upon him. Placed on deposit in the bank, it extended his credit enough to see him through the crisis, and to-day his position is solid. Within six months — so the broker says — he intends to pay off his insurance loan. Also, he intends to take out more insurance, on the most liberal policy that the broker can find for him.

His experience is not at all unique. In 1907 and 1908 millions of dollars were borrowed from the insurance companies at 5 per cent. on insurance policies; and in very many cases it was a last resort. How many business men saved themselves from ruin by the expedient can never be known, for men do not advertise the fact that they have barely missed failure in the commercial world.

When you buy insurance, be sure that you study the business end of your contracts. Insurance should not be regarded, in most cases, as a business asset; but the man is surely stupid who does not most carefully take account of this feature of insurance, even if he intends never to take advantage of it. It is human nature, when the sun

shines, not to think of storms; but it is wisdom in the business world to lay up unseen treasures this side of Heaven.

Of course almost any agent will tell you that all companies are now alike, and that you get the same cash values for the same premium, and the same amount of paid-up insurance if you want to quit, no matter what standard company you use. When you have listened long enough, ask for sample copies of the kind of policy you want, from different companies — say in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and any other state you fancy. Take them home and read them over. If you have a friend who knows anything about it, ask him for half an hour of his time.

By and by you may discover that many of the companies now have the privilege of asking you for three months' notice when you want to borrow from them. A few have not that privilege. Probably in the vast majority of cases, the companies will never insist on that ninety-day clause. The only time they will insist upon it, perhaps, is the only time you will want to use it — when panic is abroad.

Also, you may make the discovery that the actual cash-surrender or loan value stated in the policy is subject to certain surrender-charges. These charges vary widely in the different policies, ranging in the fifth year, for instance, from nothing to \$10 on a thousand-dollar policy.

You will find a few vital differences. Even the premiums are different, in spite of the apparently widespread idea that all the companies are now alike. The amount of dividends that you will receive will of course be different.

I have a table of twenty-eight companies, all standard and all excellent, showing the actual cost of similar policies issued in 1906, for the two years 1907 and 1908. This "actual cost" is the premiums paid less the dividends received. Strange to say, no two of the figures are alike. Several of them are only one cent apart on the \$1,000 policy. The "actual cost" for two years ranges from \$44.20 to \$55.86. This fact is cited merely to illustrate that it is still necessary to read your life-insurance policy before you buy it, if you wish to be intelligent.

ROOSEVELT AGAIN?

A POLL OF 1,000 SUBSCRIBERS TO "THE WORLD'S WORK" IN ALL PARTS OF THE UNION

THE WORLD'S WORK recently sent the following inquiry, to get a measure of public opinion about Mr. Roosevelt, to a thousand men on its subscription list, divided about equally among all the states in the Union—to about twenty-three men in each state. There was no clew to the political faith of these men, and their occupations and points of view were unknown. THE WORLD'S WORK, in fact, knew nothing about them, except that their names are on its subscription-list and that they are, therefore, men of intelligence. Probably no better measure could be made of present public opinion.

In all, 426 replies were received—a few failing to answer all the questions. Answers came back from every state and territory and from the District of Columbia.

Every man addressed was asked to tell his profession or occupation; and the answers show almost every kind of occupation that intelligent men have. There were:

Merchants, traders, brokers, etc.	41
Lawyers, judges, court-clerks	37
Railroad men, from presidents to locomotive engineers	14
Teachers, from university presidents to public-school teachers	41
Farmers, stock-raisers, etc.	57
Builders, contractors, engineers, etc.	12
Physicians, surgeons, dentists, etc.	26
Editors, authors, publishers, printers, etc.	21
Clergymen	13
Bankers, bank officers, etc.	30
Lumber and mining men	12
Real estate, insurance, etc.	21

In addition to these there were one or two electricians, carpenters, blacksmiths, liverymen, tailors, laundrymen, undertakers, sculptors, capitalists, police-lieutenants, secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association, and "retired."

All but one who answered this inquiry wrote seriously; and most of them wrote full explanations of their own opinions and reports of public opinion in their communities.

The letter of inquiry was as follows:

Dear Sir: Both those who admire Mr. Roosevelt and those who dislike him agree that he is the most persistent and energetic personality in the world; and, whether he wishes to reenter public life or not, there is sure to be a strong movement in favor of his doing so.

To make a test of present public opinion we are sending the questions on this sheet to 1,000 subscribers to THE WORLD'S WORK, almost equally divided among the states; and we will thank you if you will be kind enough to answer them.

The questions were:

I. Some men regard Mr. Roosevelt as a spectacular and disturbing force in public life, and they think that talk of him for the Presidency again is folly or worse. Do you hold this opinion?

There were 382 answers to this question—353 no; 29 yes. In other words, nearly 13 to 1 were favorable to considering him for the Presidency again.

II. Others—some who admire Mr. Roosevelt and some who do not—think that he ought not again to be considered for the Presidency because he held the office for seven years. Do you hold this opinion?

There were 379 answers to this question—310 no; 69 yes. That is to say, only 1 in about 4½ persons regard the "third term" or any other reason as a good reason for keeping him out of the White House again.

III. Other men regard him as a great moral force, as a quickener of the nation's energy, as the preserver of our national wealth, as the necessary leader of the people who are denied a square deal because of the undue power of privilege and capital, both in industry and in government; and they think that he, better than any other man, can restrain the "predatory rich" and so use the powers of the government as to give every class its proper privileges and no more than its proper burdens. Do you hold this opinion and are you in favor of his becoming President again?

To this direct question whether they want him for President again there were 375 answers—292 yes; and 83 no. In a word, about 3½ to 1 are in favor of his elec-

tion again. Among these there are of course a considerable number of Democrats.

In addition to these direct questions a number of general inquiries were made, and the answers to them throw light on the general drift of opinion.

One of these questions was:

"What proportion of Republicans and Independents in your community wish him again to be President?"

The answers to this cover a wide range of opinion, but in the total they show a large preponderance of favorable opinion — as nearly as can be estimated from the answers, which took many forms, about three-fourths of the Republicans are thought to favor him.

Another question was:

"How is he regarded by the Democrats of your community?"

Almost without exception the answers show that Mr. Roosevelt is most highly thought of by the Democrats. Many answers show that a large number of Democrats will vote for him. Especially are such expressions of opinion frequent in the South.

Another general question asked was this:

"If you think that Mr. Roosevelt should not again be President, how could he best use his continued popularity for the public welfare?"

The answers to this take a wide range:

United States Senator from New York	103
Speaker of the House of Representatives	17
Member of the House of Representatives	16
Writer and editor	32
Governor of New York	7
Head of a university	4
Secretary of State	4
Private citizen	7

One or two think that he should be Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission; at the head of the Panama Canal; preacher; Mayor of New York City; permanent head of the House of Governors.

From the reading of all these replies and letters one gets several very definite impressions. In New England they show a sort of hesitancy of opinion — with a leaning

toward Mr. Roosevelt rather than an enthusiasm for him. In New York the replies reflect public opinion pretty accurately — "big business," as one man expresses it, is afraid, but the common man believes in him. In the Middle West there is a very strong Roosevelt feeling, with a minority earnest in opposition to him. In the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States the pro-Roosevelt enthusiasm is almost universal.

One of the strongest impressions is got from reading the answers that come from the Southern States. Most of these are written by Democrats; and a very large number of them declare that they wish to see Mr. Roosevelt President again, but many of them request that their names be not published. More such requests for anonymity come from the South than from all the rest of the Union.

The information is volunteered in a good many answers that President Taft has lost the confidence of the people — not in his intentions, but in his accomplishments. Most of these men speak of the changed public attitude toward the President with regret. A few—half-jocularly—reproach Mr. Roosevelt for "putting off Taft on us." A few resent the mention of any possible candidate till Mr. Taft has had full time to prove himself.

The overwhelming impression is that "the square deal" has taken hold on the masses. Men believe that Mr. Roosevelt stands, as no other man stands, for the rights of the common man. In the West there is a strong sentiment also for Conservation.

If the national Republican convention were to meet now, there is hardly a doubt that Mr. Roosevelt would be nominated — whether he wishes to be or not.

This whole magazine could be filled even with brief extracts from these replies. The following quotations are selected as fair samples; and it is believed that they give the same general impressions that the reading of the whole correspondence would give.

FROM NEW ENGLAND

"Personally I am an 'Independent,' Democratic side, but I wouldn't hesitate long to vote any ticket offering the nearest to 'a square deal' to the country. I never admired Mr. Roose-

velt until after (or just before, possibly) his election by popular vote, but I have learned to admire him in many ways through his talks, writings, actions, and through those who

didn't and who do not like him."—*Maine business manager.*

"Yes and yes. The results of his work and influence have been most healthful, not only to this country but to the world. He commands the respect and admiration of every nation on the globe."—*John C. Crowell, Winchester, N. H.—farmer.*

"There is a time for everything. In my opinion Mr. Roosevelt's time as President is in the past. He did a great work—one that no other American, very likely, could have done—but his method of work is no longer needed."—*Vermont lawyer.*

"No, I wouldn't leave to any one man the decision as to which rich are predatory and which not."—*Massachusetts lawyer.*

"No, and I believe a man like Mr. Taft, with the support of Roosevelt, is better adapted to carry on the work which Roosevelt was the best man to initiate."—*William H. Gove, Salem, Mass.—manager manufacturing corporation.*

"The one politician who is no respecter of persons. I am for him again — most assuredly. It would be folly to run a chance of defeat through political intrigues of Aldrich *et al.*" — *Rhode Island traveling salesman.*

"I regard him as a great moral force, but I do not wish him to be President again. He is a preacher of national righteousness. As such he has elevated the moral tone in business and politics, but he is sometimes a law unto himself. He needs to be restrained, even in his good impulses, by powers outside himself. As President there is nothing to restrain him but public opinion."—*J. A. Beddle, Waterbury, Conn.—clergyman.*

"A great moral force, who can now do his work better outside the White House than in it." — *Dr. C. P. Botsford, Hartford, Conn.—physician.*

"Yes. Because he is the first man as President since Lincoln who openly dared to be a servant to the people."—*Salon H. Borglum, Norwalk, Conn.—sculptor.*

FROM SOME EASTERN STATES

"Personally I prefer the more philosophical and gentlemanly Taft, but Taft does not seem to be able to secure the enthusiastic support of the public. Mr. Roosevelt is the 'necessary leader,' not because he is more able — except as to ability to arouse popular enthusiasm in his support — more patriotic, more conscientious, more devoted to the so-called Roosevelt policies than Mr. Taft or a lot of other men, but simply because the people like to follow him." — *C. E. Lewis, Maxwelton, W. Va.—farmer.*

"He has done more than any man since Lincoln for the common people, who do not know how to govern themselves. I favor him for President again."—*Philadelphia, Pa.—vice-president National bank.*

"The masses want him and will demand him." — *Pennsylvania merchant.*

"His noise is music to every patriotic citizen. Washington — Lincoln — Roosevelt." — *Pennsylvania lawyer.*

"He was a necessary evil — the right man in the right place at the right time. He had a new mode of handling problems for the general good of the public. But I think he has fulfilled his mission."—*Pennsylvania right-of-way man.*

"He was raised up to do a certain work at a needed time, and we can stand more of him." — *Pennsylvania textile manufacturer.*

"I do not believe that Theodore Roosevelt is perfect. But although he is given to snap-judgment, as a very energetic man usually is, I believe he has few known equals as an all-round man."—*New York City—lieutenant New York police department.*

"I am surprised that THE WORLD'S WORK should consider taking up and pursuing this insane Roosevelt craze. The best way for the country to sober him is to say nothing about him. I don't understand why every paper in the country continually wants to harp on Roosevelt. He has had his day and now he is a private citizen, the same as you or I, and should have no more notoriety. . . . You would please me if you would abandon the whole subject and let Roosevelt pay for his own advertising like any other private citizen if he wants it."—*New York City printer.*

"Yes: I favor his again becoming President because I am convinced of his fairness between man and man, and believe his past experience would be used to the advantage of all classes of citizens."—*James P. Hayes, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—sales manager.*

"I regret to admit that conditions in this country make it imperative that Roosevelt be again nominated for the Presidency. . . . We need a man at Washington who is large enough intellectually to see that while corporate influences are protected under the law they do not absorb everything in sight; for if certain

kinds of aggression continue, then we shall see a wave of Socialism sweep the country, and with incompetents and theorists in the saddle the conditions will be infinitely worse and it will take many years to recover from the effects of incompetence."—*New York City editor, author, publisher.*

FROM THE MIDDLE WEST

"Democrats have as little to say against him now as against Lincoln. If he should run again they would regard his election as certain."—*Ohio.*

"We need Roosevelt or Rooseveltism—a man who is not afraid to meet rhinos and lions."—*Ohio—general manager of a telephone company.*

"I am a Democrat, but I am for Roosevelt. He delivered the goods. When a man can do what he has done, let him keep at it. He is for the people and he is the man to handle the trusts and unions."—*Ohio.*

"He is a disturber, but he disturbs those that ought to be disturbed."—*Roy Dustin, Cleveland, O.—clerk.*

"Because he *does* things; always with the welfare of the people as his sole guide; this always based on the right."—*Indiana farmer.*

"I am in favor of him for President because I believe he will be just to all. I belong to the laboring class and I believe the large proportion of this class will support him, regardless of party."—*James Conner, New Albany, Ind.—locomotive engineer.*

"He let the Steel Trust gobble up its only rival when a word from him would have made such a deal impossible. When it comes to deeds he has never made good. But he's a dandy splurger. . . . He is immense with his mouth, but the predatory rich never dug so deep into the people's pockets as under his régime."—*Frank W. Ball, Grand Rapids, Mich.—farmer.*

"I am willing that he become President again, but not anxious."—*Michigan bank cashier.*

"I have just returned from a trip across Wisconsin and Minnesota, and in talking with men on the train as I met them and asking them what about Roosevelt and the Presidency, the answer in every instance was that he could not help being President again."—*Wisconsin civil engineer.*

"He is the finest product of American citizenship that we have seen in these late days, and the majority of the people in the Middle West are aware of that fact and don't hesitate to say so when called upon for an opinion."—*Illinois manufacturer.*

"The country and the people need a man who is not afraid of 'Wall Street.' By all means let us have him as President—for life, if needs be. Personally, I am a Democrat and have voted the Democratic ticket (excepting when an opportunity arises to vote for Roosevelt)."—*Illinois retail coal dealer.*

"Cannot decide yet whether I am in favor of his becoming President again. I think Mr. Roosevelt has the conviction that his mission in the world is to try to raise the lower strata of society to a higher plane of living, to defend the weak against the strong, and aid in establishing a real equality among men."—*Dr. J. M. G. Carter, Chicago, Ill.—physician.*

"The opposition to him is strong, but not numerically. Nearly all the men of important business and financial interests whom I talk with think him unsafe, and many regard him as insincere. Unless the Colonel blunders worse than he has yet—that is, in a way to affect his popularity—he is very likely to be President again. I deplore the portent."—*William Horace Brown, Chicago, Ill.*

"Roosevelt is no respecter of persons; high position or great wealth did not in any way shield those who transgressed. It seems to me, however, that the greatest thing he has done is the awakening of the conscience of the people to a higher standard of civic and moral life."—*Waller F. Brooks, Mankato, Minn.—civil engineer.*

"A great big bluster."—*Iowa court reporter, retired.*

"I am more than ever in favor of his becoming President again since he arrived at Rome. The Captains of Industry and millionaires all

sit up and take notice when he speaks on any industrial or financial question. He is as independent as George III. and as honest as George Washington." — *F. D. Babcock, Ida Grove, Ia.—secretary fire insurance company.*

"Yes, sir. In order to give everybody a square deal, rich and poor. If he will not be President again, I am in favor of his being a guardian over Mr. Taft and Mr. Ballinger." — *George L. Cummings, St. Joseph, Mo.*

"I am firmly convinced that he is the greatest living American — that he represents policies that will be more nearly conducive to the public good than any other man in the public eye." — *Ernest S. McKinley, Neosho, Mo.—county superintendent public schools.*

"He has made mistakes — Taft, for instance; but no man can do many things without some errors. He caused one of the greatest panics we ever had; whenever his policies are again threatening, the panic will recur. The moneyed men of this country will again close up factory and market whenever an effort is made to give the poor 'a square deal.' I am for him for President again." — *C. C. Cummings, Joplin, Mo.—surgeon.*

"I think he will be a great leader of the people's thought and action and that we shall accomplish as much, perhaps more, without his being President, which office has its limitations on leadership." — *G. H. Glosfelter, Emporia, Kan.—vice-president Kansas State Normal School.*

"There are many of us here who believe that if Taft could only see the handwriting on the wall he would be all one could desire. But he seems to us to be only 'a good fellow,' wishing only to please. Taft cannot see beyond his own environment, as Roosevelt can. Roosevelt understands the people, understands them better than they understand themselves. And that is the main reason why we are with Roosevelt." — *E. W. Drowatsky, Wichita, Kan.—millwright foreman.*

"I consider him the greatest President America ever had except Lincoln, and he is the equal of Lincoln and he is the world's greatest

living statesman and none in the past have ever excelled him." — *W. A. S. Bird, Topeka, Kan.—attorney and agriculturist.*

"Although I cannot help admiring the man, I think that this country can produce more great men than one." — *Oklahoma City, Okla.*

"I am an evangelist and travel over the United States a great deal. Everywhere the people, except bigoted partisans, regard him as the very personification of 'the square deal.'" — *Rev. J. Edward Wolfe, Vinita, Okla.*

"I believe in making him President again for the single reason that he is able to rally the public to any measure he advocates, and he gets results. He is the product of the public press. Still he has the confidence of the public and, with the public back of him, would be able to accomplish more than some more able men." — *Otto L. Kaas, Britton, S. Dak.—attorney.*

"I do not wish to show hero-worship in any degree, but my admiration of Mr. Roosevelt would make it appear so; but I have watched the man from the time he lived upon the plains of North Dakota as a cowboy to the present time, when he has just shown the high spirit and greatest American manhood possible in refusing to meet the Pope with any papal restrictions placed upon him. In the wild and woolly West as in the jungles of Africa, in his early life and now, he wins men by doing good and being great, and he has yet many years of usefulness, and the American people can trust Theodore Roosevelt." — *Dr. R. D. Jennings, Hot Springs, S. Dak.—physician.*

"We like his fresh and fighting qualities." — *South Dakota physician.*

"We need him. There is no man in the United States who has the confidence of the rank and file as Roosevelt has. His manhood is shown in the recent incident when he refused to visit the Pope rather than submit to any conditions that would infringe on his right to go where he pleased and speak whenever he wished. By way of a joke: The most I have against Roosevelt is his championship of Taft and securing him his present job." — *Dr. W. T. Cain, Underwood, N. Dak.—physician.*

FROM THE WESTERN STATES

"I think him the greatest American the nation has produced since Lincoln, the ideal representative of American force and energy that

has made us a great nation, a true believer in the square deal for all, with the honesty, ability, and firmness necessary to withstand the on-

slaught of special interests. I believe a large majority of the citizens of Montana think as I do, regardless of party lines."—*Joseph Meredith, Lewiston, Mont.—general superintendent "New Year" mines.*

"First, Mr. Roosevelt has a thorough understanding of such questions as irrigation, forest reserves, conservation of mineral resources, and range conditions. Second, I believe him able to successfully cope with any situation that might arise."—*Alfred Cochran, Thermopolis, Wyo.—ranchman and stock-grower.*

"We have our own problem here, a matter of irrigating public lands. It has been held up and delayed for a long time. It is a state matter, but concerns the National Government in that it has to do with lands ceded by the Indians. We feel that if Mr. Roosevelt were President we would receive more consideration and assistance from Washington than we now do. This opinion is expressed many times."—*J. J. Jewell, Riverton, Wyo.—lumber dealer.*

"I am not a politician, but a plain business man. Mr. Roosevelt is the idol of the common people, and, from recent experiences, their only hope in the fight against the moneyed interests. I fully indorse the conservation policy of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Pinchot."—*W. C. Jay, Denver, Colo.—electrician.*

"He stands for the great Middle Class, the strength of any nation, and would protect that class from the 'predatory rich' on the one side and the leveling Socialist on the other."—*Charles S. Langstroth, Silver City, N. M.—owner of "Cold Spring Ranch."*

"If some other man would come forward that could and would carry out the reforms needed and demanded by the times and conditions, I would be for him, but he don't seem to be forthcoming. They all seem to be afraid, but Roosevelt. The court methods and law practice need radical changes. When he suggests that a matter be done he sees that it is done. That's what we want—action."—*Alex. J. Nisbet, Roswell, N. M.—lawyer.*

"Emphatically, NO. Mr. Roosevelt is not endowed with natural ability beyond that of thousands of other men. His fame rests upon skillful advertising rather than real merit. Mr. Roosevelt's conservation policies are to be commended."—*John T. McClure, Roswell, N. M.—attorney.*

"I am not convinced that his election would be best now—because I believe that the thorough overthrow and demolishing of the so-called regular Republicans is of the utmost importance to the people now."—*Samuel G. Johnson, Poland, Ariz.—mine superintendent.*

"In my frequent travels through the Western States and Territories I find that Mr. Roosevelt is looked upon as a man of the hour."—*E. Rammelmeier, Frisco, Utah—mining engineer.*

"Too big a man for anything but the Nation's Chief Magistrate for another term. We need him."—*Brigham City, Utah—lawyer.*

"He certainly is a great moral force, but surely he is not the only one of this great country's citizens who is capable of properly handling the momentous questions mentioned. He did well, but there are others."—*A. G. Raycraft, Democrat, Manhattan, Nev.—mining.*

"The strongest man of the age—a combination of a true statesman and astute politician, a man who was, and would be if again elected, a President of the U. S. A. and not of the G. O. P., as our present incumbent is. A man of the people who happens to belong to the Republican party."—*Dr. George W. Beeler, Seattle, Wash.—physician.*

"The trend of the times in this section of country is toward Socialism. I believe that Roosevelt can see that every time a corporation evades a fine, every time that a corporation is brought into court and the Government is defied, it turns hundreds of working and middle-class people to Socialism."—*Washington editor.*

"He has had the honor, and has inaugurated and vitalized his policies. It is harmful to centralize the virtue of citizenship in one man too much, and it is vital to national greatness to seek out, develop, and prefer many. Mr. Roosevelt's influence as a private citizen may be of incalculable value to this end. He would surrender much, if not all, of opportunity by again becoming President."—*John T. Morrison, Boise, Idaho—attorney.*

"I am for him because he has the backbone to give the common people a 'square deal.' He has the will power to do right regardless of the political bosses."—*Malheur, Ore. capitalist.*

"He is to-day the greatest man on earth. Of us all—the pious, the politician, the shrewd business man, the 'gum-shoe' statesman, the

'gum-shoe' diplomat, the sentimentalist — he asks the point blank question, 'What is the kernel in the nut?'" — *California orange grower.*

"We would like to see Mr. Roosevelt establish this precedent: Through an open letter to *World's Work, Collier's, Hampton's, Saturday Evening Post, American, Everybody's, and Success*, stating that if the great masses of common people of this Republic desired that he would be their next President and serve their interest if they nominated and elected him,

that he would not spend one dollar to secure the office; that he would not make one speech; that he must be the people's choice and if elected he would serve their interests. Mr. Roosevelt is the only man in the United States who has the power and strength to do it." — *Signed by 25 men of Niles, Calif.*

"I think he is the most forceful personality in the world to-day and the best qualified to fill the office, possessing all the great characteristics of a great leader, and honest." — *Mark Bugbee, Ferndale, Calif. — blacksmith.*

FROM THE SOUTHERN STATES

"Yes; I am 'crazy' about Roosevelt, and I do not care who knows it." — *Rt. Rev. Charles H. Mohr — president St. Leo College, Florida.*

"Yes; I am in favor of his becoming President again." — *Alabama president of a large industrial company.*

"Yes; he has the confidence of the people." — *Charles M. Flam, Wise, Va. — City Superintendent of Schools.*

"No; while he accomplished much good as President, his acts were uncertain, often impulsive, and sometimes rash to an extent that might make him a dangerous President." — *Virginia bank president.*

"Yes; while I am a Democrat, and have never voted the Republican ticket (in national elections), I believe the country is in need of a man of his personality — especially at this time. I would therefore vote for him." — *Virginia — assistant treasurer of an iron company.*

"It is my belief, which is shared by nearly every business man with whom I have talked on the subject, that Mr. Roosevelt is the strongest possible candidate for the Presidency in sight to-day, and that he would get a large following from the ranks of the Southern Democracy. At the same time, many of us feel that there is enough in his past record as President to make Mr. Roosevelt a probable factor in further disturbances of our commercial peace." — *Richmond, Va.*

"His term as President was the most satisfactory to me of any of the Presidents in my memory. The only criticism I could offer was his activity in behalf of Mr. Taft — to nominate him, then to elect him." — *John C. Myers, Broadway, Va. — farmer.*

"The nation does not need its energy quickened. It needs a rest. Our present President is the best President of recent times, only the 'interests' own the two legislative bodies, and it needs the 'big stick' to make them sit down in their places." — *West Norfolk, Va.*

"Yes; in spite of my third-term prejudices. Roosevelt is not looked upon as a Republican by the average Democrat of the South. His personality lifts him above partisan estimate." — *Virginia college president.*

"Yes; Roosevelt was undoubtedly a great moral force. He always waged war upon undue privileges, whether of capital or labor, and always expounded the gospel of equal rights and equal opportunities; and he would, I believe, always exercise his energies, according to his lights, in the reduction of privileges and the equalization of burdens. And he has the power of carrying the people with him to a greater extent than any other President of modern times." — *R. W. Mackreth, Ivy Depot, Va. — farmer.*

"We want to keep as far from a dictator as possible. History may repeat itself." — *M. F. Jones, Greensboro, N. C. — merchant.*

"He is the greatest man in America. I am a Roosevelt Democrat." — *Charles F. Lambeth, Thomasville, N. C. — manufacturer.*

"Yes; in this day and time the wealth of America is getting into too few hands, and we need some strong force to protect the weak." — *Asa O. Mann, Brownsville, Tenn. — farmer.*

"He is to-day more beloved by the people than he ever was. Personally I admire him because he is not a politician. The politicians are a greater menace to the industrial progress than the walking delegates of the labor-

unions." — *Tennessee* — *secretary and treasurer of a manufacturing company.*

"Most people in Tennessee, I think, are looking forward to the time when Roosevelt

"I have talked with many of our leading men, and they are all in favor of Mr. Roosevelt becoming our national leader again; because of his stern qualities, they feel that he is a man among men. Our best men are disgusted with



"THE BIG STICK"

Copyrighted by A. M. Wood & A. M. Wood

"I am not a sentimentalist. I am not in the least afraid of invoking the big stick if it is necessary"

will return — take charge of the G. O. P., and give the people some 'genuine' (not make-believe) reform. We believe he is the only Republican big enough to do it." — *A. D. Eatherly, Monterey, Tenn. — president of a coal company.*

the workings of Congress during the past year, and are against Mr. Cannon and his work. Mr. Roosevelt while President gave the nation a new vision of freedom and liberty, and if the people (common) do not receive more recognition as to their wants and feelings, a new party



Photograph by Brown Bros

"THE SQUARE DEAL."

"The 'business' which is hurt by the movement for honesty is the kind of business which, in the long run, it pays the country to have hurt"

will be formed; or, if the proper leader arises among the Democratic party, the people will be sure to follow." — *Rev. W. S. Buchanan, Johnson City, Tenn.*

"He, above all other men of our time, has given practical demonstration of his endeavors along many lines of substantial reform. He would have the votes of three-fourths of the



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WITH JOHN MUIR

Disbelievers in "nature-fakers," the "yellow journalism" of the woods, and in "muck rakers"

Southern Democrats were it not for the stigma felt by so many Southerners to rest upon themselves when they vote the Republican ticket."

Dr. Lewis M. Gaines, Atlanta, Ga.—physician.

"There is not a telegraph line, a telephone line, a railroad of any consequence traversing the South but what its policy and management are controlled from some Northern city. Rates



Copyrighted by Clineford

"NO MOLLICODDLE."

"I believe heartily in sport. I believe in outdoor games, and I do not mind in the least that they are rough games, or that those who take part in them are occasionally injured."

are made upon a basis of what the traffic will stand. The policy is largely dictated from the standpoint of getting every dollar it is possible to get out of the business. The South to-day is suffering more from absenteeism than ever did Ireland. . . . From this view-point, they have seen Mr. Roosevelt, and all they ask and all they hope as a part and parcel of this great nation is to have fair play. For this reason he has great favor with the Southern



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BREAKING A PRECEDENT

The first President to leave American soil, crossing the line from the Canal Zone into the Republic of Panama



Copyrighted by HARTIS & BOWING

AN EFFICIENT NAVY

"I most earnestly recommend that there be no halt in the work of upbuilding the American Navy. . . . Our voice is now potent for peace, and is so potent because we are not afraid of war"

people. . . . I for one believe he is the great American — yes, the greatest one either living or dead. I have never voted any but



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THE PANAMA CANAL

"When completed, the Canal will stand as a monument to this nation, for it will be the greatest engineering feat ever accomplished in the world"

a Democratic ticket in my life. I will vote for Mr. Roosevelt against anybody that belongs to the Bryan school. I believe Mr. Roosevelt



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CONSERVATION

"The conservation of our natural resources and their proper use constitute the fundamental problem which underlies almost every other problem of our national life"



1899 — GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

Accepted by "the machine" (Woodruff, Odell, Platt, and Depew) because of his "war-record" popularity



Photograph by Brown Bros.

to the Vice-Presidency

could carry Georgia if he should become a candidate for President." — *Georgia* — a former member of the Legislature and a judge of the Superior Court.

"I wish him to be President for another term and live a long time, and each year added to his life will be a blessing to mankind. An ideal man. I am a Cleveland and Roosevelt man." — *James M. Metcalfe, Natchez, Miss.* — coal dealer.

"I regard him as the greatest man of his time. I am a Democrat and a son of a Democrat, a true Southerner and son of a 'rebel.' Yet I consider Mr. Roosevelt the one man capable of saving the vast resources of this country for the proper people, the one man capable of handling the 'billion-dollar corporations.'" — *O. B. Haddon, Camden, Miss.* — teacher.

"Democrats regard him as the greatest President who has occupied the position since Washington." — *Louisiana* — sugar planter and manufacturer.

"Mr. Roosevelt has awakened and quickened the public conscience to such a great degree



"We have had a corking time."

that the people in every section of our nation are demanding honesty in their public servants and a square deal in government, for industry and for capital, and if the present Administration fails in this, there will be a universal demand for Mr. Roosevelt." — *J. W. Taylor, Fort Jesup, La.* — planter.



1905 — President and the most powerful man in politics in conference with

Copyrighted by A. I. Jones



Photograph by Brown Leon.

IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH THE PEOPLE

"Though a Democrat, who never voted for a Republican President except the three times when Bryan was the Democratic nominee, I would gladly support Mr. Roosevelt as President, because I regard him as the greatest living American, have every confidence in him, and

believe he would handle the nation's affairs better than any man before the people; and a man like this deserves the votes of all good citizens regardless of party."—*Samuel Casseday, Louisville, Ky.*—*president of the National Bank of Commerce.*



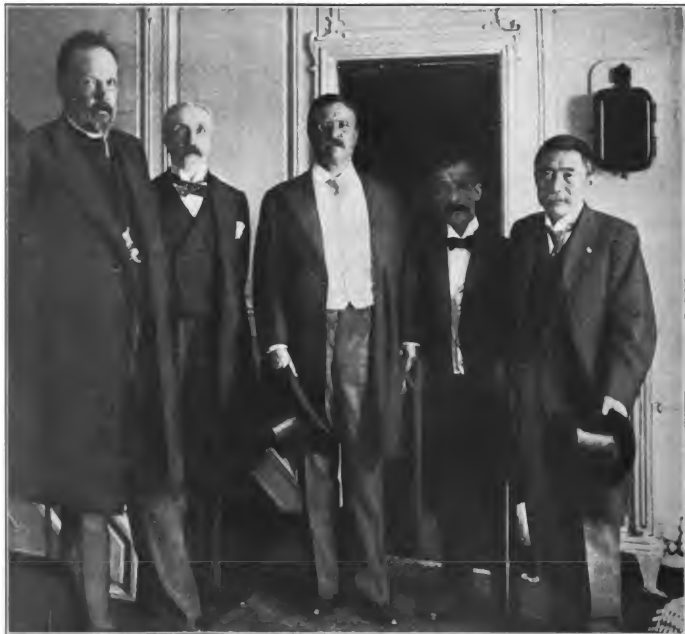
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been President I have traveled in every state in the Union "

"A man after my own heart—even if he is a Republican. Admitting his faults, he is still the biggest man this country has produced. I am a Democrat."—*Waco, Texas—real estate.*

"He is the man of the hour, though another as good may develop by 1912. If not, I should

"Our people, so far as I can gather, do not approve of Mr. Roosevelt's way of making so much noise over matters, but accept this as a personal characteristic and not that this is all there is in him. They believe he has done more as a President for the general masses than any late Presidents have done. If no other



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THE PORTSMOUTH PEACE CONFERENCE

after which the Czar cabled President Roosevelt: "My country will greatly recognize the great part you have played in the Portsmouth Peace Conference." The Mikado cabled: "To your disinterested and unremitting efforts in the interests of peace and humanity I attach the high value which is their due, and I assure you of my grateful appreciation of the distinguished part you have taken"

favor him, because of his moral force and genuine patriotism and sincerity. Hence I would not hesitate to again entrust him with Presidential power; and I do not believe that violence would result to our principles of government because of establishing the precedent." — *George Fames Barstow, Barstow, Tex.—irrigation and lands.*

man can perpetuate his actions, I am for him." — *Texas — bank cashier.*

THE WORLD'S WORK wishes to express its hearty appreciation of the kindness of the 400 subscribers who answered these inquiries, and of many incidental kind words for the magazine itself.

GAYNOR

MAYOR OF NEW YORK

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

LET not the sun go down upon thy wrath," he said.

The sun of an early summer evening was descending behind the towers of Manhattan. We had paused at the middle of the bridge, in the midst of the stream of homeward-hurrying workers, and stood looking down on the most wonderful scene in the world — the bay with its shipping, the far shores of Staten Island and Jersey, the great broken pile of skyscrapers near at hand, already beginning to flash their lights in the face of the stars. He had gazed for a minute or two at the panorama

and pointed out to me the necessities and possibilities of improvement: here great new piers would run back into the heart of Brooklyn, here a new bridge would cross, here and here new paths of traffic go under the river.

For he was chief over all this; he was the mayor of all New York, and it lay with him to guide for four years the advance of the city. We had been talking of what had already been done in the first few months of his administration, and of the big plans rapidly forming and being put under way; of the misjudgment that had met him at



"Judge Gaynor tried far more cases than any other of the forty-six judges in the Metropolitan district, and his judgment was sustained in more cases than was that of any other judge."



"What another saith of thee concerneth more him that saith it than it concerneth thee"



"The Mayor believes that the best way to make the police behave like honorable men is to treat them as if they were"



"He was elected on a Tammany ticket over the vituperative opposition of professional reformers, but he has in six months done more to reform the city government than any anti-Tammany mayor ever succeeded in doing He was elected by a plurality of 71,074, although every other candidate on the Tammany ticket was defeated"

the start and the misrepresentation that had followed him. Part of it had been ignorant, part malicious; but there, looking down on the city in the pause between one day's work and another's, the Mayor said:

"I forgive everybody everything every night. 'Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath'."

Four months before, William Jay Gaynor was being pictured by nearly every newspaper in New York as an irascible, cantankerous, peevish crank who thought himself misunderstood. To-day he is generally recognized as a patient official of large vision, whose capabilities have indeed been unappreciated. Whereas he was declared to be temperamentally unstable, he has proven himself conservative and consistent; described as a person incapable of governing himself, he is by hosts of his former enemies confessed to be able to govern a city—as it had not been governed for many a long year. He was elected on a Tammany ticket over the vituperative opposition of professional reformers, but he has in six months done more to reform the city government than any anti-Tammany mayor ever succeeded in doing. His candidacy alone was used to depress city bonds, but within ninety days of his inauguration



"Policemen were told that they had no right to make arrests without warrant, except on actually witnessing breaches of the peace"

"When you first see Mr. Gaynor, you think a little of General Grant and a little of Speaker Cannon"

he had introduced economies saving the city \$1,700,000 a year, and increasing its borrowing power \$34,000,000.

This is probably enough, by way of introduction, to suggest that Mayor Gaynor really had grievances to forgive as he stood watching the sun go down over Manhattan — also to suggest that he is a man worth the attention of the country. Mr. Gaynor is a Democrat. Efficient Democrats in public office are not many. There are national possibilities in Mayor Gaynor. But, apart from political possibilities, he is a man interesting in himself.

William J. Gaynor was born fifty-nine years ago on a farm in Oneida County, New York. The other day he kept a dinner company alternating between laughter and something like tears as he talked about the little frame schoolhouse at Skeeterboro, with its benches and its cordwood stove at which he thawed out his frozen ears, and about the long days of splitting rails and tossing hay. He had a little schooling in Whitestown Seminary and in Boston; he went to Flatbush, on the edge of Brooklyn, when he was twenty-one and worked for two years as a reporter on Brooklyn papers, while he studied law.

Flatbush was the last place that the

Creator made, and there was little left to make it with, but there were forty saloons. As there was but one license among them, and as they were the centre of a vicious political ring, the young lawyer began to meditate on the subjects of disregard for law and political misrule. Meditation passed into action. He had the unlicensed saloon-keepers ousted, called the decent people of



"Nudging at first, and help me. My job isn't easy, but it's get together"

Flatbush together, put up a citizens' ticket, and elected it. He was himself made police commissioner and personally drove the criminals out of Flatbush.

A few years later, having moved "into town," his attention was attracted by the excesses of the Brooklyn ring bossed by Hugh McLaughlin, one of the most desperate political criminals America has ever

Court justice. The voting annihilated the rule of McLaughlin, sent his chief henchman (John Y. McKane, of Coney Island) to state prison, and put his opponent on the bench and in a position to do even more effective service to the cause of political purity.

Here he remained three years, declining nominations for mayor of Brooklyn, of



Yesterday — regarded as "an irascible, cantankerous, peevish crank who thought himself misunderstood. To-day — he is generally recognized as a patient official of large vision, whose capabilities have indeed been unappreciated."

known. Gaynor, acting as a citizen, almost alone and without aid, began a series of suits, successively defeating a big water steal, an elevated-railroad tax swindle, and a public-celebration fraud. Public sentiment promptly rallied to his support. He was given a nomination for mayor of Brooklyn, but declined it. Later he was persuaded to go on the ticket for Supreme

Greater New York, for judge of the Court of Appeals, and for Governor. In 1906 Mr. Gaynor passed to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Last autumn he was given and accepted the Democratic nomination for mayor of New York. Opposed by an excellent Republican nominee, who was represented as the reform candidate, and by William R. Hearst, he

was elected by a plurality of 73,074; the rest of the Democratic ticket was defeated.

Such are the outlines; such is the background against which the figure of New York's mayor shows. Let us see him now as mayor:

He began by making a series of ideal appointments. His heads of departments are a college of conspicuously efficient, irreproachable men. There isn't a Tam-

job, too. He noticed that the automobile repair bill for the preceding year was \$750,000. He took machines away from



"The life of his face is in his eye. You would call him a silent man. At the City Hall they have learned to look for his nod or the dropping of his eyes; he wastes no words."

many man among them. The Tammany leader, "Charley" Murphy, came to the City Hall to see the Mayor. There was an interview, and after the Tammany chief's departure the Mayor said a good word for him—there were many worse men than Charles Murphy. But the mayor never went to see Murphy.

The Mayor's first instruction to his heads of departments was to look into expenditures. He put his own



Dis- after a hard day's work and a three-mile walk



THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE IN SESSION



THE GAYNOR FAMILY

city officials who had no official need of them, and decorated every car with conspicuous letters betraying its public character. He discontinued paying private telephone bills. He removed dead men from city pay-rolls. He had the operation of the city-owned Staten Island ferryboats compared with that of the Pennsylvania ferries to New Jersey, and cut the city's crews down by half. Where he found seventeen persons cleaning the Fire Department headquarters

A newspaper which had opposed him as a menace to the city credit printed this headline thirty days after Mayor Gaynor had taken his seat:

"PAY-ROLLS A MILLION LESS

CUTTING ONLY BEGUN!"

In sixty days more the Mayor had found it possible to save the city three-fourths of a million more. In the Dock Department the pay-roll had been reduced \$300,000



THE GAYNOR HOME AT ST. JAMES, L. I.

he discharged twelve and required the remaining five to keep the place cleaner. He cut off at the first blow 150 heads in the Bronx Park Bureau. He looked into the purchase of supplies. He looked into the Armory Board. He revised the city printing programme. He gave the Bureau of Weights and Measures a new head. He found dummy musicians in city bands, and, not agreeing with Keats that melodies "unheard are sweeter," stopped their "ditties of no tune."

annually; in the Department of Parks, \$150,000; in the Water Department, \$343,000. The Mayor had abolished the Aqueduct Board, by this act alone saving \$225,000. He now cut off the big salaries paid by the Board of Water Supply to lawyers and "experts," who were getting rich out of the Catskill water project.

Here is a total of \$1,718,000 a year, enough to pay interest on, and put at the city's disposal, the sum of \$35,000,000.

All this without a committee of inquiry,

without public demand, in quiet fulfilment of the ordinary sworn duties of his office.

From the start Mayor Gaynor gave personal attention to the police. They number 10,000 in New York, and it is no light task to rule them wisely and well.

When the new mayor took office, the papers were filled with stories of police brutality. Mr. Gaynor practically took charge of the Police Department. He be-

rant, except on actually witnessing breaches of the peace. Citizens were advised of their rights and told not to be sheep. Raiding was stopped. The mayor paid visits to sections of the city in which plain-clothes men were stationed as sentinels before suspected houses. The sentinels were ordered away. Finally the police were forbidden to arrest saloon-keepers selling on Sunday.

This action was misunderstood for a



Mayor Gaynor holding a letter from the mayor of Los Angeles, with which Edward Payson Weston had walked across the continent

gan hearing citizens' complaints himself. He remanded most of the accused policemen for trial—clubbing and blackmailing being clearly established in many cases. He issued instructions to the police, pointing out the restrictions on them in a way that must have astonished the force. Henceforth a policeman was to be an officer of the law, with specified duties to be lawfully executed. Policemen were told that they had no right to make arrests without war-

time, but the Mayor attended a meeting of the federated clergy of the city and made his position so plain that an uproarious resolution of approval and support was passed by a body probably every member of which had voted against and denounced him a few months before.

Mayor Gaynor's point is that the officers who enforce the law must be particularly conscientious in obeying the law themselves. He says, with much force:

"Societies and private enthusiasts for the 'suppression of vice' should read history, and learn the supreme danger of trying to do all at once by the policeman's club what can be done at all only very gradually by the slow moral development which comes principally from our schools and churches. It would be difficult to speak with perfect forbearance of the strange pretense that the police could not enforce the law if they kept within the law themselves."

A man is presumed to be innocent until proved guilty. Therefore his photograph must not go into the Rogues' Gallery till he is convicted as a rogue. A man's home is his castle; therefore policemen have no more right to break into it than burglars have.

In New York state the excise law specifically charges the police to gather evidence against Sunday liquor-selling, to be presented to the district-attorney, and forbids the making of arrests on the spot. Mayor Gaynor felt that the law must be respected, first because it was the law, and second because it was its disobedience which had made graft possible. The mayor convinced himself that the police were collecting \$2,000,000 a year by threatening arrests which under the law they had no right to make, and that criminals were escaping in great numbers through being allowed to deal with policemen instead of magistrates and prosecuting attorneys. He warned the police that the law must be obeyed, that orderly legal procedure must be followed — in the interests of their own honesty, the safeguarding of the innocent, and the punishment of the guilty.

Mr. Gaynor lays much stress on this principle. He applies it to judges of all grades, all civil officers as well as the police. Most seriously does he warn against usurpation of power, even in the interest of righteousness. "Let the good man in office take care that he does not set a precedent for an evil one." "Strong government will come soon enough. Let us who love our country do nothing to hasten it." "Take my word for it, my reverend friends, the only way to deal with the saloon or with vice is to do so lawfully."

I take it that Mr. Gaynor's respect for law is a fundamental element of his char-

acter. We shall see later that it is a fundamental in his view of the relation between the government and the trusts.

The Mayor did not interest himself in police offenses only. He also signaled out acts for praise. An officer who took a lost child to his street-car and gave him his fare home received a letter of appreciation. The Mayor believes that the best way to make the police behave like honorable men is to treat them as if they were. They had been treated like dogs, he says, until it is no wonder if they have no more self-respect than dogs.

He had several magistrates to appoint. He accompanied his appointments with fatherly advice. To one appointee he wrote:

"Make a resolution when you are sworn in never to allow yourself to be moved by political influences or by any improper interference. Let the case of no one, however humble or unfortunate, go by you without careful attention."

To another:

"I hope and trust that the morning of the day you assume this powerful office you will feel more like bowing your head for assistance and strength than strutting about."

"Be a good man, and you will be a great magistrate."

During the campaign, Judge Gaynor's own conduct — or rather his bearing — on the bench had not escaped attack. It was declared that he had been notional and tyrannical. The fact probably is that he was impatient of ill-prepared lawyers and intolerant of dilatory tactics. Investigation throws this light on his record:

In 1902 the Governor of New York appointed a Commission on the Law's Delay, which investigated and made a report on the work of the courts of this state for the seven years preceding.

A reference to this report shows (pp. 149 to 151) that each of the Supreme Court judges of Manhattan tried, on an average, 12.55 cases per monthly term. The Supreme Court judges of Brooklyn each tried on an average 23.17 cases per month. Among them the tabular report shows one judge, described as "Number 5," who maintained for the seven years the

surprising average of 39+ cases per month. It appears further that Judge "Number 5" spent two months more than any other judge in the part of the court devoted to the hearing of motions.

"Number 5" was Judge Gaynor.

The records show that he disposed of more than three times as many cases as the average New York City judge and twice as many as the average Brooklyn judge on the same bench. Judge Gaynor tried 2,079 cases. The next highest in volume of work disposed of ("Number 2," Judge Dickson) tried 1,481 cases.

Was this celerity the result of careless haste and inconsiderate tyranny — or was it the result of sound legal learning and extraordinary presiding ability?

The report throws light on this question a few pages further on: Here is a table which shows that of the cases appealed from the Brooklyn Supreme Court 68 per cent. were affirmed. But one judge had an average of affirmations much higher than this; 77 per cent. of the cases appealed from Judge "Number 5" were affirmed. Judge Gaynor tried far more cases than any other of the forty-six judges in the Metropolitan district, and his judgment was sustained in more cases than was any other judge's.

The figures need no comment.

Certainly, the large interests of the city are being handled by an able grasp. The mayor, for the first time in the city's history, personally presided over the selling of \$50,000,000 of city bonds. An equitable settlement of a disputed city gas-bill was arrived at. A better understanding was effected between the city government and the Public Service Commission. This mayor, the cantankerous, was present everywhere — a reconciling influence. "Don't let's call names; let's get together." "Find out what you can agree on; don't keep harping on your differences." "You'll never get anything from the railroad by calling opprobrious names. Think of something nice to say." "Quarrels never paid a dividend." "Don't denounce anybody; approach the problem with the big and charitable heart of Jesus and the broad mind of a philosopher." "Nagging at me does no good; come and help me. My job isn't easy." Such are some of the

things I heard him say in the course of a day.

The management of the city of New York on the financial side is equal to that of a business of \$200,000,000 a year. The city officers and employees number 60,000. To conduct municipal affairs of such proportions is no small job. But Mayor Gaynor and his associates, the presidents of the five boroughs, are planning new subways and docks of an extent so vast that the expenditures of his administration will be much more than a thousand millions of dollars. A great era of improvement on a scale up to now undreamed of by any city in the world is about to be initiated. To plan with large vision for the future and its problems and to carry out the great works without the loss of city money, is Mayor Gaynor's task; and already the city believes that he will do it with success.

The personal qualities observed in the new mayor soon did their work in winning the hearts of the people. During the campaign Mr. Gaynor had quoted a sentiment from Epictetus: "What another saith of thee concerneth more him that saith it than it concerneth thee." The newspaper reporters were tickled by the idea of a Tammany candidate quoting Epictetus, and a never-ending stream of copy flowed from the rock of Mr. Gaynor's classic scholarship. Epictetus, Cato, Plutarch became by name as familiar to New York readers as Mark Twain and Kipling.

It was begun as ridicule, but I have an idea that Epictetus did something toward the election of Mr. Gaynor, and I am quite sure that his reputation as a classicist contributes toward the Mayor's popularity. Not only do New Yorkers stand a little in awe of his learning, but they accept it as a mark of the Mayor's quaintly humorous originality.

The only city ordinance that Mr. Gaynor has vetoed was one regulating cold storage. At a hearing on the subject the Mayor recalled the fact that Lord Bacon had tried stuffing chicken with ice and had come to his death from the experiment. The Reverend Dr. Parkhurst waited on the Mayor, and the story leaked out that the short-cut reformer was much bewildered when the Mayor gravely insisted on discussing with

him Lecky's chapter on the oldest profession in the world, St. Augustine's Confessions, and Lilly's works, with which, the Mayor assumed, the worthy divine was of course familiar.

A citizen who had been down too often for jury duty wrote to the Mayor asking relief. "The city has far too few capable men in my line," he wrote. His letter-paper bore the motto "*Audaces fortuna juvat.*" He was a rat-catcher. The Mayor courteously replied:

"Sooner than have the city overrun with rats, I would prefer to have you relieved of jury duty. Don't you think you had better have a bill introduced in the legislature exempting rat-catchers from jury service? The trouble is, there are so many exemptions already that only rat-catchers and a few other professions are left. I see that you are a classical scholar. My experience is that learned men are to be found everywhere. As we read in 'Don Quixote,' the mountains breed learned men, and philosophers are found in the huts of shepherds."

A fortnight after taking the oath of office the Mayor, trying to get to his Long Island farm through a blizzard, was stalled in a train. With Mr. Shepard, an editor, as a companion, he started to walk to the nearest station. The night was dark, the snow deep, the wind fierce, and in trying to cross a trestle his companion was blown off and fell thirty feet, breaking both his legs. The Mayor climbed down the icy trestle to the rescue. A track-walker fortunately came upon the scene; and, leaving him with the injured man, the Mayor pushed through the storm to the station of Syossett, and returned with aid. Mr. Shepard says that he owes his life to Mr. Gaynor.

A few days later he was seen — rubber-booted against the miry roads — trudging from his country home to a village seven miles away, to which he had given an American flag. He raised it on its pole, led a little crowd in the singing of "America," standing bareheaded in the rain, and then trudged the seven miles back. Not that that was anything for Mr. Gaynor, but not many metropolitan mayors of three-score years climb icy trestles and splash about on wintry roads with the enjoyment

which Mr. Gaynor really finds in such activities.

The number of personal appeals that come before the Mayor is astonishing. Years ago, as a judge, he formed the habit of answering every letter that he received; possibly knowledge of the fact has spread abroad. No mayor of New York was ever so besieged by troubled people. They crowd the ante-rooms at the City Hall; they telephone his office and his residence; they waylay him on his well-known path between City Hall and his Brooklyn home; they pile on him letters by the hundred at every mail: people with complaints against the police; parents of lost children; poor friends of an invalid or an injured man; widows robbed of their inheritances; wives of drunken husbands. In the first three months in office, Mayor Gaynor wrote 15,000 letters.

"Sometimes I can do something. More often, I can only send a little comfort or encouragement or advice. Do you know it is wonderful how often the friendless and poor need a little advice more than anything else, how ready they are to accept it, and what good it does them? Cranks? Well, some of my correspondents are in prisons and asylums. That doesn't make any difference; they are entitled to anything I can do for them. I never talk of cranks. I call them 'alert people.' Jesus was denounced as a crank, you know, but events showed he wasn't one."

When you first see Mr. Gaynor, you think a little of General Grant and a little of Speaker Cannon. The Mayor is a rather slight man, erect, with a well-poised head, which he seldom turns, and a gray, close-clipped beard. The life of his face is in his eye. You would call him a silent man. At the City Hall they have learned to look for his nod, or the dropping of his eyes; he wastes no words, speaking only when necessary in a low, even voice, positively and to the point. He is the most effective president a board of estimate or a public hearing ever had; under him business moves swiftly without the unnecessary loss of a second. His manner is one of reserve, of dignity, often of severity. Economically employing every second of his own time, he is intolerant of foolish and thoughtless people who cause him to waste it. He

can be, and often is, bitter, and at all times is plain of speech.

You see he is far from possessing or cultivating the grace of a popular idol. No man was ever so apparently indifferent to the good opinion of the public. He is much sought after as a speaker for public occasions; if anybody is tardy or undignified, he is likely to snub the committee which asks him to speak, lecture the gentlemen who come to escort him, admonish the chairman of the meeting, and scold the audience—but before he sits down he has everybody cheering. Not everybody cheered when, at the dinner of the Newspaper Publishers' Association, in the presence of the proprietors of the chief papers of the United States, he declared that William Randolph Hearst was a forger and a falsifier of public documents; one Hearst employee was present. The Suffolk County Society was not pleased when Mr. Gaynor, after waiting at the door of the banquet-room without being noticed, left the place with the speech of the evening undelivered—but the Mayor of New York has been received with proper attention ever since.

Nothing, on the other hand, could exceed the grace and appropriateness of his addresses on public occasions when he chooses to be nice, nor the perfection of the hospitality which he shows distinguished visitors to the city. No mayor has ever given such a dinner as that with which, out of his private purse, the Mayor honored Prince Tsai Tao.

One must go home with a man to know him. Leave the City Hall with this silent—and, as they call him, cynical—mayor, and go with him on that three-mile walk to Prospect Park which he takes twice a day. Observe his humanity expand as he foots it homeward with the crowds. See it come to blossom in the warmth of affection that waits for him at the end of that journey. Then sit with him an evening in his study, below the well-ordered ranks of sheepskin and morocco, while the friendly smoke wreaths the two big globes, and the talk ranges among problems historical and philosophical:

A bold sketch of the evolution of modern Europe; an illuminating remark on the

basis of law; an excursus on the Latin legal temperament; an argument on the justice of the French separation law; the condition of England; the personality of Lloyd-George; Darwinism and its exposition centuries ago by Origen and Athanasius; Petrarch and Cicero, and the Socialism of the Man of Nazareth; Socialists are an honest folk—how foolish of us to make it hard for them to meet and make speeches! Wat Tyler and John Ball; the code of Justinian; Isaiah, and the history of Israel. What do we mean by "the people"? Only the demagogue means the man with the patch on his trousers. Crime—is it all the result of physical cause? Is the criminal merely an invalid? Perhaps, but often an incurable one. What is civilization, anyway, and where is it to be found? Is it ahead of us or behind? What is progress? Does history advance or move in circles and fulfil itself in returning to its beginning? What is to happen in the approaching climax when West is full face to face with East? Are the Orientals our inferiors? All that we have we got from the East—the very language of physics, astronomy, mathematics, is Oriental; not a woman in Europe three hundred years ago possessed an undergarment; culture and social order were venerable in the East when our ancestors were dancing naked in the woods; Jesus was an Asiatic, and it isn't the Christian invaders of China and India who are the most Christ-like. The world is a strange and wonderful place, history is palpitant with excitement, to live is a romantic and wonderful thing, to think an exercise than which the archangels can have no occupation nobler or more joyous.

You are made to feel that this martinet of a mayor is, in his study-slippers, something of a poet, a man who meditates on the Big Things. But do not imagine him a rhapsodist. There is plenty thought and said, under the study-lamp, of such things as trusts and railroad rates.

Perhaps I can quote directly regarding his views on these subjects. I fancy that they will interest the country. They are pretty vigorous views:

"A government which, through legal favoritism, allows a few to aggrandize themselves out of the toil of the many has no right to exist.

"We talk about prosperity. Prosperity doesn't consist in the total of a country's production so much as in the justice of the division. Very well. The most sacred duty of government is the negative one of taking care to do nothing to make possible an unjust distribution. Has it any further duty? Is it possible for a government to enact beneficent, positive legislation?"

"If those who are now clamoring in this country for laws to regulate trade and the use of capital in commerce would read the history of such laws in England (not to mention those of the other European countries) from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the repeal of all such laws by the great economic movement led by Cobden in the middle of the nineteenth, their voices might be stilled. We may soon wake in this country to a full realization that our commercial and industrial evils, whatever they may be, great or small, have their origin in laws which we have passed instead of in any failure to pass laws. Many seem to think that every and any ill can be cured by passing a statute. No greater fallacy ever existed.

"You remember, don't you, the penal statute against 'forestallers' and 'regraters' and 'engrossers.' Goods had to be bought and sold in established markets. A man who bought goods before they had reached the market was a 'forestaller.' A man who bought in the market and sold at the same place at a higher price was a 'regrater.' One who stored up food and held it to sell at a profit was an 'engrosser.' All these men were made criminals.

"But the laws were wholly futile. They could not change the natural course of trade. By hampering it, however, and subjecting merchants to constant penal danger and extra expenses, they did the exact opposite of what was intended; they lessened production, caused an imperfect distribution, made prices unstable, and even brought on famine. The legislature might as well have tried to regulate the seasons. In the words of Macaulay, 'In spite of the legislature the snow would fall when the sun was in Capricorn and the flowers would bloom when he was in Cancer.' But, owing to the teachings of Adam Smith and under the enlightened leadership of Burke, many of these laws were repealed in 1772. Four years later Adam Smith published his great economic work, 'The Wealth of Nations.' I never read a line of this incomparable man without mentally saying of him what our Emerson has so finely said of Shakespeare — 'He was a wonder; he struck twelve every time.'

"Then, though the silly statutes were repealed, the courts undertook to keep them in

force as common law. Of course courts have done a good deal of good in the world's history. But decisions of courts have never thwarted the moral sense nor the enlightened purpose of a people — never. And finally, in 1846, in response to the great economic movement led by Cobden, Parliament at one stroke did away with all such interferences with trade, whether by statutes or by common law, and English commerce was left to the government of natural laws alone.

"History teaches beyond a doubt that to govern least is to govern best.

"If trusts are injurious, the only legislation needed to prevent them is to repeal the legislation which enables them to form."

Unusual as such views may seem, they are perfectly consistent with Mr. Gaynor's system of political faith. He is a Jeffersonian Democrat, I suppose. He believes in individual freedom, in as little law as possible, and in the swift, exact, and lawful enforcement of it. He has striking ideas (which I hesitate to set down, because it isn't fair merely to state them baldly without explanation) regarding constitutions.

"There is a good deal of nonsense talked regarding constitutions. We speak of our own as a written, and the British as an unwritten constitution. In fact, the greater part of the British Constitution is in writing: the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, etc. Macaulay said of it that though constantly changing there never was an instant of time when the chief part of it was not old. That is an ideal constitution. Lincoln said that no constitution should outlive a generation. Most of our states have constitutions which provide automatically for their own death at the end of a period of years."

On one subject of immense current interest, Judge Gaynor was thinking and speaking ten years ago — railroad rates. He was one of the first to perceive that favoritism in freight rates was the greatest crime of the day. He holds that railroads are public highways and not private roads, and that the companies who "own" them are merely trustees for the public. Passes and rebates didn't have to be made illegal by statute — they were always so.

Judge Gaynor was one of the first to expose and denounce the various schemes and devices by means of which the railroads evade the law — the false bill, the

side-track, the private-car lease, the mid-night tariff, the inside corporation.

"Some have come to the conclusion that government should take the railroads and run them in order to end the abuse, the same as Bismarck had to do in Germany. It is very certain that if the abuse can be ended in no other way the people will compel government to take the roads. They do not intend that their legislatures shall be corrupted and their government controlled by those who control the railroads. This country and government of ours are great enough to do anything. There is nothing radical or startling about government owning and running railroads, when one-half or more of the railroads of the world are owned and operated by government.

"For my part I would rather not see government do it. Private enterprise is too valuable to be eliminated from railroad building and management if it can be avoided. My own view, which I express with diffidence, is that it is only necessary for government to appoint the general freight agent of every railroad, for he could stop all rate favoritism at once. It would not be his office to fix the schedules of rates, but only to see that every one paid the schedule-rate, no more and no less. The summary dismissal by him of any local agent who gave a false rate, and his criminal prosecution by government, would soon destroy the evil.

"But, at any rate, and in some way or other, this wrong will be righted. The moral sense of the people is awakened and we may trust the result. I am no enemy of honestly acquired wealth, but I have been the life-long enemy of moral wrong. Neither do the people hate the rich; they hate only injustice. Even the

French, when they undertook to right things, tore down the Bastille, but did not touch the Bank of France."

New York has a mayor whom the first few months of his term have erected into a national figure. It is no wonder that the eyes of expectant people everywhere are beginning to turn to him. No personality on the horizon is more striking than that of the grave little man who quotes Latin in a sad voice, while he holds in abashed submission the powerful corruptists of a great city. The contempt in which this man holds the hitherto irresistible syndicates of greed and violence, and the quiet ease with which he defies them, are a new spectacle in America. His originality, his independence, restrained by a quiet humor and a sound common sense, which he brought from the farm, mark him, it seems to me, as a man likely to be a national favorite.

It would be nothing strange if a people fond of wise sayings should take a fancy to the man who made Epictetus famous among the men on the street; if a people who were thinking a good deal about high prices and waste should inquire about the mayor who is saving New York millions of dollars; if the hero who tamed the Flat-bush toughs, smashed the Brooklyn ring, jailed the Coney Island boss, and chained the Tammany tiger should one day be invited to try his hand on the colossal forces of greed which thus far have defied restraint by the hand of the National Government.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S BIGGER DOLLAR

HOW COÖPERATION HOLDS DOWN THE COST OF LIVING—AN ENGLISH MILL-TOWN COMPARED WITH A NEW ENGLAND MILL-TOWN—THE SORT OF "SOCIALISM" THAT PAYS

BY

ZACH MCGHEE

DURING a recent visit to England I observed this striking contrast: in America the seller dominates business, so that the effort is always to increase prices; in the United Kingdom the

buyer is the dominating factor, and the tendency is always to lower prices.

Go with me along a magnificent macadam road into the little town of Burnley, set snugly up among the green hills of Lan-

cashire. It is picturesque and old, English to the core, but not the sleepy little town that we have been taught to think that an English village is; Burnley is accounted scarcely more than a village, although a hundred thousand people live there. Except for the clatter of the iron-rimmed "clogs" which the happy children wear on their feet, there is little noise. And yet, before you and I get up to our eight o'clock breakfast in the morning, they have made half a million yards of cotton cloth — enough for a dress apiece for some 30,000 women. They have made 20,000,000 yards by the time we are ready for dinner. The streets throb with life and energy, though not with bustle or hurry; and tall towering chimneys from hundreds of throbbing factories offer up their burnt offerings to the Goddess of Industry.

Let us take one of the street-cars which carry the busy thousands. The service is excellent; everybody has a seat — the law so requires; the fare is one penny (two cents). Our landlady pays for her gas fifty-four cents a thousand feet, and if we watch it we can see that it is a far superior gas to that in Washington, D. C., where I pay \$1 for a thousand feet. The electric light in our room costs our landlady about half what it costs us in those American cities where it is cheapest. Water is furnished to every household at the actual cost of transporting it.

Our landlady charges us considerably less for board than we are accustomed to pay — that is, if she charges us her usual price — for she can afford it. She buys 14 pounds of the "best American flour" for two shillings (49 cents); in America she would have to pay 70 cents for the same flour. She buys 25 pounds of the best grade of granulated sugar for the equivalent of a dollar; if she lived in Louisiana, Michigan, or Idaho, where this sugar grows, she could get no more than from 14 to 16 pounds of the same sugar for her dollar. Her rice costs her from 5 to 6 cents a pound; in the rice-fields of South Carolina she would pay 10 cents a pound for it. A pound package of soda costs her one cent. In America it would cost her five cents.

In America there is a heavy tax on each of these articles, a tax which does not, how-

ever, go to the support of the Government but to the "business man" — that is, to the man who sells. In England they are looking out for the interests of our landlady, who has to buy, and there is no tax.

Our landlady (along with the greater portion of the people in Burnley) buys her goods from coöperative stores, which are operated solely in the interests of the people who buy from them. The "business man" who gets the profits is the one who buys; the one who sells gets a salary. What is true of Burnley is true of practically every town and borough in the United Kingdom. One coöperative store in Edinburgh last year had 38,180 customers, to every one of whom \$1.08 out of \$5 worth purchased (21.6 per cent.) was returned. That is what they call a successful business. Instead of one successful "business man" or a small group of stockholders, there are 38,180 of them.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP EVERYWHERE

Likewise in this and practically every British town the consumer (the man who buys) is the "business man" who owns and operates the gas-works, the water-works, the electric lighting plant, the street railway system, and all the other public utilities, including in most places the market stalls, the public baths, the hospitals, the cemeteries, and in some cases tenement-houses and office-buildings. In Glasgow, for instance, a man can live in a dwelling which he rents from all the citizens of his city; he can cook meals on a citizens-owned stove with citizens-made gas, make his tea with citizens-furnished water, ride to his business on street cars owned and operated by all the citizens, use a citizens-owned telephone; when it grows dark he can switch on a citizens-furnished electric light; he can use the citizen-operated baths — tub, shower, or swimming pool, hot or cold, with every necessity for his comfort and convenience, including soap and towel — for from one to six cents; he can hire his servants through the citizen-operated servants' bureau, with no charge either to him or to the servant; his children may use the public playgrounds furnished with all sorts of gymnasium appliances; he himself may play on the public golf-links; he and his children may attend, free, the Saturday afternoon music concerts —

outdoors in summer, in a warm, comfortable hall in winter; they can visit at any time, free, the public art collections; he can buy his goods from the citizens-owned markets; if he wishes to give an entertainment to his friends, he can use at a small cost the citizens-owned public halls; he can even grow oats or turnips in the public gardens, and go fishing in the citizens' special fishing preserves in the beautiful Loch Katrine. If he is a working-man and a widower, say, with young children, he can live in neat and comfortable lodgings, owned and kept by the citizens, with a nurse paid by the citizens to take care of his children; when he gets sick he can go to the public hospital owned by all the citizens (even to a hospital for inebriates if that be his malady); and when he finally comes to die he may be buried in the citizens' cemetery—a cemetery not for paupers, but for the first citizens of the city. And all of these he gets at actual cost, without paying one penny of profit to the seller, the "business man" in our sense. And there is not one penny or one particle of charity in it all. No philanthropist has provided any of these benefits, but he himself and his fellow-citizens have established them. He is not even taxed for most of the benefits, for they support themselves.

"Why, in America this would be called Socialism," I said one day to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. I knew that he was not a Socialist, and I waited with interest to see how he was going to explain. Strangely enough, he did not explain at all; he calmly puffed his cigar and observed, "Well, I can't just see what difference it makes what you call it. You can see that it is a success."

While this particular man was not frightened, the word "Socialism" is a bugaboo in England just as it is here. It is the word that frightens people, not the thing itself, for throughout the length and breadth of the island there is scarcely to be found a man of any political party or economic faith who opposes municipal ownership and operation of all public utilities. Moreover, all the telegraph lines in Great Britain are owned and operated by the Government at cost; when the present franchise of the telephone company expires

in 1911, the Government (it has already been agreed) will take over all telephone lines; and there is more or less general belief that the taking over of the railroads will soon follow.

This is the sort of thing which is going on in England; and I have told only a part. It is not involved in the present political agitation, nor was it an issue in the recent election—for all political parties have encouraged it. It is not a political revolution but an economic evolution already far advanced, and not all the lords in creation can stop or stay it. It is not that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, or the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, has "Socialistic tendencies," but that throughout the whole of the United Kingdom, apart from politics and almost wholly independent of it, there has already grown up a condition which the Socialists in no other country have even hoped to attain in this generation.

COÖPERATION BETTER THAN CHARITY

Cycling one day in the vicinity of Birmingham, I came suddenly into a new and beautiful village. Artistic cottages of four, six, and eight rooms, each surrounded by a carpet of green grass speckled over with flowers and shrubbery, lined the clean, paved streets, along which also ran rows of ornamental shade trees. An attractive schoolhouse and a public hall, several beautiful churches, playgrounds for children, pleasure grounds for all, were there. The village was not finished. New houses were being built, new streets opened and paved, new trees, shrubbery, and flowers set out here and there. Tradesmen, clerks, factory operatives, professional men, and others had left the crowded, noisy, smoke-begrimed streets of Birmingham and come out into the pure wholesome air of the country. Some enterprising real-estate company or some wealthy capitalist is doing a good business, I thought; or else some philanthropist is doing a great charity work among his fellowmen.

Not at all. It was a coöperative society, and every cent of what we would term "profit" was considered a *loss* and turned back into the pockets of those who paid rent in excess of its actual cost.

"Who furnishes the capital for this enter-

prise?" I asked the bright young clerk who was showing me around.

"Capital! Why, it doesn't take any capital, you know, in the ordinary sense. Every member of our society pays his instalments of ten shillings, \$2.45 a month. With 200 members we get \$490 a month, or \$5,880 a year. We pay \$490 a year ground-rent, and with \$4,410 we can build two eight-room houses such as you see. In one year after we started we were able to build two. We rented those, and in a short time with the rent money and the instalments we had enough to build others; and so on."

Very simple; and you see how they eliminate not only the capitalist but the philanthropist, which is in keeping with the spirit of this whole economic trend in England. It is not the "uplift" but the *uprise*.

CONSUMER GETS GAS AT COST

Here is where we must consider closely the peculiar viewpoint. In our country, a gas plant, say, which makes profits for the stockholders of the company is considered a financial success. That is our viewpoint, but it is not the English viewpoint. There such a business is a "failure"; it loses money, they say — for the user of gas. They act on this principle in the management of their public utilities as well as in their coöperative concerns. The moment a gas plant makes what we term a "profit," they cut down the price of the gas to eliminate what they term a "loss;" and thus the enterprise "succeeds in that it seems to fail." The only town in the whole island of Great Britain where the gas is sold for as much as 75 cents a thousand feet is Edinburgh. The price in Glasgow has recently been reduced to forty-eight cents. Generally throughout the country it ranges from forty-eight to sixty cents.

Similarly, the waterworks have been successful, from the standpoint of the man who uses water; the street railway successful, from the standpoint of the man who rides on the cars; the electric plant, the markets, tenement houses, public baths, cemeteries, and other municipal enterprises (as well as the coöperative concerns) — each a "business" success from the standpoint of this man in front of the counter.

an active, participating party to every business transaction, who in England has come to dominate the whole country, in business as well as in government.

In some cases, such as that of the street railway, where on account of the fixed values of coins there cannot be a reduction or increase in fares in exact accordance with expenses so as to have no profit or loss, there is opportunity to judge of the "success" or "failure" in terms with which we are most familiar. Most of the street railways have necessarily been operated at a "loss," in the English sense, which "loss" is made good by turning the net receipts into the city treasury, where they operate to lower the tax-rates. Taking the city of Glasgow as a fair example, it is interesting to translate the word "success" into our language. The street-railway management of that city last year paid interest on capital, \$316,745; sinking fund, \$350,615; income tax to the National Government, \$52,220; put aside for general reserve fund, \$81,375; and then turned into the city treasury \$250,000.

LOW STREET-CAR RATE

And this remarkable "profit" or "loss," according to the viewpoint, was made with fares less than one cent a mile, the average fare paid by all the passengers being 1.82 cents a ride. This is about the standard fare in all the towns and cities of Great Britain and Ireland.

The street-railway management in Birmingham turned something like \$200,000 of "loss" into the city treasury; the management in Manchester, \$250,000; and so on, in varying amounts, in practically every town and city.

But remember that if it were only practicable, there would not be a penny to turn into the city treasury. The rigidity of the coinage is alone responsible for the cumbersome, expensive, and inconvenient necessity of collecting from the public more money than is necessary for the operation of the cars, only to have to return it in another cumbersome and roundabout way.

If you tell these people — and I refer, of course, always to the dominant element — that they are Socialists (barring a few of the more intelligent and philosophic ones,

like my chamber of commerce friend), they will be highly insulted. Like most of us in America, they have but the vaguest idea of what a Socialist is, but they know that he is some sort of a "disturbing element," beyond the pale, and altogether unfashionable and disgraceful. So they are not it. If then, waiving the ugly word, you suggest that their course discourages capital and tends to industrial stagnation, they will stare at you and ask what you expect them to do. "Why, do as we do," you reply. "Leave these enterprises to private capital. Money, then, having opportunity for an adequate return, will come in and you will be prosperous."

"What is prosperity?" they ask you.

Then you produce your figures of greater national wealth and higher wealth per capita, only to be met by another blank stare. Somehow your figures do not make any great impression on them; for, to feel wealthy, they say, they must have the money in their own pockets, not in their neighbor's. They seem, moreover, stubbornly and stupidly unwilling to make the sacrifice necessary to have a few millionaires in the community. They ask you:

"How much do you pay in America to ride on a street-car? What does your gas cost you? Your water, electricity, telegraph messages, telephone? Do you get back anything on your grocery bills? What do you pay for a suit of clothes?"

Now I have not undertaken to say that the British people as a whole are better off than the American people: I am only showing some ways in which we may learn from them. Let us first consider this:

SOME BRITISH HANDICAPS

The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has a population of 411 to a square-mile; England alone has a population of 557 to a square-mile: the United States, not counting Alaska or any of the dependencies, has 25.6 people to a square-mile. There are twenty-two states in the Union that are each larger than England; Texas is four and a half times as large; California, New Mexico, and Montana, each, are more than twice as large as England and each is larger than the whole United Kingdom—Texas being considerably

more than twice as big. Considering this great advantage that we have over the people in England, together with our vast superiority in productivity of soil, in timber, in mineral deposits, water power, and other natural resources, it would be conclusive evidence of something radically wrong with our economic conditions (or at least of a prodigious superiority of theirs) if there were not greater opportunities in this country and the general welfare much better. And yet it is true that it costs more to live in the United States, speaking generally, than it does in England—costs more not only in money but in labor. While wages are higher when estimated by the ratio of exchange, which is based upon the amount of gold each will purchase, if we estimate the same in power to purchase the necessities and luxuries of life, English wages are higher than ours.

COSTS LESS TO LIVE IN ENGLAND

One day last September, in a workman's cottage in Burnley, I talked with two women. One kept house in a family of cotton weavers in Burnley, and the other kept house in a similar family in New Bedford, Mass., a cotton manufacturing town corresponding to Burnley, though but little more than half the size, estimated in population. Taking a family of five—a man, his wife, one girl of twenty, another of fourteen, and a boy of seventeen—in Burnley, living in such a four-room stone cottage as the one in which we sat, and a similar family of five living in a house of the same size and similar character in New Bedford, the two house-keepers gave me the figures of wages and of living expenses, out of their own actual experiences. In each case all of the family worked as weavers in the cotton mills, except the wife, who kept house. The result is given in the following table:

WAGES OF WEAVERS, AVERAGE OF GOOD
NORMAL WORKERS

	<i>Burnley</i>	<i>New Bedford</i>
Man	\$ 6.86	\$ 9.72
Girl of twenty	5.64	7.78
Boy of seventeen	3.92	5.55
Girl of fourteen	1.47	2.03
Total wages.	\$17.89	\$25.08

COST OF LIVING, ONE WEEK, FAMILY OF FIVE

	<i>Burnley</i>	<i>New Bedford</i>
Rent, four-room cottage . . .	\$ 1.35	\$ 2.35
Coal, for cooking and heat77	.77
Gas20	.38
Doctor and medicine25	.75
Man's suit, for one year, portion20	.38
Boy's suit, one year, portion20	.38
Girl of twenty, dressing a year, portion47	.98
Girl of fourteen, dressing a year, portion28	.67
Mother, dressing a year, portion24	.38
Incidentals, including men's underwear, bed-clothes, table-linen, etc.74	1.50
Flour, twenty pounds74	1.00
Yeast08	.12
Lard04	.07
Milk, seven quarts43	.49
Eggs, two dozen (average price)59	.60
Sugar, six pounds30	.38
Butter, three pounds60	1.05
Tea and coffee24	.40
Potatoes, twenty pounds20	.50
Meat (Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, for dinner. Several days cold, for supper)	1.03	1.50
Desserts (three dinners and suppers)49	1.00
Miscellaneous, including vegetables36	1.00
Spending money, father80	2.00
" " boy of 1760	1.00
" " girl of 2060	1.00
" " girl of 1425	.50
Total	\$12.05	\$21.15
Total wages	\$17.89	\$25.08
Cost of Living (actual)	12.05	21.15
Balance, or margin	\$ 5.84	\$ 3.93

At the end of the week the British family has \$1.91 more than the American family.

The items of "Spending money" were put down as the usual allowances for pocket-change in frugal families. Of course these would be subject to change, but each of the two

cumstances and habits of the other's family and they agreed that the amounts in the two countries would purchase about the same things. The item "incidentals" for underwear, table-linen, and so forth is in England a regular allowance, a percentage of the weekly expenditures, usually the amount returned to them from the coöperative store on their weekly purchases. The "dressing" of the women was put down at \$25 a year for the English girl of twenty, \$15 for the girl of fourteen, and \$12 for the mother; \$50, \$35, and \$20, for the American women, respectively. The pro-rata for one week is given in the above table, as also in the case of the men's clothes.

In every case we went by the actual purchases made by the women in their experience, and I was insistent at every point that the goods purchased be of the same quality, and that the "kind of living" be as nearly as possible the same in the two towns.

As an interesting example of the way the results were arrived at, I take a few extracts from my note-book detailing the conversation:

"The man must have one new suit a year," all agreed. "This costs, say, 42 shillings (\$10.39)."

"That same suit in New Bedford costs my husband \$20," said the American woman.

"How about the dressing of the girls?" I asked.

"The girl of twenty here will require 5 pounds a year. That is \$24.50."

"Does that include a new Easter hat?" I asked.

"Hat, dress, ribbons, shoes, stockings, umbrella, cloak for winter, and everything," said the English woman. "And of good quality," added the American woman.

"Now, how much," I asked, "must a girl in New Bedford have to dress exactly as well and no better in every respect?"

"She must have at least \$50," replied the New Bedford woman.

And so we took the whole list, discussing each detail before putting down the items.

Of course, we might reasonably expect, from the very nature of things and of men, that figures as to the cost of living and wages (though taken with equal care and regard for accuracy) under different circumstances

would show some slight variations one way or the other. Wages differ so widely in the different sections of our own country. A workman for exactly the same kind and amount of work may get \$1 in Mississippi, \$2 in Connecticut, \$2.50 in Colorado, and \$3 in California. In like proportion, though not in exact proportion perhaps, is the cost of living. And so, speaking generally, is the cost of living in this country and in England in proportion to the rates of wages. It is a monstrous thing that this is so, is it not? Just consider that with our immeasurably superior, incalculably more abundant resources, our one-twentieth of population to be supported on an acre, and our freedom from the grinding system of rack rents, absentee landlordism, and the like, no one is able to figure out that we have one iota of advantage over the Englishman when it comes to earning a living.

THE UNANSWERABLE "WHY?"

Why is it that we are not in every economic respect far better off than the people of England? Why does it cost us as much in labor to live as it does an Englishman, when

it ought to cost us very much less? Why are rents in our cities higher than in British towns even of larger size, notwithstanding the scarcity of land there and the abundance of it here? Why are we forced to use and pay exorbitant prices for diluted gas when the Englishman is not? Why do we have to stand up and swing to a dirty strap in the street-cars when the Englishman always has a seat? Why are public-service corporations allowed to exploit practically every municipality in our land, and why are monopolies allowed to corner the necessities of life and hold us up for bounties, when the Englishman is free from these depredations?

Is it not, at least in large part, because the dominant English "business" idea is to apply to all economies — public utilities, trade relations with one another, the fiscal system of Government — the principle that the man who buys, the consumer, is also a "business man," a part of the "business interests," and a factor in a "business man's government"; while in America the dominant idea, however much we may seek to believe otherwise, is to apply the opposite principle — that the consumer is a "myth?"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLTEACHER

The Experience Which Won Third Prize in the Teachers' Competition.

WHEN I graduated from the normal school of a Western state, barely eighteen years old, I found that the getting of a certificate was as nothing to the getting of an opportunity to use it. Most of the other girls in my class came from country villages where they had friends or relatives on the local school board who would see to turning out those then teaching, or else they had "pull" in the city — railroad "pull" is the best, but Masonic will do very well, or even religious "pull" if you happen to be a Hebrew or a Catholic. Lacking any kind of "pull," I spent the most wretched summer of my life, haunting the rooms of the teachers'

agency or trudging from one illiterate man to another, begging for a chance. I had never been on a train alone before, certainly had never introduced myself to strange men, and they did not need to ask if I had ever had any experience. My credentials from the normal school, which were rather good, were scarcely examined, and September found me desperate.

Then, one Sunday morning, the principal came over to tell me of a place for which he had been asked to recommend a substitute. "It's rather a tough school, I'm afraid," he said, "and a substitute always has a hard time anywhere." But I went on the afternoon train.

It *was* tough. The teacher, a man, was down with typhoid fever, but they were going to hold the place for him because his wife's father was clerk of the board. For the same reason the teacher, though very incompetent, had kept the school for the last three years, and the children were the worst taught and least disciplined of any that I had ever seen. They had already driven out two substitutes — one stayed three days and the other finished out that week. I was beginning the second week. There were fifty children and eight grades; they were to be taught all the substantials, all the accomplishments, and all the frills and fads. My programme was an intricacy to make your head whirl, and the longest recitation period was fifteen minutes. There should have been a second teacher, but that would have cut down the salary of the man. Some of these facts I observed, and some were confided to me by the county superintendent when I went over to the county-seat to file my certificate. He intimated that he was ashamed to have such a school in his territory, but said that he was helpless before the local board, which had full power to elect a teacher.

Of course, lacking experience, I tried to make those children behave like the meek creatures of the training-school, and required that they learn as much. I didn't succeed in either. The worst nightmares I ever have are those in which I dream of that week. It happened a long time ago, but I still dream of it. Mercifully, Friday brought a telegram: "Elected at Blank. Start Saturday morning." The money they paid me for the five days was the first that I had ever earned, but I took no pleasure in it. If worry deserves payment I had fully earned every penny, but I think the board was presumably paying for something else.

The next place was high in the mountains. A dusty railroad took me, by the end of the day, to a little mountain-town, but the school was twenty miles farther on. There was no stage, and no one met me. However, the station-master directed me to the "hotel," and later sent over a young man who undertook to drive me up for \$10. I didn't have it, but he said that he would wait. We started at five o'clock in the morning, with a crowd to see us off and to

give advice to the driver, who had never driven over the road before. Some of the men made jocular remarks to him about the school-ma'am, who all the while did not know enough to be frightened, though her mother would hardly have passed a comfortable Sunday morning if she had guessed what was going on. I was rather startled, though, when he showed me his revolver — "just in case we meet any drunk Indians."

But we did not. It was the tamest, most respectable journey, though we drove straight up the side of a rocky cañon all day long. "You'll be snowed in for three months of the winter," he informed me. As the sun set we came to an Indian reservation; he had mistaken the way. The government teacher, a white-haired woman, redirected us, and we got there at last. "There" was an adobe house, whitewashed outside, with a bare yard, and corrals in the distance. The rooms inside were only partitions, for there was no ceiling but the roof, to which the dividing walls did not reach, and in the room assigned me I could hear all that went on in the other end of the house. Worst of all, there was no lock on the door.

A tired woman informed me that she guessed that it was her turn to board me, but she didn't want me. She set on the table before us — for the driver had to remain all night — beans, bacon, soggy bread, and black coffee. The diet was unvaried for the eight months that I remained, except when one of the men took time to kill a deer. Though it was a cattle-ranch, none of the cows was sufficiently gentle to milk; the steers were too valuable for home consumption; and somehow the climate and coyotes combined to discourage chickens. These howling brutes prowled around us all night, but I had sat up late making out my programme and was too sleepy to do more than wonder what they were.

The next morning my driver-friend — I felt as though he were my only friend — asked me if I wanted him to take me back. "I'll do it for nothing if you think you can't stand this," he offered. What! Give up my precious chance at experience? I did not entertain the thought for a second. I would have fought to keep that school.

The next morning I inquired about laundry. "There's no one here has time to do it. Maybe some of the Indian women will wash it, but they can't iron; you'll have to do that yourself." I knew as little about it as the Indian women, so I wore scorched shirt-waists the rest of the year. I was handed a tin bucket—"Your lunch." It consisted, then as ever, of beans, bacon, and soggy bread, but no coffee; but I was always hungry enough to eat it.

I started out early, and easily found the schoolhouse. It stood alone in the middle of a little valley, under a cottonwood, very small indeed beneath those big mountains. In shape it was but a shed and had once served as a blacksmith's shop; the rain beat in through the cracks and the snow sifted in through the roof. There was a big stove, a wash-stand for a teacher's desk, children's desks in plenty, and books and apparatus fully as good as those of my first school—for the eleven children in the seven grades had to be taught everything that children anywhere else were taught. Again I made an elaborate programme, and they got drawing, cardboard sloyd, physiology, four-part singing (I can barely tell one tone from another), nature study, and all the rest.

They were good children, and maybe they learned something—attention to business despite the weather, the sinfulness of tardiness, and perhaps a few facts that they had forgotten long ago. One of the trustees (who wandered over to ask me, in order to settle a bet, if Egypt were in Asia or in Europe) said they "done fine." But I think that he said it because he saw how frightened I was when he came in. I should have been frightened by any visitor, but that man, the boss of the district, had my professional future in his hands. I was more afraid of him than of the drunken Indians who sometimes rode by on the far trail, or even of the rattlesnake in the stove. The rattler had made a beautiful nest for himself during the summer months, and one day he grew so interested in a lesson in longitude and time (or was it stocks and bonds? why in time were they studying either of them, anyway?) that he poked his head out of the door and rattled gently at one of the little girls who sat up in front.

School was dismissed until the boys killed it, and no one but the teacher was much excited.

We varied the December days by getting up a Christmas programme; and then, before we were snowed in, I went down to the Institute, heard a week of dreary general talk, and acquired a few more fads and methods. In those days I taught religiously what I was told that I ought to teach, and worried myself sick for fear that I was not doing it properly. When the snow came it looked for a while as though I could not make the trip, though the school law required my attendance, for there was no money to the district's account and would be none until the taxes were paid. I had received no salary for the three months, had spent all the money I had, and would not write home for more. However, correspondence with the county superintendent brought a temporary transfer of \$20 from the fund of a richer district, and the information that the bank at the county-seat would discount my warrants. I have seldom grudged the loss of any money so much as that discount. I had earned those dollars and I needed them, and I have never been able to get over the feeling that the world still owes them to me.

A brief visit at home made me desperately homesick, and I reckoned the very number of seconds until school should be out "for good." The winter dragged and the spring was rather bad. One of my distractions was a fad of the superintendent that I had learned at the Institute—mineralogy. We were certainly well situated for it, and the children were interested. Matters soon passed from my hands while the boys showed me how to pick out gold-bearing quartz, how to trail a bit to its parent ledge; and finally they brought in a miner who had camped near the schoolhouse, and we watched him "horn" out the dust from the crushed rock. I was teacher only by a courtesy title, but we were doing beautifully until one of the trustees found out how we were spending the school hours. He didn't want his boy to get the gold-fever and never be worth anything again, he said; he sent his children to school to learn something useful. So we went back to longitude and time.

Once the monotony was broken by a dance in a newly-completed store some fifteen miles down on the other side of the mountain. We drove down as soon after school as I could get ready, and danced on rough pine-boards till the sun rose. It was very novel and interesting, especially when two of the men, after some excited talk, went outside and shot off their guns. We found out afterward that it was a joke, but I really did "dance down the middle with the man that shot Sandy Magee."

Two other teachers were present, both beginners, and we compared notes. They lived in more civilized communities than mine, had more pupils and better equipment, and soon reduced me to despair over their superior results—for I did not know then how much their statements should be discounted. One of them, a pretty girl, went out a good deal to dances, sociables, and other rural gatherings; the country girls became rather jealous of her. The trustees had not objected until the report got about that she made nothing of reaching school half an hour late in the morning after a frolic and calmly turning back the clock. "But I don't care," she said. "I'd die if I didn't do something. I don't see how you stand it. And I always play the organ for them when a minister comes through."

The other girl had taken her position with the understanding that such joys were not for her, and she was present at this dance as a looker-on only because the revelers were going to use her schoolhouse for the supper, and she had to "look after things." They told her: "We want a good Christian girl, who will serve as an ideal for the children." But she did not think that she could hold the place of an ideal for another year, because she had been drawn into a big church row. Also she had acquired the habit of spending alternate Saturdays and Sundays at her home town, which was not far off, and that was considered a slur upon the community in which she taught. Besides, the clerk of the board had a cousin who would graduate from the normal school in June and was already looking for a position. However, she showed us her schoolroom with great pride, and in it we sat down to a lordly supper of cold roast beef, fried ham, corned-beef sandwiches, pie, cake, and enormous

green pickles. When the sun rose we drove back up the hills on one of the coldest mornings I have ever felt. Fortunately for me, it was Saturday.

The news of how much the others were doing made me dread more than ever the visit of inspection from the county superintendent. Of course, he drove up at an unexpected hour, so late that I had given him up for the day and taken the children out sketching, an exercise recommended by my dancing friend, though my own judgment was against it. We got back into the schoolhouse in some disorder, and he put the classes through a perfunctory examination. He was a kindly man who did not expect too much; the children did fairly well, but I was fearful that they had not distinguished themselves. He stayed all night at the house where I boarded, and told me when we parted in the morning that it would "soon be over." Nice man!

I had thought that the rest of the session would be simply a matter of waiting, but the sameness was to be broken in an unpleasant fashion. It happened when we were going to Sunday-school on the Indian reservation, and I have always taken it as very unkind of Providence. I was riding a cow-pony, sitting sideways on a man's high-pummeled saddle. A sudden thunder-storm came up, the lightning soon had my broncho bucking, and I went off backward. They picked me up, but as I seemed to be all right we went on to Sunday-school. Then the rest drove home while I stayed for dinner. When I tried to walk I found I could not even stand; the hip was sprained. I would not stay there with the two women; vacation was only three weeks away; and I wasn't going to lose a day which must be made up later. All the Indians had gone to a mysterious feast, and there was no one to drive me back even if there had been any vehicle. I rode back on the same horse, and the good beast walked the six miles through a pouring rain. When I reached the house-fence I was obliged to dismount. Then, as I could not climb up again, I clung to the stirrup; the horse would take one step and stop until I dragged myself forward, and we continued the process for the quarter of a mile to the house. It took about an hour. Naturally such treatment did not help the sprain, and

the next day I could scarcely move. No doctor was nearer than twenty miles — and “he would charge you twenty dollars,” they told me. I was suffering twenty dollars’ worth, and I wanted a doctor, but spring is a busy time for ranchers and no one offered to go. They gave me some liniment, made me a crutch from a broom, and next morning one of the boys drove me to school. Vacation began in three weeks.

When I limped into the superintendent’s office with my reports, on my way home, he took time to sympathize with me.

“Well, you’ve got your experience,” he said.

I had. Though there had been but eleven pupils, I had found myself, and in one year I had qualified as an enlightened despot.

“I wonder whom I’ll get there next year,” he added.

I assured him that there were plenty of Normal graduates who would be delighted with the chance.

The older children grew up to high-school age, the families moved away, and the school district was abolished; but until the schoolhouse was carted away to serve once more as a blacksmith shop, there was a succession of eager maidens glad to find experience there.

There was a hiatus of four years between my first and second year of teaching, accounted for by a college diploma. The second year found me in a country high-school. The securing of this position had not been quite such a desperate affair, for the university helped out; and that first experience, although it was grade-work, counted; but many of my classmates had not been so fortunate, and I was well content. It was a good high-school, too, a union one — which means a high-school supported by the combination of half a dozen or more country grammar-school districts; it was wealthy, had a good building in the little county-seat, and gave us everything for which we asked. No one had asked for a library which the young people could possibly care to read, we took no magazines, and our pictures consisted of a large portrait of Frances Willard, an atrocious engraving of Pharaoh’s horses, and the framed photographs of all the badly-dressed graduating classes back to the time when there

had been but one candidate for a diploma. In the matter of payment the board was liberal, and our warrants arrived with a punctuality and consideration which I have never met with since in much larger institutions. We appreciated that. On the first pay-day I went down at ten o’clock sharp to the bank which cashed the warrants. I was a little ashamed to be so prompt, but I needed the money. I felt better when I found the entire faculty of eight, including the principal, already lined up and waiting for the doors to open.

All these things considered, I was surprised to learn that few teachers stayed a second year and almost none a third. The principal and one other teacher, whose family lived in the town, were referred to as “the permanent teachers.” There revealed themselves gradually two reasons for this state of things. First came an early recognition of the deadliness of the life for a grown person with cultivated tastes and social habits. There were absolutely no nice people in the place; the teachers themselves were not congenial; there were no amusements except an occasional circus (when the circus came to town, school was dismissed, and the faculty led the way into the tent unashamed); and no social life except among the young people of the high school who met together and played games. There were fraternal lodges, too, but I never investigated those. When a teacher was not partaking of the immature amusements of his pupils, he was supposed to spend the evening correcting papers and note-books or reading up on psychology. Secondly, one needed to walk warily, to offend no pupil, and to please every individual parent, or at the end of the year would come a request for resignation. One of the best teachers in the school was put out at the end of the first June. She had tried hard to please; had taught a class for advanced study of the Bible in the Sunday-school which even the minister didn’t care to handle; and had worked up a first-rate orchestra and glee club (for all of which she received no pay), beside doing her regular work most creditably. But she had a somewhat sarcastic manner of speech which had once hurt the feelings of the son of a prominent citizen, and she had unwisely taken pay for coaching

some backward pupils. The prominent citizen informed the board that he did not approve of her methods; they differed from those by which he had been taught some thirty years before. The principal wanted to save her, but he was in fear for his own head just then — and she was dropped in a humiliating manner, the whole community taking part in the open discussion.

However, to go back to first impressions — I found gazing at me on the opening morning some two hundred pupils, about two-thirds being girls. In the country, as in the city, the boys begin to drop out in the sixth grade, and only a small percentage enters the high school. As a new teacher, I shouldered all the tasks that no one else wanted, and undertook to teach several things of which I knew very little. There were eight in the faculty, and we gave most of the courses offered in the big city high-schools — four years in the languages (ancient and modern), drawing, music, debating, gymnasium work, and a commercial course which was most popular with the boys. It was pathetic to see the big country fellows crowding into the shorthand and bookkeeping classes, under the delusion that they were learning something "practical." Therein lies the reason for the dropping out of the boys. The girls take meekly what we tell them is good for them, but the boys rebel unless they want a profession or have families of some culture back of them, or perchance have a craving for intellectual food. The others see dimly that we are not giving them what they want, and they quit or take a commercial course. They do not improve matters much for themselves; with no education, few climb beyond the four or six or eight dollars a week which looked so big to them as boys. And as for the commercial training, it does not particularly fit one for life on a farm.

As for myself, I taught them the date of Shakespeare's death and how to write a letter. Most of them were very poorly prepared for high-school work. They could not read over a simple story and repeat the gist of it in their own words. As for composition, a primary teacher asked me one day what kind of work I was giving them; and when I said that I was then urging them to begin a sentence with a capital and close it with a

period, she exclaimed: "Why, that's exactly what I'm doing with mine!" My pupils had not learned it in eight years. Many of them expressed surprise that their written work was corrected and returned, and I came to the conclusion that much of the poor spelling so frequently complained of was due to a previous lack of correction. A student who was pretty certain that his work would not be examined became careless and did not even look up the words of which he was not sure. Worst of all, even so early as the first year of high school, they took no intellectual pleasure in the work; it was all a task, a grind, though Heaven knows we tried to make things pleasant for them.

To begin with, almost every one was put through with a passing grade. This was not done altogether because the school was small and the enrolment must be kept up, nor yet because influential parents were displeased when their offspring failed; but we knew that a student who fell behind was likely to drop out, and we honestly thought that school was the best possible place for him. Nowadays, I am not so certain about that, though, of course, one learns much at school besides facts from books. If we did not prepare pupils for life, we did at least claim to prepare them for the university, but by this vicious system we sent to the colleges students entirely unprepared for doing the freshman work.

For each season of the year there was a peculiar distraction, and when there was nothing of public importance we served as chaperones for the school parties. It was considered an evidence of "lack of interest" if every teacher did not attend. During the winter it was decided to allow the children to dance in the school auditorium, a privilege hitherto withheld. The faculty and board were in favor of it, but we all tried to shove the responsibility on some one else, dreading the outcry which was immediately raised by some of the churches and the older people. It was a burning issue for several months, but the young people wanted it, and the young people got it. Indeed, though we were much distracted by the frequency and the expense of class-parties, dancing was a good thing for them. I tried not to smile when "Mr." Smith, age fourteen

and reaching to my shoulder, asked if he might have the pleasure of a waltz; but surely it was better training for him than chasing "Miss" Jones to pull her braids and slip ice down her neck, as had been done at the old game-playing parties.

All during the spring I lived in mortal terror of the university examiner, who would decide whether my work was sufficiently good to permit students from my classes to enter college without examination. Four or five years before my time, the work of my department had not been accredited; the teacher had promptly lost her place, and had some difficulty in securing another. So far as I could gather, her work had been well up to the standard, and the adverse judgment had been rendered because the corresponding department at the university had conceived the notion that the standard might be raised by emphasizing the idea that the subject was hard and needed much application. Only three schools in the state were spared, and the slaughter of first-year teachers is still a memory.

The examiner slipped into town one evening, but I heard of it, and that night was

really the worst that I ever spent. The next morning I knew how people feel who walk to execution. Of course the best students were absent, the next best were frightened, and the dunces made brilliant recitations. At any rate, he said that we would "do," and I was not much cast down by the criticisms which accompanied the verdict.

Do you ask, "What is wrong with the country school?" Answer: The course of study and many of the methods of teaching. But if you ask what to put in their place, I cannot even suggest. Perhaps the present inclination toward agricultural high-schools, with domestic-science courses for the girls, may help if it does not turn into a fad. It is "up to" the teachers (and what you are to do about them, again I do not know) to whom the parents with confidence hand over their children. Every American parent wants his children educated for a station higher than he himself occupies, and he readily accepts for them an education which he knows is not suited to their present stage. The times are very much out of joint; but I make my living by them, and have not the least idea how to set them right.

TOO MANY MEDICAL SCHOOLS

MR. ABRAHAM FLEXNER'S REPORT TO THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION—THE PUBLIC HEALTH IN DANGER FROM ILL-TRAINED GRADUATES OF LOW-GRADE COLLEGES

BY

EDGAR ALLEN FORBES

THE Professor of Anatomy was questioning the first and second-year men about the bones of the skull, when his eye fell upon McAdams, a senior student, perched upon the topmost row of the amphitheatre.

"Doctor," the Professor called out. "if you were summoned in the middle of the night and found a man gasping for breath, with a rapid pulse, blue in the face, what would you do?"

McAdams took the subject under consideration, and the Professor became impatient.

"Well, Doctor," he insisted, "what is the *first* thing that you would do in an emergency like that?"

McAdams's puzzled face brightened up. "I would call you in consultation," he answered.

The joke was so old that the students groaned in chorus, but the Professor's face did not relax. After a moment's silence he remarked, seriously:

"In that case the patient would probably have much to be thankful for!"

But when McAdams's first great emergency came, the Professor was not within

reach. The young man had graduated during the Spanish War, and an influential friend had secured his appointment as a surgeon in the United States Army. He was placed in charge of a hospital in one of the large camps, and his predecessor turned over to him about thirty cases of typhoid fever. Here, again, he did not know the answer. So many of the men promptly died that the Department made an investigation, and the young surgeon was immediately retired to private practice.

McAdams was the product of a system of commercialism that has turned loose upon this country thousands of poorly trained doctors—and the suffering public pays the price. There were several rival medical colleges in the city where he studied, and not one of them dared raised the entrance or the graduation requirements because most of its students would have gone at once to one of the easier schools. But how is the public to know, with McAdams's diploma staring them in the face, that he was a dunce throughout his student career?

To protect a gullible public from such experimenters as McAdams, and to raise the standard of medical teaching so high that men of his kind cannot graduate, is one of the aims of The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Under its direction Mr. Abraham Flexner—a prominent educator and one of a brilliant family—has visited every medical college in the United States and Canada. His detailed report is the first complete and unprejudiced array of facts about the training of physicians that has yet been published, and it will inevitably lead to the sweeping reformation of a deplorable system—or lack of it.

The Carnegie Foundation—so says Dr. Henry S. Pritchett in his introduction to Mr. Flexner's report—considers every college a public-service corporation, and believes that the public is entitled to know the facts about it. The last twenty-five years have produced an enormous overproduction of uneducated and ill-trained doctors, owing to the multiplication of commercial schools. "In a town of two thousand people," he says, "one will find in most of our states from five to eight physicians where two well-trained men could do the work efficiently, and make a competent livelihood."

Worse yet, the people of that town do not know whether Dr. Brown was trained in a school like this (University of Michigan):

"Excellently equipped laboratories are provided for all the fundamental branches; the men in charge are productive scientists as well as competent teachers."

or in one like this (Maryland Medical College):

"The school building is wretchedly dirty. Its so-called laboratories are of the worst existing type; . . . a few dirty test-tubes stand around in pans and old cigar-boxes. The dissecting-room is foul. This description completely exhausts its teaching facilities. There is no museum or library and no teaching accessories of any sort whatsoever."

THE MUSHROOM GROWTH OF SCHOOLS

In the early days the young physician learned his trade by means of an apprenticeship somewhat like that of a plumber. He "read medicine" in the office of a physician (his preceptor), was regularly "quizzed" as his studies progressed, and by degrees accompanied his preceptor in his rides over the country, in his visits to his patients. He learned to be a doctor or a surgeon mainly by watching his preceptor and collecting his prescriptions. When the preceptor chanced to be a man of great ability and skill, the results were generally good.

Then, about one hundred and fifty years ago, the medical college appeared. It began well—as a university department—but soon fell under the control of men with low ideals. All in all, this country has produced more than four hundred medical colleges—in Cincinnati alone there have been twenty—and one hundred and fifty-five of them are now grinding out M.D.'s. There are also eight osteopathic schools and eleven postgraduate schools.

The wide variation among these schools is shown by a comparison of two medical colleges in Baltimore. The summary is made up from Mr. Flexner's detailed report:

Entrance Requirement

Johns Hopkins: The Bachelor's degree.
Atlantic Medical: Nominal.

Attendance

Hopkins: 297.
Atlantic: 43. "Of twenty-one graduates, Class of 1908, almost all had failed at other

schools or before the regular state board before entering."

Teaching Staff

Hopkins: 112, of whom twenty-three are professors. All laboratory instructors give their entire time to teaching and research.

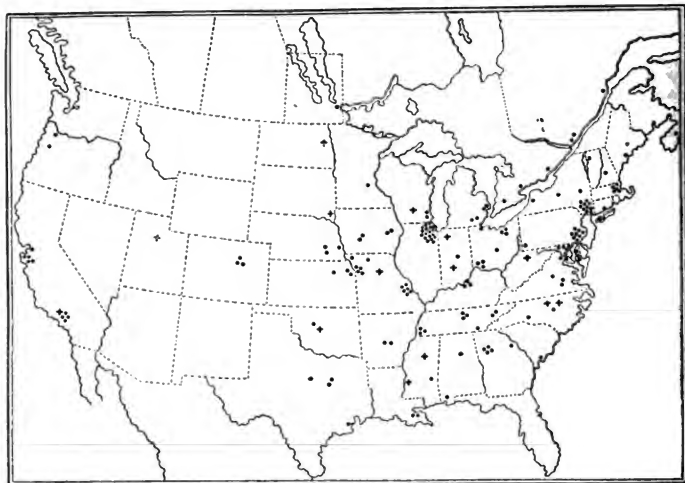
Atlantic: 47, of whom 12 are professors. Two members of the teaching staff were graduated in 1908, after having failed before the regular state board.

an ordinary dissecting-room, a lecture-room with half a skeleton, a small amount of imperfect physiological apparatus, with a few frogs, and a few cases of books, mostly old and useless."

Clinical Facilities:

Hopkins: Practically ideal opportunities. Hospital with 385 beds — under complete control of the clinical faculty. Dispensary admirably conducted.

Atlantic: A small hospital several miles off.



THE ACTUAL DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN MEDICAL COLLEGES

The dots represent complete schools; the crosses are "half schools"

Resources for Maintenance

Hopkins: Fees, \$80,229; budget, \$102,429, not including salaries of the clinical faculty, etc. Hospital endowments, more than \$3,600,000.

Atlantic: Fees, \$3,905 (estimated).

Laboratory Facilities

Hopkins: In every respect unexcelled.

Atlantic: "The school occupies a filthy building, in which are to be found an elementary clinical laboratory, a small room assigned to pathology, bacteriology, and histology (equipment being scant and dirty),

The basement of the college is used for a dispensary.

Mr. Flexner's report shows that the lax state laws of the United States permit the existence of many schools like the Atlantic Medical College. For instance:

California Medical College (Los Angeles): "A disgrace to the state."

Georgia College of Eclectic Medicine and Surgery (Atlanta): "Nothing more disgraceful calling itself a medical school can be found anywhere."

Chicago: "In respect to medical education, the plague spot of the country."

Still College of Osteopathy (Des Moines): Laboratory facilities "mainly limited to signs."

Kansas Medical College (Topeka): "The dissecting-room is indescribably filthy . . . and was simultaneously used as a chicken yard."

American School of Osteopathy (Kirkville, Mo.): "The 'professors' in charge of histology, pathology, and bacteriology are senior students. . . . The school is a business in which the largest possible margin of profit is secured by

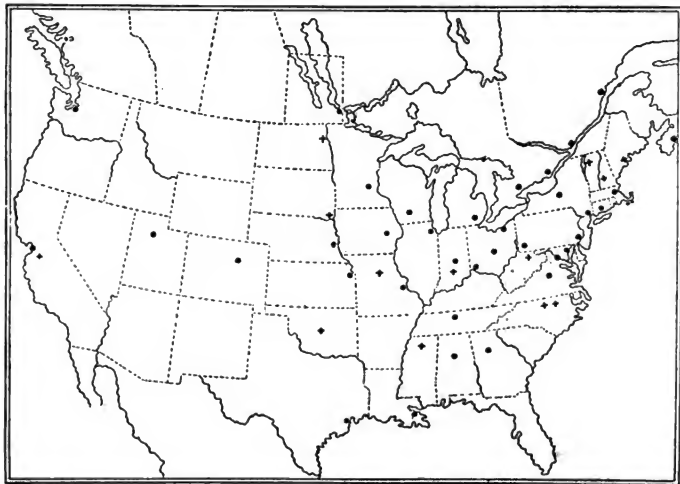
Knoxville Medical College (colored): "The school occupies a floor above an undertaker's establishment."

In one postgraduate school a youth was observed at work with a microscope; he was the teacher of clinical laboratory technique, and *pro-tempore* a lecturing professor! The following conversation took place:

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"A student of medicine?"



THE DISTRIBUTION OF SCHOOLS AS IT SHOULD BE

Every school a university department; and every group of states provided for

its owners. The teaching furnished is of the cheapest possible kind."

St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons: "The school is one of the worst in the country."

Brooklyn Postgraduate Medical School: "It deserved no charter in the first place, and it deserves no recognition from the city now."

Pulte Medical College (Cincinnati): "Anything more woe-begone than the laboratories of this institution would be difficult to imagine."

Chattanooga Medical College: "The students see no post-mortems, no contagious diseases, . . . and do not always own their own textbooks. They use quiz-compends instead."

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At the Jenner Night School."

"In what year?"

"The first."

ENTRANCE STANDARDS TOO LOW

Mr. Flexner's judgment is that while America has physicians as good as the best anywhere, there is probably no other country in the world in which there is so fatal a distance between the best, the average, and the worst. Other technical schools, such as those of engineering and the mechan-

ical arts, began at a low level, like the medical schools, but the requirements of our advancing civilization did not allow them to remain there. Our people have apparently been more reckless with their health and lives than with their buildings, their railroads, and their mines.

The greatest difficulty in securing a high standard of medical teaching grows out of the low-standard requirements for entrance. Of the 155 medical schools in the United States and Canada only sixteen require two or more years of college work before admission; about ten more will be in this class before the end of the present year. A second class of schools nominally requires a high-school course or "its equivalent." Mr. Flexner's definition of "equivalent," as practised by the deans of medical colleges, is this: "A device that concedes the necessity of a standard which it forthwith proceeds to evade."

"What is your honest opinion of your own enrollment?" was asked of a professor in a Philadelphia school.

"Well, the most that I would claim," he answered, "is that nobody who is absolutely worthless gets in."

A third class — most numerous in the South — makes some pretense of requiring "the equivalent" of a high-school education, but almost any applicant with money to pay his fees can get through.

The organized medical profession has accomplished much within the last decade in raising the standard of the schools, but the only effective instrument by which the reconstruction of medical education can be brought about is the state board of health. There are two ways in which this can be done:

(1) It may refuse to allow an improperly trained man to practise medicine within its borders — an indirect method of discrediting the school which has vouched for him by conferring its M.D. degree.

(2) The board should go further than this: It should positively refuse to consider the application of any man whose medical education was received under conditions that could not possibly have prepared him for scientific work. No medical college with such a stigma placed upon it could long survive. If the rigid enforcement of a four-year high-school standard for entrance be

carried out, there will not often be necessity for the board to take drastic action. Before this happy state of affairs can come about, however, many of the state boards of health themselves need to be reorganized and placed on a different basis.

Generally speaking, it now requires four years for a school to turn out a finished doctor. The first two years are devoted mainly to work in the laboratories; the last two to clinical work in medicine, surgery, and obstetrics.

Well-equipped laboratories are absolutely necessary for the work of the first two years, and every laboratory should be in charge of an expert who devotes his whole time to his subject, without being dependent upon his practice for a living. This gratifying condition now exists in a very small part of our schools.

The contrast in the equipment of the laboratories in different institutions is typical of the grade of instruction provided. Cornell, for instance, has more than 100 complete skeletons, and every student in anatomy is furnished with a complete set of bones. Mr. Flexner found some medical colleges, however, which did not have one complete skeleton in the whole institution. He reports that the Mississippi Medical College did not own a dollar's worth of apparatus of any description whatsoever. Bacteriology was represented at the Milwaukee Medical College mainly by several wire baskets of dirty test-tubes. At the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Denver, the key to the outfit in pathology and bacteriology was found with difficulty, and the equipment consisted of "an empty demijohn and some jugs."

"What do you give your teachers," was asked of the dean of one of these schools.

"Titles," he replied.

THE HIGH COST OF MEDICAL EDUCATION

Our best medical schools are very far from self-supporting; their existence is possible only because of large endowments, and they seriously burden the resources of their universities. It is obvious, therefore, that a school without a large endowment cannot be an efficient school, for a good medical education costs much more than the student pays in fees.

Every medical college worthy of the name must have five elaborate departments: (1) Anatomy, (2) Physiology and pharmacology, (3) Chemistry, (4) Pathology, (5) Bacteriology and hygiene. A university department in one of these fundamental sciences cannot be fairly maintained for less than \$10,000 to \$15,000 per annum; the five departments of a properly organized medical school, capable of handling 125 students in the first two years, can hardly be sustained on a budget of less than from \$50,000 to \$75,000. If the students pay \$150 a year each for tuition, there will be an annual deficit ranging from \$31,250 to \$56,250 a year. The same school must, of course, spend a sum equally large for teaching its students during their last two years. In a word, the fees which are received from students amount to a little more than one-third of the expense involved in their instruction.

Here is the actual cost of some of our best schools: Johns Hopkins, 333 students, \$100,000 a year — not including the salaries of clinical professors; Harvard, 279 students, \$181,469; Michigan, 390 students, \$153,000; Columbia, 312 students, \$239,072; Cornell, 217 students, \$241,728; Toronto, 630 students, \$85,000; McGill, 328 students, \$77,000.

Only endowment or taxation can meet such a burden of expenditure — and endowment and taxation are feasible only in connection with a university. Medicine is expensive to teach, and cannot be taught out of fees. Reputable institutions with no other outlook should combine with other schools or stop. Legal enactment should terminate the career of those not reputable.

A PLAN FOR RECONSTRUCTION

As a culmination of his painstaking study of every medical college in the United States and Canada, Mr. Flexner has tentatively suggested a scheme of reconstruction that will commend itself to the judgment of the whole country. The solution which he proposes deals only with the present and the near future; he believes that the needs of the next generation will take care of themselves if a proper system of reorganization be established now.

These are the principles upon which he

would reconstruct the medical instruction of this country:

(1) A medical school ought to be a university department, preferably located in a large city, where clinical material is abundant and various.

(2) It is still feasible to develop an efficient medical school outside of large cities. "There is no magnet like reputation; nothing travels faster than the fame of a great healer;" the faculty of medicine in such a school may even turn the defect of situation to good account, and the more readily cultivate clinical science.

(3) Only one school to a single town; since no American city now contains more than one well-supported university, it is obviously unwise to duplicate medical departments.

(4) Since students tend to study medicine in their own states, certainly in their own section, arrangements ought to be made to provide the requisite facilities within each of the characteristic state-groups.

These principles have been entirely disregarded in this country. Medical schools have been established regardless of need, regardless of the proximity of competent universities, regardless of favoring conditions.

Mr. Flexner estimates that the Southern States for the next generation will require 461 new doctors annually, and the rest of the country will demand 1,450. Thirty medical schools, he thinks, with an average enrolment of 300 and average graduation classes of less than 70, will be easily equal to the task. He bases his estimate upon the increase in population in each region and the normal death-rate among physicians themselves: The distribution would be as follows:

(1) For New England — 125 new doctors every year. The medical departments of Harvard and Yale, with abundance of clinical material and strong financial support, could easily produce that number. The medical schools of Dartmouth, Bowdoin, and Vermont could be abolished.

(2) For the Middle States (New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia) — 430 would be needed. These could be supplied from universities in New York City, Syracuse, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Baltimore — and these five university towns can, to a great extent, meet the needs of regions where the supply may be short. The schools of Albany, Buffalo, Brooklyn, and Washington (except Howard University, a Negro school) might disappear.

3. Greater irregularity must be tolerated in the South because proprietary university departments will there survive longer and because none of the Southern state universities is wisely placed. Tulane and Vanderbilt are excellently situated in respect to medical education; Texas has no certain alternative but a remote department such as it now supports at Galveston. Georgia will develop a university school at Atlanta, and Alabama will probably have one at Birmingham, near the state university at Tuscaloosa. Virginia, at Charlottesville, is repeating the experiment of Ann Arbor. These six schools will be quite able to provide the 461 doctors needed annually.

(4) For the North Central States (Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois) the estimate calls for 350 annually. The existing universities at Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland, and Chicago fulfil all the requisite conditions; Michigan and Wisconsin have university departments in small towns; and Indiana University has undertaken to establish a department at Indianapolis. Surely the territory in question can be supplied by these seven medical centres.

(5) The Middle West will call for a yearly supply of 300. Universities capable of conducting medical departments of the proper type are located in Minneapolis and St. Louis. These schools can also assist the Dakotas, Montana, Texas, and the entire Southwest. The University of Nebraska may concentrate on Lincoln or Omaha, and Kansas will doubtless combine its divided department at Kansas City. Iowa has its university department at Iowa City. These five schools can produce more than the required number, and all of them, with the exception of St. Louis, belong to state universities.

(6) Seven Western States (New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, and Arizona) will need only 120. At present there are but two available sites for university medical departments—Salt Lake City (University of Utah) and Denver (University of Colorado, located in the suburbs at Boulder).

(7) California, Oregon, and Washington will require but 86, and all the essential conditions are found at Berkeley and Seattle. At Berkeley the University of California and Leland Stanford should combine their medical departments. "With unique wisdom the University of Washington and the physicians of Seattle have thus far refrained from starting a medical school in that state."

(8) Canada will require 250 doctors annually, and the universities that are already established can safely provide this number.

This tentative plan of reconstruction calls for only 31 medical schools for the entire United States, with graduating classes of about 70 each. All are university departments; 19 are in large cities; 4 are in small towns, with their universities; 8 are in large towns near their parent institutions. Twenty states are left without a complete school, but this does not mean that they are left unprovided.

To bring about this reconstruction, it would appear that 120 medical colleges must be wiped off the map. Of these 120 schools, however, 66 are so small that their student bodies can be added to other institutions without crowding; of the remaining, several will survive by merging. This plan would not abolish the medical school of any section that is now capable of maintaining one.

As an example of what can be done by the process of merging—and Mr. Flexner's work will precipitate this—take the medical colleges of Louisville. A few years ago there were the following medical colleges—not counting the insignificant homeopathic and Negro schools:

(1) University of Louisville Medical Department—which was a department without a university, and was dependent upon fees.

(2) Louisville Medical College—a private institution dependent upon fees.

(3) The Kentucky School of Medicine—which claimed lineal descent from old Transylvania University; dependent upon fees.

(4) Kentucky University Medical Department—organized by split-off from the Kentucky School faculty; its loose connection with Kentucky University (located at Lexington) enabled it also to claim unbroken descent from Transylvania; dependent upon fees.

(5) The Hospital College of Medicine—whose name came from its location: it was across the street from the city hospital; dependent upon fees.

The rivalry and jealousy that existed were very bitter at times. Almost anybody with money to pay his fees could enter; and almost any student who attended lectures could get enough faculty votes to graduate, without ever looking into a book. At the same time, every school in this list was equipped to train the earnest student well; and every school had excellent teachers in its faculty.

The merger was finally achieved by combining all five as a city institution under the name of "The University of Louisville Medical Department," and its control was placed in the hands of a board of laymen. All the faculties were taken over bodily; it was "the largest medical faculty in the world." After a year of this, the trustees declared every chair vacant and, in spite of vociferous protest, chose a smaller faculty. No lecturer receives a salary, but the laboratories are in charge of trained men who devote all their time to teaching. The school has the misfortune of being the largest medical college in the world — it enrolled about six hundred students this

year — but a distinct advance has been made. This Louisville merging showed, however, that the wrangling of the "outs" may be as bitter as the warring of rival faculties.

The Carnegie Foundation has not yet rested its case against unorganized medical teaching. Mr. Flexner had no sooner revised the final proofs of his report than he was sent to Europe to make a careful study of the medical colleges there, and he is now engaged in that task. If his careful work here and abroad does not result in the complete reorganization that he has already mapped out, the failure will not be due to the country's lack of information on the subject.

WHEN THE NINE KINGS RODE IN LONDON TOWN

THE PRINCELY PAGEANT THAT FOLLOWED THE BIER OF EDWARD VII — A GLIMPSE OF SOME ROYAL PERSONALITIES THAT OUTSHONE THE SPLENDOR OF THEIR REGALIA

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

MAN," so Sir Thomas Browne quaintly certifies, "is a Noble Animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the Grave, solemnizing Nativities and Deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature."

If death be "infamy" in nature, never has man so successfully disguised it as he did in the pomp that rolled through London's streets and swept in cataracts of color across the greensward of Windsor and overflowed with pride the stately church wherein they laid England's Edward VII.

Eight kings came to that burying. Nine crowned kings rode behind their coffined cousin with the crown, orb, and sceptre laid upon his pall — nine kings in all the majesty of their state. Two of them, if it matters, bore the title Emperor. And behind them the heirs of other emperors and of other kingly thrones — fifty princes of blood royal and imperial. In the midst of scarlet-coated troops, of horses capari-

soned, of heralds and pursuivants, of marshals and admirals, they rode across London-town and mounted the hill to Windsor's castle, a kingly cavalcade the like of which has not been seen since history began.

To name those who composed it would be to call the roll of Europe's princes.

Take a map of Europe. Cross off England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland: their old king and their new were there. Cross off Norway: King Haakon was there. Cross off Belgium: King Albert was there. And Denmark: King Frederick was in that cavalcade. And his brother, the King of the Hellenes: so cross off Greece. The German Emperor, on his white horse, stern as fate incarnate, rode at the right hand of his cousin George. The two young Iberian Kings, one of them flushed with hope for an English sweetheart, the other pale with the news from the bedside of his English bride, were in the saddle. The Coburg Prince who had proclaimed himself

a czar and forced all the world to acknowledge his royal quality was there, jaunty in jeweled turban and proud smile.

As for Austria, the heir of its aged emperor rode at the stirrup of Albert the Fair. The Dutch Queen's consort; the brother and the nephew of the Russian Czar; the hereditary Prince of the Ottoman Empire; the cousin of the Emperor of Japan; the Crown Prince of Roumania; the Crown Prince of Montenegro; the hereditary Prince of Servia; the brother of the Regent of China; the brother of the King of Italy; the brother of the King of Sweden; the brother of the Khedive; reigning princes of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; of Waldeck; the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse; the Royal Duke of Sparta; princes of Sweden; of Prussia; of Bavaria; of Saxony; of Württemberg; of Baden; of Coburg; of Schleswig-Holstein; and of Egypt. The heir to England's crown, of course, and a dozen English princes; a prince of Siam, and five princes of Orleans; more soberly behind, their black apparel contrasting strangely with the glittering and jingling splendor on horseback, the special envoys of the great American and French republics, one of them an ex-President.

History never saw the like of it.

It was with emotions curiously compounded that one witnessed this unprecedented pageant. Sublime as a pompous spectacle, few of us were under any illusion that it really represented supreme power. It is too late in the centuries to talk of crowns as anything more than emblems. The King whom they were burying had never in his life attempted to exercise any real authority. Neither would his successor try to do so.

The real rulers of England were not there. Neither Parliament nor the Ministry was represented,—except that John Burns marched as a fireman, and Lord Rosebery as a Scottish Archer. The spectacle was utterly unconnected with fact, so far as the actual government of England was concerned. Even in the last and culminating tableau—which will remain while life lasts in the memories of all who witnessed it—when, beneath the vaulted roof of St. George's Chapel, in the midst of the crowded princes blazing in scarlet and gold, there

where all stood silent and as motionless as the dusty banners hanging unstirred in gorgeous avenues above the lace-like canopies of the knights' stalls, while the bier sank out of the sight into the vault prepared for it, it was as "Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter" that the last valediction was given him.

Perhaps no other king is quite so powerless as the English sovereign—unless it be the King of Norway or of the Hellenes—but certainly no mounted monarch, no dread prince, who rode that day had ever exercised the power which had been wielded and is like to be wielded again by a (for once) inconspicuous gentleman in plain evening-clothes, tucked away in a carriage at the tail-end of the show.

And yet—a king is a king, and you do not get nine of them together without getting a moment of some significance, as well as of picturesqueness. You may have seen a monarch or two in your day, and even have spoken to them without extraordinary emotions, but be assured you will not let nine brush by you without sundry sensations of the flesh.

There is an idea prevalent in America that Europe's kings are a scratch lot: "too much intermarriage," is the remark. No doubt it ought to be so, but in fact it isn't. It wasn't the scarlet tunics crossed with the sashes and covered with the stars of many orders nor the flowing plumes alone that gave the monarchs dignity the other day. In plain clothes, they would show for a very respectable group of men, half of them exceptional in vigor and good looks.

To take the lesser of them first: The King of Norway is a tall, athletic, well-featured young man, at whom any girl might steal a second glance. King Haakon hasn't much of a throne and hasn't revealed, or had a chance to reveal, any special talents in occupying it. He is a nephew of the Queen Mother (Alexandra), and a son of the King of Denmark. Curiously, King Haakon wore a royal crown while his father was yet only a prince.

The King of the Hellenes is six feet tall, broad-shouldered and long-necked, with a high forehead, a lengthy and ferocious mustache, a stern wrinkle between his eyes, and a disposition as mild as a kitten's.

He is poor, downright poor, yet not so poor as to make it necessary for him to wear (as he does at home) ill-fitting and spotted suits which any self-respecting American would have discarded six months before. However, he makes a fine figure in uniform on horseback. King George of Greece is accounted a failure by his royal cousins. He has no authority, even no moral authority over the people who asked him to rule them. His Parliament humiliates him; his army refuses to allow his sons to serve as officers. He has repeatedly threatened (or promised) to resign, but probably never will. He is most democratic and talks freely with newspaper men — as no other sovereign does.

King George of Greece is a brother of the Queen Mother, as is also the King of Denmark, Frederick VIII. The Queen Mother has a sister in the Dowager Empress of Russia, Marie Feodorovna. The four form one of the most remarkable groups present on the remarkable occasion. Children of the late King Christian IX. of Denmark, and reared in as beautifully simple a home to as simple a life as can be imagined, they went out, one to share the throne of the Russian Czar, another that of the King of England, a third to take the Greek crown, the fourth remaining to succeed his father.

King Frederick of Denmark is in appearance an older edition of King George of Greece. The unostentatious head of a quiet little realm, he counts for little in the politics of Europe.

The King of Spain is the only Bourbon still on a throne. You may walk through the Prado at Madrid, that most wonderful of art collections, and gaze on portrait after portrait by Velasquez of the Spanish Philips and wonder if ever man had chin and lips like that, and then, an hour later, go on to the bull-ring (as I have to confess I have done) and, startled, see in the box above you a dark young man who might have stepped — Hapsburg jaw and lip and all — out of any of the old canvases on the wall a mile away.

Charles V. and a Philip or two may have been madmen, and there may be a taint in the Hapsburg-Bourbon blood, but it hasn't appeared yet in Alfonso XIII. He is a lively and brave young man. Whether he has wisdom I do not know, but he is simple,

democratic, and fearless. He likes machinery, he loves horses, he enjoys nothing more than a lark incognito. One day two years ago he came to Paris, where Wilbur Wright was astonishing the world in a machine that actually flew. Wright made an ascent for King Alfonso, came down and circled about, circled about so closely that at one time the wing of the aeroplane brushed the hat of the King. It could not be seen that he winked.

King Manuel of Portugal is not quite twenty-one. He is a fat boy, showing no evidence of the horror through which he passed when, two years ago, he saw his father and his elder brother killed by his side. It evokes one's surprise, perhaps, but it is a fact that the English people are fond of the two young peninsular kings. They were special protégés of King Edward.

King Albert of Belgium would have been in this article pronounced the best-looking of the sovereigns except for the fact that William Randolph Hearst, happening to be at the same time in London, was mistaken for him. If Belgium had searched Europe for a face so pleasant and a mien so kind that it would efface the recollection of all that the English religiously believe the late Leopold to have been, they could not have found and sent a better. King Albert is little known in England; little known as yet in Belgium, I believe. He was much respected and liked as a prince. He is a student, a soldier, a gentleman, and, I believe, as good a mechanic as Cornelius Vanderbilt.

These be more or less idle personalities. Come we now to real men. When an Austrian emperor is buried, as the procession reaches the gate of the Capuchin monastery wherein the eastern Cæsars take their rest, a monk takes his stand in the way and demands who asks admittance. Whereupon a herald makes proclamation of the many titles of the dead monarch. The monk replies in turn that no such person is known to God. Then the herald gives simply the baptismal name of the dead man — and he is permitted to enter.

There were a few among the bearers of proud titles at King Edward's funeral who are known to the world in virtue not so much of their dignity as of the vigor of their

character. Half a dozen sovereigns surpass William II. of Germany in the length of the appendages to their names, but no reputation sounds so loud as his in the ears of the world. He was easily first in interest in the London pageant. Riding his white charger, or afoot, at the right hand of the new king, carrying the baton and wearing the scarlet tunic of a British Field-Marshal, his imperial figure easily compelled every eye away from that of the King. His bearing was that of one on whom the whole meaning of the solemnity rested; his countenance a study in proud but mournful affection. He was first up, first down from his horse; when there was a hand to stretch to the Queen Mother or to Queen Mary, his was the hand stretched. Many signs of solicitude passed from him also to the new King, and the elder man was careful to keep his steed's head at the younger's saddle. But for all, he was the central figure of the day.

It was a good day's work for the cause of Anglo-German friendship. On every side resounded praises of the Kaiser's sympathy and tact. The masterful charm of the most manly monarch of Europe fell almost magically upon all London. They will talk for months of his evident good-will.

Will it dissolve their suspicions, abate their fears of dark German designs? I fancy it will do much in that direction.

At the dinner at Buckingham Palace, where nine kings sat down together with the chief notables of all the nations, the Kaiser said a few words to M. Pichon, the French special envoy, which—vaguely reported two days later—immediately took rank as an international incident of first significance. The Emperor was reported to have suggested to the French representative the possibility of a close union of all the nations of Europe in the interest of humanity and civilization. The phrase "a great pacific confederation" was current in diplomatic circles as an expression used by His Majesty.

THE WORLD'S WORK'S representative has strong reason to believe that the German Emperor did use this phrase and spoke warmly of the advantages of a general European understanding.

It is indeed no secret that His Majesty has

long consistently cherished the idea. The mainspring of this desire lies in that sense of the inevitability of a conflict between Europe and Asia which has never left the Emperor since he first felt it and portrayed it in his famous cartoon "The Yellow Peril." To confederate the White Man against the Yellow Man the German Emperor regards as the supreme mission of his life. It would have been strange if at this great congress of European princes he had left unspoken an idea which is never absent from his mind. He had, as a matter of fact, discussed it with practically every royalty in that company. The circumstance that on this occasion he addressed his remarks to M. Pichon was due no doubt partly to his desire to exhibit friendship for France, but partly to the fact that at this dinner the company was seated at small tables, at one of which the Kaiser sat with M. Pichon near him. Mr. Roosevelt, on this occasion, sat with King George at another table. But Mr. Roosevelt is probably not unfamiliar with the idea.

So great is the charm of the Kaiser's personality that England did not for some days awaken to the fact that in any confederation of Europe it would be Germany that would head the league. This perceived, the chorus of praise suddenly died out. But it is still reverberating through Europe.

This much is gained, no doubt, for peace: the Kaiser's visit has softened the heart of the Briton in the street and made him a little ashamed, till a new alarm occurs at least, of his suspicions. And the Kaiser has now a certain place and influence in the mind of England's new King.

And what of him, this George V.? His capital saw him in a new light as he followed the gun-carriage that bore his dead father. London was fond of "Teddy." (Americans have been much puzzled here of late to find that our own favorite nickname is as much a plagiarism as our national hymn). Of George, Prince of Wales, not so fond. He was a serious young man—at all events a quiet one. He was a good shot, and obediently went to the races when his father had a horse running. But he had few friends; he was known to be interested in nothing much except postage-stamps; he

was not of heroic appearance; he was said to be melancholy and dull; and stories were told of another wife and of lack of self-control.

It was just a year ago that I spent an evening in a group surrounding the new king—then Prince of Wales—in conversation unusually informal and intimate. The impression one gained of him that night was that of a man certainly not of much brilliancy, but able to talk with information and sound sense on a wide variety of subjects. He was agreeable and even seemed to desire to be considered mildly jovial—without having either the wit or the natural freedom of manner to succeed. He could scarcely be said to lead the conversation, as the duty of puissant princes is, I believe. A Londoner is not the most exhilarating of persons in conversation, and England's George is a Londoner. He is a traveled Londoner; he has been everywhere—he is almost as great a traveler as President Taft—but he has always returned, and, I fancy, his mind has pretty much all the time remained in London. When he came back from a visit to the Colonies, the Prince made a speech in the Guild Hall in which he exclaimed "Wake up, England!" This made a mighty sensation, for it was excellent advice; but there were those who wondered whether the Prince did not need to take his own advice—or that of the literary friend who wrote the speech.

Perhaps King George has taken it. There have been signs, since his accession. I have seen him on four occasions as King George, and if ever there was a change in man, there is in him. He is animated, he is less stooped, his voice has grown peremptory. On the great day he played his part well. Not the physical equal of his father, who was as fine a man as you may wish to see, he does no discredit to the fraternity of monarchs. He rides well. By rights he shouldn't, for he is a sailor, and no sailor is supposed to be able to ride a horse. He is said to be a good sailor.

King George has a Queen who may be described as "able." She has been described as a woman ambitious and energetic in the extreme, who has spent her life preparing for the day that has now come. It has been suggested that she was capable of man-

aging George V. It is believed possible that she may be capable of asserting herself successfully against the Queen Mother, the much-loved lady who, to the unspeakable regret of her friends, has lately developed eccentricities.

King George needs a few good friends. His former companions, like Sir Charles Cust and Derek Keppel, are not big enough men to aid him now. He needs to be delivered from the "Queen-Mother"—for the King is forty-four years old.

We shall see. Men have a way of rising to their responsibilities. That is the chief excuse for hereditary monarchy.

There was another kingly figure in that cortège that attracted all eyes—that of a middle-aged cavalier in an astrakhan turban, with strong features and a close-trimmed beard, who sat his horse like a rock.

It was Ferdinand, Czar of the Bulgars.

His story is the most romantic that can be told of any prince, but this is not the place to tell it. He made himself a throne and vaulted into it, defying Russia and England and carrying all before him with the debonair manner which he still wears riding behind a corpse. He may have still a greater part in the history of Europe.

Certain to have great part in it is he who rides next after the crowned heads—the green-plumed Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir of the imperial Austrian throne and (if the truth be told to-day) actual guide of the destinies of the Dual Kingdom. "Francis the Silent" they call him in Vienna—a man who has lived in the background, but whose character and aims are by the wise known to have completely changed within a decade. Forced, through the suicide of the Archduke Rudolph, to contemplate the prospect of succeeding his uncle Franz Joseph, the Archduke turned to religion. In time he has abandoned his mystical consolations for the courageous plans of a politician so astute that the chancelleries shiver when they hear his name. The Kaiser has had a hand in his training. Mark Franz Ferdinand. History looms large in his age. The destiny of the nearer East rests largely with him—and the other Kaiser of whom he will soon be the equal and the partner.

AN ANTI-VIVISECTION EXHIBITION

ONE EXAMPLE OF THE EXTREMES TO WHICH WELL-INTENTIONED
PEOPLE SOMETIMES GO IN THEIR EFFORTS TO PROVE THEIR CASE

BY

DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

THIS is an age of exhibitions, so it was with little surprise that I noted a widely heralded announcement of an Anti-Vivisection Exhibit to arouse the public conscience to the iniquity of experiments upon animals. Yielding to curiosity I entered the miniature Chamber of Horrors, and this is what I was shown.

Exhibit A consisted of a group of very badly stuffed dogs stretched out and fastened to boards and tables by elaborate combinations of straps and metal holders. These appliances, I was told, were for holding living dogs immovable while they were being "scientifically tortured."

"Was ether ever administered in these experiments?" I asked.

"Oh, no! That would spoil the effect of the experiment" — as an important part of the investigation was to determine how much pain the animals could stand before they died!

It just so happens that all of the experiments of this sort which I have seen personally — though these do not total more than 250 or 300, including both sides of the Atlantic — have been done with the animals under ether. This for two reasons: First, pain would interfere with, and in many cases destroy, the accuracy of the delicately precise results aimed at; and, second, because ether keeps the animals quiet and allows fragile and expensive instruments, such as pressure gauges, thermometers, sphygmographs, and recording cylinders to be attached to and grouped around the animal without danger of interrupting the tracings, or of breaking the instruments. Though the ether renders the animal completely unconscious and almost motionless, it does not prevent twitchings and jerking, such as occur a score of times

during any operation upon a human patient under ether. So, to render the experiment absolutely secure from interruption by such movements, and to protect the valuable instruments from breakage, the animal (after being anesthetized) is fastened securely to the table by straps and holders. But then, of course, my personal experience in painful vivisection must be much less than that of my guide, who is a specialist in such horrors!

Exhibit B was a catalogue of a German firm engaged in the fiendish business of deliberately manufacturing for sale these instruments of torture. Page after page was turned over rapidly by my guide to show me how widespread this horrible procedure had become.

I meekly followed her guidance through the first ten or twelve pages of apparatus, and took her word for it. Then something hauntingly familiar caught my eye and I stopped the rustle of leaves long enough to ask: "What is that?"

"Oh, that is an apparatus for spraying curari and other deadly poisons into the mouths of animals, to render them helpless while they are being experimented upon."

"Ah!" I said. "And what is that?" pointing to the picture of an instrument near the bottom of the page.

"Oh, that is a forceps for holding rats by the ear while they are being vivisected."

I gasped, for here at last I was on solid ground. The page was one from the Nose and Throat section of the catalogue. The "apparatus for spraying poisons into the mouths of dogs" was an ordinary atomizer, used for spraying out human noses and throats. The instrument "for holding rats by the ear" was a sponge-holder, a little metal rod with a handle at one end and an

adjustable clamp at the other, to catch a small sponge so as to swab out the blood during an operation upon the nose or throat.

A few pages farther, in the Eye section, a group of cataract knives and squirt-hooks were pointed out by my guide as other instruments for animal torture, about whose precise use and purpose she was not altogether clear!

On another page was a rather blurred cut of what appeared to be a metal box raised upon a support, from the open top of which could be seen projecting the ears and head of a rabbit. By the side of this cut was printed the title: "Ovens for Calorimetric Experiments." When I asked my guide what the cut represented, she promptly and proudly pointed to this title and said that it was an apparatus in which rabbits were baked to death to see what would happen to them in the process. On looking closer, I saw that this title referred to a list of dimensions and prices which came below it, while the title and number of the cut were printed near the top of the page—and read: "Box Scales for Testing the Weight of Rabbits during Experiments!"

I was unkind enough to call my guide's attention to this discrepancy, whereat she colored up: "Oh, perhaps that was a mistake," she said.

She hurriedly turned over five or six more pages, and triumphantly called my attention to the "gem" of the catalogue. This was a wood-cut of a rabbit stretched upon its back on a board, with its legs extended and held down by a pin driven through each foot, fastening it to the board.

"This is what we call our Crucified Rabbit!"

"Is it alive?" I asked, for it struck me that the first kick of a live rabbit would tear away those flimsy pins out of the board in a twinkling.

"Oh, yes," I was instantly assured. "Certainly. If it were dead, we shouldn't have the slightest objection."

"What were they going to do to it in the way of vivisection, held down in such a fashion?" I asked.

"Oh, we don't know that. There are many cruel, cruel things which are done by the vivisectors for no reason whatever that we can discover."

Again the title of the cut was some inches above it. I had to identify it by the number. When I found it, it read "*Dissecting Boards*," size A, for rabbits, three marks; Size B, for rats, two marks. The "Crucified Rabbit" was dead and pinned out for dissection.

Another Exhibit was a small, thick-walled oven with flat floor and arched roof made of fire-clay, mounted upon a furnace of the same material and closed by a slab of fire-clay for a door. In it was the stuffed body of a cat, with its head projecting from the door and its tongue protruding from its mouth.

"Now this," said my guide, "is the most interesting and horrible specimen in the whole Exhibit. It is one of those ovens, of which you have heard so much, in which cats are actually baked to death in order to see their arteries swell up and burst—and that sort of thing, you know."

I looked at the oven with becoming interest and horror. "And have cats actually been baked to death in this oven?" I asked.

"Oh, no," I was assured; "this is a new oven bought specially for this Exhibit, at great expense, but it is exactly the kind of oven which they use for the purpose of watching the agonies of cats as they bake to death."

"What do they watch them through?" I asked; for my awe-stricken glances had by this time discovered that walls, floor, and roof of the oven were absolutely solid, without opening of any sort, so that when the door-slab was placed over its mouth the only possible way of seeing into it would be through a small rounded opening in this door about two inches across and three deep.

My guide pointed triumphantly to this pit-like opening and said: "Oh, they look in through that hole."

"But," I feebly expostulated, "you can't see much in a dark chamber through a single opening. Besides, where are the thermometers for registering the temperature, and the tubes to supply the cat with air while its arteries are swelling up and bursting? And the stop-cocks and registration apparatus for measuring the vapors and gases given off in the process?"

"Well, all we know is that cats are baked to death in ovens like that — and that's the hole they watch them through."

The oven in question resembles a fully equipped calorimetric chamber about as much as a gasoline stove resembles a six-cylinder automobile engine. It is simply an ordinary incinerator, or small garbage furnace, such as is used in laboratories for destroying infected dressings, cultures, or dangerous waste materials of any description.

To the real calorimetric chamber we chiefly owe our modern and, for the first time, successful treatment of fever and

sun-stroke, and have abandoned the mistaken practices of beating down a fever temperature with febrifuges or antipyretics, and of packing a sunstroke victim in ice.

More cats have been burned in cook-stoves by curling up at night in warm ovens to sleep, and getting shut in when the fire was lighted in the morning, than ever were killed in calorimetric chambers. Why not legislate for the inspection of all kitchens and insist upon a policy of the Open Back-Door to prevent these atrocities, which are as real and as frequent as any imagined by anti-vivisectionists?

A SCHOOL FOR MAKING HEALTHY BOYS

A HIGH SCHOOL ON A FARM FOR BALTIMORE LADS — A TRAINING THAT MAKES A MARYLANDER STRONG AND JOYOUS AND FITS HIM FOR THE EVERYDAY TASKS OF LIFE AS WELL AS FOR A CAREER

BY

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

A BUSINESS man recently found himself confronted with the problem of choosing a school for an overgrown, twelve-year-old nephew. Recollections of his own country boyhood convinced him that the youngster needed a school where outdoor work was a prominent feature. So he consulted a friend who was a horticultural, educational, and various-other-sorts-of-an Expert.

"I want a school for a big husky boy who hasn't had enough discipline or muscular training — a school where he'll learn a little gardening and farm work and manual training — how to do things that are worth doing. If there's a bit of military discipline, all the better."

The Expert looked at him reflectively. "Hm," said he.

"Of course, he'll want to study the ordinary branches, too, but he needs to do some useful outdoor work, both for his muscles and his mind," went on the questioner,

warming up to his subject. "There must be bushels of such schools; what's the best one near where the boy's living now?"

The Expert took down a ponderous volume and became apparently lost to everything else. There was a long silence.

"Is the boy a Hebrew?"

The business man started. "No," said he. "What do you mean?"

"Hm. Isn't by any chance a Negro or an Indian?"

"No."

"Hm. Is he feeble-minded?"

"Certainly not."

"Hm. Too bad. Let me see." A hopeful tone returned to his voice. "Could he perhaps come under the head of an incorrigible?"

"Confound it, man!" broke out the other. "What's the matter with you? It's my nephew, I tell you — just an ordinary, every-day, plain, spoiled youngster who needs outdoors and discipline."



A HIGH SCHOOL ON AN 800-ACRE FARM TWELVE MILES FROM BALTIMORE

"It is incomparably the most sensible boys' school which I've been able to find"

"Well," replied the Expert, "I'm sorry, but there isn't any such school as you describe for such a boy — unless he's lived for two years in Maryland or Virginia; there's one place that almost exactly meets your requirements, but it takes no boys outside of those states."

Doubtless the Expert was wrong, for statistics of our private schools are by no means complete; but the fact remains that this man, with exceptional facilities for getting information, was unable to find any school offering his very sensible and proper scheme of education. The truth is that the average school is just as viciously one-sided in the daily life it imposes on a growing boy as is the average business life of a city office-worker — with the additional fact that these early years are among the

most important of the whole life in forming or destroying physical effectiveness.

I timidly made this point to a distinguished educator, head of a public school system covering 30,000 children. "Why, of course," said he, "our plan is all wrong. What a child needs is to *do* things more and depend less exclusively upon books—though, of course, it's heresy for me to say so."

Since the public schools are a decade ahead of the private ones in this respect, the above statement increased my interest in this peculiar phenomenon: that the people who are ready to spend as much money as is required upon the training of their children should still be offered nothing but the one-sided and ineffective plan which exists to-day. The extreme is reached in a certain kindergarten donated as a charity



McDonogh boys have as much sport as other schoolboys — and then the work on the farm is half play and the rest is athletics



"What a child needs is to do things more and depend less exclusively upon books"

to the children of that section by the local lady of the manor: with fine thrift the little teacher is compelled for her scanty salary to conduct two sessions a day, so that these infants of four to eight years are actually housed and made to concentrate their minds five hours a day.

For the sake of a concrete working example of a better scheme, let us look a moment at the one exception noted by my friend's Expert above — the school open only to Maryland and Virginia boys. There are some points where it seems to me this admirable institution might be improved; but it is incomparably the most sensible boys' school which I've been able to find.



Routine duty in a school life that is not one-sided

Twelve miles out from the city of Baltimore there is a big farm of nearly eight hundred acres, admirably diversified with cultivated fields, miles of woods where are squirrels — gray, red, and flying — owls' nests, 'possums, and an occasional 'coon; with enough fish to tempt law-breakers on night-spearfishing expeditions; and swamp bottoms where rabbits find shelter. The nearest town is some miles away. Around the estate are country places and farms with a good deal of natural wild land. It is a rolling region, high and healthy.

Here for thirty-five years a number of



"Lots of time to play ball or roam through the woods or swimming in the creek"

able teachers have been developing McDonogh School into a unique training place for boys from ten to sixteen years old; and during this period the number of scholars has grown from 21 to 150. Expressed statistically, I suppose the most salient differences between McDonogh and an ordinary school are that here the boys stay at the school the year round, except one week in the summer; they do outdoor work on the farm — an hour and a half each day during the school term and six hours during the vacation term; that those who show any special aptitude for carpentry, molding, mechanics, printing, or engineering, get a thorough practical course of training in

such work; and that the boys have a couple of square miles over which to range after the spoils of the hollow trees and thickets — as well as to gather nuts in the fall.

What all this really accomplishes is to turn out a body of youngsters every year, ready for business or for college, who would be hard to match in physique, self-reliance, and ability to meet the world. I cannot do better than quote from a description of a typical day in McDonogh, written some years ago by an enthusiastic graduate:

McDonogh parlance, several days "on the work-list" — a curious system of rewards and punishments. Inspection over, each youngster makes up his bed and sweeps and dusts his room, for which operations ten minutes are allotted. Here is another opportunity to get on the work-list when, later in the day, the matron searches for untidy beds and dusty floors.

As they finish, the boys tramp down the great tower-stairs to their ablutions below, where order is maintained by that responsible person among them who has the "wash-room



The McDonogh battalion in "open order" for inspection before entering the dining-room

Let us follow these youngsters through a school day. To make an early start, we will find them at 5.29 A. M. distributed in a seemingly dead condition throughout the four large, well-ventilated dormitories. One minute later an alarm-clock brings to sudden life the enterprising youth who holds, for the year, the "wake-up job." The process of resuscitation is a considerable one, but when each of the 100 has formally admitted that he is awake, his persecutor tinkles a bell, which means that in five minutes everybody *must* be dressed.

Then an officer — always one of the boys — inspects each occupant of the rooms in his dormitory, and if he has failed to dress himself, the delinquent is punished by getting, in

job." Then, with clean faces and brushed hair, there is a rush for the "blacking-cellar," where the "blacking boss" deals out materials for a shine. When the last "after-you-on-that shiner!" has died away, many are at their regular jobs, which are given annually, and for which so many "credits" a week are paid, according to the difficulty and responsibility of the task. A credit is a reward; it cancels a day "on the work-list." A boy's credits are his assets; if he have none and is so many days "on the work-list," *they* are the measure of his liabilities.

One boy winds up the gas-machine. Another brings up from the dairy, a quarter of a mile distant, the great pails of milk and pans of fresh

butter which are to garnish the breakfast-table. The trustworthy and clerically inclined youth who keeps the work-list book writes down opposite each boy's name the entries of debits and credits for the preceding day, and at the same time keeps order in the main schoolroom, where those boys not having before-breakfast jobs are reading, studying, or drawing. If it be fall or early winter there will be a band or two of the more enterprising fellows who have obtained permission to be absent from "late-up inspection." They were out of bed at four o'clock in the morning and are now far away in

gives the order "close ranks!", and the column tramps into the dining-room. Each of the half-dozen tables has an officer at head and foot to carve and to keep order.

The outdoor and manual training features of the school by no means interfere with the acquirement of book-learning; rather they form a firm foundation of vigor and common sense which make for more enthusiasm and better mental digestion; the McDonogh graduate is quite as well prepared for entering college as the average candidate—



A "HIKE" ACROSS THE HILLS

"No boy is fit for college or anything else who has not had a chance to 'shin' a tree after a crow's nest

the woods and thickets examining their rabbit-traps and muskrat barrels. They will bob up just in time for chapel, with additions to their store of game and pelts, which earn them no inconsiderable pin-money.

At half past six the great bell tolls for chapel, which is succeeded by a short discussion by the principal of the newspaper topics of the day. The march out of the school-room takes the blue-coated company to "inspection," which is a preliminary of each meal. They "fall in" line, "open ranks," and are severally examined by the officers as to their hair and boots and buttons and suspenders and clothes. The commanding officer inspects his subordinates,

and he is apt to have had some valuable additional courses, such as shorthand and mechanical drawing, surveying, and music. An unusual feature is that a boy's record—the average of his recitations and examinations—determines the length of his "fur lough" or summer vacation. When poor marks mean four days' freedom and good ones three times as long, the incentive to mental alertness is considerably increased.

The result is a rule to which there is no exception: there is absolutely no "helping" or hocus-pocus of any kind in examinations. An even bolder, but equally true, statement is

that the McDonogh boy does not "cram" for examinations—partly because he is virtually examined every day, and the term-marks preponderate in value over the examination averages; and partly, I suppose, because he is a healthy individual in a healthy atmosphere, not a strained organism in an intellectual forcing-bed.

After a morning given over to recitations, from eight o'clock to half-past one, comes dinner; then the boys have a play interval of nearly an hour, and the rest of the after-



Boys whose pride in their cornfield is not less than their pride of scholarship

noon is devoted to miscellaneous outdoor jobs—planting corn, weeding the garden, picking berries, "putting back" hay, and so on—all the miscellaneous work of a big farm, garden, and dairy, with the exception of some heavy tasks like plowing. Little squads, each under a "boss," are assigned to one and another such duty; rival squads have famous races at corn husking, developing quite as much excitement as even a baseball match. Probably half the boys are working in the carpentry and molding shops or getting ready *The Week*, the admirable little paper which is written,



Fresh, cold air is preferred to heated, vitiated air—and the children do not "catch cold"

edited, set, printed, and mailed by the boys. The "bug-room" always claims one or more young naturalists; a youngster who has developed map-making talent is given a chance to do some real work in this line, and a squad of engineers is putting into operation the theoretical knowledge from the classroom. A boy with plenty of "credits," or good marks, has during the slack season lots of time to play ball or roam through the woods, or go swimming in the creek.



The school yard may have all the furniture of the classroom



Where the class and the subject meet

The whole system is seen at a glance. A boy finds out by a kind of natural selection what he can do and therefore likes to do, and then he does it. Like Wilhelm Meister's son, Felix, if he does nothing so skilfully as breaking wild horses he is at once allowed to — drive the oxen or haul gasoline from the station with a "Jinny mule."

There are a good many signs that educators are coming to realize that fresh air and

play and physical supervision are as important in themselves as book studies, and are the only safe foundation for these. Dr. Luther Gulick and his fellow-workers are rapidly extending the idea of using school buildings as playgrounds out of school hours; St. Louis has just established a school department of hygiene to "discover and cause to be remedied, as far as possible, physical defects and communicable diseases that might interfere with efficient school work" — an idea much like the admirable "child study" inaugurated by Superintendent Seth T. Stewart in Brooklyn ten years ago, but subsequently abandoned; and the same city is experimenting with the outdoor teaching which has been so successful in other countries. Many states and cities are adopting manual training and agricultural instruction, examining children's eyesight and hearing and throats — the last report of the Commissioner of Education shows unprecedented activity along these lines during the past year. How much longer will it be before some real teacher starts a private school on enlightened principles?



Schoolboys who have vigorous and inspiring outdoor work seldom require discipline



Open-air recitations are good for the lungs, but is the glare of sunlight beneficial to the eyes?

I am no educator, but here are some of the features such a school should have:

First of all, there should be room for farm and garden work to be done by the boys, under teachers who can arouse the instinctive pleasure of every child in growing something — not necessarily to train them to be farmers, but purely for mental and physical education.

There should be woods and wild land, for no boy is fit for college or anything else who has not had a chance to "shin up" a tree after a crow's nest, or to wander afield and make his own discoveries of plant and animal life — as well as to be instructed in wood-lore and in adapting himself to camp conditions.

An important member of the faculty should be an all-round athlete and physician, who would examine every boy that enters, note his physical defects, and see that he gets the special sports and exercises that he needs. Singing and dancing should be a part of every boy's exercise; and examinations in general physical improvement should be just as important in a boy's record as those

to test his proficiency in Latin. Under modern conditions a boy has to be taught how and what to eat, and how to breathe — and few parents are capable of such training.

Between the ages of eight and twelve, more than half a boy's time should be devoted to supervised play and outdoor work, and lessons should be given outdoors whenever weather permits.



It is as important that a boy know how to use a grindstone as that he know the date of "the Dred Scott Decision"

There should be manual-training teachers who would take advantage of every child's healthy desire to make something useful, and train his eye and hands toward that craftsmanship the loss of which has so lessened the richness and beauty of modern civilization. Necessary work about the house, such as making beds and cooking, should be no mystery. And framing pictures, upholstering, and other home decoration might well be the first steps toward aesthetic culture.

And if one could thus orient a boy in the world that is close about him, opening his eyes and arousing his curiosity, would not this be a foundation upon which a structure of book-learning could be reared with more chance of permanence than the dreary waste of book-cramming which leaves the bewildered youngster with a jumble of facts unrelated to life as he knows it?

Certainly, at least, it would do away with some part of the weak eyes and half-developed lungs and spindling legs — or



A girl who learns early to make beautiful things with her hands is far on the road to a contented and useful life

So far as is practicable, the youngster's instruction should begin with something close to him, a matter of his daily experience. The best foundation for a knowledge of geography is to draw an accurate map of the roads and streams he crosses every day; geometry begins to mean something when it becomes necessary to find out the distance across a valley without crossing it, or to lay out a tennis court; botany becomes real if he learns to find mushrooms or gets "broken out" with poison sumach.

the occasional football player, crazy to win at any cost — all of which we seem to think a small thing compared with "getting the boy ready for college" by sixteen.

If some effective educator will start such a school in my own town, I will undertake to deliver as a nucleus somewhere from six to twenty boys whose parents, consciously or unconsciously, have been searching and waiting for a school which will make healthy and all-round boys instead of myopic and flabby-muscled and fuzzy-minded ones.



CASSATT AND HIS VISION

HALF A BILLION DOLLARS SPENT IN TEN YEARS TO IMPROVE A SINGLE RAILROAD—THE END OF A FORTY-YEAR EFFORT TO CROSS THE HUDSON

BY

C. M. KEYS



IN THE summer of 1901, Mr. A. J. Cassatt, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was taking a holiday in Europe, nursing a bitter disappointment. The grand scheme to get the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad into New York by means of a high-level bridge over the Hudson had just fallen to pieces, mainly because the other railroads would not support it. Mr. Cassatt and his friends had been fighting for a quarter of a century to find some way to get across that troublesome river—and the collapse of the North River Bridge scheme was the sorest disappointment of many.

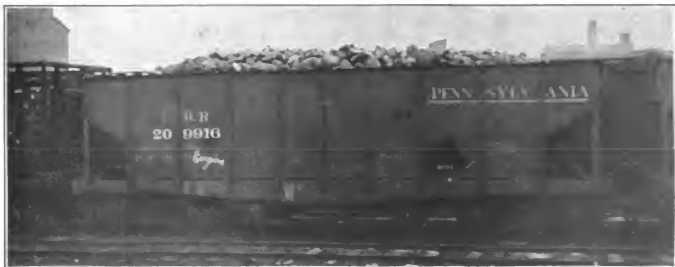
A hotel-boy brought to him a cablegram from Philadelphia. It advised him, before leaving Paris, to look over very carefully the new line of the Orléans Railway extension, which had recently come into Paris by

way of a tunnel under the Seine. The cablegram was signed by Mr. Samuel Rea, his assistant, one of the Pennsylvania engineers who had been foremost in all the projects to get into New York.

Rather wearily and without much enthusiasm, the chief of the greatest American railroad took a trip over the new tunnel route. Then he took another trip. After that he interviewed officers, engineers, and experts. The dawn of a great idea came to him.

And that is the genesis of the present system of Pennsylvania tunnels that pierce the oozy depths of the Hudson River and let the Pennsylvania into its terminal in the heart of Manhattan.

When he had an idea, no man in the world was quicker to act than this same A. J. Cassatt. He was just about to start for



THE MAINSTAY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA

Almost half of the freight that it carries is coal



A PASSENGER-CAR FLOAT

One of the methods discussed by the Pennsylvania Railroad's officials for getting into New York

America. Instead of that, he stopped off in London long enough to find Mr. C. M. Jacobs, the man who had engineered the building of that Orléans Railway tunnel — and a man who had had more than a finger in nearly every big tunnel scheme in latter-day history. These two men talked. The talk confirmed the idea in the mind of Mr. Cassatt.

Mr. Jacobs was busy, but when the Pennsylvania wants to talk business everybody else makes time. So Mr. Jacobs packed up his baggage and sailed with Mr. Cassatt for the United States. They "talked tunnel" across the ocean. Then they met Mr. Rea in Philadelphia, and they kept on talking tunnel. Mr. Jacobs knew all about the Hudson River — for he had worked, in former years, on the plans for the old "Hudson Tunnels." Mr. Rea, smarting from the failure of the North River Bridge — his own pet scheme — was eager for anything.

That trio became the head and front of the biggest engineering enterprise of its kind that we have seen consummated in recent years. Mr. Cassatt, the president, had many things to do. His work on the tunnel was advisory and executive. Mr. Rea was given the hard task of actual administration, real-estate deals, franchises, politics.



THE NEW JERSEY PORTAL

The entrance to the tunnels which go under Bergen Hill and then under the Hudson to the great terminal on Thirty-third Street, New York

etc. Mr. Jacobs became the chief engineer of the Hudson River Tunnels. These three brought the Pennsylvania into Manhattan, and the partnership was broken only when death claimed Mr. Cassatt, in the winter of 1906.

THE DREAM TAKES DEFINITE SHAPE

Of course, the world knew little of what was going on in the secret councils of the Pennsylvania Corporation men must be able to keep secrets. Within six months of the visit of Mr. Cassatt to the Orleans Tunnel, a remarkable committee held its first meeting and organized for work. It consisted of General C. W. Raymond, C. M. Jacobs, Alfred Noble, Gustav Lindenthal, William H. Brown, and (later) George Gibbs. Mr. Jacobs, being the leading tunnel engineer of the world, took charge of the Hudson River end. Mr. Noble became chief engineer of the Long Island tunnel. Mr. Brown, then chief engineer of the Pennsylvania, took charge of the building of the new line across the Jersey



THE JERSEY CITY ENTRANCE

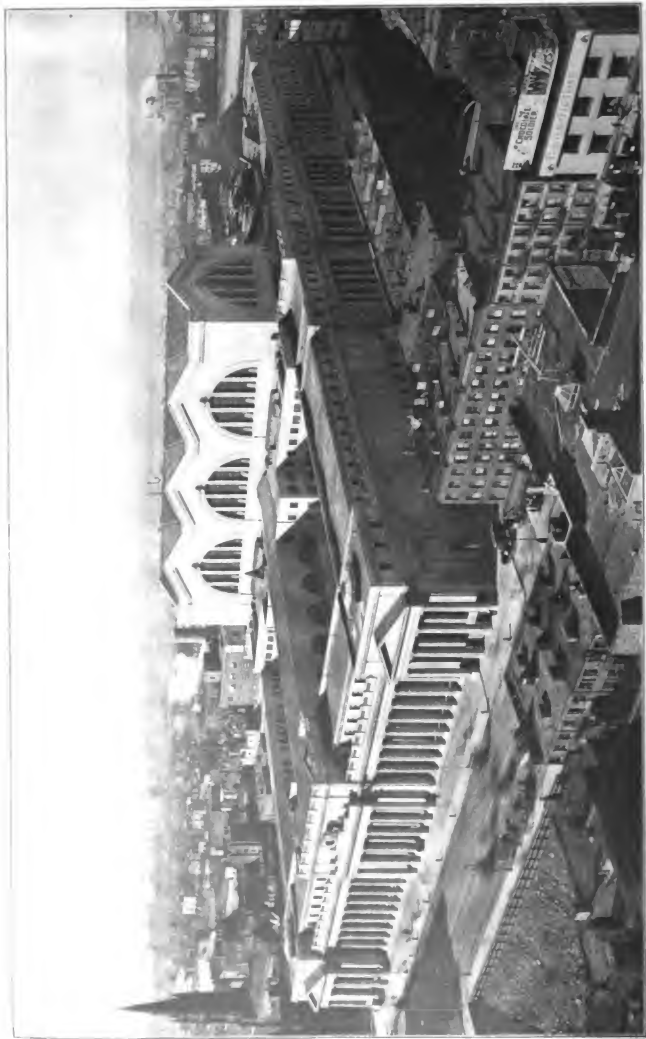
From now on to be used chiefly by the Pennsylvania for freight

meadows. Mr. Gibbs studied the problem of electric traction and of the station in Manhattan.



THE LONG ISLAND PORTAL

The Long Island City entrance to the tunnels which carry the tracks under the East River and across Manhattan Island to the great terminal



THE FULFILLMENT OF A 40-YEAR DREAM

Since 1871 the Pennsylvania officials have made plan after plan for a passenger terminal on Manhattan Island



NEW JERSEY YARDS FOR MANHATTAN FREIGHT
With the tall buildings of New York across the river as a background

For two years these men worked quietly, under cover. Nothing was done in that time except this preliminary study. It was, of course, tremendous. Rumors and stories about it got out in the financial district — as they always do — and it was known vaguely that something big was under way. It was only in 1903, however, that the definite knowledge became public that these huge tunnels were to be built. The figure that passed current in Wall Street to represent their cost was \$40,000,000; to date, they have cost \$102,000,000 and more.

THE BEGINNING OF THE DREAM

It was the end of a long romantic tale, this final determination to reach Manhattan by way of a tube or two under the Hudson.

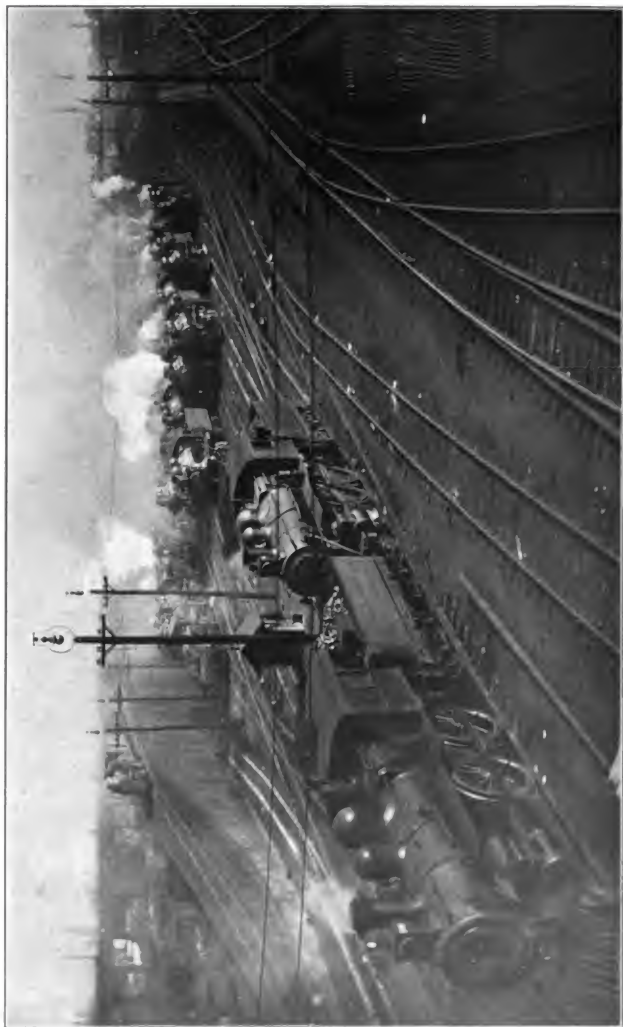
If you ask the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad about it, they will tell you that no one man in particular is responsible. They will take you back to that dramatic night in 1871 when Col. Scott, their president, caught the old Baltimore & Ohio crowd asleep and took sudden control of the United Railroads of New Jersey, closing the gap in the Pennsylvania from Philadelphia to New York. Really that began it — forty years ago. I have heard that on the next day Col. Scott told one of his friends that the eastern terminus of the Pennsylvania was to be on Manhattan Island — not on the coast of New Jersey.

If you get them in a reminiscent mood, they will carry you down through the passing years, telling you of dreams that never came



A TYPICAL PENNSYLVANIA FREIGHT YARD

One of the points which enable this one railroad to handle more than 20 per cent. of all the freight carried by the railroads of the United States



WAITING FOR TRAINS
Locomotives in the yards at Philadelphia



FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVES—THE REVENUE PRODUCERS

In 1909 the Pennsylvania hauled 400,000,000 tons of freight an average of 86 miles



KEEPING BOTH FREIGHT AND PASSENGER TRACKS CLEAR

Part of the complicated track crossings in Philadelphia. During the last ten years the Pennsylvania has spent \$500,000,000 on improvements, enough to have built the Panama Canal

true — how Messrs. Austin Corbin and Wayne MacVeagh and others almost built a tunnel from New Jersey through Maiden Lane to Brooklyn; how Mr. Cassatt very nearly stole into New York through the back door, via Brooklyn, to a terminal just south of the Grand Central on Madison Avenue; how Mr. Roberts fell in love with an idea to ship his passengers, coaches and all, by transport across the Hudson; how Mr. Rea and Mr. Lindenthal almost pledged

were talking again of the many projects to let them into New York. It was the one topic that never flagged. Mr. Roberts, the president, was at that time an ardent advocate of a scheme to come across on transports, as the Baltimore & Ohio used to get into Baltimore. He talked of his project with much enthusiasm. The other directors met his arguments with varying degrees of opposition. Toward the close of the meeting Mr. Cassatt broke in impatiently:



THE SUNNYSIDE YARDS IN LONG ISLAND CITY

The great preparations made for passenger traffic

the Pennsylvania Railroad to a high-level bridge across the Hudson from Hoboken.

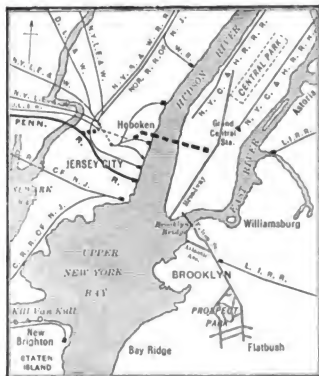
THE MAN WHO WORKED IT OUT

They will tell you that each of these men helped work out the destiny of the Pennsylvania Railroad. And at the end of the story you may discover that when they finish the great terminal on Seventh Avenue they will put beneath its dome, to stand till the depot is a way-station, a great statue of Mr. A. J. Cassatt.

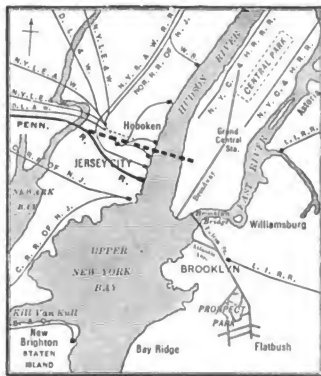
One day — it was in 1892 — the directors of the Pennsylvania, at one of their meetings,

"Oh — talk tunnels, Mr. President, talk tunnels!"

But the tunnels that Mr. Cassatt was talking about then were very far removed from the tunnels that he finally built. Looked at to-day, that project seems one of the strangest and weirdest of them all. It was to be a route for steam railroad trains. It was to leave the main line at Houtenville (near Rahway, N. J.), dip down to cross under the Arthur Kill, tunnel or build through Staten Island, and bridge the Narrows with a tunnel for steam trains suspended in the silt at a depth of 125 feet



No. 1—1874: The Pennsylvania first investigated the old "Haslins Tunnel," now part of the McAuliffe Tubes



No. 2—1884: It was proposed to build the "Lindenthal Bridge," to cross the Hudson below Twenty-third Street

and three and a half miles long. Through Brooklyn, the plan proposed a double-track, high-speed line to a huge bridge from Long Island City to Manhattan. The cost was put at \$52,000,000 or more. It lengthened the line from Philadelphia ten miles.

This line, of course, would have been of no use to the local traffic from Newark and other suburban places through Jersey City. So Mr. Cassatt, at the same time, was working with Mr. Austin Corbin—president of the Long Island Railroad—to promote another tunnel, which was to run from the

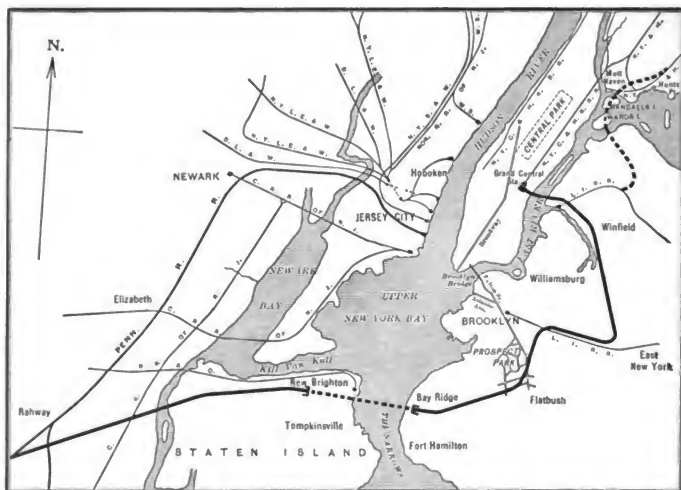


No. 3—1890: Another bridge was proposed at Fifty-ninth Street, but little attention was paid to it because it was too far uptown



No. 4—1892: Messrs. Roberts, Cassatt, Corbin, MacVeagh, and others projected a tunnel to run from Jersey City through Maiden Lane to Brooklyn

THE EVOLUTION OF A TUNNEL



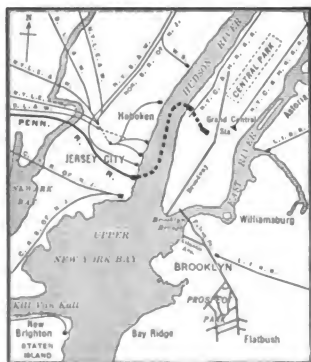
THE EVOLUTION OF A TUNNEL

No. 5 — 1892 : Mr. Cassatt warmly promoted a proposition to reach New York by a tunnel under the Narrows and a high bridge from Brooklyn, with a connection to New England

Pennsylvania depot in Jersey City through Maiden Lane to Brooklyn. Mr. Corbin wanted this to be a big tunnel, so that

they could hitch railroad trains in New Jersey to a cable and pull them through solid to New York and Brooklyn. No one but Mr. Corbin seems to have favored this wild scheme. The rest of the directors figured on the project as a rapid-transit line.

There is very little doubt that this Jersey City-Brooklyn project would have been finished if an accident had not happened. The accident was the panic of 1893. It ruined so many dream-castles throughout this land that little count was taken of the sudden collapse of all the fancy schemes of the Pennsylvania to get into Manhattan. If it had not come, however — such is the irony of fate — the Pennsylvania would probably have been in New York ten years ago with a long, straggling main-line through Brooklyn and a rapid-transit station somewhere near Wall Street. The McAdoo Tunnels under the Hudson would never have been built, and in all human probability Mr. W. G. McAdoo would still have been only a fairly prosperous



THE EVOLUTION OF A TUNNEL

No. 6 — 1892 : Mr. Roberts, the president, warmly advocated a car-bowl arrangement to carry passenger trains to Manhattan

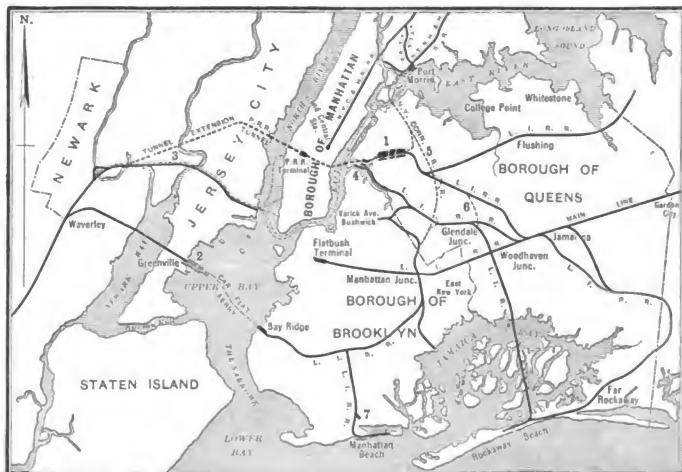
member of the "Southern Colony" in New York.

TALKING IN HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS

One of the numerous projects that were debated in this trying-out period before the panic was the scheme for a gigantic bridge from Hoboken to Manhattan. It was to be the giant of all the bridges. It was to have three decks, carry fourteen railroad tracks,

Pennsylvania authorized Mr. Cassatt to go ahead and deal with the promoters and owners of the North River Bridge, and to try to make a treaty with the Erie, the Lehigh Valley, the Lackawanna, and all the other railroads on the New Jersey coast to use that bridge.

On little things hang great industrial events. The Vanderbilt influence was then strong in the Lehigh Valley, the Erie, and



1, Sunnyside yard; 2, Greenville freight terminal; 3, Pennsylvania Railroad electrified line, Newark to Jersey City; 4, Newtown Creek development — bulkheads, piers, tracks; 5, New York Connecting Railroad; 6, Glendale cut-off between main-line and Rockaway and Montauk divisions; 7, Terminal, Sheepshead Bay

THE EVOLUTION OF A TUNNEL

No. 7 — 1902: The present comprehensive plan, involving the tunnels, new terminals, new freight-floats, the New England connection, and the improvement of the Long Island Railroad

and give also a roadway for pedestrians and vehicles. It was to span the Hudson from pierhead to pierhead with a single arch more than three thousand feet long! It was to cost a hundred million dollars — and at that time Messrs. Harriman, Morgan, and Cassatt had not broken the world into the habit of thinking in nine figures at one time!

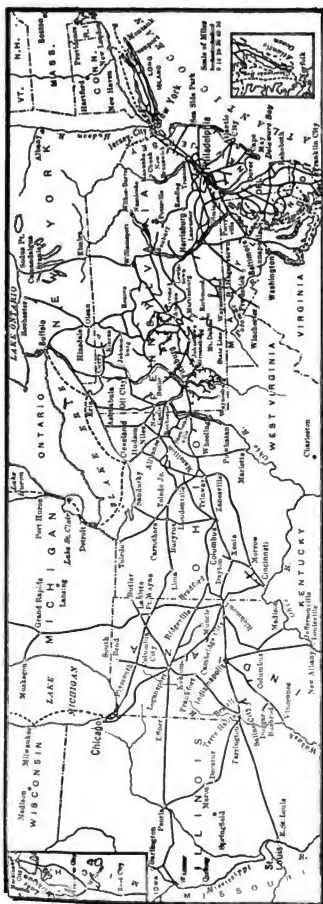
Strange to say, this was the one of the ante-panic schemes that survived the panic. In September, 1900, the directors of the

the Lackawanna. The Lackawanna was just in the act of dealing with the Stevens Estate for the Hoboken Ferries. There was a feeling of jealousy rampant among the railroads as a result of the desperate fights for traffic in the lean years. The other lines on the New Jersey coast answered Mr. Cassatt's overtures by flat refusals to have anything to do with it! The Pennsylvania alone did not dare to try a project that needed \$100,000,000 cash.



CROSSING THE RIVER

How the steel-and-concrete tubes pierce the river-beds and run under New York City



WHERE HALF A BILLION DOLLARS HAS BEEN SPENT

Everybody threw up their hands in disgust. Mr. Cassatt, worn out with work, went to Europe for the rest that was to lead him, almost by accident, to the clue that solved the riddle. Mr. Lindenthal and his bridge company gave up the fight, heart-sick and weary. The Vanderbilt officers, secure in their position as the only railroad that entered New York, laughed in their sleeves.

"That was the winter of our discontent!" laughed one of the Pennsylvania officials, talking about it the other day. To-day is the "glorious summer" of the legend.

It is a long, long story from the days when the unlucky Haskins first put his men to work in the old Hudson Tunnel to dig a highway for steam trains from Morton Street to Jersey City, thirty-six years ago. Many men will still remember the day in July, 1880, when that ill-fated project furnished to the world the startling news that a "blow-out" in the middle of the river had cost a score of lives—and the deep slime of the river bottom began to settle down into the hole that they made in the first determined effort to tunnel under that river. It stayed there undisturbed for more than twenty years, until the McAdoo forces pushed their shields through it to make that ancient tomb a part of the latest triumph of the tunnel-builders.

To-morrow the Pennsylvania will run trains solid through that river-bed into a terminal in Manhattan that is the chief of all the railroad terminals of the world. Enough has been written about it, this mighty terminal and the great tunnels, to fill a library. I shall not try to describe it, or the engineering problems that it involved. To the railroad man it is simply a climax—and the real story lies far beneath it.

THE CULMINATION OF A GREAT AMBITION

The fulfilment of this dream of a passenger-station in the heart of Manhattan ends



HOW MUCH IS
\$500,000,000 ?

Roughly, this is the amount of money spent by the Pennsylvania in ten years on its property. It is contrasted with the great capital investments in this and other countries

the biggest building-campaign ever undertaken by any American railroad. It is not an isolated venture made for self-glory or to fulfil a mad ambition. It simply caps twelve years of the hardest possible railroad work, made necessary by the growth of the United States as a freight-producing and forwarding nation.

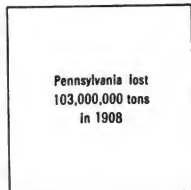
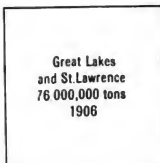
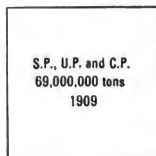
Go back to the panic of 1893 for the beginning of the story. At the end of that panic, with its heart-breaking railroad battles, its "skinning" of railroads to pay dividends, its scanty, dribbling streams of traffic on the main-lines, and its starvation-fare on branches, the Pennsylvania Railroad was no model for the world at large. Like every other road, its facilities had dwindled and run down as the streams of traffic dried up. In 1897, with the first rumors of recovery, an inventory showed clearly enough that there had to be a second big struggle or the road would be swamped.

The officers of the road faced the situation as best they could. Very soon they realized that the fight was to be bigger than they had dreamed possible. They called Mr. Cassatt back from his leisure to take command of the forces. He went over the situation in a hurried survey, came back to Philadelphia, and announced a programme that dazed the hardest of the railroad men in the Broad Street office.

The lines from Pittsburg east were choking, even then, with the fruits of "the McKinley Boom." Overworked engines failed every day by dozens on the lines. Yards were piled with freight that should be moving to its destination. The main tracks were not sufficient to accommodate the traffic, and the equipment was not enough to carry it. Shippers were raising angry voices from one end of the system to the other. Men were talking madly of building new trunk-lines from Pittsburg to the sea to handle the business that the Pennsylvania was supposed to handle but failed to supply with cars and engines and lines of travel. Here grew the fight of the Goulds for Pittsburg and the sea — and hence came their backing in public sentiment.

The answer of Mr. Cassatt to these tumultuous times was, in effect:

"We shall carry the traffic and provide



HOW MUCH IS 103,000,000 TONS
OF FREIGHT?

This is the amount of decrease in freight hauled by the Pennsylvania in 1908 as compared with 1907. It is a fair measure of the difference between a good year and a bad year in American commerce



THE LION'S SHARE OF A NATION'S FREIGHT

Of every nine full carloads of freight carried on American lines in 1909, the Pennsylvania carried two. A freight-train to carry all the Pennsylvania freight would reach four times around the earth

for it if we have to cut every dividend on the system."

And then, in answer to the call of the freight-makers, began the campaign of millions. No one but a railroad man realizes the thing that was done. Let us try to put it in the language of the people.

HALF A BILLION FOR "IMPROVEMENTS"

In the ten years that ended in December, 1909, this one railroad, driven onward under the hard whip of necessity, poured into its service the sum of nearly \$500,000,000. It could have built a sea-level canal at Panama at much less cost. From Chicago westward it could have pushed through three new transcontinental lines to the Pacific Ocean, and the cost would have been less.

That money came from the four corners of the world. The Cassatt régime on the Pennsylvania harried the bankers of the world much more severely than the Harri-man régime on the Union Pacific. Men who lived in Wall Street from 1900 to the end of 1906 recall the details of the story very well. At first the calls for cash met with a quick and enthusiastic reply. New stock had a ready sale, the old stockholders taking it eagerly. Then came \$200,000,000 of convertible bonds at a low interest rate. The conservative bond-buying public took them up gradually and, at the end, not too willingly. They glutted the market.

Men began to hint of dire things for the Pennsylvania. "The Cassatt madness" was a fertile theme of sermons on extrava-

gance, articles about dangerous railroad ambition, strictures on the expansion of capital accounts. Another stock issue was the prompt reply. It went, but limply. Even the banking credit of the company began to lag. The stout-hearted bankers of the world began to falter.

One of the items, I remember, outlined by the president as a crying need and to be financed under one of the innumerable bond issues, was a sum of about \$10,000,000 to build new water-supply tanks along the main line. The greatest of railroad critics, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, was at that time editor-in-chief of *The Wall Street Journal*. He had been at all times a firm, fast friend of the Pennsylvania and an out-and-out supporter of its policies. As a reporter, I got the news of the new issue of securities. When it was published I talked it over with him.

"What's it for?" he asked.

I told him, in some detail. When I mentioned the tanks, he said, sardonically:

"They're connecting up the capital account with a standpipe—that's what they're doing!"

It never got into print, this sentiment—for Mr. Woodlock was not the man to write in the first swift rush of an impression. In the light of 1909, that snap judgment was about as wholly wrong as it could be. The water-supply that they bought with that money probably saved the Pennsylvania Railroad last year from a complete tie-up. In the dry season they sold water from their reservoirs to supply the very towns along



THE COUNTRY'S PASSENGER TRAFFIC

Of every seven full passenger-cars in the country in 1909, the Pennsylvania hauled one. A train to carry all the Pennsylvania passengers in 1909 would reach twice around the earth

the right-of-way; and they sold it at cost, as closely as they could figure it.

And so it went, from end to end of this country and across the seas. Stockholders as far away as Egypt caught the contagion of mistrust and began to sell their stocks.

SOWING THE WORLD WITH SECURITIES

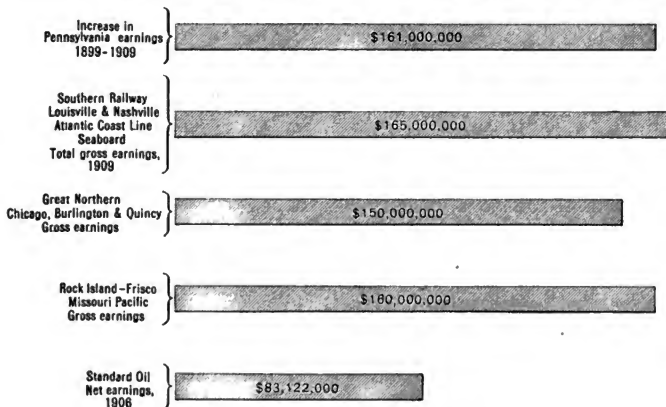
Only Mr. Cassatt and his "old guard" stood firm. If Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Company had never done anything else of colossal magnitude in their many years as bankers, the way they stood fire from 1903 to 1906 in this Pennsylvania campaign

gate. I had a pretty well detailed story—the nature of the securities and the place where they were to be sold. I did not know how much they amounted to. I asked a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company.

After a while he told me. The notes were for \$50,000,000 and were taken in Paris. Full details were not yet settled. As I left him I said:

"When you get Paris filled up, why don't you try China?"

"We probably will!" he answered, smiling. I don't know just how much of the new



THE FRUITS OF TEN YEARS' BUILDING

The increase in gross earnings of the Pennsylvania Railroad compared with total earnings of other great groups

would have entitled them to the respect of the world at large.

I remember very well a single six months in which the road sold two issues, \$110,000,000, of notes. The first went off very well, but dragged a little as time went on. Everybody said that the road was through. If a 4½ per cent. note issue was needed to raise money for the best of our railroads and was not an enthusiastic success at that, men wondered where more money could come from.

One morning there came a rumor that another note issue was in the air. "Abroad" was to take it, they said. I went to investi-

gate. I had a pretty well detailed story—the nature of the securities and the place where they were to be sold. I did not know how much they amounted to. I asked a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company.

The money was raised and, carrying the burden of debt created in the process of construction, the Pennsylvania actually (at the end of 1906) raised its dividend rate to 7 per cent.! It looked like a triumphant answer to all the critics of the world. As a matter of fact, most of the wisest critics still say that it was the first mistake of the whole splendid episode. At any rate, the dividend presently came down again to 6 per cent.

So much for the way the work was done. Glance, for a minute, at what they did with all that money. Then measure the results, so far as they can be measured in so short a time.

Far more than half the total amount of money raised went into the building of a new freight-line from Pittsburg to the sea, into freight-yards in the congested districts east of Pittsburg, into a freight branch from Brilliant, an elevated way in Pittsburg, classification yards, fourth and fifth tracks for freight haul, freight terminals at Pittsburg and elsewhere, a new seaboard terminal on New York harbor, freight facilities at Brooklyn, the water supply, and a hundred other items that are interesting enough to put into an annual report, but that attract little attention from newspapers, readers, or anybody except railroad men and students.

This is the phenomenon of the Pennsylvania Railroad. If one-quarter of the sum spent in these prosaic matters had been devoted to building a little country-line into a wilderness, all the world would have known it. The public at large heard a great deal more about the little "Clearwater Fight," when the Northern Pacific and the Harriman lines had a tussle over the building of a 200-mile spur into a deserted prairie than it has heard about the building by this Eastern system of various lines that cost probably fifty times as much and render as much service to the welfare of the nation every day as the Clearwater line can render in two years.

This road has spent as much, merely improving the line of march from Pittsburg to the sea, as the Grand Trunk Pacific has spent in bridging the continent. But it is a prosaic, every-day, ordinary affair, this carrying of traffic to and fro across the Alleghanies. To carry it where it never was carried before, through the virgin forests of north Ontario or the smiling valleys of the Upper Peace River—that is romance. This is mere business, this Pennsylvania Railroad.

The work goes on. Hardly a hand has yet been raised to build the last and one of the most important links. Here the Pennsylvania joins hands with the New York, New Haven & Hartford, a natural ally, to bridge Hell Gate and to open wide

the avenue that leads from forty states into New England. They are to make a highway from Brooklyn to Port Morris. Last of the mighty steps in this great reconstruction, this monument may wait its time. At present, the Pennsylvania may ferry its freight on big car-floats from the New Jersey shore to meet the engines of the New Haven on the coast of Connecticut. It is twelve miles—twelve miles of crowded shipping, growing denser year by year; twelve miles of currents, tides, and open water. The end of it all is to cut it to the three-mile run across the harbor of New York, below the tide of river traffic, and reach Port Morris by rail through Brooklyn, across Hell Gate. Greenville, on the Jersey coast, is one factor; Port Morris, on the Connecticut shore, the other.

REAPING THE MIGHTY HARVEST

Nobody will take fire on reading of these simple, businesslike, hum-drum doings. Take it for granted, without too much detail, that this gigantic fortune of nine figures has simply been poured into a railroad that was not fit to do its job. As a subject for photographic display or rhetorical writing, it is as though it were sunk in caissons below the sea, to make foundations for a bridge. The bridge is impossible without it; but it is of the bridge that the magazines print pictures. So, the new passenger terminal in New York is the "display end" of the Pennsylvania Railroad's \$500,000,000 budget. The foundation on which it rests is the money spent on the lines, out where only railroad men may see it and measure it as they run.

Now let us glance at results—not the results of the terminal in New York, but of the invisible millions sunk in compensated grades and curvatures in the hills of Pennsylvania, in ugly yards at Hollidaysburg, Pa., in little grimy branches in the coal-ribbed hills, in stubby spurs to factories, in slimy tanks along the right-of-way, in ugly, black, steel cars, in prosy locomotives pulling prosy cars along a prosy streak of track—in the thousand and one unsung things that filled the dreams of Cassatt living and stand as a monument to Cassatt dead. Let us measure with the yardstick of finance the fruits of a finer—

In 1899, at the beginning of this madness for expansion, all the lines in the Pennsylvania System, East and West, earned about \$152,000,000. In 1909, with a goodly part of the new money not earning its way, the same lines earned \$313,000,000. They doubled the gross earnings, with \$9,000,000 to spare.

Mr. Cassatt used to say that in 1899 every wheel on the system was turning all the time. He meant that the traffic just equaled the facilities, and there was no surplus. If the road had had a million tons more of freight to handle or a million passengers more, it would have been glutted and congested in the first flush of the McKinley prosperity. It is obvious, then, that the facilities to earn this \$161,000,000 of gross earnings have been added to the system during the interval.

Here, then, is what the Cassatt dream has done in this decade. It has built between New York and Chicago a money-earning machine capable of taking in this amount of cash in a year—and not a bumper year by any means. If you were to add together the total gross earnings of the Southern Railway, the Atlantic Coast Line, the Louisville & Nashville, and the Seaboard Air Line (all the great systems of the South), you would get a total for 1909 of about \$165,000,000. The Great Northern and the Burlington together earned \$150,000,000. The Rock Island, the St. Louis & San Francisco, and the Missouri Pacific, grouped, piled up a total of \$160,000,000.

HOW MUCH IS 400,000,000 TONS?

Freight trains are not loaded with dollars. Money never measures the efficiency or the inefficiency of a traffic or transportation department; the railroad that earns the most money may be the worst-run railroad in the United States and may, in proportion, furnish the worst service and perform its part in the commercial and industrial world most ill of all the railroads. Let us turn away from dollars and cents and talk of tons of freight.

The lines of this system carried last year four hundred million tons of freight for various distances, averaging eighty-six miles. What does that mean?

If you made up a train of average cars, loaded them all to the average weight of all

cars in this country in 1909, and hitched enough of the most powerful engines in the world to that train to make it move, the train would be 100,000 miles long, and the engines would reach from New York to Chicago. The freight cars would girdle the earth four times at the equator. If you added enough passenger cars to handle the people who traveled on these lines last year, your passenger coaches would reach twice more around the world.

There is a picture of "big business"; too big, perhaps, to take in all at once. Let us try it in instalments. All the railroads in the United States carried last year 1,800,000,000 tons of freight. If you made it into one train in the same way as indicated for the Pennsylvania, that train would have 450,000 miles of freight cars. Out of every one hundred cars in the train, twenty-two would carry the red shield of the Pennsylvania. In the passenger train, reckoned the same way, fifteen out of every hundred would be the red cars of the Pennsylvania.

Pictures of commerce are hard to draw so that all men may get their meaning. The lumberman might grasp figures like these if they were put in terms of a million feet of lumber; or the miller, if put in terms of barrels of flour. Perhaps the best standard for the world at large is water-borne commerce, tonnage of vessels. Let us try it that way.

The year 1908 was a bad railroad year. The year 1907 was a good one. Between those two years the freight on the Pennsylvania decreased 103,000,000 tons. Let us measure that decrease in terms of water-traffic and see how big it is.

The Census report for 1906 shows that all the water-borne traffic in American ships of all the American ports on the Pacific was 17,000,000 tons. The decrease in the traffic on the Pennsylvania in one year, then, was six times the entire American-borne tonnage in all Pacific Coast ports, including harbor traffic. The dweller on the Pacific Coast may, in this way, form some faint idea of what an Eastern trunk-line is like.

Again, the total commerce of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River in 1906 was 76,000,000 tons of freight. The decrease on this one railroad was half as much again as all the commerce of all the ships

of the inland seas and the river that leads to Europe. Dwellers in the cities by the Lakes may look upon these figures with eyes that see.

The most important highway of the world to-day is the Suez Canal. If you lump together all the freight that passed through that Canal in all the years from 1899 to 1906 and pile it up beside the traffic that the Pennsylvania lost in 1908, the two piles would be equal. If the traffic of 1906 in the Canal were piled up, it would be only one-seventh of the freight that the Pennsylvania lost from its freight records in 1908. Here is a picture for the world to study.

Now, after the bad year of 1908, there was a quick recovery. The railroad gained back 67,000,000 tons of the decrease between the two preceding years. Let us measure that against the tonnage on other railroads, rather than against water-borne traffic.

Three great transcontinental roads, the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, and Canadian Pacific, carried in 1909 about 69,000,000 tons of freight. It was as though, between these two years, the Pennsylvania had tapped a traffic region that yielded to its traffic men a business equal to that carried on these three great railroads of the West and North.

The man who attempts to look into the future of such a railroad as this — or the New York Central or the Union Pacific — must be gifted with a sight denied to men. For the future of these giants is the future of a nation, or is death.

So long as commerce expands, so long must these giants grow greater; or else they must fall to ruin's list of failures. Every new loom in the cotton mills of New England, every furnace built in the hills of Pennsylvania, every factory opened on the meadows of New Jersey, every sweat-shop installed in the lofts of New York calls on these carriers of coal and iron and cotton and the products made from them for more room in the cars, more room in yards and terminals and docks, more room upon the tracks, more room within the roundhouses where engines rest for to-morrow's run — always for money, money, money.

The end of it all we must leave for the historians of to-morrow. In England, France, or Germany — and on some of our own railroad lines — the motto is the catch-word of the cautious:

"What we have we hold!"

But on the systems of to-morrow the slogan to-day is the slogan of the Pennsylvania:

"What we have not, that we want!"

THE WAY TO HEALTH THE DRUG-CLERK A POOR DOCTOR

BY

DR. EUGENE YATES JOHNSON

(LOUISVILLE MEDICAL EXAMINER FOR THE EQUITABLE LIFE)

AN INTELLIGENT mother recently brought her five-year-old boy to my office, saying that she wanted me to do something for his malaria. The drug-gist had given her some quinine tablets, but they didn't seem to be doing any good.

"How do you know that the boy has malaria?" I asked.

"Why, his bones ache, and he just feels bad all over."

"But every ache isn't malaria. How did it start?"

"He has been playing in the wet grass, caught cold, and it developed into malaria."

"The only known thing that develops into malaria is the bite of an infected mosquito," I answered. Then I began to examine the boy.

I found that all the joints of his hands and his feet were stiff and sore. Then I looked at his tonsils, and the diagnosis was plain.

"Your boy has acute rheumatism of the membranes that cover the joints," I remarked. "Now let me examine his heart."

The stethoscope revealed what I anticipated — an inflammation of the delicate membranes that line the heart and its valves.

"But how can rheumatism in the joints affect the heart?" the mother asked.

"Have you ever noticed the rounded end of a soup-bone, how glossy and satiny it looks?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is what we call 'the synovial membrane,' and it covers the ends of every bone that enters into the formation of a joint. When it becomes inflamed the surfaces no longer glide over each other smoothly, and the friction results in heat and pain — in other words, rheumatism."

"But there are no bones in the heart, surely?"

"No, but the inside and the outside linings of the heart and valves are made of the same shiny membrane. The infection probably began in his tonsils and is gradually spreading to every part of the body that is supplied with that particular membrane."

"Is the heart-trouble serious?"

"Very serious. When the valves become inflamed and swollen they do not close properly, and the heart leaks at every pulsation. You might have continued giving him quinine until he became deaf, and it would not have given him the slightest relief. The most important thing now is to check that inflammation of the heart. It kills a great many people, and those who pull through are generally left with damaged hearts."

It had never occurred to this woman nor to the drug-clerk that the boy might have rheumatism, and he might have died of heart-failure if it had been neglected a few days longer. The drug-clerk had no business to prescribe at all; it is his business to know the chemistry of drugs, not the symptoms of disease. Even if he had by chance recognized the rheumatism he would doubtless have given him one of the rheumatic "cures" containing opium and salicylic acid. This would probably have affected his stomach and thrown extra work on a heart that was already crippled. In the story of this boy you have one of the real reasons why the drug-clerk is a poor substitute for the family-physician.

The druggist who hands out a medicine that somebody a thousand miles away has put up for rheumatism overlooks the fact that there are several kinds of rheumatism, located in different kinds of tissue, and that what is good for one variety is not the thing for another.

If the clerk had jumped at the conclusion that the pain was due to neuralgia, the boy would probably have been dosed with one of the coal-tar preparations, without any effort being made to find out whether he had a heart-murmur. The clerk would probably not know a heart-murmur if he met it in the road.

I remember a big, husky merchant, the picture of health, who came to me to be examined for life insurance. When I examined his heart I was surprised at what I heard, and then he told me the story. He used to be a frequent sufferer from neuralgia, and a druggist had given him a certain coal-tar remedy. One night he took five doses, became blue in the face, and it took the doctors three or four days to get him out of danger. The experience left him with a dilated heart, and he has never been able to get a cent's worth of life insurance, because he is liable to drop off at any moment.

One of the commonest habits of people is to run to the drug-store for cough-remedies. They tell the clerk that their throats are sore from coughing, or that the baby keeps them awake all night, and that they want relief. The clerk, without knowing anything about the condition of throat, temperature, or bowels, hands out a "remedy." Most of these cough-remedies contain some preparation of morphine, chloroform, or belladonna — drugs which blunt sensibility and thereby mechanically interrupt the cough. The important fact that every cough is an indication of an irritation in the air-passages and is nature's effort to get rid of the cause, is ignored. The druggist furnishes a mixture that paralyzes the coughing muscles, and the patient drives complacently past the red flag of warning.

I was once called hurriedly to see a seven-months-old baby, one that had always been a strong, healthy infant. The mother said that it had been feeling bad for several days, and coughing a good deal. She had been giving it a certain cough-mixture. I found

the little fellow with blue lips and fingers, breathing three times as rapidly as usual, and it required but a moment to recognize a double-pneumonia of the worst type. I hastily ordered oxygen, and sat up all night with him, but the appeal from the drug-clerk's judgment had come too late.

People are altogether too quick to try any remedy that a friend may suggest — and intelligent people are about as bad as others. Just the other day a prominent man came to me and said that he had sharp pains in his back; he thought that he had wrenched himself in bowling, but I told him that a jagged kidney-stone was traveling down a very sensitive tube and causing all his suffering. I gave him some simple directions, and he left the office. On his way down the street he met a friend and told him his trouble; the friend then told him about a wonderful "German tea" — and the advice of the friend who knew nothing about the ailment overruled the judgment of the doctor. Now if I had been a lawyer and had given this man legal advice about the title to his home, and that same friend had met him on the street with different advice, my client would not have done more than listen to him respectfully.

The alimentary canal has always been a great thoroughfare leading from the stomach to the drug-store. The clerk is supposed to be a person competent to minister to any form of diarrhœa, regardless of its cause, and the bottles on his shelves have been filled perhaps by a manufacturer in a distant city. Here again the symptom is treated as if it were a disease, whereas diarrhœa is simply nature's effort to get rid of an irritation somewhere in the intestines. The obvious thing to do is to flush out the canal, get rid of the irritating substance, and then check the superabundance of secretion. The cordials which the drug-clerk supplies, however, usually contain opium, tannic acid, camphor, and capsicum — and the effect of these is to lock up the bowels with the irritating material still inside. Since typhoid fever often attracts attention to itself first by a diarrhœa, it will be apparent to every one that there is real danger in carelessly locking up a bowel that contains an infection that is rapidly multiplying.

The pill-eating habit — for the opposite

condition — is another sin that is laid at the door of the stomach, when it is really a sin of the intelligence. The bowel is a creature of habit, and it is just as easy for it to acquire the pill-habit as it is for a man to become addicted to smoking or to taking morphine. Many of these preparations are drastic cathartics, and an alimentary tract which gets in the habit of requiring their use, sooner or later loses much of the elasticity of its walls. By and by the patient hunts up his doctor and expects him quickly to restore the function of an organ that is like a piece of rubber that has been on the stretch too long. Our problem then is the same as would be that of a tailor who is asked to restore the elasticity to a pair of old suspenders.

When I speak of remedies that are sold broadcast I know what I am talking about, for I was for many years a druggist myself. Moreover, I have been guilty of making some of them myself, for anybody can put up a preparation and call it anything that he likes. For instance, since I have been a physician I once wrote a prescription for calomel combined with certain other drugs which were intended to meet a specific need of the patient's condition. Some time afterward a druggist called me up and asked if I wanted everybody to have my calomel prescription — and explained that several people had come to him and asked for "the calomel that Dr. Johnson prescribes." Later still, I happened into a drug-store and discovered a case containing 5,000 "Dr. Johnson's Calomel Tablets." During the period when I was a druggist I was often called upon to make patent medicines for other people — and if those who have the habit of buying these remedies knew as much as I do about what they cost, there would be less confidence in their supposed virtues. For example, a customer once gave me a sample of a suppository, and asked me to find out what was in it and to see if I could duplicate it. It took me two years to solve the problem completely, which was that of making it out of a substance which would not melt in any climate, but which would dissolve at the temperature of the body. This preparation sold for \$1, and the cost, as I remember it now, was about seven-eighths of a cent.

Some people justify their too-frequent use of ready-to-take remedies on the ground that physicians themselves often prescribe them. They think that any preparation with a pharmacist's name on the label is a "patent" medicine — but that which the physician sometimes orders is a "proprietary" medicine. The difference is very great. A *patent* medicine is a secret nostrum whose exact composition may be known only to the manufacturer, and whose label is protected by copyright. A *proprietary* medicine, on the other hand, is a preparation compounded by a manufacturing pharmacist, in conformity with the United States Pharmacopeia, and whose exact formula is

supplied to the physician. It is sometimes better to prescribe one of these than to depend upon the skill of a local druggist, especially in a small town where some drugs are carried in stock until they have lost their virtues. The big houses control the importation of drugs and can reserve the choicest for their own use. Besides, there are some compounds which an ordinary drug-clerk cannot properly prepare. If I should write a prescription for oil of sandalwood and fluid-extract of saw-palmetto, for example, I would get a muddy, disagreeable mixture; but I can order the same thing as put up in pleasant form by a reliable house, and I know exactly what my patient is taking.

WHY I WROTE MY LATEST BOOK

MY AIM IN "THE PATIENCE OF JOHN MORLAND"

BY

MARY DILLON

AMONG my family heirlooms are two volumes bound in crimson velvet, now somewhat faded by the passage of the years and containing within their covers the letters of a young man and a young woman, written in the late 'twenties and the early 'thirties of the last century. They were given to me to do with them what I would, and one day I let two young girls have a glimpse between the crimson-velvet covers of the love story of their ancestors.

It proved more enthralling than any novel, and after that first glimpse, for many a day they would hurry home from school and take up the reading where they had laid it down the day before. It was a beautiful story, beautifully written on big, square sheets so closely lined and in a handwriting so like the finest engraving that it was a test for the strongest eyes to decipher the somewhat faded ink.

The letters in each volume were curiously alike in appearance, each written on a pale-blue sheet of finest India paper, with a large square left in the centre of the outer

page for the superscription. Both were written in the same fine "running hand" and both had every margin crowded close with postscripts. But there was one marked difference between the two. The man's letters always bore on that square left for the superscription a clear stamp "25c, Paid;" or, if, as sometimes happened, the letter ran over into two sheets — "50c, Paid." The woman's letters also bore the stamp — "25c," but never marked "Paid" and never "50c." I suppose in that day it would have been as indelicate in a young woman to prepay her letters as in a young man not to prepay his. I must suppose that, for I happen to know that the young man was, through part of the time of this correspondence, a poor young student at an Eastern university, and part of the time a poorly-paid, young college professor; and the woman was a rich, young widow, and as incapable of any small meannesses as she was rich, young, and beautiful.

The story told in their letters by these two young people eighty years ago was such an enchanting one that the two girls

who read it begged me to weave it into a novel. They fairly besieged me with their entreaties, until, at last, I capitulated. But in looking up the local setting of that day for my tale, I became interested in the familiar story of Peggy O'Neil and her bluff and ardent old defender, the gallant Andrew Jackson. The Washington of that day also fascinated me — the Washington of Clay and Webster and Adams; of Martin Van Buren and Randolph of Roanoke; of Hayne and Wirt and Calhoun; and before I knew it I was switched off from the love idyl lying between the crimson-velvet covers to the track of a plain, every-day historic novel.

So much for how I came to write it. With me a purpose is not always clearly defined before I begin to write. It is the story that a bit of reading suggests, or that presents itself to me in some other way, that gives me no rest until I have done my best to tell it. Now I very well know with what

scorn certain critics treat the historical novel or the historical romance. But once in a while a true word appears in the midst of their most biting sarcasms. Said a severe critic of "The Patience of John Morland": "We admit that there is one value in a story of this kind; it may drive the reader to the real thing — to read history for himself."

And this, I think, I may offer as my purpose. As a modest "pygmy of the present day," I may "at least do something" to arouse an interest in the history of my own beloved country. And if I had another purpose — of showing that patience, long-continued, will always "have its perfect work," and that love worthy of the name "thinketh no evil," "hopeth all things," "beareth all things," and cometh into its own at last — why that goes without saying; and I hope that he who runs may read this purpose in "The Patience of John Morland."

A SCHOOL WITH A REAL TEACHER

A CONNECTICUT ENGLISHMAN WHO PREPARED BOYS FOR LIFE
AND WHOSE PERSONALITY IS VIVID AFTER FIFTY YEARS

BY

CASPAR F. GOODRICH

(REAR-ADMIRAL, UNITED STATES NAVY)

THE school was in New Haven. I attended it toward the close of the 'fifties. Its master, "Professor" Sidney A. Thomas, was by birth an Englishman and a gentleman, by nature a pedagogue in the very best sense of the term. He was short of stature and active in habit. His clean-shaven face was forceful in expression; his keen gray eye commanded — and secured — obedience; what lay under his full wig of wavy, brown hair was a source of speculation, not to say awe, to his pupils, for its secret they never penetrated. So much for the man.

This school was unique. It came to an abrupt ending when its master's health compelled his retirement, for the school and the

master were one. To none was the closing so sad as to those who had been fortunate enough to attend its sessions. As boys we loved the master; as parents since that time we have sought his like for our own children, but our search has been fruitless.

Mr. Thomas had no text-books in his school, and his boys had no tasks to perform outside of school hours. Being of an ingenious turn of mind and fertile in devices to compass his ends, he supplied the lack of text-books in a fashion peculiarly his own. What he sought — and obtained — was a means of *teaching*. There was no trace in his school of the modern practice of setting tasks to be worked out at home by the boy's

parents and confining the teacher's work to "hearing the lessons."

Mounting the stairs that led to the school-room, each boy would hang his cap and overcoat on the peg which bore his number and then would go quietly to his desk. Once inside the school-room, no loud noise was permitted; and when the session began absolute silence was imperative. The desks were assigned in groups to the two or three classes, and to the boys of each class in accordance with their standing. How we all envied Charley Lindsey, who sat royally at desk number 1, the acknowledged head of the school!

On his desk every morning, every boy would find a slate (which Mr. Thomas's colored attendant had scrubbed clean at the end of the previous day's work), two tin holders, each containing two slate-pencils ground to a delightful state of sharpness, some clean water in a small, glass bottle plugged by a cork with a slit in its side, through which the water could be spurted upon the slate, and on a hook at the side of the desk a fresh towel hung by its loop of tape. By these instrumentalities was the slate cleaned as needed. This neat way was insisted upon and its attendant lesson of cleanliness enforced.

In front of the desks were benches for the recitations, which were carried on in a low tone so as not to disturb the boys at their desks.

The lessons to be "worked out" at the desks were displayed on wall-maps. Such lessons, for instance, were sums in arithmetic and the geography of the part of the world then under study. The rules for "doing" the sums having been explained, the boys would work them out on their slates. In geography they drew the map before their eyes; in spelling they copied lists of words similarly displayed—thus incidentally introducing a lesson in penmanship. We may not have written what was then considered "an elegant hand"—that is, abounding in flourishes, all the down-strokes heavily shaded, all the up-strokes of the breadth of a hair—but we did write legibly and evenly. Mr. Thomas preached legibility as the first requisite in writing and as being synonymous with politeness. One has no right, was his contention, to inflict

on a friend a letter the reading of which involves a tax on his time and patience.

He laid great stress on dictation. In some mysterious way he managed to secure for this purpose an exciting book, of which he appeared to possess the only copy in existence. Instead, therefore, of "holding back," we strove to write as much as possible in order to get on with the story, and thus dictation was looked forward to by us with pleasure.

The examination and the marking of the slates was done primarily by the boys. By means of a simple drill each slate was passed two places to the left. Each boy had then to mark the errors on the slate that reached him. In arithmetic he must show at what point the mistake that vitiated the result crept in; in dictation he marked the faults in spelling, punctuation, or use of capitals. When all was finished, the slates returned to their owners by a reversal of the original process. The scale of marks was in decimals up to 4 as a maximum, and each boy lost a decimal for every fault on his own slate, with another in addition for every fault he had failed to observe on the slate that came to him for inspection.

In reciting geography, an outline (unlettered map with dots to indicate the sites of cities) took the place of the complete wall map. The boy reciting would stand up and point with a wand to the countries, towns, rivers, etc., either at Mr. Thomas's direction or, more frequently, at that of his classmates in turn. Mr. Thomas threw much of the labor of conducting recitations upon the boys themselves, and in so doing turned school-work into an interesting diversion. We came to the recitations in spelling, geography, and mental arithmetic with the same zest as to an exciting game, knowing that before each of us was a match, with one boy fighting against all his classmates.

One of his many happy devices was the school post-office. At the opening of the term the boys elected their postmaster, who distributed the letters and kept account of the postage due. The post-office itself was a tall, narrow cabinet with mail-box, delivery-window, and glass-fronted letter-boxes bearing numbers. When school began, after vacation, each boy found in his desk a wallet containing a sum of scrip-money—the

postal currency of the school — some stationery, and a pill-box holding small, gummed numbers corresponding to the number of his letter-box. One of these numbers pasted on his letter denoted that it was single, two that it was double, and the writer was charged by the postmaster accordingly. One afternoon each week was devoted to writing letters to one another. The body of a single letter was — let us say — fifty words long. For the letter, the recipient paid to the writer the postage in scrip — so much for a single letter, twice that amount for a double letter, and so on. But — and here comes in the ingenuity of the scheme — the recipient was permitted to check against the writer one cent for every mistake in spelling, punctuation, grammar, or use of capitals, for not properly folding the letter (envelopes were only just coming into use), or for addressing, heading, or closing it in other than the prescribed manner. It might easily happen that a boy, after writing a double or treble letter, would still have to pay (for his mistakes) more money than his postage would bring him. The letters had to be real letters. All disputes were settled by the postmaster, whose decision was final. A boy must write at least one letter every mail-day, and he had a little set of books in which he kept his letter accounts with his schoolmates in double-entry. The incentive to industry in this matter of correspondence lay in the fact that at the close of the term Mr. Thomas redeemed the postal scrip in gold dollars at a fixed ratio. Once I saw a boy enter upon his holiday with more than seven dollars of real money in his pocket, all gained in this manner.

Mr. Thomas had a small, hand printing-press and a few fonts of type. Every week his book, containing all his marks, was given to a committee of the boys. They made out the averages, arranged the scholars in order of merit, and then set up and printed the school roster, mailing a copy to each boy. It was considered a great distinction to serve on the printing committee.

In our boyhood there were certain red-letter days, such as the annual coming of the circus and the first excellent skating on Lake Sattonstall. "Professor," our spokesman would say, "the skating is fine on Lake

Sattonstall; won't you please give us a pulch?" If he consented, we would take our slates and write upon them the numbers from 1 to 20. In the meanwhile he would bring out a huge scrap-book in which was a large number of sums in arithmetic, of which this may be cited as a type:

"Add from 3 to 13, both inclusive, multiply by 79, subtract 5808, divide by 18: answer!"

The first boy to call out the right solution received an approving nod from Mr. Thomas, put away his things, rose from his place, and quietly left the school. Another sum, another correct answer, and another happy lad was free to enjoy the sport which beckoned him out of doors — and every boy knows the value of twenty extra minutes gained for skating on a wintry afternoon, or for securing a front seat about the heavenly tan-bark ring of Barnum's show.

As to discipline, Mr. Thomas had but little trouble, for he kept us all so interested and busy that there was practically neither inclination nor time for cutting up pranks. It was no uncommon thing for a boy to go through a whole term without once breaking a rule. At the end of the day, Mr. Thomas would call the roll and each boy would respond to his name, stating the number of times he had been guilty of any infraction, and then leave the house. His word was always accepted.

So well known in New Haven were the results of Mr. Thomas's institution in thoroughly grounding his scholars in the branches which he undertook, that a letter of recommendation from him rarely, if ever, failed to secure a boy ready employment in the stores of the town.

His scholars, speaking generally, learned how to work in the hum of oral recitations and to pay no heed to what was going on about them. To this day one of them at least is wholly indifferent to the noises that reach his ears or to the confusion of any kind in his neighborhood, provided only that he be not touched in person or called by name.

There may be elsewhere a better primary school than Mr. Thomas's. As to this I cannot speak authoritatively, but none of his old scholars will ever admit it; for myself, I doubt if there ever existed one so good.

The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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THE LATE MELVILLE W. FULLER
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1888-1910

THE WORLD'S WORK

AUGUST, 1910

VOLUME XX



NUMBER 4

The March of Events

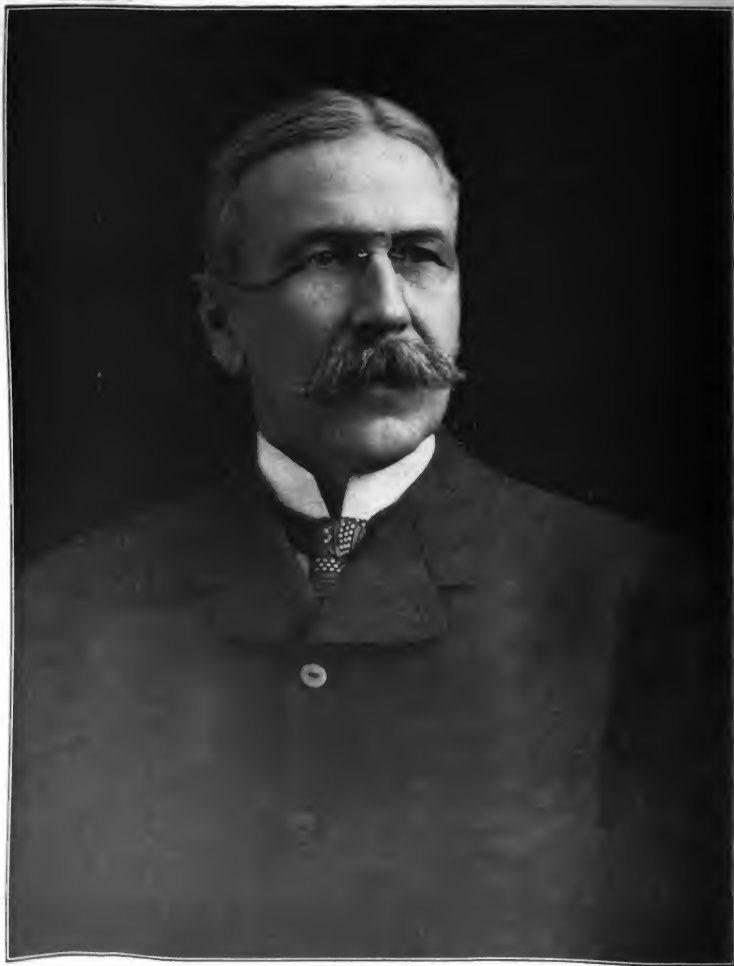
AUGUST, a political campaign, and business conditions tempered by hesitancy — it is a summer of only mild content and of much unrest.

It costs too much to live. Your Democratic candidate for Congress tells you that the Payne-Aldrich Act and the Government's extravagance are to blame; and your Republican candidate insists on your considering the ever-increasing supply of gold, which is beyond any man's control. Moreover, he asks you, is the high cost of living not a world-wide condition? You may hear what you like and believe as much as you can. A little truth here and a little there makes good gleaning from political fields.

If you do your own thinking, you will recall one fact bigger than all these partisan declarations — the era of free land and even of cheap land in the United States is gone. That is the chief reason why living costs more and will cost more and more. Some of the tariff schedules are oppressive; our banking system is a wrong system for the man of average wealth or credit; the railroads — necessarily as things now go — discriminate against this industry or that or this city or that; and much else is wrong in the tangled world in which we are jumbled together and where we shall never again have as much room as we have hitherto had. The passing of free land and the consequent rise of land values mark the end of an era.

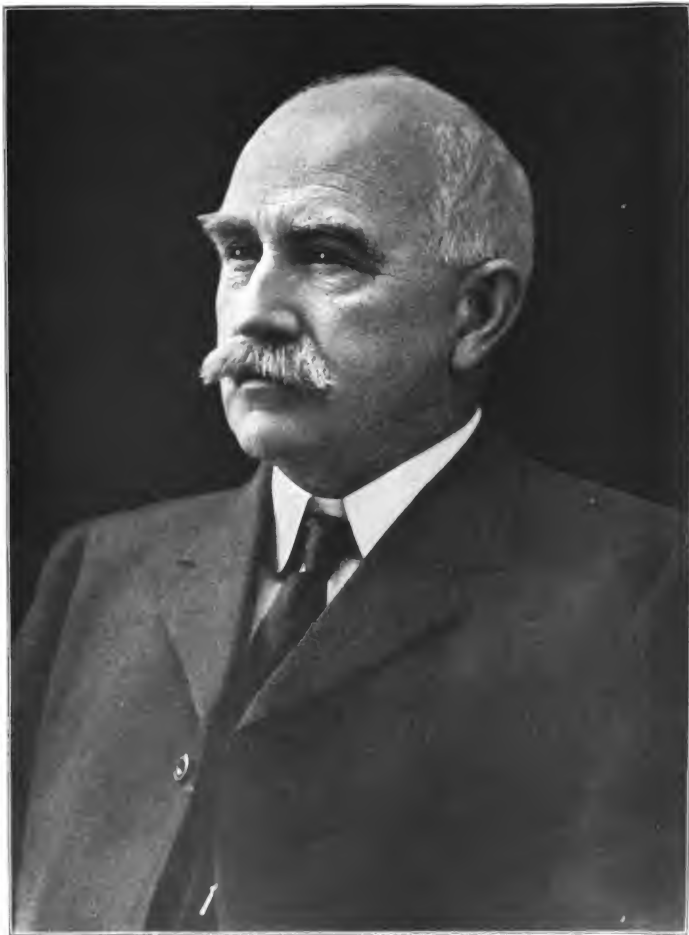
And this is the deep-lying, if unseen, reason for the increasing thoughtfulness and moral earnestness in American life, the reason for "insurgency" in politics, the reason for conservation, the reason for a reëxamination of the tariff, of problems of transportation, and of industrial organization. Men are thinking. They do not all think alike. But they are in a mood to examine everything; and there is a very general feeling that, fortunate and prosperous as we are, the chances for the average man are for some reason not so good as they ought to be. While most men, no doubt, put forth wrong reasons for these changing conditions, they agree that the chance for adventure, for work, and for profit continues to become restricted.

The general unrest touches almost all phases of life. You see it and feel it in business affairs, in politics (mere party loyalty is weaker than at any time in our era), in educational affairs (everybody feels that the schools need readjustment to the life of the present), and in religious affairs. But the level of the conduct and of the character of the whole people is probably higher than it ever was, and their moral earnestness is ever increasing. Personal right-living shows an advance, take the people of our country as a whole, over any other generation. The significant fact is the struggle for higher morals in public and corporate and institutional affairs.



PRESIDENT HARRY HUTCHINS

WHO HAS BEEN CONFIRMED AS SUCCESSOR TO PRESIDENT JAMES
BURRILL ANGELL AT THE HEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



GOVERNOR JUDSON HARMON OF OHIO

WHO BY AN HONEST AND EFFICIENT STATE ADMINISTRATION HAS SECURED A RENOMINATION FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP, AND THE OHIO DEMOCRACY'S SUPPORT FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION IN 1912



MR. GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

THE HEAD OF THE NEWLY CONSOLIDATED COMMERCIAL-CONTINENTAL BANK IN CHICAGO, THE GREATEST COMMERCIAL BANKING ORGANIZATION OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

(See "The World of Events")



SENATOR THEODORE E. BURTON

THE FOREMOST LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY UPON AMERICAN WATERWAYS, WHO
MADE AN HONEST AND COURAGEOUS ATTACK UPON THE "PORK-BARREL"

[See "The Crime of the Pork-Barrel," page 1859]



MR. JAMES R. MACCOLL—A PRIVATE TARIFF MAKER

JOINT AUTHOR WITH MR. HENRY F. LIPPITT OF THE COTTON SCHEDULE "JOKERS"
WHICH SENATOR ALDRICH FORCED INTO THE TARIFF BILL. MR. MACCOLL,
MR. LIPPITT, AND SENATOR ALDRICH ARE ALL FROM RHODE ISLAND

(See "Schedule I—The Cotton Tariff" p. 127)



MR. HENRY C. EMERY—A TARIFF MAKER FOR THE PUBLIC

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE TARIFF BOARD WHICH IT IS HOPED WILL CONDUCT INVESTIGATIONS THAT WILL LEAD TO AN OPEN AND SCIENTIFIC REVISION OF THE TARIFF



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JANE ADDAMS, M.A.—JOHN BURROUGHS, M.A.—JAMES J. HILL, LL.D.

A HUMANITARIAN, A NATURALIST, AND AN EMPIRE BUILDER WHO RECEIVED HONORARY DEGREES FROM VALE UNIVERSITY

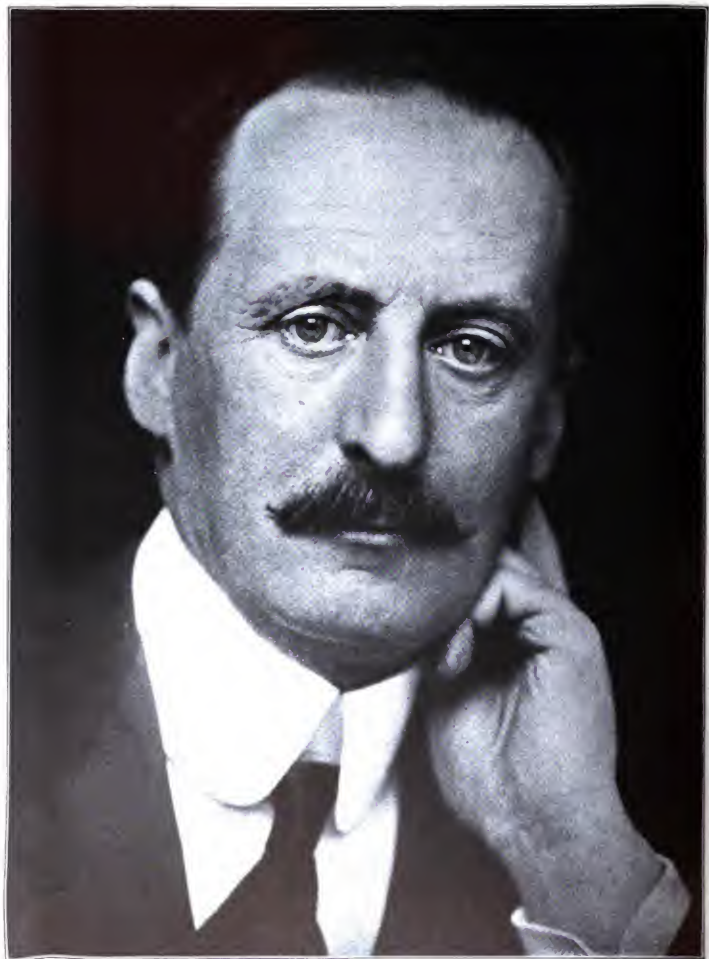
[See "The March of Events"]



A VILLAGE OF TENANTS IN PORTO RICO

WHERE 90 PER CENT. OF THE RURAL POPULATION DO NOT OWN THE LAND WHICH THEY CULTIVATE AND THEREFORE ARE FAR FROM ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

[See "The Negro of Porto Rico,"



SIR CHARLES HARDINGE

WHO AFTER THIRTY YEARS' SERVICE IN ENGLAND'S FOREIGN AFFAIRS HAS BEEN APPOINTED VICEROY OF INDIA, A POSITION ONCE HELD BY HIS GRANDFATHER

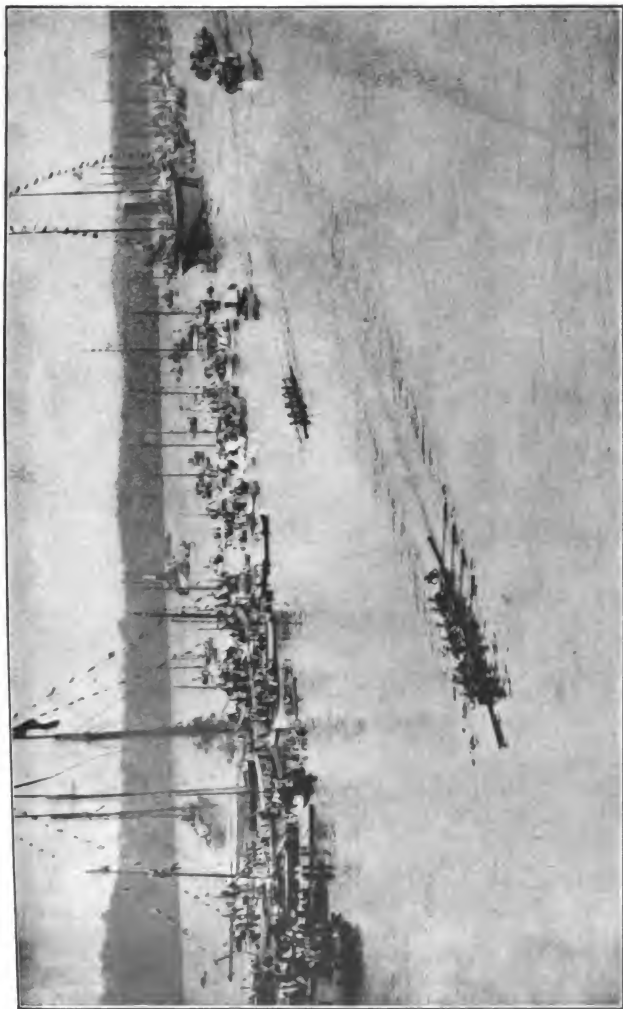


MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CHICAGO PUBLIC SCHOOLS, RECENTLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, THE FIRST WOMAN TO HOLD THIS POSITION. SHE HAS BEEN TEACHING FOR FORTY-EIGHT YEARS, DURING WHICH TIME SHE HAS PASSED THROUGH EVERY DEPARTMENT OF SCHOOL WORK, INCLUDING A PROFESSORSHIP IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



MR. CLIFFORD B. HARMON AND HIS WIFE
HE IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE AERO CLUB OF AMERICA AND A SKILFUL AND DARING AMATEUR AVIATOR



A BOAT RACE WATCHED BY 50,000 PEOPLE

THE HARVARD-VALE RACE AT NEW LONDON TO WHICH A GREAT FLEET OF YACHTS AND STEAMERS AND MANY SPECIAL TRAINS CAPPA PEOPLE EVERY YEAR. HARVARD WON THIS RACE BY FOUR LENGTHS



A PERFECT SCORE AND THE MEN WHO MADE IT

THE CREW OF THE TWELVE-INCH GUN OF THE "SOUTH CAROLINA," WHICH TWICE IN SUC-
CESSION MADE EIGHT HITS OUT OF EIGHT SHOTS IN TWO MINUTES AND SIXTEEN SECONDS

THE MAN WHO OWNS THE LAND

IT WOULD not be hard to show that the ownership of land by the man who tills it is the very first condition of our national health and character; and, if you wish to find a serious reason for alarm, you may pass over all the bogies of all the politicians and study the growth of tenantry in the United States. American manhood in the long run means rural manhood, and rural manhood means the ownership of land. One of the most pitiful classes of men are the retired farmers in the Middle West who have leased their farms and gone to the towns. They are no longer real masters of the earth and they are but counterfeit town-folk, and many of them are real hindrances to both rural and urban civilization.

The census is likely to show a discouraging increase of tenantry and of absentee land-ownership. Since the free land gave out in the West, speculators and absent investors have begun to buy Southern lands in large quantities. Land so held is not properly cultivated and cared for. But, worse than that, no system of tenantry produces men of stalwart qualities or keeps alive a rural civilization of independent strength.

In Porto Rico, to take an extreme instance, about 65 per cent. of the land is owned by men who live in Spain, about 25 per cent. by men who live in the United States, and about 10 per cent. by men who live in Porto Rico. A typical residence of a tenant, who is really a peon, is shown in a photograph in this magazine. Whatever spirit or ambition such a man may have, the chance of his economic independence is so small that he loses hope; and generation after generation becomes content — besotted with the content of the man with the hoe.

II

The Country Life Commission, appointed by Mr. Roosevelt during the last months of his Administration, called attention to this fundamental danger to American life; and the influence of the Commission's work and report has steadily grown during the last year. Many sorts of organizations have taken up its work, and its report is

more in demand now than at any preceding time. The concerted and vigorous sanitary movement in the South to eradicate hook-worm disease is one direct result of the Commission's work; and another result is the rapidly increasing organizations of country-folk for selling their products more advantageously.

And the more study that is given to any phase of rural civilization the more clearly it appears that the central misfortune is the growth of tenantry. That the men who till the soil shall own it — that's the primary need. All roads to the right structure of American life lead to that. The worst enemy, therefore, of our children and of their children is the absentee speculator in land, just as he is the most dangerous person also to the stability of business conditions. Such a speculator is, of course, engaged in a lawful pursuit. But more and more men are beginning to ask whether it be a moral pursuit.

III

In Spokane, Washington, for instance, the continued interest in the subject has taken definite form in a project to establish nearby a Country Life Institute. The statement of purpose runs thus:

"In formulating plans the State Country Life Commission, as well as the Country Life Commission of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, do so with the confidence that ample ability exists among men and women in the open country to carry out and make practicable any suggestions here made.

"If the city is built by the brains furnished by the country, certainly the country itself can furnish brains not only to build up its own prosperity, but also to induce many people from the towns to go out and enjoy that prosperity with them."

And the plan includes a consolidated school and a spacious schoolhouse; ten acres of schoolgrounds; a home for the master; a community hall; the teaching of practical agriculture, hand-work of all useful sorts, and home arts, the pupils to learn from the farmers, and the farmers to profit by the school; the making of the country school better than any city school, with attention to sports and social recreations such as no city school can give.



From "Forms of Land Tenure in the United States," by Henry C. Taylor, with the financial assistance of the Carnegie Institution

THE TENANT FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1880

In 1880 there were 4,008,907 farms in the United States, of which 1,024,601, or about one in every four, were operated by tenants



From "Forms of Land Tenure in the United States," by Henry C. Taylor, with the financial assistance of the Carnegie Institution

THE TENANT FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1900

In 1900 there were 5,739,657 farms, of which 2,026,276, or nearly two in every five, were operated by tenants

Mr. B. F. Yoakum, of New York and Texas, chairman of the 'Frisco Railroad System, is one of our closest students of conditions in the West and the Southwest, and he recently said:

"The East does not understand or appreciate what the farmers of the West and Middle West are doing toward organization the better to protect their interests in handling their products. I saw enough at the farmers' convention held in St. Louis to convince me that the farmers as producers are more enterprising than the consumers in our large cities whom their products must feed.

"The farmers are doing two things of importance for themselves and the whole country: They are increasing their production per acre, and they are developing better methods of marketing their crops.

"The agricultural awakening over the country is general and genuine. New methods, both for producing and marketing, are being studied by the farmers and the results are better production and prices with less labor. The farmers' chief difficulty is the adoption of better business methods in marketing their crops. This is now being overcome through organization. In this they are working under disadvantages, some of their efforts being crude and awkward, but they are much in earnest and are making headway.

"The farmers have in the different states over 2,500 selling and buying organizations. Some of these agencies are handling a large business. Some have just organized and are small, but all are working with business-like directness in the interest of the producers."

AN UNUSUAL CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

WE OFTEN think of Congress as a body which devotes its energy to prevent the passage of bills. With regard to many important projects, that is true. But, measured by quantity, there is no lack of legislation. During the last session more than 27,000 bills were introduced in the House, or about 70 bills per Member, not counting resolutions. The Senators did even more, for they averaged nearly 100 bills apiece. It taxes the strength of the Vice-President to read even the names of the bills and to refer them to the proper committees.

Congress passed 521 bills in 201 days including Sundays and holidays; and some of these were "omnibus" bills, which included many separate acts. For in-

stance, about 6,000 private bills, for the building of bridges and lighthouses and dealing with the Indians and territorial affairs, were rolled into four such "omnibus" bills and passed in a lump. About 7,000 private pension bills were put into ninety measures passed by Congress between December 6th and June 25th and in spite of the time lost in Sundays, holidays, and in administering a rebuke to Mr. Cannon.

Private bills and bills of trifling importance take an amazing amount of time — such, for instance, as bills to allow bridges to be built over little used creeks or to correct the military record of a pension applicant. It is as if the board of directors of the Steel Corporation should pass upon the kind of fence to be built around a vacant lot owned by the company.

The total impression given by the session was of an initial victory for the Insurgents. The Regulars had no idea at the beginning of enacting as many important laws as they passed during the closing weeks. Not for a moment, for instance, did they suppose that they would pass a postal-savings act. They did not believe that if they enacted any railroad legislation at all, it would be even as nearly what the people wanted as the law that was finally passed.

But the activity of the Insurgents and the evident advantage that the Democrats would get during the campaign — these influences came to the rescue of the President. But whatever the causes, we may be thankful for the very creditable amount of positive and important legislation, and the President is entitled to much of the credit; for he would have received the burden of the blame if Congress had adjourned without doing much. This is a good list of measures, although some of them are not as satisfactory as they seem:

The Railroad Act, a measure originally drafted by the Attorney-General, but in its final form chiefly a compromise.

The Postal-Savings Bank Act.

The act for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico.

An act authorizing the President to withdraw public lands from entry.

An act to lend the Reclamation Service \$20,000,000, which is to be refunded.

The creation of a Bureau of Mines.

Publicity of campaign contributions in Congressional elections *after* the election, not before.

The creation of a commission to inquire into stock and bond issues by railroads.

A commission to secure facts looking toward the making of economies in the Federal Government.

An appropriation to enable the Tariff Board to gather definite facts.

II

By far the most important result of the session was the rising of a sentiment in Congress, in response to a sentiment throughout the country, of independence of party bosses. This sentiment caused the restriction of the Speaker's power and the running battle of the Insurgents in the Senate. It seems to have been the beginning of the end of the system whereby the whole legislative programme is made up in the committee-rooms of the party bosses and forced through the House.

It is hoped that it will mean that the Floor of the House will become more and more a forum for the discussion of public questions instead of a place where, under the lash of a party whip, public business is transacted by the formal ratification of action taken in a party caucus.

In the Senate there was an even more decided revolt against party leaders, although it did not take as dramatic a form as it took in the House.

The most notable speech of the session, and one of the most notable that have been made in Congress for a very long time, was Senator Dolliver's declaration of opposition to the principle of party government in Congress. He declared:

"I notify all parties that I have no intention of leaving the Republican party, even to oblige old and valued friends. Neither do I intend, however brief my public service may be, to sit in this chamber without making an effort, in my own name, to represent my people and to defend their interests, asking no license of any sort, even from the most accommodating political holding companies. . . .

"It is a parody on our form of government to say of a body like this that it shall be governed, not by a majority of its members, but by a majority of the majority party of its member-

ship. There are many who carry the doctrine even further. They say that the majority of the party majority ought to be dominated by a majority of the committee."

The Administration rose in the people's hopes by its burst of eleventh-hour activity, and every patriotic man rejoiced with the President. Mr. Taft strengthened his hold on the people greatly — whether permanently or not, the future will show. But the Insurgents were the real moral victors of the session; and the probability is that their work will now be the strongest single force in shaping the destiny of the Republican party. For it is a moral force.

RAILROAD LEGISLATION BY CONGRESS

THE fiscal year ended June 30th was a year of extraordinary occurrences touching the railroad business. The excitement, most of which fell within the last two months of the fiscal year, culminated on the last day but one — June 29th, when the Interstate Commerce Commission handed down decisions covering six of the most important rate-questions that have come before it, and in every case ordered sweeping reductions of rates.

Other exciting episodes were an attempt by the Western railroads to raise rates; a prompt injunction by the Government against such a raise, with a threat to prosecute the railroads under the Anti-Trust Law for combining to raise rates; and the enactment of a railroad bill that barely escaped being sensational in several of its clauses.

This act provides for the establishment of a Commerce Court, of five judges selected by the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court from among the Circuit Judges of the country; except that in the first instance the President shall appoint five Circuit Judges who will serve from one to five years respectively. This court is to have jurisdiction over all appeals from decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It does the work which now piles up upon the Circuit Courts of the United States. It is practically an intermediary step between the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Supreme Court of the United States.

There is nothing in this court to which the railroads have any great

provided it is manned by good judges and not by politicians. In any case, it is likely to expedite the process of getting a final ruling from the Supreme Court on disputed questions.

Telegraph, telephone, and cable companies—wire and wireless—are brought under the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but under restrictions that rob the provision of any very important meaning.

Another provision limits the right of appeal to Federal Courts from the operation of state laws. This is intended to obviate such controversies as arose in the Southern States two years ago over two-cent fares; but here again there are so many restrictions to the provision that it will probably have little effect in actual practice.

The most important feature of the law is that which gives the Interstate Commerce Commission power to order a hearing on any rate advance without waiting for a shipper to complain. The Commission has the power also to suspend the operation of any new rate published by a railroad for a total period of ten months, if it takes that long to investigate it.

The law also pretends to prohibit railroads from charging more for a short than for a long haul over the same route. This provision, however, which would be indeed revolutionary, if it really meant what it was supposed to mean, is so modified that it may mean nothing at all in practical application.

In the final shape which the bill took when it came out of the conference committee and became a law, it is safe to say it can be almost ignored by the public, the shippers, and the railroads, in so far as its real remedial effect is concerned. Few railroad men are worrying at all about it. The gist of it is that, no matter what the Interstate Commerce Commission may do or think or say there is still access to the Supreme Court, and this act has made it quicker and easier.

The Administration bill, as it was introduced, was a very different measure indeed. It contained clauses providing for a physical valuation of railroads, and for a direct supervision by the Interstate Commerce Commission of stock and bond issues. The railroads are glad to have escaped from these provisions, and they view with

something like indifference the positive enactments of the law.

THE STORY OF SCHEDULE I

THE story of the raising of the duties on cotton goods, when the Aldrich-Payne Act was made, as told in this magazine by Mr. Evans—that, Republican and Democratic men and brethren, is the way tariffs have long been made—made by their beneficiaries, made privately, sometimes secretly, sometimes by tricks. The public knew nothing about the tricks whereby this schedule was changed, and had no way to find out. The minority members of the very committees that did the job were kept in ignorance. And after that, even the Senate and the House were overridden by the Conference Committee. The duty was raised on almost everything made of cotton, precisely as the manufacturers wished it raised. Yet the practically universal supposition at the time was that no cotton-goods duties were increased. We have no authority to speak for the President, but surely he could hardly have known this story when he defended the act. For, if this kind of legislation is defensible, what is indefensible?

This amazing story does not stand alone. That is the way tariffs have been made for forty years or more. But there is this difference: We are at last coming into a state of mind that regards this practice as a fraud on the public. There is nothing baser or more bare-faced in the long annals of law-making for private interests and in underhand ways of government.

This was not a question of Protection *versus* Free Trade, for there was no contention for free trade in cotton goods. It was a question of making a law for the interests of the people or for the interests of a group of manufacturers. It was a question of making a law openly and frankly or of making it by indirection and stealth.

The American people will not much longer "stand for" this sort of thing; and there is no better time than during this Congressional campaign for them to say so.

II

One way to end this kind of tariff legislation—and to laymen it looks like a

good way—is to have every schedule studied scientifically by a well-trained, non-partisan, permanent tariff board and to have its conclusions made public. The providing of money by Congress to enable such work to be done was one of the President's belated but real triumphs.

"PORK-BARREL" REVENGE

I ONCE reached the conclusion that it was my duty to interpose a veto in order, if possible, to secure a change in the method of framing these bills," said President Taft to Congress in a memorandum on the Rivers and Harbors Bill which he reluctantly signed after the full ten days' delay which the law allows.

In this number of *THE WORLD'S WORK* Mr. Fuller explains how these bills are made up of expenditures for hundreds of unrelated and often useless "improvements" spread broadcast over the land as "sops" to Congressional districts; and how Congressmen trade and traffic in them at the behest of their constituencies. The accompanying map shows the 296 Congressional districts which received "sop," and the 95 which did not—a 95 consisting chiefly of mountain and desert.

This "pork-barrel" has long been a recognized instrument of depravity, no more to be questioned than private pension bills or any of the other forms of bounty by which a political machine may be kept in good working order.

But these are days of a somewhat closer scrutiny of expenditure, of some sense of accountability to the public rather than wholly to party organization.

Senator Burton, for many years chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee in the House, laid bare the iniquities of the measure passed this year. He knew the facts. There was no answer to his censure. But there was retaliation. He is chairman of the National Waterways Commission, which is preparing a plan to use the rivers of the nation from source to mouth to serve for water-supply, water-power, and navigation—a plan which will treat drainage systems as a whole as nature made them, and which will not spend money as "sop," but only on useful projects. His colleagues listened to Mr. Burton's attack on the

"pork-barrel" in silence—and then withheld the appropriation for the continuance of the Waterways Commission!

SENATORS FROM WASTE PLACES

BY THE last census, the Territory of Arizona had nearly as many people within its wide borders as Allegheny, Pa., which is a manufacturing city on the outskirts of Pittsburg. Presumably the newly elected state still has approximately as many people as the Pittsburg suburb. Anyway, two years ago, 26,356 votes were polled in the territory, which is within about 4,000 of the number polled in Berks County, Pa., or nearly as many votes as Mr. Taft received in the Democratic county of Jackson, Mo.

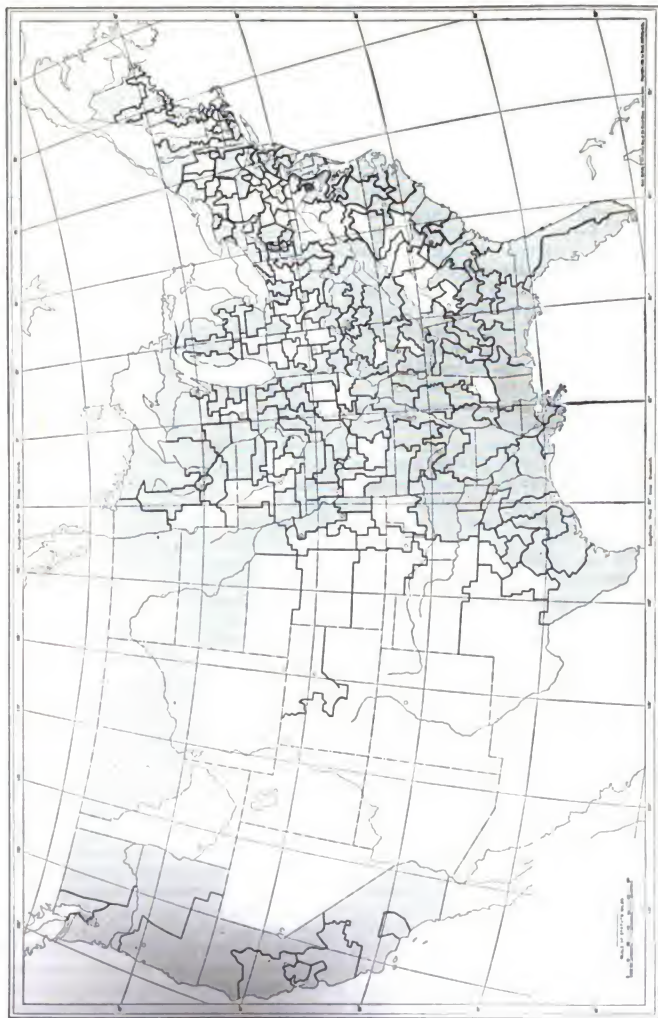
It is true that rich crops are grown in the valley of the Salt River, that the mining industry has collected five or ten thousand people at Prescott, at Tucson, and at Bisbee, and that these are permanent, well-ordered cities. As one Eastern magazine editor said:

"I would rather send my children to the public schools of Prescott, Arizona, than to most of those in New York."

He has followed this opinion with action, and he is one of the several thousand people who have gone to Arizona in the last few years. These people are satisfied, for Arizona presents good opportunities for a limited number.

There are two transcontinental railroads across Arizona, cattle and sheep on the ranges, forests on the hills, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado as a scenic asset in the northern part of the state. But even with all these things in the energetic hands of its 26,000 voters, Arizona will long be a sparsely settled country. The irrigable area is limited, there are no favorable conditions for large manufacturing, no strategic points that compel commerce, nothing to entice a large population, and no way to support one.

As an offence against truly representative government, there is little difference between sending a Member to the British Parliament to represent a "rotten borough" whose population had decreased to insignificance, and sending four Senators to Washington to represent states whose population has



THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE "PORK"

The shaded portions of the map show the Congressional districts in which Congress at its last session authorized expenditures for river and harbor improvements. Of the 391 districts in the country, 296 received something in this one bill

never reached significant proportions. Senators and the Members of the House represent people, not square-miles of territory; and to give two Senators and one Representative to the 25,000 or 30,000 voters in Arizona is an injustice to practically all the rest of the population, and a special privilege to those particular people.

New Mexico, the other new state, is in much the same position. Governor Curry estimated the population at 450,000, although so conservative an authority as a railroad circular, advertising opportunities along its lines, says that "this may overstate it somewhat," and prefers to place the 450,000 in the future safely out of reach of statistical denial.

Mining, which is the largest industry in this new state, produces \$7,000,000 worth of minerals a year, or nearly one-fifth the business of an Eastern biscuit company.

But New Mexico also can muster imposing figures of the mileage of the transcontinental railroads that cross its borders to get to the Pacific. It can show millions of acres of land, and point with pride to cattle, sheep, and timber. But neither mining, lumbering, nor grazing fosters a thick population. The multifarious activities of Indiana are as impossible in New Mexico as is the commerce of New Orleans or San Francisco. Apparently also there is some doubt about the character of the population of New Mexico, from a third to a half of which is Mexican or Indian. Though there has not been much outspoken objection to its sending two Senators to help govern the United States, the Arizonans, its nearest neighbors, emphatically protested against being yoked with New Mexico in joint statehood.

We have added four new Senators to Congress to represent a possible 100,000 voters—and these waste places.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE OF LORDS

MR. THOMAS F. RYAN, sailing away to Europe and Africa in June, left this as part of his valedictory to the American people:

"I firmly believe that such men as Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., Henry P. Davison, Otto H. Kahn, Mortimer L. Schiff, John B. Dennis, George F. Baker, Jr., and James Still-

man, Jr., may be relied upon to take care of the great banking and financial interests which lie at the foundation of American business."

The two first-named gentlemen are members of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.; the second two, members of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; and the last two are the sons of the chairmen of the First National Bank and the National City Bank of New York, respectively. Mr. Dennis represents the old banking-house of Blair & Co.

When a business genius of the rank of Mr. Ryan says that the American business world of to-morrow is to rely for its salvation upon a group of young men who have inherited great power rather than carved out each his separate empire for himself, he states a thing that is startling in its hidden meaning. For never in the history of this nation has any commercial generation leaned upon the shoulders of men who inherited power.

It has been the peculiar boast of the American people that in every generation and in every walk of life it chose its own leaders, singling them out from the mass of men for the performance of the task in hand. The choice fell now upon the son of a poverty-ridden farmer chosen to lead the nation in its greatest battle against an old-world institution, chattel slavery; and now, again, upon the son of a destitute clergyman from the flats of New Jersey, picked out by destiny to become the arbiter of railroad power in this land. Again, for the banking world it called a Morgan from the moderate luxury and measured wealth of a middle-class banker's home; a Stillman from a hut beside the Rio Grande in Texas; a Baker from the plain, bare desk of a little, up-state bank. In the industrial world, it made its Ryans, its Havemeyers, its Carnegies, and its Rockefellers from pretty raw material.

In a sentence, Mr. Ryan sweeps away this one American tradition, and entrusts to the sons of mighty wealth the making of commercial America to-morrow. It may be true, in the banking world, in the industrial world, in the railroad world, and in the commercial world that we have evolved a law of entail; but even Mr. Ryan and the gentlemen he names will probably pardon the people of America if they frankly doubt it. Power may be passed down from gen-

eration to generation — so much is granted. Whether or not the second generation holds it very long depends upon that second generation. The pages of to-morrow's commercial history have not yet gone to press.

MORE BANKING CONCENTRATION

TWO big banks of Chicago, the Continental and the Commercial National, have been consolidated under the name of the Continental-Commercial National Bank, which has a capital of \$20,000,000. Considered by itself, this is merely a news item of no very startling national interest.

It is a matter of real significance, however, in that it is simply part of the strong movement for the concentration of banking power that is going on all over the United States. This concentration, in the case of the New York banks, has been noted several times during the past year; in fact, ever since the panic of 1907. The banking triumvirate — Messrs. Morgan, Baker, and Stillman — has been organizing more closely and more efficiently the banking power over which it formerly exercised a loose and somewhat inefficient domination.

The spread of the movement to Chicago was expected. Nobody will say that Messrs. Morgan, Stillman, and Baker control the new Chicago consolidated bank; but one cannot read its list of directors without realizing that in all human probability this bank in any national financial crisis would stand hand in hand with the great banks of New York.

The president of the new bank is Mr. George M. Reynolds, a comparatively young man of really extraordinary attainments. He came, only a few years ago, from a "country bank" in Iowa to make his fortune in Chicago. His career is almost exactly parallel to that of Mr. H. P. Davison save that Mr. Davison reached his goal as a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company, while Mr. Reynolds finds himself the head of the greatest commercial banking consolidation outside of New York.

THE TIME TO STRENGTHEN ONE'S CREDIT

IN THREE small towns of New Jersey a single automobile company holds mortgages on fifty-four houses owned by people of the middle-class. These

were given in part payment for automobiles purchased by the owners of the houses.

In the West and the South the flood of mortgages on farm-lands grew so great that, in the early summer, the strong banks of the West determined to put a check upon the borrowing, lest it reach a point where the demand for money for such purposes would constitute a national danger to the commercial world.

In the last two years the building operations in our hundred greatest cities surpassed all records of our history. The demand for money on mortgage for such uses was enormous. It is estimated that there are more mortgages, debentures, bonds, and stocks outstanding to-day upon the higher class of city buildings in this country than ever before. Hardly a week passes in the great cities without the flotation of a new company to finance such operations by one form of security or another.

The flood of railroad securities has not abated. Our own market was glutted and overflowed early in the year; and only the providential intervention of French bankers saved the investment world from a very bad attack of what Mr. Morgan called "indigestion."

These simple facts all mean one thing. The working capital of the nation has been converted into fixed forms of capital faster, perhaps, than ever before. Even the luxuries of the middle-class, normally paid for out of the pocket or the till, have been to a quite remarkable extent converted into fixed obligations, upon which interest must be paid.

It is a time of great and widespread wealth and prosperity. The gross receipts of the average American are very high indeed; and he has never felt much more prosperous. He feels himself able to carry a burden of debt with comfort — and he straightway assumes the debt, believing that he will be able to pay principal and interest out of excess profits and expansion of revenues between now and the day it is due.

At such a time it is well for the prudent man to take stock and inventory of his own affairs. For mankind, after all, is something like a family. The debts of the weaker brother have to be paid by somebody. Even though the merchant, the manufacturer, and the jobber have contracted

no overwhelming debts themselves, they may, if they are not careful, be engulfed in the debts of others. For their customers, upon whose payments their own solidity is based, may be of those who have overreached themselves in business, in land speculation, in building operations, or in the sweet pursuit of luxury and pleasure.

There is no apparent reason for alarm; but there is excellent reason for caution. Not without cause does such a man as Mr. J. J. Hill, who has weathered one great panic at least, warn his employees to lay up store against a rainy day. Not without cause do country bankers, East and West, tell their best customers to build up credit as best they may against the coming business-year. It is no idle, chance occasion that brings the banking officers of nearly all our great railroads at one time together into the banking-rooms of Paris, seeking loans for greater or for lesser periods. The corporation is a person of many minds, and most of these minds are trained to be barometers of the weather of commerce. The individual is blind who ignores the judgment of the great corporations. It is a time to mend walls and build bastions.

REVIVING AN ANCIENT CUSTOM

THE Mayor of New York made the address this year before the graduating class of the College of the City of New York. Mr. Gaynor is an arresting phenomenon in American life — a philosopher whose mind is saturated with Roman and Hellenic thought, and at the same time a very practical man who has spent thirty-five years in laboring for his city. He spoke of civic patriotism, and with such effect that a few days later the class assembled and determined to revive and subscribe to the ancient Ephebic oath — the sacred vow made by the youths of Athens when admitted to the first duties of citizenship.

Here is the oath, and certainly it is as pertinent on the lips of a young American to-day as on those of a young man in the city by the Acropolis twenty centuries ago. Only it must be remembered that to the ancient Greek the "city" meant also the nation.

"We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks;

we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul and set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; that thus, in all these ways, we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

THE GENTLE FLATTERY OF LEARNING

HONORARY college-degrees do please men. If one could speak about such a subject with cold-blooded frankness, it might be said that they please men, both great and small, immoderately. Mr. J. P. Morgan hurries home from Europe to become a doctor of laws at Harvard; Mr. J. J. Hill delays his annual journey to the salmon waters to receive the same distinction at Yale; Mr. John Burroughs wears a master's gown on the same day — all pleased. Yet what on earth Master Burroughs or Doctor Hill or Doctor Morgan will do with his title, it would be hard to say. Neither Mr. Burroughs nor Mr. Hill needs his on the title-pages of his books, and Mr. Morgan hasn't yet written books.

The wicked find sinister suggestions in the bestowal of such honors, which is a superfluity of suspicion, undeserved. For the true measure of these pleasing compliments is the simple one — the college likes to keep alive its privilege of patronizing achievement, and men of achievement like the approval even of the impractical men of learning whom they sometimes affect to pity or to despise. Each plays a game, not always quite sincere; but it is a part of the joyful mood, not too serious, with which the college year ends. To inquire too closely into the hopes and the hints and the emotions of such occasions would be most ungracious. Let us take some things at their face values and write "Dr. Morgan" and "Dr. Hill" to-day, even if the titles be forgotten to-morrow.

THE ENGLISH POLITICAL SITUATION

WHEN King Edward died the English Unionists raised the cry, "A Truce of God!" imploring the Liberal Government to stop the onslaught against the

House of Lords until the dead monarch could be buried and the new King crowned — some time within the next two years. And so adroitly did they appeal to the susceptibilities of the English people, so lustily did they wave the properties of monarchy, that the country went into a veritable debauch of sentimentality. To a sane visitor, London, at all events, looked and behaved as a mediaeval town sunk in the maudlin superstition of king-worship.

So complete was the momentary recrudescence of mediaevalism that no one in London two months ago believed the Radicals would, for a year at least, dare to raise the question of the House of Lords or to "embarrass" the new King by asking him to create the Liberal peers necessary to reform the aristocratic chamber.

The "Truce of God" was of very short duration. The English are a people easily excited (the general opinion to the contrary notwithstanding), but they are amazingly sensible when the excitement passes. Already the situation is precisely what it was before the death of King Edward. The Liberals recognized the transitory sympathy with the old order to this extent only — they went into what was bound to be a fruitless conference with the Conservative leaders. They will now resume the course marked out in the spring. Parliament will meet again in the autumn, the House of Lords will refuse to accept the resolutions of the Commons curtailing the Lords' right of veto, and the issue will be fought out before the country in a general election early next year.

MEXICO'S CENTENNIAL

ON SEPTEMBER 15th Mexico will begin to celebrate the centennial of its independence. The date which our southern neighbor especially commemorates corresponds rather to our Battle of Lexington than to Independence Day. It was on the fifteenth of September, 1810, that Don Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, priest of the parish Dolores, in Guanajuato, put himself at the head of the patriotic crusade which eleven years later, after many bloody battles, resulted in the abandonment by Spain of the land which Cortez had won for the Castilian crown.

Citizens of our own fortunate land may be moved to inquire what Mexicans have to rejoice over in the history of their hundred years' existence as a separate people. History moves faster in the North than in the tropics, and the astonishing progress made during the first century of our Republic has not been duplicated by our southern neighbor. Yet there has been progress in Mexico, very great progress indeed. The country now enjoys a very considerable degree of prosperity; life in the main is safe; property is respected, and industrial and commercial opportunities are opening on every side. The land is swarmed by a horde of pauper peasantry, but within the last generation something like a middle class has developed, and there is now a feeling that the attention of the government and of the wealthy should be directed toward the elevation of the submerged mass of the people. The country scarcely enjoys what we should call freedom: a republic in name, it is in fact a monarchy. But under the rule of Porfirio Diaz, which has now lasted for thirty-three years, the advantages of stable government have been demonstrated, and there is good prospect that the country will refuse to return to the political chaos which marked its first two-thirds of a century, and which still obtains throughout Central America.

President Diaz has just had himself reelected for another term of seven years. He is now eighty years old. Those who know him declare him to be still vigorous both physically and mentally. The chances are against his surviving for seven years, and the succession is secured in the person of Vice-President Corral, a man who has shown his ability as a civil administrator, though not as a fighter. The new Vice-President is neither a romantic nor a popular figure, but he is Diaz's choice and Diaz may be trusted to know what his country needs.

The special embassy which President Taft is sending to Mexico for the occasion has much cause to express the gratitude of our Government to the Government of Mexico, for it is no small thing to have for a next-door neighbor a stable government even of such a character as that which President Diaz has given Mexico.

articles have aroused our fears, but this one opens a practical way of escape.

"The house-fly breeds in horse-manure, kitchen offal, and the like. Dispose of these in such a way that the fly cannot propagate.

"Screen all windows and doors and insist that your grocer, butcher, baker, and every one from whom you buy food-stuffs does the same.

"There is more health in a well-screened house than in many a doctor's visit.

"After you have cleaned up your own premises inspect the neighborhood for fly-breeding places. Call the attention of the owner to them and if he does not remove them, complain to the board of health.

"Not less than 95 per cent. of the pests are bred in the stable.

"All stables should have a manure-bin with a door at the side and a wire screen on the top, that the larva deposited in the manure before it was placed in the bin will be screened when hatched, and as flies seek light and come to the top of the bin they can be easily killed by burning paper or some other device.

"The fly has a thirst equaled only by his hunger; place a dish of poisoned water in the stable and a greater part of the flies hatched there will be killed.

"Wherever absolute cleanliness prevails there

will be no flies. Look after the garbage cans. See that they are cleaned, sprinkled with lime or kerosene oil, and closely covered.

"Remove all manure from stables every three or four days, and when removed keep in a tight pit or vault, so flies cannot breed in it. Lye, chloride of lime, or blue vitriol water, crude carbolic acid, or any kind of disinfectant may be used.

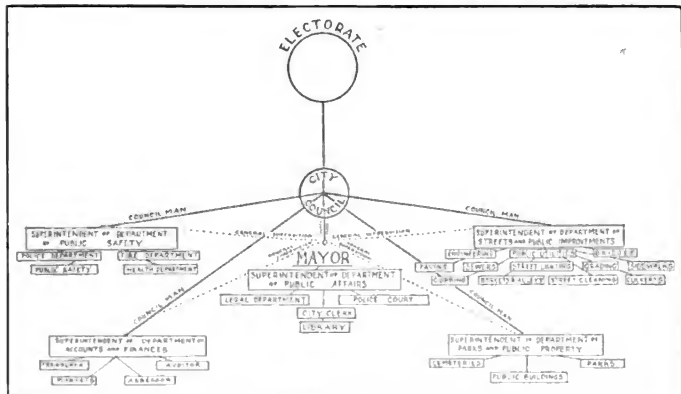
"To clear rooms of flies carbolic acid may be used as follows: Heat a shovel or any similar article and drop thereon twenty drops of carbolic acid. The vapor kills the flies.

"A cheap and perfectly reliable fly-poison, one which is not dangerous to human life, is bichromate of potash in solution. Dissolve one dram, which can be bought at any drug-store, in two ounces of water, and add a little sugar. Put some of this solution in shallow dishes, and distribute them about the house.

"A spoonful of formalin or formaldehyde in water, put into a quart of a pint of water and exposed in the room, will be enough to kill all the flies.

"To quickly clear the room where there are many flies, burn pyrethrum powder in the room. This stupefies the flies and they may be swept up and burned.

"If there are flies in the dining room of your hotel, restaurant, or boarding house, complain to the proprietor that the premises are not clean."



From a pamphlet issued to explain the New Orleans (Louisiana) system

HOW THE COMMISSION PLAN OF CITY GOVERNMENT WORKS

There are only five elective offices, and the men who fill them are directly responsible to the people in their several departments

RAISING GAME FOR PROFIT

DEER, elk, and even moose can be bred profitably for food in the United States. So good were the results got by a few rich men who began simply to stock their private game preserves that the United States Department of Agriculture is trying to encourage them on a commercial basis. The Biological Survey has issued bulletins on the raising of deer for profit and has a series in preparation on the domestication of other game-animals on lands not good for other uses.

Forty deer can live on land that will support one steer, and the deer require less expensive food and less care. They thrive best on coarse grasses, leaves, mosses, and other vegetation that cattle will not eat.

It is estimated that in the states east of the Mississippi River, not counting Florida or the Gulf States, more than a million dollars'

worth of venison was consumed last year; and it is believed that deer-raising can be made a profitable industry on millions of acres of cut-over forest lands and other waste lands in the West and Southwest that are now useless. If deer-raising should become general many state game-laws would have to be changed. For not even the owner of deer may kill his own animals except in open season, in most states, and in many he is even then limited to the killing of two a season. More than half the states absolutely forbid the sale of venison and some forbid the sale of venison produced within their borders. But a number of states have recently modified their laws to permit the killing and sale, under regulation, of deer raised on private preserves. The Biological Survey believes that proper legislation to encourage the raising of deer would soon make venison as common and as cheap as mutton.

"WHEN NOBODY WANTS TO BUY"

ONE day in June, the junior member of a well-known bond house in Wall Street sat looking out of the window of his office, watching the shipping down the Bay. It was the most profitable thing that he could find to do. He had just finished reading a novel, and was wondering whether he would come to business next day or go out to the country and play golf. He had just reached the melancholy conclusion that it would pay better to play golf, if the rain would only stop.

The office-boy brought in a card, bearing the name of a man and his address, a town-up-state in New York.

"He says he wants to buy bonds," said the boy, "but he did not know whom he wanted to see."

Collecting himself after the shock, the junior partner so far forgot himself as to follow the boy to the rail of the customers' room. An old man stood beside it, holding a yellow, leather "grip."

In answer to an invitation to come in and sit down, the old man came into the

inner office with the junior partner, who introduced himself.

"I came down to buy some bonds," said he.

"Yes. Well, do you have any particular bonds in mind? Have you seen any offerings that you like? I don't believe you ever dealt with us before, did you?"

The junior partner was puzzled. He had not quite recovered from the shock of finding somebody who said that he wanted to buy anything.

"No," said the old man, "I never did. I have always dealt with Blank & Co., but the man I knew and trusted in that firm died six months ago, so I thought I would move. I have investigated your house, and I like your record."

The banker quietly looked his visitor over, with curiosity. When you tell a banker that he has been investigated he is always at least mildly curious as to results. The scrutiny revealed nothing.

"And about how much would you like to buy?" he asked, figuring that here was

the first outlying scout of the army of "small investors" that, the papers said, was on the march to the rescue of the moribund market in Wall Street.

"I reckon about two hundred thousand dollars," said the old man, quietly.

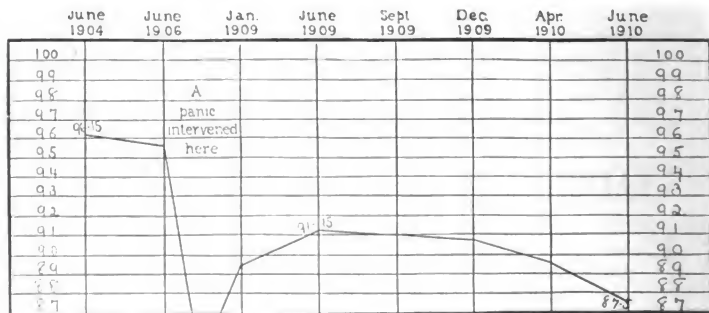
Before the junior partner could make up his mind to reach for the telephone and call the police, the old man had opened his satchel and begun to pull from it rolls of bills with white bands around them. The pile of bundles grew. On top of them, finally, he laid a check. The junior partner picked it up and glanced at it long enough to see that it was a cashier's check for \$120,000 drawn by a New York bank in favor of the man whose card he had.

"Young man," he said, "I've been in the law business for nearly forty years in the same place, and every second man that dies in my county puts me in his will as executor. I always come in to buy in person, and I won't do business in a crowded office."

The junior partner looked out into his customers' room, and saw the point.

The thing that old man knew is the secret of successful scientific investment on a conservative basis.

He had to be conservative, because his record of forty years, the capacity in which he served his neighbors, and his own personal honor demanded it. He had to be scientific, or he would have become, long



THE AVERAGE PRICE OF TWELVE SELECTED BONDS FROM 1904 TO 1910

With the pile of money between them, the two got down to business. It took the rest of the afternoon to get the order on the books; and the junior partner learned before he got through that there was at least one customer in the world who knew what he wanted. The list, as he scanned it afterward, included the names of thirty-one separate bonds and four guaranteed stocks.

The gist of this tale lies in an answer that the old man made to a question which the junior partner asked him during the afternoon.

"Why do you make this investment now? You seem to have liquidated all these estate-investments a year ago. Why do you reinvest now?"

since, simply one of the army of lawyers looking for country clients. And he had to be successful—for so, alone, may one grow rich and powerful.

This same secret, the secret of the time to buy and the time to sell, underlies all business, whether it be in wheat, or sugar, or cloth, or bonds.

The time to buy is when nobody else wants to buy, and when the public is selling. If a man has decided to buy a home, has accumulated a certain amount of money in the bank, and feels reasonably certain of his ability to carry through any obligations that he will have to incur, he usually awaits the time when prices are "a little bit off the top." Whenever there is a decided slump in the prices of property in good

residence-sections around New York, for instance, the real-estate men know that there will be a procession of wise men seeking homes.

Very few of the private buyers of investment securities, on the contrary, await the call of real opportunity. When they have funds in the bank, they do not like to wait. The investment buying is most eager when prices are highest, and falls off decidedly when prices are low.

There are many good reasons for this. One of them is the fact that, when prices are breaking, the conservative dealers in bonds and other standard securities are apt to run out of goods, so to speak. They do not buy large quantities of standard bonds. They stay out of the market and wait for the lowest prices. Consequently, at times when bond prices are low, the dealers are not pushing their wares to any great extent.

If you study the financial papers where good investments are advertised, you will find that during periods of high prices and booming markets the volume of investment advertising is very great; while in periods of low prices for the standard bonds, the advertising is light. Instead of large offerings of specific bonds, the dealers run a little card stating that they are in the banking business.

This is not a criticism of the methods of the bankers. Their method is sound business. In the financial papers, they advertise mostly to gain new clients of the larger class — savings banks, trust companies, etc. These institutions buy only when they have funds, and they have funds, usually, when the money market is easy — that is, when money is lending at low rates, and consequently when stock and bond prices are high.

I had occasion, in June, to go through the lists of half a dozen of the large bond houses in New York, looking for a certain class of bonds. These lists were, at that time, the lightest that I have ever seen. That means that these standard houses owned less bonds, of fewer varieties, than at any other time when it was my privilege to search through them. In the offices they talked of “stagnation,” of the “dead market,” of “public indifference.” They

were selling, from time to time, small lots of bonds to private investors; but the business was so scattered as to be negligible.

One could hardly help but think, in the light of this fact, that the education of the public in the art of buying investments has hardly begun. For, in comparison with a year ago, for instance, or in comparison with the end of 1906 or the summer of 1904, or any other period of great public demand for good investments, the prices this summer have been almost bargain prices.

It seems lamentably true that the investing public is an institution designed and patented to buy securities only when they are too high in price for any one with skill and science to buy them.

“The public will not buy when bonds are cheap,” is almost an axiom in Wall Street.

It is too true. At times when the standard securities, particularly high-class corporation bonds, are cheap, the public follows strange gods. It flocks into “get-rich-quick” games. This last summer was a rich harvest-time for the swindling promoters, the thieves of the wireless, the apostles of prospective, wonderful mining gambles in Cobalt or in Colorado, the vultures who sell the stocks of new inventions to widows, orphans, and clergymen. New hydro-electric bonds of the most speculative class, new irrigation issues, new real-estate companies designed to bring to the promoters the funds that the banks had refused — these and a hundred other false gods lured the minds of the public from the field of sound investment.

The chart that runs in this article is a mere sketch to focus on the mind the relative position of the bond market at the time this is written, as compared with other periods. It shows the average price of twelve selected bonds, representing five different classes of bonds ranging from the most gilt-edged to the speculative industrials, but all of the kind that the investing public buys. The two periods marked 1904 and 1906 and the prices in the summer of 1909 were periods when the public was buying.

When you have looked at it long enough to find out just what it means, ask yourself whether you are one of the foolish public or one of the wise.

C. M. K.

WHAT IF YOUR HOUSE BURNS DOWN?

EVERY American thinks that he knows two fundamental things about fire insurance: first, that he must have it; second, that he must pay more for it than the citizen of any country in Europe. To the first item of knowledge he is reconciled, but against the second he is in constant revolt. He has often seen figures that tell him that the fire-loss here is very much higher than in other countries; but he is firmly convinced that these figures are prepared by the fire-insurance companies, as a basis for charging higher rates.

Now comes the Government of the United States with an official report upon this subject. Its figures are gathered by its own consuls, clerks, and committees. Presumably the Government is not trying to boom the fire-insurance business. Its figures, therefore, may be worth noting.

One of the most interesting comparisons made in the report concerns the fire-loss in cities of various sizes. For comparison, the compilers of the report received statistics from the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Manufactures, and selected ten American cities of various classes and ten foreign cities of equal size. This table is here rearranged to bring out the contrast. Each American city in the list stands opposite a foreign city of about the same size and presumably of about the same property value.

These figures are for the year 1904. Let it seem that the Government chose the worst of the American cities and the best of the European, the total figures of all cities of various sizes are also compiled. They show that in cities of 300,000 or more the American loss is \$2.24 per person, while in similar European cities the loss is 65 cents. Yet the average cost of fire-protection to each citizen in an American city is \$1.53 a year, while his counterpart in Europe pays 20 cents.

The unpleasant fact is that the American citizen pays seven times as much every year for his protection from fire and suffers a loss that averages five times as much as the loss in Europe.

The main cause, of course, is that here we build of wood, while in Europe they build of brick and stone and stucco. The second great cause is faulty building. The government report hints at a spirit of carelessness even among the municipal officers who supervise building and fire-protection.

Let the causes be as they may, remediable or not, the fact remains the same—that not since 1882 has there been a year in which the fire-loss has not run over \$100,000,000 in this country. In thirty-three years the actual waste directly through fire has reached a total of \$4,485,000,000. In addition to that, at least an equal amount

FIRE LOSSES IN FOREIGN AND AMERICAN CITIES

American	Loss	Per Capita	Loss	Foreign
Chicago	\$3,937,105	\$1.43	\$0.47	\$1,266,282 Paris
Cincinnati	1,971,217	5.70	.31	99,492 Frankfort
Philadelphia	2,093,522	1.45	1.42	2,128,541 St. Petersburg
Baltimore	916,603	1.66	.41	226,506 Birmingham (Eng.)
Cleveland	515,104	1.12	.18	75,989 Sheffield
Atlanta	225,237	2.15	.55	55,391 Toulon
St. Paul	522,447	2.56	.38	78,372 Bremen
Evansville	196,702	3.08	1.67	106,150 Molenbeck
Oshkosh	80,500	2.59	.72	22,349 Lalken
Easton, Pa. . . .	32,073	1.27	.81	19,504 Etterbeck

was spent in fire-protection. The people of the country have thrown away about \$9,000,000,000 in that time.

If the loss had been on the European ratio, and the cost of protection had also been on the European ratio, the total waste would have been about \$1,630,000,000 instead of \$9,000,000,000. Here is an actual waste of about \$7,270,000,000 in thirty-three years.

In the census for 1900 the Government reckoned the actual value of all the farm and factory buildings of the United States at \$3,556,000,000. In other words, the actual waste by fire, as compared with the European standard, was more than twice the real value of all the farm and factory buildings in the United States in 1900. Including all the skyscrapers, railroad terminals, residences, factories, and buildings of all sorts, and their improvements, that actual waste in the period covered is more than all the builders of the country have created in any ten-year period in our history.

People do not trust fire statistics. A few special cases—a fire like the Baltimore, Toronto, or San Francisco fires of recent years—may twist the figures out of all perspective. It is really the little fires that count, but it is the big fires that make most impression on the total figures. So, just to bring the matter home to the public at large, here are some figures, also from the Government, showing the number of fires for each 1,000 inhabitants in a few of the cities that suffered most in 1908:

NUMBER OF FIRES PER 1,000 PERSONS

City	No. of Fires	City	No. of Fires
Worcester, Mass.	9.59	Minneapolis	5.52
Providence, R. I.	8.25	Indianapolis	5.48
Kansas City, Mo.	7.54	Dayton, O.	5.13
New Haven . .	5.56	Memphis . .	5.12
Boston . . .	5.52	St. Paul . .	5.11

Why four New England cities figure in the five cities that had more fires in proportion than any others in the United States may be left to the cities to explain.

The fact that stands out so very prominently from all these figures is that if there is any one country in the world where men need sound and adequate fire-insurance,

this is the country. The man who, in the face of these facts, leaves any of his insurable property unprotected shows a lack of common sense and business judgment quite beyond characterization.

Most men recognize this as true; and the volume of fire insurance in force keeps pace fairly well with the growth of property. The rates remain relatively the same. There has been no check in the proportion of fire-loss in the country, and the probabilities are that there will not be any appreciable reduction in fire-insurance rates until the standard of building reaches a new level. Of course, rates are graded according to the risk, in a measure; but the premiums leave a very comfortable margin over losses. They will continue to do so, so long as the ever-present danger of a conflagration such as the Chicago fire, the Boston fire, or even the Baltimore fire remains as a fire-insurance liability.

In the matter of rates, then, there is little to choose between the fire-insurance companies. The policies, too, are almost identical. There remain only one or two factors to take into account in placing your fire insurance. Here they are:

First, find out whether the company fights claims, has a big amount of unpaid claims on its books, and has a bad reputation in this respect with the brokers who handle policies of many companies.

Second, discover whether or not the company stands right with its own state department of insurance. Maybe its finances need some attention.

Third, do not patronize a company merely because it is a "home industry." Maybe it was started last year by a few local capitalists just to make a 10 or 20 per cent. profit out of its stock. There are a good many unsound companies afloat just now in this country. When you have more than six hundred well-established companies to choose from, why take any chances at all?

Fourth, if the company offers you, along with your insurance, a first-class chance to make a fine investment in its stock at some price or another, don't do it. Fire insurance is fire insurance; investment is investment. If you mix the two, you will likely lose on both.

THE PASSING OF THE MAN WITH THE HOE

TO PLOW FIVE SQUARE-MILES, THE FARMER WALKS THE DISTANCE AROUND THE WORLD—THIS PLODDING TOIL TO BE ENDED BY MACHINES THAT WILL USE THE POWER STORED IN ONE ACRE OF POTATOES TO PLOW TWO HUNDRED ACRES—THE ANSWER TO WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE FED

BY

EDWARD A. RUMELEY

IF George Washington should come to life in Pittsburg now, should visit the steel mills, the Westinghouse plant, or a hundred others, he would be hopelessly bewildered. It is all beyond the philosophy of a man who lived a hundred years ago. There is hardly a process which he would understand.

If a contemporary of Moses, who was a good farmer, should come to life and visit the ordinary American farm, he would recognize practically every process.

The industrial revolution, the steam-engine, electricity, everything that goes to make up the "steel age," have in fifty years created a greater difference in the production of the world—except in agriculture—than had been made since the days of the Pharaohs. The corresponding revolution in agriculture has unobtrusively begun.

Ten years ago, at the University of Oxford, our lecturer on political economy laid it down as axiomatic that science and invention, the division of labor, the law of diminishing returns, could do little to save human labor on the farm; that the conditions of its toil were nearly unalterable, its processes predestined to be slow. Yet these few years have seen immense advance, and to-day no forecast can predict the progress of the future, for man is clearly shaking off the heavier shackles of manual toil. Pipe and tabor no longer lead the procession of harvest home, but drudgery goes as well as

romance, and a business air sets the thresher to factory pace.

American agriculture must develop enormously along new lines if it is to save the nation from hunger. Within ten years a million new farms have been created, and our farm products have more than doubled. But consumption is still so rapidly overtaking production that our exports of agricultural products last year fell fifty-six million dollars below those of 1899.

Better methods will do much to save us. Science is making the land more productive. It is molding plant life to serve better and more profitably our daily needs—trebling the amount of sugar in the beet, quadrupling the possible corn-yield of an acre. But machinery will do more. By its quick, reliable work it has already vastly improved the quality and quantity of the harvest by confining crop operations within the period when the most favorable conditions prevail.

There are to-day more gas-engines at work on our farms than in our shops and factories—at least 600,000 of them. And it is estimated that one-eighth of all the power used on our farms is now mechanical. The eighth will soon become a quarter. Light motors are speedily growing heavier, showing that heavier and more general work is now being done by machinery. Plainly, we are seeing the beginning of the era of mechanical power on the farm.

Swift-coming changes make prophecy

sure. The old-style farm-wagon is being rapidly replaced by eight or ten different machines, and its one surviving use — that of carrying the farmer and his family — is now being widely usurped by the automobile, of which several special types for the farmer have just been designed. One, half-buggy, half-truck, can be harnessed to a wagon or to light machinery. A single manufacturer is now selling a thousand farmers' automobiles a week, 650 of these going west of the Mississippi.

In the near future, to escape ruin, every farm must have its own power-plant in an efficient motor. Even now, motors of myriad kinds are performing nearly every sort of farm labor—plowing, seeding, harrowing, rolling, reaping, binding, threshing grain, grinding corn. They are shredding fodder, loading hay, milking cows, shearing sheep, drilling wells, running spray-pumps to protect the fruit-trees—even doing chores by carrying water and sawing wood. This ready power on the farm will give country life many of the conveniences of the city. Nearly everywhere the farmer now has the telephone and daily mail delivery. The motor will add electric light and heat and an automatic water-system giving a pressure equal to that of the city main.

The farmer's wife will need but to turn a wheel, throw a switch, twist a stop-cock, and be saved her hardest work. Butter will again be made on the farm and not in a factory. The motor will run the cream-separator and churn, and dispense with the labor of the milk cellar and its endless array of pans and crocks to be washed. It will give new speed to her sewing-machine. On Wednesday ("sweeping day") it will save her health and strength with a vacuum cleaner. It will run her washing-machine and mangle. Through a dynamo, in the electric fan and flat-iron, it will bring her blessed relief from the fiery heat of the range on ironing day. It will be a ready helper in the kitchen. And all this takes no account of the promise of new inventions.

Until now, mechanical progress has seemed haphazard. Farmers have studied their own needs. Some of them have been able inventors, and the chance of a market has sharpened the wits of manufacturers. But there has been no competent direction

—no one to whom either farmer or manufacturer could look for advice or help in mechanical improvements or the better planning and organization of farm work. Significant of the coming age, a new profession has suddenly been created by this necessity. Eight state colleges are now offering full courses in agricultural engineering.

As machinery multiplies rapidly for every conceivable farm need, as it cheapens in cost and grows in efficiency, we begin to understand the astonishing gist of the thing. See how enormously it increases the acre-efficiency of man, saving human labor in a day when labor is scarce. From plowing to shelling, it takes four and a half hours of work to produce a bushel of corn by hand. By the latest mechanical methods, the whole process can now be accomplished in forty-one minutes. A bushel of corn can be shelled in one minute where it formerly took a hundred. In planting corn, one man in a single day "puts in" twelve to fifteen acres better than the "man with the hoe" can plant one.

The latest harvester equals the work of forty men with sickles. Instead of eleven hours to cut and cure a ton of hay, to-day it takes one hour and thirty-nine minutes. And so the round of the whole farm. The saving of labor is so vital a thing to the farmer that it often pays to use a machine like the new corn-picker that saves men but not money.

The machine enormously saves animal labor, and a new question is being asked. It was only the other day that the Department of Agriculture told us:

"The comparative merits of animal and mechanical power will in the end probably be resolved into a question as to which source of power will require the least acreage for the production of fuel, owing to the rapidly growing area required to supply food for the human race."

In farm labor we are seeing the passing of the horse and mule. The new internal-combustion engine costs about \$90 for each horse-power, while a horse equally efficient costs from \$175 to \$200. Among many other economies there is the matter of food. The latest engine costs in fuel a half-cent per horse-power-hour; a horse's food costs eight and one-quarter cents. No wonder

that 75,000 gas-engines, representing the power of half a million horses, were sold to our farmers last year.

And the vital food-needs of men will hasten the passing of the horse. We are now tilling nearly all of our land that can be cultivated. Every work-horse displaced by tractor or automobile or engine represents an annual saving of more than \$50 in grain and forage, which may be converted into food products for the maintenance of the human race. If half of our work-animals could thus be dispensed with, we should effect an annual saving of \$600,000,000, an amount equal to our entire wheat crop.

The revolution is coming quickly. The machines we need lie mostly ready at hand. Their general use is only waiting for the cheaper power that we now have in promise. There has been but one great gap, and progress at last is coming where it was needed — in plowing, the work that consumes 60 per cent. of all the energy spent in tilling the soil. It seemed an epoch-making thing when Thomas Jefferson, Jethro Wood, John Deere, and James Oliver — all Americans — fashioned the modern plow from the crooked stick that for thousands of years was used for stirring the earth. But this tool, perfect for the use of a single man, is no longer enough. The interest of inventors and manufacturers now centres in the creation of plows that will do the work by wholesale — meeting by quick work the urgent needs of our sudden-massing populations. And we not only need plows that will break up rapidly and well the great fertile plains of the new Northwest and Southwest. There are the broad areas of the less productive lands that need not only efficient management and systematic organization, but cheaper plowing than any yet known. Foreign competition is keen and intelligent in agriculture above all, and for the future our methods must continually improve to meet it. Wholesale methods, which means mechanical methods, are the order of the day.

More power in human labor is spent for plowing than for any other daily need. The trudging plowman in the field, with his team, is not an impressive producer of power when compared with the Mallet locomotive or the central power-station of

the city street-car line. But there are 6,730,000 farmers in the United States, each annually plowing more than thirty-nine acres. This is an amount of land that in the aggregate is equal to about one-eighth of the whole United States — an area nearly equal to that of all the states east of the Mississippi and north of the line of the Ohio River. This for our nation alone. To produce sustenance for the entire human race would require, if all lived as we live, that the surface of a tract equal in extent to the entire continent of South America be turned over once a year.

The monotonous distance traveled by these plowmen is enormous. To turn a single acre of ground with a twelve-inch plow requires eight and one-fourth miles of heavy furrow travel. In plowing one square mile of land, the solitary plowman and his horses must walk 5,280 miles. It would be easier (and the distance is less) to walk around the earth at the equator (if there were no ocean) than to follow a plow turning a prairie of five square miles. To equal our national tale of plowing — the work of myriads of teams, each using force sufficient to move seven tons over a good stone road — it would take an army of 4,550 plowmen to travel as far as from the earth to the moon and back again. For the world's yearly labor of this kind, it would send about 80,000 men on that same half-million-mile journey.

In spite of Deere and Oliver and a half-century of inventors, the drudgery of this toil remains terrific. Every other labor has been greatly lightened. In the primitive labor of man, power began with the human muscle and was used for three great human purposes. It was used for changing the shape of materials — grinding grains into foodstuffs, spinning and weaving fibres into articles of dress, shaping stone, wood, and metals into implements and dwellings. It was used for transportation. And it was used for cultivating the soil. For all of these uses it was transmitted by back-and-forth motion. But in the first of these, the different forms of manufacture, after James Watt and his steam engine of 1765 the principle of rotation was substituted with wonderful results. Now the industry of the world centres in the steam-driven factory;

for, more and more, mechanical power has been substituted for human muscle, until to-day in manufacture — which shapes the materials — the master-workman is often only the intelligent onlooker, furnishing the machine with material and guiding its work. In transportation, Fulton and Stephenson applied the rotary principle — and to-day a steam-carried commerce has linked the nations together. Now the farmer has become a progressive part of our modern industrial world, and has gradually been developing a taste for machinery. And so he has long been using the steam-engine to save money, to hasten work, and to spare himself something of his age-old, heavy toil. He first tried it by drawing a gang of plows back and forth across the field by a cable and winding-drum, driven by an engine at one side — or by two engines, one on each side of the field. When the steam-engine became self-propelling a few years ago, he applied it to plowing, hitching two or three ordinary horse-plows behind. Gradually an engine with heavier gearing, broader wheels, and greater power was developed, and the present type of modern steam-plow was established. Such engines, slowly improved, have come into general use on the large level farms of the West. Some of them have as much as 120 actual horsepower, draw behind them as many as forty plows, and turn over from seventy-five to ninety acres a day.

This power and efficiency have brought the steam-plow into rapidly widening use during the last five years. The steam-engine, however, is extremely heavy. It requires from 1,500 to 5,000 pounds of coal, and from 12,000 to 25,000 pounds of water for every ten hours' work. And it needs men and teams to haul this great amount of fuel and water. Most serious of all, in converting its energy into a forward pull, as well as in propelling itself, the engine loses an enormous percentage of its power. Its net thermal efficiency in actual work in the field is less than 2 per cent., as compared with about 20 per cent. for the horse. In other words, ninety-eight pounds of coal is wasted to obtain the energy that is latent in two.

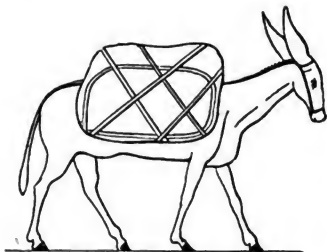
This is a heavy loss, but the modern plow-

ing-engine, while less efficient than the animal when at work, consumes no fuel when idle; and when the total amount of work is compared with the total amount of fuel, the efficiency of the engine under usual conditions is greater than that of the animal. Here is an advantage that is especially marked in those new districts of the Northwest where the land is devoted exclusively to grain-growing. Active farm work is in progress during only eight or nine weeks of the year, and so the net efficiency of the animal fluctuates between 1 and 2 per cent. When not in use the engine can be oiled and set aside. It needs no attention that could prevent the farmer's wintering in California or in Florida until the next year's work begins.

And the engine prodigiously saves human labor. With horses, every plow needs a man; but with a good engine, two men can operate eighteen plows and hold controlled in their hands the power of eighty horses. It can travel faster than the horse, and the engine does not tire. The horse can be used but ten hours a day, while the engine with headlights can be operated, as it often is, throughout the twenty-four hours. This, again, is of particular importance in the new wheat districts of Canada, where early frosts make it imperative that the earth be turned and the seeding done as promptly as possible after the spring thaw.

The competing rush of the work of the world develops machines as nature develops an animal — through selection. Defects are eliminated and efficiency perfected; and here progress is rapid. The plowing-engine suddenly became a thing of great importance to the world five years ago, when an internal-combustion engine (a gasoline engine) was mounted on a traction truck and harnessed to plows. This building of an oil-burning plowing-engine is by far the greatest step that has been made in the historic development of the plow from the crooked stick dragged through the earth by the first farmer. And it sharply marks an epoch, for it has opened the world's last great power-market to mechanical motors.

Stephenson once said that the locomotive was not the fruit of any one man's effort, but the work of a generation of engineers. So the modern plowing-motor



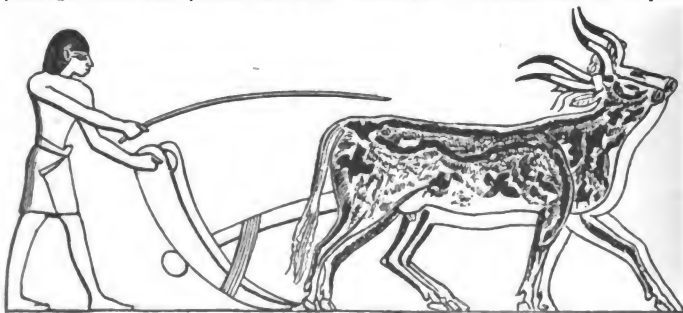
A COMMON CARRIER OF ANCIENT EGYPT

has come from thousands of ingenious inventors and farmers. We are now at work upon the solution of the last problem, which is that of economy — for, just on account of its present cost, the motor engine is not rapidly enough displacing animal labor. And that is the reason why as yet only one acre in 20,000 is plowed by machinery.

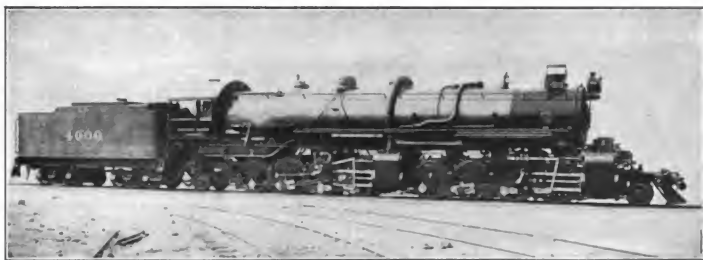
So, although mechanically these gasoline engines have solved the problem, manifestly the world's greatest power need cannot be met by motors using the scarcest of all liquid fuels. The quantity of gasoline refined is but 4 per cent. of the crude oil brought to the surface in the United States, while 60 per cent. results in kerosene and the heavier oils. The remarkable increase in the use of the automobile has made the price of gasoline rise rapidly. Fifteen years ago it was a waste product and sold at

wholesale for two cents a gallon, while kerosene brought ten cents. To-day in the Middle West the wholesale price of kerosene ranges from six to eight cents, and the refineries hold millions of barrels of it in storage for want of a market; while gasoline sells at twelve and thirteen cents, and the supply is limited. Comparing the two by careful tests, it was found that kerosene contains per cubic inch about one-fifth more power than gasoline, or any other liquid fuel known. And so these last years inventors have been trying vainly to devise an engine that would burn kerosene with perfect combustion. Millions of dollars have been lost in futile attempts to construct a practical oil-engine, but the principle has at last been discovered.

Like the boiling tea-kettle with James Watt, the ordinary kerosene lamp revealed the secret of perfect combustion to John A. Secor. A lamp-burner when turned too high furnishes too much oil; this results in free carbon and a sooty lamp-chimney. If the lamp be turned too low, the combustion becomes incomplete and the lamp throws off foul-smelling and poisonous gases. Good illumination and good combustion depend on accurate adjustment of the wick, of the supply of fuel and air. In an engine, the proportions of fuel and air to be exploded in the cylinder must vary from minute to minute, from second to second, with the increasing or decreasing load of work and with the slightest change in atmospheric conditions. The human hand is not quick



AN EGYPTIAN PLOWMAN IN THE AGE OF THE PHARAOS



A COMMON CARRIER OF TO-DAY

In transportation and manufacturing, mechanical power has revolutionized our civilization

enough, not deft enough to regulate the fuel supply of an engine. Regulation must be effected positively and automatically. The needed fraction of a drop of oil must be weighed out with the precision of the finest chemist's scales. The adjustment of this supply by a delicately working governor is the secret of the new engine that, in the first instance as a traction engine, will cut the cost of plowing an acre of prairie land from \$1.50 to \$0.66. But the principle is of the widest application, and it is possible that new forms of the internal-combustion engine will displace all existing types of motor engine. It is already proved that it will burn alcohol as well as kerosene. Here



A HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD AMERICAN PLOW

Except for the iron share and jointer, it is little better than the ancient Egyptian instrument



AN EGYPTIAN PLOWMAN OF TO-DAY

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Through the centuries from the Pharaohs to Lord Cromer, Egyptian agricultural machinery has not advanced



THE THREE-HORSE GANG-PLOW, STANDARD FOR THE MIDDLE WEST

"More power in human labor is spent for plowing than for any other daily need. There are 6,730,000 farmers in the United States, each plowing nearly forty acres a year"

are many problems for the inventors and engineers of the world.

Applied to plowing, the internal-combustion engine now uses from three to four gallons of gasoline or kerosene in turning an acre of land. A barrel will hold its day's fuel supply. With the development of the type that will come during the next decade, when the engine will certainly more nearly rival the animal body in ability to develop power from fuel consumed, we can reasonably hope that this consumption will be cut to two gallons an acre. We may be fairly sure that kerosene and gasoline

will be the great fuels for the present generation, but the world's supply of stored energy in coal and mineral oils is limited, and the next step, viewed from the standpoint of centuries and of increasing human control over the forces of nature, will be the utilization of *this year's* sunshine, and not that of past ages which we dig and pump from the earth.

The leaves of the potato plant will gather the energy of the sun and store it on an acre of land in 400 bushels of German alcohol potatoes. These will produce a gallon and a half of alcohol a bushel. And



THE ONE-HORSE PLOW OF THE COTTON STATES

"To turn a single acre with a twelve-inch plow requires eight and one-fourth miles of heavy furrow travel"



BREAKING PRAIRIE WITH FOUR-HORSE TEAMS

600 gallons of alcohol furnish fuel enough to plow a 200-acre farm. Then one mechanical tractor and one acre of potatoes will plow 200 acres of land, for which eight horses and forty acres of oats and hay land are now needed. To state the fact in another way: the solar power stored by an acre of potato plants in a single summer

would suffice to plow that acre for two centuries.

The new, cheap method of producing alcohol from cellulose promises undreamed-of wonders of economy; and the new chemistry — extracting by tons, and cheaply, nitrate fertilizers from the air — will guarantee an inexhaustible fertility to the earth.



THE STEAM PLOW OF THE PLAINS

"With horses, every plow needs a man; but with a good engine two men can operate eighteen plows and hold controlled in their hands the power of eighty horses which never tire"

We have traveled far these late years. Untold centuries lie between the steel roller-mills of Minneapolis and the Russian peasant who still grinds his grain by rubbing it between two stones. All of our civilization lies between the stick-plow of the Cingalese and the new internal-combustion engine.

Vital human needs compel great inventions. Wheat is the noblest and most expensive in point of labor of all our foodstuffs; and with our present farming equipment we cannot grow enough of it. Fifteen years ago Sir William Crookes foresaw its impending dearth. The significance of its shortage has been repeatedly and forcibly pointed out by such seers of the marketplace as Mr. James J. Hill. And here is the immediate necessity for more rapid and efficient plowing. With a swiftly increasing population in all civilized countries except France; with an increased per-capita con-



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AS GOOD AS FOUR HORSES

An agricultural motor drawing a double-furrow plow



MR. JAMES OLIVER, THE PLOWMAKER, AT 86

"Thomas Jefferson, Jethro Wood, John Deere, and James Oliver — all Americans — fashioned the modern plow from the crooked stick that for thousands of years was used for stirring the earth"

sumption of wheat and a decreasing yield per acre in the great wheat-growing districts; and with a limitation of the area devoted to cereals in the older portions of America, it is imperative that the still unused wheat lands of the world — Canada, Siberia, the Argentine — be opened as quickly as possible. In reality it is this necessity that is developing the engine.

So, even in farming, by an inexorable law the era of machinery asserts its processes. Agricultural Argentina, depending on horses, found it impossible last year to turn the usual number of acres (and so grow the usual harvests of wheat), owing to the drought that curtailed the hay crop. In the new lands of Canada, horses must be expensively wintered through a long and cold idle period. The lack of power for plowing has been the most potent check to faster settlement; while the great actual development of the last few years has been due, in large measure, to the rapid advance of steam plowing.

Climb upon one of the new plows. Study the throbbing engine and watch the work. Past the curved and shining prows of fifteen plows the rushing furrows flow like water. The vibrant steel sings. You wonder what the effect of the new mechanical age will be upon the farmer. I think that the answer is plain. It was a Hebrew tradition that God had cursed the land. Certainly, until

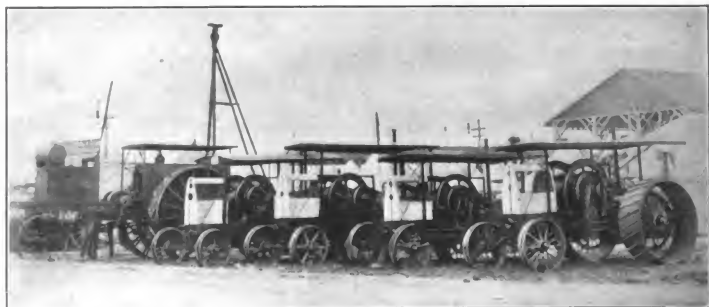


AN INTERNAL-COMBUSTION ENGINE

It uses only three or four gallons of gasoline or kerosene in plowing an acre. A barrel will hold its day's fuel supply. When it is adapted to alcohol, the fuel from one acre of German potatoes will supply power to plow that acre for two centuries



On the road to market



Ready for sale at the county fair



Driving a threshing outfit in South Dakota

THE INTERNAL-COMBUSTION ENGINE ON THE FARM



MAKING ICE-CREAM



RUNNING A CONCRETE-MIXER

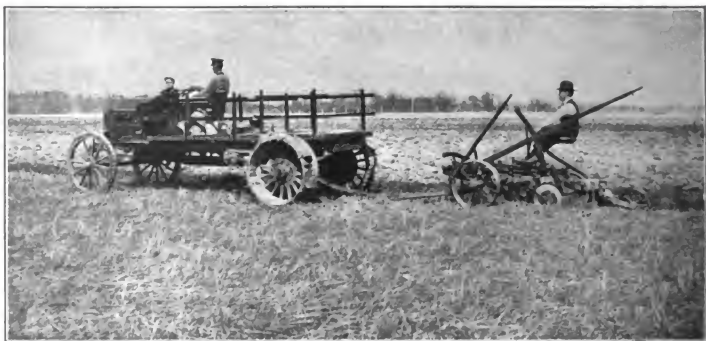
to-day, the plowman has had to eat bread in the sweat of his face. The heavy, monotonous, muscle-straining work stamped itself upon his very body. You saw it in his eyes. Men called him a clod-hopper. Like all other body-weary toilers, he showed the dulling effect of slow and unintelligent drudgery upon the human mind. But with our new age the college-bred man — the agricultural-college-bred man — is multiply-

ing among farmers. And the farm-hand of the near future will be a skilled laborer; like the machinist in the factory, he will be alert and intelligent for every act of work. Machinery will furnish the power for the heavier kinds of labor — the power that formerly came from his own muscle. And the new era will enormously magnify his productive power and the productive power of the land that he tills.



THE VERSATILE GAS ENGINE

One of the 600,000 now at work on American farms



A SUCCESSOR TO THE FARM WAGON

A tractor that will haul produce or plow as the occasion demands

The American of the generation of Cyrus McCormick taught the world how to shift the labor of binding wheat, mowing hay, husking corn, and threshing grain from the human muscle to the animal. Through the application of mechanical power, mod-

ern transportation and manufacture have changed the world. It remains for the American of our day to develop the engine as the source of power for the farm, and complete the cycle of the application of machinery to all three of the great human uses.



A GAS ENGINE SPRAYING FRUIT-TREES IN ARKANSAS

It is estimated that one-eighth of all the power on the farms is mechanical

THE MUSCLE SHOALS CANAL ON THE TENNESSEE RIVER, IN 1880

To save shippers a few cents a ton it cost the National Government in maintenance and interest (at 3 per cent.) \$12.70 for every ton of freight hauled through this canal in 1908



THE CRIME OF "THE PORK-BARREL"

HOW MILLIONS APPROPRIATED FOR RIVER IMPROVEMENT ARE WASTED
IN FAVOR OF CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS

BY

HUBERT BRUCE FULLER

"The Crime of 'the Pork-Barrel'" and the two articles which follow it—"A Congressman's Letters" and "Schedule I—The Cotton Tariff"—taken together explain clearly and without partisanship the wasteful and dishonest system of which Congress is both the author and the victim; a system which taxes the people for the benefit of the few, throws away millions of dollars every year, and by indefensible special favors builds up a party machine in the House of Representatives and the Senate which perpetuates itself by the very abuses that it was built on. All three articles are by men who have seen the system at close range and who know it well, and one of them is by a Congressman who is both a beneficiary and a victim of it.

THE River and Harbor Bill which was passed at the recent session of Congress appropriated \$52,000,000, a large part of which will be wasted, as the millions which have preceded it have been. Senator Tillman once said on the floor of the Senate:

"The whole scheme of river improvement is a humbug and a steal."

His next sentence explains why the iniquitous system has lasted so long:

"But, if you are going to steal, let us divide it out and not go to complaining."

That is exactly what is done. There

are 391 Congressional districts. Of these 296 received an appropriation in the bill—practically every district that has a harbor, river, creek, or bayou within its limits. This appropriation (familiarily known as "the Pork-Barrel") is one of the three funds by which Congressmen are

spicuous. Yet he must accomplish something to show his constituents that he is active in their interest. He may hope to secure a certain number of private pension-bills; possibly he may secure an appropriation for a Federal building; but if there be a single creek in his district, no matter how



TYPICAL DOCKS AND LOADING FACILITIES ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

"The United States has spent more on the Mississippi River than any government has ever spent on any other stream in the world. The simple fact remains that the Mississippi to-day possesses the channel, but it is not used"

particularly given to seeking personal advantage at the expense of the national treasury.

The system works almost automatically. When a newly-elected Congressman reaches Washington he is unfamiliar with legislative life. He has no influence. His committee assignments are modest and incon-

hopeless and shallow, he may secure an appropriation for its improvement. It matters not if the stream has never seen a vessel, or if no ton of commerce has ever graced its surface: he secures, nevertheless, a portion of the "pork."

The game works both ways. To gain



THE RED RIVER (AT THE MOUTH OF THE CANE RIVER, LA.) "IMPROVED" SINCE 1828

In 1908 the transportation of 841 tons of freight cost the Government \$93 a ton in maintenance alone

access to "the barrel" he must secure the indorsement of the powers that dominate Congress. He must be prepared to vote for measures fully as iniquitous as his own, in which other Members are interested, lest they in turn vote against his project. Thus he is, as it were, "thrown and branded," and for the remainder of his political life he is safe and regular. The spirit of the institution is indicated in a



THE U. S. "SNAG" BOAT "HOWELL" AT THE MOUTH OF THE CANE RIVER

Employed by the Government to keep the Red River channel open for one trainload of freight a year



BUILDING A MAT TO KEEP THE MISSISSIPPI WITHIN BOUNDS

humorous incident which happened in the House of Representatives a few years ago when a river and harbor bill was under consideration. One item which bore the imprint of folly was bitterly attacked. A motion was made to strike it out. At this juncture the Member who was fathering

the project rushed in on the floor and breathlessly exclaimed:

"Hold on here, that's my river!"

That member is now in the Senate and is still looking after his rivers.

Now and then some individual Member of Congress, aroused to protest by the



VICKSBURG'S WATER-FRONT ON A CANAL LEADING INTO THE MISSISSIPPI

The change in level of the river (at Vicksburg nearly 60 feet) makes it almost impossible to build efficient docks

iniquities of river and harbor bills, arises in wrath and assaults them. In 1901 Senator Carter of Montana filibustered one of these bills to its defeat. In April, 1910, Senator Burton of Ohio attacked the present system and the bill of 1910 in a vigorous speech, while interested Senators, men who had their "pork" at stake, sought to dissuade him from his purpose of exposing the whole miserable system. He spoke for two days. No one attempted to answer him. There was no need; it would have

porated in direct violation of the findings of the army engineers, involving an aggregate appropriation of more than \$1,100,000.

An appropriation of \$30,000 is included for the improvement of Great Salt Pond, a so-called harbor of refuge in Rhode Island. The Federal Government to date has expended \$199,000 on this project. All this has been done despite an adverse recommendation, not alone by the corps of engineers, but also by the state officials of Rhode Island, who said in their report of 1904:



THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL, ENGLAND

An inland waterway where ocean-going vessels of large tonnage can be efficiently loaded and unloaded

been a waste of time as well as hopeless. They had the votes and the bill was promptly passed upon the principle of division and silence. As Senator Carter said in 1901: "Every man who has a piece of 'pork' in the bill is expected to keep his mouth shut and to square his conscience with his duty under his oath as best he can."

The Board of Army Engineers is supposed to pass upon the engineering practicability of the "improvements" proposed. But in the River and Harbor Bill of the current year, numerous projects have been incor-

"This committee is convinced that the public interests have not been subserved by the expenditure of money at Great Salt Pond, . . . (and) that further expenditure of money on this enterprise would be wasteful. The committee was unanimously of the opinion that the expenditure of this sum of money, as well as all other money that has been appropriated and expended for the construction of an inner harbor at Great Salt Pond, could not possibly be applied to such purpose with any beneficial result."

Scarcely a mile distant there is another harbor of refuge upon which the Government has expended more than half a million dollars.



THE BREAKWATER AT SANDY BAY, MASS.

Work was begun on the Sandy Bay harbor of refuge in 1885. More than \$1,500,000 has been spent already. Another \$5,000,000 is needed to complete the work. At the present rate of appropriation it will take 51 years more.

The original item appropriating \$200,000 for improving the Sabine-Neches Canal in Texas by increasing the depth to twenty-

four feet and the bottom width to eighty feet was changed in conference to an authorization of a re-survey. This in spite of the fact that a survey just completed condemned the project. The purpose of this improvement is to make seaports of the towns of Beaumont and Orange, located respectively on the Neches and Sabine Rivers. The entire project contemplates a total expenditure of \$753,000. The "improvement" involved is at once so extravagant and so ridiculous as to tax human credulity.

Probably the most indefensible item of the bill is that which contemplates the appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the so-called Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway. It does not become immediately available, but it is the opening wedge for the long agitated 14-foot waterway from Chicago by way of St. Louis and the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico. Elaborate and com-



THE CASCADES "IMPROVEMENT" ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER IN OREGON IN 1896

Which was under construction for seventeen years and cost \$4,000,000



THE COOSA RIVER, ALA., IN ITS NATURAL STATE

It will require 23 locks and dams, which will cost \$6,000,000, to make this section navigable

prehensive surveys have been made of this project, whose cost has been estimated at \$150,000,000. The entire proposition was condemned — and yet the bill contains the appropriation.

One of the most glaring defects of our river and harbor bills is the custom of making partial appropriations for a large number of improvements without adequate provision for their ultimate completion. It



LOCK NO. 1 ON THE COOSA RIVER

A piece of excellent engineering, but of commercial folly made possible by "pork-barrel" appropriation



THE HENNEPIN CANAL—A WASTED \$7,000,000

"The chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors was General T. J. Henderson, who lived in the Illinois district traversed by the proposed canal. He dominated the Committee. The canal was begun—not because there was any widespread demand for it, but because of its influence upon his own personal and political welfare"



PART OF THE \$1,400,000 "IMPROVEMENTS" ON THE BIG SANDY RIVER, KENTUCKY

One heavy coal-train can carry more freight than this waterway carried during the whole year 1909

comes from the desire to spread the money over as many Congressional districts as possible. The same cause leads to the construction of a number of disconnected, scattered, and ill-advised projects, instead of a comprehensive scheme.

Two or three examples will serve. Twenty-two years ago a breakwater was commenced at Bar Harbor, Maine. Approximately \$220,000 has been appropriated to date. It is estimated that \$200,000 is necessary to complete the project. The amount appropriated in the River and Harbor Bill of the current year, \$25,000, is one eighth of that amount. Thus with an annual appropriation of this same sum it would require eight years to complete the work.

Work has been in progress at the Sandy Bay harbor of refuge in Massachusetts since 1885, with an expenditure to date of \$1,587,918. The last bill carried \$100,000 for this specific harbor, while the cost of completing the improvement is estimated at \$5,154,952. At the rate set by the last appropriation, it will require to complete it fifty-one years more, which, added to the twenty-five years past, make a total of seventy-six years.

At the rate of appropriation in the last bill, ten years will be required to complete the breakwater at New Haven, Conn.; nine years to complete the improvement of the Tennessee River above Chattanooga; fourteen years to complete the present project for improving the Columbia and lower Willamette rivers below Portland, Ore., where work has been in progress for eight years on the present plan.

Another glaring example is furnished by the appropriation for the Harlem River. The existing project was commenced in 1878 and modified in 1886. The last bill appropriated \$150,000. At this rate between seven and eight years will be required to complete a work on which one and a half million dollars has already been spent. The importance of the river is indicated by the total of 43,768,658 tons which traversed the stream in 1908.

The James River between Richmond, Va., and Chesapeake Bay affords another eloquent example of this same condition. There the existing project of improvement

was commenced in 1884. There has already been \$1,800,000 expended; and \$3,540,000 is necessary for its completion. At the present rate of appropriation this will require fourteen years—a total of forty years.

The improvement of Bayou Plaquemine, by dredging a channel and constructing a lock to connect the bayou with the Mississippi River, was undertaken in 1887. The work has only just been completed after an interval of over twenty years, involving a total expenditure of \$1,740,000.

From a variety of reasons one of the most interesting rivers for which an appropriation has been authorized is the Youghiogheny in Pennsylvania. This is a branch of the Monongahela River, which is in turn a branch of the Ohio.

Whatever the avowed reason for this project may be, the real purpose is the improvement of 1,125 acres of land which would thus be reclaimed for manufacturing purposes. In 1907 the engineers reported adversely upon the project. Two years later, however, the improvement of a section of the river up to West Newton, a distance of eighteen miles from the mouth, was recommended at an estimated cost of \$1,050,000. The improvement contemplates the building of three locks and dams costing \$350,000 each. The River and Harbor Bill of 1910 appropriates \$100,000 for this purpose. The project in itself should never be undertaken. It is not justifiable; it is a local interest, an improvement of a branch of a branch. But the Congressman from that district is the Honorable John Dalzell, one of the ruling trio of the House of Representatives. The whole proposition smacks of "log-rolling" and the "pork-barrel" in its most iniquitous form.

The Government began work on the Columbia River at the Cascade Gorge in 1878. This improvement consists of works on a canal some three thousand feet long, including the necessary lock. In 1878 the cost was estimated at \$3,500,000. The canal was finally practically completed in 1895 at a total cost of about \$4,000,000. Some work still remains to be done on this improvement. In six of the intervening years Congress made no appropriation

whatever. For seventeen years not a particle of benefit accrued either to the public or to the Government.

The benefits to commerce from this method of expenditure are about what one would expect from such a system. A good illustration is the condition of traffic on the Tennessee River near Chattanooga, where the Muscle Shoals Canal has been built at a cost of \$3,191,726. More than \$1,100,000 has been expended for repairs and maintenance since completion. In the year 1908 \$53,443 was expended for this purpose. The amount of freight of all classes carried through this canal in 1908 was 12,539 tons. It fluctuates from year to year, but that is a fair average. Thus, based simply upon the amount expended for maintenance and repairs for the year 1908 — the last for which figures are available — the cost to the people of the United States was \$4.26 for every ton of freight carried. And if we compute interest at 3 per cent. on the original cost of the improvement, a further sum of \$7.65 per ton must be added, making a total of \$11.91 for every ton of freight passing through this canal.

The advocates of the Muscle Shoals Canal have insisted that it was their intention to develop a commerce which would pass through the Tennessee River and then up the Ohio to Cincinnati and other Ohio River points. This is a practical impossibility from an economic and commercial standpoint. The Tennessee River follows a wandering course, flowing now southerly, then westerly, occasionally easterly, and at length northerly. Three sides of the compass must be boxed to transport freight by river, say between Chattanooga and Cincinnati. And at the same time a railroad connects these two cities with a mileage of 338 miles, but a fraction of the distance by water.

It cost \$3,218.50 to maintain a lock and dam in the Wabash River at Grand Rapids, Ill. and Ind., in 1908. The total traffic through this lock for the same year was 5,121 tons, of which more than 4,440 tons were lumber and timber. Lumber and timber do not require canalization for their transportation, since they can best be carried by rafts floated or poled down

stream. A balance, then, of 680 tons remains of corn, shells, and miscellaneous freight. The mere cost of maintaining this lock, therefore, was approximately \$7.46 per ton for all classes, including lumber in its various forms, and \$56 for every ton of freight carried through it, excluding lumber.

The cost to June 30, 1909, of the improvement undertaken by the general government on the Big Sandy River and its forks, the Tug and the Levisa, including maintenance, has been \$1,399,569. The commercial statistics for the calendar year ending December 31, 1909, on these streams are as follows:

TRAFFIC ON THE BIG SANDY	
Commodity	Tons
Timber and lumber	75,199
Railroad ties	14,500
Live stock and poultry	171
Grain	82
Produce	35
Coal, bituminous	579
General merchandise	1,143
Total	91,709
Number of passengers	5,046

Exclusive of timber, such as lumber and cross-ties, the total traffic amounted to 2,010 tons. Computed on a basis of 3 per cent. on the investment, it cost the Government \$20 for each ton of this freight transported. It should be added that the lumber in this district will soon be entirely exhausted, and thus no longer an object of transportation.

On the Kentucky River the Government has built eleven locks and dams at a total cost of \$3,094,000 for construction and \$1,772,000 for maintenance, making a total of about \$4,900,000. In spite of the enormous amount expended for improving this river, traffic has decreased. In 1889, with but five locks and dams, the total tonnage was 435,595 tons; while in 1909, after the completion of eleven locks and dams, it amounted to but 422,854 tons, of which 288,321 tons were made up of lumber and logs. The expenditure for maintenance alone for this year brings the cost to the Government something in excess of \$1 per ton.

The Green River in Kentucky affords an excellent example of pitiful traffic conditions. Six locks and dams have been built on this stream, and three more are urged by the optimistic citizens of the locality. The statistics of commerce passing Lock No. 6 on this river serve as an index of general conditions on the entire stream.

GREEN RIVER TRAFFIC AT LOCK 6

<i>Commodity</i>	<i>Tons</i>
Coal	129
Corn	16
Salt	55
Oil	10
Flour	40
Sugar	5
Hay	31
Cattle	2
Swine	1
Lumber	6
Iron	5
Horses and mules	1
Miscellaneous	1,819

These statistics are liberal, since they relate to the most important section of the river, that portion leading to Mammoth Cave and comprising a 16-mile pool. They reach a total of little more than 2,000 tons. And in the face of such returns the Government is urged to expend approximately \$750,000 for three more locks and dams — possibly to bring down to the marts of trade another lone mule now braying in the upper reaches of the stream.

On the upper section of the Coosa River, in Alabama, a project was adopted in 1890 and modified in 1892, providing for the construction of twenty-three locks and dams at a total cost of \$5,106,422. Up to June 30, 1909, \$401,372 had been expended, with only 4 per cent. of the project completed. I quote from the report of the Army Engineer Corps for 1909:

"On account of the numerous rapids, this part of the river has never been navigable. As yet, no benefit has been derived from this improvement and its value is entirely dependent on the completion of the entire system. Amount (estimated) required for the completion of the existing project is \$6,059,913."

In short, at such an enormous cost, Congress proposes to "improve" a stream upon which nature never intended that a boat should ply. It seems as though Congress

ought at least to limit its appropriations to rivers already in existence and not extend them in an effort to create other rivers never intended by nature.

The Illinois and Mississippi Canal, more familiarly known as the Hennepin Canal, is one of the most expensive monuments of the world to legislative folly. The object of this canal is to furnish a link in a navigable waterway from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River at the mouth of the Rock River in Illinois. The River and Harbor Act of 1890 made the first appropriation for the construction of this enormous undertaking, and active work was begun in 1892.

To the close of the fiscal year of June 30, 1909, \$7,401,100 has been expended. The prophecies of the promoters of this ambitious waterway sound very much like the prospectus of a company formed to extract gold from the water of the sea. The Honorable Jeremiah H. Murphy, of Iowa, was a Member of Congress elected on the campaign pledge of securing the construction of this artificial waterway. He declared that it would result in an annual saving to the people of the United States of \$20,000,000 a year. The Governor of Iowa at that time, while less optimistic, was extremely generous in his predictions. He placed the annual saving at \$15,000,000 a year.

At that time the chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors was General T. J. Henderson, who lived in the Illinois district traversed by the proposed canal. He dominated that committee. The canal was begun — not because there was any widespread demand for it, but because of its influence upon his own personal and political welfare.

The canal was filled with water and formally opened to navigation October 24, 1907. And during the calendar year of 1908 a total of 8,512 lockages were made at the thirty locks and emergency gate. Of the total lockages, 3,478 were made for United States boats and 5,034 for commercial boats; 720 of the lockages were made for commercial steamboats and 689 for barges. The remainder were for houseboats, gasoline launches, and rowboats.

Scarcely less startling are some of the lessons to be drawn from rivers where open-

channel navigation has been secured by government improvement. The Red River, between its mouth and Fulton, Ark., a distance of 505 miles, flows through a fertile region rich in cotton, sugar, and other agricultural products. The Government first undertook its improvement in 1828. Since that time \$2,548,377 has been expended on this section of the river. In 1908, \$78,203 was expended for maintenance and improvement. Yet the traffic on this stretch of over 500 miles for 1908 was almost negligible. Exclusive of saw-logs, the commerce was made up of 6 tons of cotton; 300 tons of cotton-seed; hides and skins, .05 of a ton; provisions, 6 tons; grain, 18 tons; miscellaneous, 511 tons—a grand total of 841 tons. Thus it seems that the Government expended \$93 for each ton of freight carried on this section of the river, exclusive of logs and timber. This estimate is based upon the mere cost of maintenance. Adding to this interest at 3 per cent. on the total cost of the improvement, it cost the Government the incredible sum of \$183 per ton. Yet, despite the miserable showing of the Red River, an expenditure of over \$1,928,869 has already been made for improving the Ouachita River, a tributary of the Red, in Arkansas and Louisiana.

The Arkansas River, passing through Oklahoma and Arkansas, and approximately one thousand miles in length, has received the bounty of Congress to the extent of \$2,476,880. Yet in the last year its total commerce was 92,455 tons, approximately the same as the modest Raccoon Creek of New Jersey, upon which the total appropriations to date have been but \$26,271.

The Mississippi River, famed in history and tradition, is a notable object-lesson for the student of American waterways. On the entire river between St. Paul and New Orleans the Government has expended more than \$90,000,000. On the stretch between the mouth of the Missouri and the mouth of the Ohio—approximately 205 miles—on which is located the city of St. Louis, \$12,000,000 has been spent. And yet the traffic on this section of the river has been constantly decreasing. In 1880 fourteen times as much river freight was received and shipped at St. Louis as

in 1909. In 1909 it amounted to but 374,093 tons.

RIVER BUSINESS, PORT OF ST. LOUIS

Year	Total Boats Arrived	Total Tons Freight Rec'd	Total Tons Freight Shipped	Grand Total Tons
1880	4,692	1,092,175	1,038,350	2,130,525
1881	3,951	1,208,430	884,025	2,092,455
1890	3,201	663,730	617,985	1,281,715
1891	2,900	592,140	512,930	1,105,070
1900	2,217	512,010	245,580	757,590
1909	374,093

The United States has spent more on this stretch of 205 miles of the Mississippi than the central government of Germany has expended for improving the Rhine from Strasburg to the frontier of Holland, a distance of 355 miles. Yet on this section of the Rhine the total tonnage in 1908 was approximately 40,000,000 tons as against less than 375,000 tons on the Mississippi. The United States has spent more on the Mississippi River than any government has ever spent on any other stream in the world. And we could take the 40,000,000 tons of annual traffic on the Rhine and handle it to better advantage on the Mississippi, with room for untold millions more. The simple fact remains that the Mississippi to-day possesses the channel, but it is not used.

The United States has spent \$339,000,000 in the last fifteen years upon its rivers and harbors, and during this time the traffic on the rivers has steadily declined.

It should be said, however, that the expenditures for our harbors do not deserve the general condemnation which must be visited upon river or inland appropriations. The harbors have quite largely justified the Federal largesses of which they have been the recipients. Yet twice as much money has been expended upon our rivers as upon our harbors.

Some fifteen years ago it became apparent to the commercial and industrial interests along the Missouri River that this great stream should be utilized again for commerce. There had been a magnificent commerce upon it. To investors and practical business men it appeared likely that it would be profitable to restore boat lines and resume navigation. A company was organized and three boats were launched to ply the stretch between Kansas City and St. Louis. Everything augured success

Between these two thriving cities the river then, as now, paralleled a magnificent railroad tonnage. To-day it parallels a larger tonnage of freight per day than any other equal stretch of river in the country.

What was the result of this ambitious yet reasonable undertaking? Immediately the railroad lines organized a powerful and effective opposition. They at once reduced their freight tariffs to one-third of the schedule which had former existed. They even carried the freight at almost any price which the shippers were willing to pay. The result was foreordained. The stock in the boat lines was soon worth practically nothing; the boats were sold and removed from the stream; competition ceased—and the old railroad freight-schedules were restored. And this history has been duplicated on practically every river in the country.

Now an improvement, estimated to cost \$3,500,000, is projected for the Missouri River. This will give a permanent 6-foot channel the year round. Some even advocate a \$20,000,000 improvement. The River and Harbor Bill of 1910 carries an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for starting work, without making it clear which project is to be undertaken. The business men of Kansas City have organized a corporation with a capital stock of \$10,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 has already been subscribed, to operate boats on the river to St. Louis and intervening points. Logically the question suggests itself: will the shipping interests again play into the hands of the railroads? Whatever the alleged reasons may be for this improvement and whatever time may demonstrate, the real motive is the regulation of railroad rates between St. Louis and Kansas City.

To make river appropriations for the purpose of regulating railroad freight-rates is to admit that the courts of the country and its laws are so weak and so inefficient that we cannot control the railroads.

Senator Burton, the recognized authority upon waterway transportation, who has made a life study, not alone of American, but also of European rivers and harbors, and who led the fight on the last "Pork-Barrel" appropriation, has offered two suggestions for the relief of the waterways from unfair railroad competition.

The first is that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall be given the power to fix minimum railroad-rates where water competition exists, in the same manner as they now have the power to determine maximum rates. An analogous system prevails in France, where the railroads are compelled to charge 20 per cent. more than boat lines for transporting freight between competing points. The American people are not prepared for such radical legislation as that which has maintained the prosperity of French waterways, but if this suggested power be conferred upon the Interstate Commerce Commission it will at least prohibit the economic phenomenon of railroads carrying freight between given points at an absolute financial loss.

The second suggestion is that the railroads be forbidden to increase a rate when it has once been lowered, where the manifest purpose of the reduction was to destroy waterway competition. This is similar to the system practised in England, where the railroads are not permitted to raise rates once lowered except on the approval of the boards of trade. In Germany and Belgium, with the states owning the railroads and controlling the waterways, the railroads are not permitted to carry certain coarser classes of freight which lend themselves readily to transportation by boats.

But besides the railroad competition, American rivers suffer under natural disadvantages.

Rivers follow a natural channel which is fixed. Railroads can be built in any direction connecting the metropolis with the smallest and most inaccessible hamlet, coal mine, or forest. Branch lines, switches, and enormous terminal facilities can be readily constructed. The importance of terminals is a point generally overlooked by those who have given but superficial attention to the question of waterways. Terminal values of railroad properties overshadow in value the roadbeds. Further, freight can be more readily transferred from one railroad to another than from boats to railroads. By this is meant not alone the mere physical transfer of goods, but also the through-haul of cars without the necessity of breaking bulk, and the industrial organization which permits

through-billing over various roads, prorating, and the settlement of joint accounts. On some of the most important rivers of the country the oscillation in their levels is so great and so uncertain as to make it almost impossible to establish suitable terminals or proper machinery for loading and unloading boats. Thus the variation in the Ohio River at Cincinnati is more than 60 feet; that of the Mississippi at St. Louis, 43.92 feet; between Memphis and Helena, Ark., 54.75 feet; at Vicksburg, Miss., 58.98 feet; and at New Orleans, 21 feet. So it is impossible to build a terminal which will at all times accommodate river traffic on a stream whose level is so variable and uncertain. What may approximate the level to-day will be under water to-morrow and forty or fifty feet above water on some day following.

Another handicap under which rivers naturally suffer is the fact that distances traversed between terminals are usually shorter by rail. The most notable example of this condition is to be found on the Mississippi, with its riotous extravagance of distances. For example, by rail it is only 396 miles from Memphis to New Orleans, while by river the distance is 734 miles, almost double. Between St. Louis and New Orleans the rail distance is 699 miles, while the river channel measures approximately 1,200 miles.

If Congress should make Senator Burton's suggestions into law or find some other method of protecting the water traffic from unfair railroad competition, it would seem wise to spend money upon the improvement of those rivers whose natural conditions will allow heavy traffic, but not before then.

This being done, a systematic plan of improvement must be devised—a plan which deals with rivers from source to mouth as one continuous whole, and which considers their value not only for navigation but for the manifold other uses to which they can be put. First, the main streams should be improved, and then the branches; and these improvements should be confined to cases where there is promise of adequate commercial and traffic development. There should be no more cases of 6-foot channels in branch streams and 4-foot channels in main streams. There should be a standard of depth and width of channel so that one type

or class of boats of standard gauge may ply all streams, and so that commerce may be billed through from various points having water communication. Projects undertaken should be pushed to rapid completion. Dribbling appropriations should be eliminated and driven to the limbo of disrepute.

President Taft has spoken in no uncertain terms on the vicious features of our river and harbor legislation. He said:

"I do think we have now reached the time in the history of the development of our waterways when a new method ought to be adopted. . . . This improvement of waterways, the improvement by the irrigation of arid and sub-arid lands, and all this conservation of resources, is not for the purpose of distributing 'pork' to every part of the country. Every measure that is to be taken up is to be adopted on the ground that it is to be useful to the country at large and not on the ground that it is going to send certain Congressmen back to Congress, or on the ground that it is going to make a certain part of the country during the expenditure of that money prosperous. . . . The method I am in favor of is this: That we should take up every comprehensive project on its merits, and we should determine, by all the means at our command, whether the country in which that project is to be carried out is so far developed as to justify the expenditure of a large sum in carrying out the project, and whether the project will be useful when done."

A decided step toward better things would be the inauguration of a system of coöperative improvement by the Federal Government and the localities immediately benefited. In the first place, the Federal Government should not impose a tax on the country at large for the exclusive benefit of a restricted locality. Worthy projects will receive the financial indorsement of local interests. Unworthy projects deserve no consideration. Thus many "improvements" now most insistently demanded would not be advocated if the localities interested were taxed for a share of the cost. Cities or local boards of trade should furnish adequate terminals, warehouses, and facilities for the economical and scientific loading and unloading of freight. This method of participation between the central and local governments has been followed with commendable results in France, Belgium, and Germany. In France, for example the

local interests involved are required to contribute 50 per cent. of the actual cost of all inland waterway improvements, the National Government furnishing a like amount. This principle merits the flattery of imitation by the United States. Let the Government reserve its bounty for those who demonstrate a desire and a capacity to bear their proportion of the burden. A modified form of this theory has been practised on the lower Mississippi, where the states interested have contributed 50 per cent. or more of the cost of levees necessary to protect the banks from the ravages of the stream. This practice should be extended to all waterway projects.

But whatever the future may suggest, one thing is certain — the "Pork-Barrel" must

go. Every dictate of moral and political conscience demands a revolution in the system of making river and harbor appropriations. The whims of Congressmen, the political exigencies of certain districts, and the selfish demands of local constituencies must give way to a scientific policy of improvement. The present system is based on the theory of private spoils and sectional greed. The National Treasury should not be considered a clearing-house for the discharge of political obligations. The river and harbor bills must not be regarded as the turgid dividend from which all parties, states, and localities are licensed to draw their tainted share. These bills must not conform to the size and characteristics of the electoral college.

A CONGRESSMAN'S LETTERS

SHOWING THE REASON WHY THE "PORK-BARREL," SPECIAL-TARIFF FAVORS, AND PRIVATE-PENSION BILLS BECOME LAW

BY

A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The author of this article has had more than ten years' service in the House of Representatives. He is a member of several of the most important committees and has the reputation of "getting things" for his constituency.

EVERY Congressman receives approximately fifty letters a day. Seventy-five per cent. of these are from his constituents. At least nine of every ten of these are requests, and every request is for some special favor for his district or for some one in it, to be paid for by the National Treasury. All over the United States constituents regard their Congressmen as solicitors for their districts, and not primarily as law-makers for the nation. They want tariff protection for their local industries, pensions for their war veterans, and appropriations for their rivers and harbors and for public buildings.

They send men to Congress to get these things, and if one man fails to get them another man who will get them is found to take his place.

The Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law is a distinctly unpopular measure in many sections of the country. It has been more widely discussed and more bitterly criticised than any legislative act for years, not less among my constituents than elsewhere. Five great industries produce practically the entire wealth of my district. All these industries, which for obvious reasons I will not specify, are beneficiaries of "pinnacle" tariffs. When the Tariff Law was under discussion

the secretary of a powerful and eminently respectable commercial association of the principal city in my district wrote me the following letter, dated May 22, 1909:

"I have been instructed by the board of directors of this association to advise you that at special meeting May 20th, a resolution, copy of which is enclosed, was unanimously adopted, urging our Representatives in Congress to use every endeavor to have the present tariff on [mentioning three of the products of the industries referred to] increased one cent per pound and the present tariff on [mentioning the other two products] increased half a cent per pound. I wish to further advise you that we have heard from Senator — and he informs us that he will take care of this matter in the Senate."

The tariff on two of these highly protected products was increased half a cent a pound. There was no "downward revision" on any of the other products referred to. After the Payne-Aldrich Bill was passed and criticism of it became severe, the secretary of this same association wrote me again, under date of March 16, 1910:

"It has been brought to the attention of the board of directors of this association that you consistently voted with the House organization on the Payne-Aldrich Bill. This bill is without doubt the most iniquitous measure ever enacted by Congress. I am directed by the board of directors of this association to request you to explain by letter, at your very earliest convenience, your reasons for joining with the reactionaries. No action will be taken by the association until after receipt of your letter."

I did not reply to this letter. The "incident was closed" when political friends of mine pointed out to the directorate of the association that a reply from me would necessarily contain reference to the increased tariffs (which I was in part responsible for) which this "most iniquitous measure" gave the products of my own district.

I have before me excerpts from two editorials, clipped from a great "independent" daily published in the principal city in my district. The first was published while the schedules affecting the highly protected products of my district were being considered. It reads:

"The adoption by the Chamber of Commerce of resolutions commending Representative

— [myself] for his intelligent efforts to have an increased tariff of half a cent per pound placed on [mentioning two products of my district] is a fitting tribute to the hustling qualities of our veteran Representative."

The following is an excerpt from the same paper, published after the Payne-Aldrich Law became operative in its entirety:

"The reactionary Congressman has had his day. The progressive voter will soon have his. Representative — [myself], as shown in another column, is a member of the legislative banditti responsible for the Payne-Aldrich measure."

The products of my district are not controlled by the "Great Interests." Yet they received increased protection through the efforts of the Congressional representatives of my region of country. These Representatives, myself among them, were in turn compelled to vote with those members who had assisted us in satisfying the requests of our constituencies, so that they might in turn satisfy their constituencies. With 391 constituencies fighting for advantages for their products, how could the final measure be "national" when the "national interest" was never considered by a single constituency? The Representative in Congress who had failed to obey the behests of his constituency would have been branded as a traitor and would have been retired to private life at the first opportunity. I do not think that a single Representative in Congress can produce a single communication from his constituency, written when the bill was under consideration, urging him to consider the Tariff Bill from a non-local standpoint and without special regard to the products of his district. Even the Southern Democratic members from Texas voted for an increased tariff on hides, and those from Louisiana and Mississippi voted for an increased tariff on lumber.

As in the tariff, so it is in all other legislation. The dictum of the "constituency" to the Congressman is: "Get all you can for US." There are no restrictions placed on his methods of getting it. The term "Billion-Dollar Congress" is employed as an indictment of legislative extravagance. If the Representatives in Congress should fulfil one-tenth of the demands for raids on the National Treasury made on them

by their constituencies, we should be a bankrupt nation at the close of any single session.

The Pension Bill is a good sample. The appropriation for this year is \$155,000,000. No red-blooded American begrudges the money paid to fighting-men who suffered disability either from wounds received in battle or from campaign hardships. The nation offers a home to every old soldier and has in every way treated him with the utmost liberality. But much is heard about "pension frauds," and the accusing finger is finally pointed at Congress. Fraudulent pension claims, it is charged, are pushed through by Congressmen, so that they may pose as friends of the veterans and capture the "old-soldier vote." I doubt if there is a Member of Congress who is not forced several times every week to rebuke some constituent for attempting to enlist his services in the perpetration of some pension fraud—not in such a way that the constituent can be reached by the law, but by plain fraud nevertheless. For example, here is a letter I received from a minister of the gospel, the pastor of a large and wealthy congregation:

"My dear Congressman: I received a call from James H. — several days ago, and he told me that he had received a very unsatisfactory letter from you regarding his chances for getting a pension. Now, Congressman, while I know he deserted during the second year of the war, yet there must be some way the matter can be covered up and — be given a pensionable status. He is at present a charge on my congregation. Every one seems to be able to get a pension. Why not he? Do what you can for him, and oblige."

Here is another pertaining to the same case. This is from a prominent attorney:

"I understand that you have turned down —'s request that you try and get him on the pension rolls. I know that he is a thoroughly worthless whelp and that he deserted from the army during the war. That is not the point. He has worked on the sympathies of some influential people here and it is 'good politics' to get busy. Uncle Sam will not miss the money and you have a hard fight ahead of you here. Every vote counts, so do what you can for this fellow. Let me hear from you, as I promised several parties to write to you about this matter."

I have hundreds of such letters filed away. So has every other Congressman.

I have never received but one letter against the granting of a pension. It ran:

"Dear Sir: You have ruined my life. I was to be married next week. Now you have gone and had widows' pensions raised to \$30 per month. That is a wilful temptation to every woman who marries an old soldier to murder him. I am afraid now to marry and my life is ruined. Can't this law be changed? No old soldier wants it. Please answer."

If the demands of reputable men and women made on Congressmen to get pensions for men in no way deserving them were complied with, even in small part, and the pension laws could be successfully evaded, we should have a pension-roll of \$500,000,000 per year.

As persistent if not so numerous as the pension requests are those for expenditures upon local rivers and harbors. Usually these requests are not made by letter, but by delegations sent to Washington for the purpose. The "mud-money" is sought by personal application, and the pressure is consequently all the more severe. The Congressman applies to the twenty members of this great distributing Committee. There is, figuratively speaking, between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000 on the table to be divided. The Committee divides it so that every one is satisfied, at least to a reasonable extent.

While many harbor enterprises and some river improvements completed with benefit to water-traffic can be credited to the Rivers and Harbors Committee, yet the national interest has never been considered paramount in the distribution of the huge appropriations. If such had been the case, untold millions would have been saved the nation and our rivers and harbors would to-day be in a more advanced stage of development. The country—in this legalized and encouraged extravagance, as in the pensions and the tariff—is paying tremendous annual tribute to local selfishness.

This spirit of "get something" from the Government through your Congressman often descends from \$100,000 river appropriations to the level of petty larceny. A wealthy constituent of mine once wrote me:

"Am leaving in a hurry for New York. I am leaving an extra suit-case in the cloak-room at the Willard. I do not expect to return

this way, so will you kindly 'frank' suit-case home for me? If you have any scruples, fill it with public documents. That will make it 'official business.'"

The suit-case is still there.

This may be accepted as a petty act evidencing the spirit of "beating the Government" in but a single individual. It is but one of hundreds. It is a fair example of the same spirit which creates the "constituency interest" which is made paramount to the national interest.

This letter was received from a man whom I knew to be but little interested in public affairs:

"Will you kindly send me copies of all government reports which are handsomely or attractively bound?"

An inquiry from me as to what he wanted with books which would aggregate tons in weight brought the reply that he wanted them for "dummies" to dress up unoccupied shelves in his library.

Another request from a then unknown constituent asked that the writer be placed on the "free mailing-list" for all public documents. This would mean that he would receive several tons of documents every month. An investigation disclosed that he was engaged in the manufacture of an article made from waste-paper pulp. His idea was to have the Government supply him with "free raw-materials."

But the question will naturally be asked: Does not the Congressman stultify himself through allowing local interests to affect his attitude toward the national interest? Perhaps so. But there are extenuating circumstances. Few men come to Congress who are not honestly fired with ambition to do "something big"—to become actively and prominently identified with some great national movement, or to fight through to passage some great economic reform. They soon become legislative specialists, and their most intense thought is dedicated to some particular measures. It may take several sessions of Congress before the measure to which they have devoted months of study comes before the House with a prospect of passage. That is to be this man's great work. Is it surprising that he will submit to those conditions which he would otherwise spurn, so that he may satisfy his ambition to do something really big for his country? His constituents are probably chiefly interested in getting a new post-office building, or something like that.

Until the American people themselves become more national and less local, until constituencies cease to regard their Congressmen as solicitors at the National Treasury, Congress will continue to enact iniquitous groups of local favors into national legislation.

SCHEDULE I—THE COTTON TARIFF

HOW TWO RHODE-ISLAND MANUFACTURERS, WITH SENATOR ALDRICH'S HELP, RAISED THE PRICE OF THE PEOPLE'S CLOTHING FOR THEIR OWN PARTICULAR BENEFIT

BY

SAMUEL M. EVANS

HERE are two true stories of the effect of the new Cotton Schedule upon the people of the country—stories which can be duplicated in any part of the United States.

A census enumerator recently knocked at the door of a modest but well-kept cottage in the workingmen's quarter of Cleveland, O. A woman opened the door.

"The census man? Come right into

the kitchen, and I'll talk to you while I am finishing my morning work. Sit down. You go back to Washington and tell the man that sent you here that I can't afford to buy meat more than once a day; that my husband can't afford to buy a new suit; that the price of stockings and underwear and even sheets and pillow-cases is so high that we can hardly afford to buy them. Tell him that I have three little girls in school and that ordinary cotton-goods costs so much more this year than last year that we have to skimp and scratch and save every penny to make them look decent. "Now that is all the information you are going to get out of me," she panted.

A business man in Washington, D. C., who has difficulty in securing ready-made shirts with long enough sleeves, has his shirts made to order. Last month he went to his shirt-maker and asked to see the samples. He wanted to duplicate two shirts that he had had made at the same place last year. The shirt-maker told him that they would cost him \$3 each. Last year he paid \$2.25 each for the same material. The shirt-maker explained that the goods that he wanted had a few stripes of mercerized threads in it and that this was responsible for the increase in the cost. All his shirt-making material, he said, cost him on an average $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. more this year than last year, if it had any mercerized threads in it; and, if it had any figures woven in the piece, the advance in price was still sharper.

These are two actual cases. The cloth for the children's dresses is made by the Lorraine Manufacturing Company of Rhode Island, situated midway between Pawtucket and Providence. The cloth of which the shirts were made is manufactured by the Manville Company of Woonsocket and Manville, R. I. Mr. James R. MacColl is manager of the Lorraine Company, and Mr. Henry F. Lippitt is president of the Manville Company. The reason that the price of cotton cloth has gone up is that these two men wrote clauses into the Cotton Schedule of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff which increased all the duties on cotton goods and laid a tax upon the foreign country for their

own particular benefit and the profit of their associates.

WHO THE TARIFF-MAKERS WERE

This is the story of how they accomplished this feat:

Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl of Providence, R. I., are members of the Arkwright Club of Boston, which contains in its membership men who practically control the cotton-yarn and cloth industries of the United States. According to a letter signed by Messrs. MacColl and Lippitt, written to the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, its members own three-fourths of the spindles of New England. In that club are represented the powerful group of mills owned by the American Thread Company, the New England Yarn Company, and the William Whitman mills. These three concerns control the cotton-yarn industry of the United States and are closely allied to the other group of mills that control the cotton-cloth industry. The cotton-cloth mills are those owned by six families, which control the cotton-cloth industry of Rhode Island, and a group of mills controlled by Clarence Whitman, brother of William. (William Whitman is the author of Schedule K, the Wool Schedule of the Dingley Tariff, which was left unchanged in the Aldrich Tariff and which the President characterized as "indefensible.") Among the most powerful of the Rhode Island mills, are those of Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl. The Dingley Tariff was, in the main, satisfactory to Mr. Lippitt, for when it was framed he was allowed to put his interests above those of the people of the nation and write the schedule on cotton cloth himself. In a very frank statement made to a committee of manufacturers and importers several years ago, when a decision of the General Appraisers was in dispute, he said:

"I know that I am right because I wrote the Cotton-Cloth Schedule myself."

When it became evident that the tariff was going to be revised, Mr. Lippitt was selected by his brethren of the Arkwright Club to maintain the schedules that were so much to their advantage.

Mr. C. Minot Weld, president of the New England Yarn Company, a member of the

Arkwright Club, appeared before the Ways and Means Committee of the House and secured advances in the duties on cotton yarn that prohibited the importation of any yarn by independent manufacturers who might want to buy their yarn abroad and "buck" the Cloth Trust.

On December 1, 1908, Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl appeared before the House Committee on Ways and Means in Washington. They testified that the cotton manufacturers did not want an increase in the duties on cotton cloth; that they were perfectly satisfied with the way things were working out under the Dingley Law. Mr. Lippitt said:

"I am not appearing here to ask for an increase in the duties on the cloth clauses of the Cotton Schedule. I think that while there are importations going on under them it is reasonably regulative of the cotton trade. The importations are not so large that we feel justified in asking that the duties be increased, but we would not like to see them decreased. . . . We ask, therefore, that the present schedule shall not be materially changed."

Of the form of the cotton schedules Mr. Lippitt declared:

"Some minor features are still in controversy and may need elucidation."

This satisfaction with the Dingley rates was natural enough; for, as we have seen, Mr. Lippitt prepared them and they had been successful in prohibiting any large importation of cotton cloths. Whether or not the "minor features" of which Mr. Lippitt spoke would need "elucidation" depended upon whether or not the courts decided in favor of the cloth manufacturers in a law-suit then pending.

THE DISTURBING LAW-SUIT

In order to understand this law-suit, which is closely allied to the final form of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, it is necessary to understand the outlines of the Dingley Tariff Law. Cotton cloth was divided roughly into classes according to the number of threads to the square inch. The greater the number of threads in any fabric, the finer its quality and the higher the duty. Each class was again subdivided according to the weight of the goods per yard. The greater the number of yards of cloth per

pound, in any class of a given number of threads per square inch, the finer the quality of the goods and the higher the duty. In addition to this, each class was divided into unbleached, bleached, and colored goods. Bleached goods of any given number of threads per square inch and number of yards per pound paid a higher duty than unbleached, and the colored cotton cloth a still higher duty. The whole theory of this classification is that finer goods are more costly and should pay a higher duty.

In addition to these duties, each class of cotton goods, under the general classification according to the number of threads, was protected by an *ad valorem* proviso at the end of each paragraph, providing that unbleached goods of that class, no matter what the weight, if valued above a certain figure, should pay a duty not less than a certain per cent. of the value of the goods, and bleached or colored goods a higher per cent. These *ad valorem* duties were so arranged that they amounted to from 30 to 50 per cent. of the value of the goods.

Mr. Lippitt's mills had been manufacturing a large amount of cheap dress-goods known as madras. The shirts that the Washington man bought were made of madras. Madras of a cheaper quality is the same sort of stuff that is used for the curtains at your bungalow window, with a large, variegated, wall-paper pattern on it. The little figures in the shirt-goods and the wall-paper effect in the curtains are due to a little attachment on the loom called the Jacquard attachment. It puts the extra threads on the body of the fabric and cuts them off to make the figures shown on the cloth. The extra threads are superimposed on the body of the fabric, which is woven of coarse, unbleached cotton in the curtain goods.

Curtain madras had become increasingly popular in America during the last few years and, in spite of the tariff, it was beginning to be imported. It was entered at the custom-house as unbleached goods, because the body of the fabric was unbleached. The count of threads was determined by the count of threads in the body of the fabric. To give the American manufacturer protection against importations of this stuff still greater than the protection in the body

of the Tariff Law, the Dingley Law contained a section providing that cotton cloth "in which other than ordinary warp and filling threads have been introduced in the process of weaving" (no matter what the count of threads or weight) should pay an extra or cumulative duty of one cent per square yard if valued at not more than seven cents per square yard, and two cents a square yard if valued at more than seven cents.

And so, in addition to the regular duty, this material paid a duty of one or two cents per square yard additional, as the case might be.

In the summer of 1907 the Arkwright Club decided that these importations would have to be stopped. And so a suit was brought against Rusch & Co., importers, of New York, to recover a higher duty. The cotton manufacturers declared that these goods should be entered as colored goods because of the colored figures. Calling them colored would put them in a different classification with a higher duty.

Mr. Marion de Vries, of the Board of General Appraisers, decided against this plea, declaring that the extra section in the Dingley Law provided protection because of these extra threads. But Mr. Lippitt was undaunted. At any rate, Mr. de Vries later changed his view completely. In October, 1907, the officials at the Custom-House in New York decided to class these goods as colored goods. Two importers (Titus Blatter & Co., and Quaintance & Co., of New York) entered a suit against this new decision. On March 2, 1908, Judge Hough, of the Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, decided that these goods could not be classed as colored. "The Board decisions under review are irreconcilable," said the Court in rendering the decision. To the suggestion by the manufacturers that a "reasonable interpretation" must be given to the word "colored," the Court said: "This can only mean that some appraiser shall look at the cloth and judge whether it is or is not sufficiently colored with colored designs to be called 'colored cotton cloth.' Such a method of decision does not recommend itself."

The question was taken to the Circuit Court of Appeals of the Second District and argued before Judges Lacombe, Coxie,

and Ward. Here again the Court held that the cloth could not be classed as colored and be made to pay duty as such. This was on January 12, 1909, after Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl had appeared before the Ways and Means Committee and after the public hearings on the Tariff Bill had been closed.

The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, but Mr. Lippitt had little hope of winning there because all the previous decisions of the Supreme Court had hewn close to the letter of the Tariff Acts, and no room had been allowed for "reasonable interpretations" of the various schedules. This made it necessary for Mr. Lippitt to have the "minor points" he had spoken of "elucidated" in the new Tariff Bill.

MR. LIPPITT WRITES TO MR. PAYNE

On January 15, 1909, three days after Judge Lacombe's decision was handed down and a week before the decree was entered by the Court, Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl wrote, from Providence, R. I., their now famous letter to Chairman Payne of the House Committee on Ways and Means. They signed themselves as members of the Arkwright Club of Boston. The letter was received by the Republicans on the Ways and Means Committee, who were at that time in secret session framing the bill, and it did not appear in the printed hearings published by the Committee. Subsequently some of the "Progressive" Senators found it tucked away in a volume labeled "Appendix" to the hearings. The letter set forth how Messrs. MacColl and Lippitt desired to have the minor points elucidated. They proposed that the Tariff Act be amended in the following particulars:

"The terms bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, printed, or mercerized, wherever used in the paragraphs of this schedule, shall be held to include all cotton cloth having bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, printed, or mercerized thread, threads, yarn, or yarns in any part of the fabric and all fabrics which have, wholly or in part, prior, during, or subsequent to fabrication, been bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, printed, or mercerized."

This paragraph, of course, was intended to put all the Jacquard-weave goods with

even a colored thread under the colored classification in the new law, irrespective of the decision of the Supreme Court as to what their status had been under the Dingley Law.

The next paragraph they suggested was:

"The term thread or threads, as used in the paragraphs of this schedule, with reference to cotton cloth, shall be held to include all filaments of cotton, whether known as threads or yarn or by any other name, whether in the warp or filling or otherwise. *In determining the count of threads to the square inch in cotton cloth, all the threads, whether ordinary or other than ordinary and whether clipped or unclipped, shall be counted.*"

This section was to raise the classification of the Jacquard-weave goods by increasing the count of threads per square inch; for previously the appraisers had counted only the threads in the body of the cloth.

To make assurance trebly sure, the letter suggested a further paragraph providing that:

"*Cotton cloth, mercerized or subjected to any other similar process, shall pay one cent per square yard additional cumulative duty to that therein imposed upon such cotton cloth where the same, not so mercerized, is subjected to other similar process.*"

In other words, Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl wanted the new tariff so worded that, no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court might be, Jacquard-woven goods would have to pay duty as colored goods; and they added an extra hitch to the rate by the provision that the superimposed threads of the wall-paper figure should be counted, and they clinched the whole matter by adding the one cent a yard cumulative duty to all cloth that had a single mercerized thread in it.

It can be seen at a glance that *this arrangement would raise the duties on the entire Cotton Cloth Schedule*. Goods that had previously been entered as unbleached would have to pay duty as colored cotton and all figured goods would be put in a class of a much higher count of threads where the duties were higher.

Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl suggested one more amendment to the bill. There is an old paragraph in the Dingley Law providing a duty of 50 per cent. *ad valorem* for "curtains and table-covers." They

suggested that this needed changing because many tapestries that ought to be protected under it were being brought in as cotton goods. And so the addition was made.

"and Jacquard-figured goods, in the piece or otherwise, suitable for use as upholstery goods or as draperies or covers."

This would certainly protect Mr. Lippitt's goods if the other paragraphs should not be enacted, because dress goods are called draperies by many importers and tradesmen. There is every evidence that the changes suggested in the "curtain clause" by the members of the Arkwright Club were for the purposes of making assurance doubly sure and of setting up a straw man to be knocked down in case the trick should be discovered when the Tariff Bill was under discussion in Congress. The "little changes" suggested would have raised the duties far beyond 50 per cent. for Jacquard-figured goods; but, if the "joker" were discovered, they would have the curtain clause to fall back upon; or they could offer it as a sacrifice in a compromise on the whole schedule.

The letter from Providence said:

"The slight additional changes in the wording of the first paragraph as here presented are simply designed to meet legal questions which have been brought up in connection with it. Especial importance is attached to the second paragraph defining color."

The letter vouchsafes the information that Mr. Marion de Vries approved the "little" changes suggested.

"The alterations in paragraphs 310 and 313," it declared, "are substantially the same as contained in the recommendations of Mr. Marion de Vries, of the Board of General Appraisers, so that the language and form have his approval. . . . They are designed to make clear some disputed points in the present act, and have been drawn after consultations with people experienced in the details of the administration of the present act."

The letter adds naively, "*we hope they are worded so as to effectually accomplish the object desired,*" and closes with an appeal "that the rates of the Cotton-Cloth Schedule of the Bill of 1897 shall not be reduced."

A tariff bill is long and very complicated. While they are very important in their

operation, the "minor points" suggested by Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl are really minor points if considered in relation to the bulk of the Tariff Bill. It is utterly impossible for any man to become an expert in all branches of industry touched by the Tariff Law, and so the Ways and Means Committee was necessarily forced to rely upon the recommendations made to it by those who were supposed to know. Consequently, the Republicans of the Committee swallowed the recommendations of Messrs. Lippitt and de Vries whole, and when the bill was reported to the House it contained the little "elucidations" substantially as Mr. Lippitt had asked, even to the provision concerning the Jacquard cloths in the curtain section.

It might be pertinent to say here that practically no Jacquard-figured upholstery goods had been imported into this country for years because the duty was so high that these goods could not enter and compete with American tapestry-goods. It was the Jacquard-figured dress-goods that Mr. Lippitt wished to prohibit.

Except for these all-important "elucidations," which seemingly were not understood, the House Committee took the Arkwright Club at its word, and the duties of the Cotton-Cloth Schedule that are apparent on the face of the bill were not raised by Mr. Payne.

But several members of the House of Representatives, men of a prying disposition, investigated the Cotton Schedule and discovered the little "jokers" about the counting of threads and the color of the Jacquard-weave goods, and explained their findings.

MR. PAYNE DISCOVERS THAT HE IS FOOLED

Mr. Payne called a hurried meeting of the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee. He declared that he had been fooled and that he would stand for no such underhand legislation. The next day he got up in the House and moved to strike from the bill those two provisions about the counting of threads in cotton cloth and giving a new definition of "colored, mercerized, etc." His motion prevailed.

There was little time for the House to debate the bill and no one thought of looking behind the "curtain schedule" for

another "joker" or of inquiring whether the process of mercerization was so expensive that it needed a protection of one cent per square yard. So these two provisions—designed to secure the same ends as those taken from the bill—were left in, and in this shape it went over to the Senate. This was a half defeat for the adventurers from the Arkwright Club. But they came from Providence, R. I., whence hails Senator Aldrich, and therefore they did not despair.

The House Bill passed on April 9, 1909, and was sent over to the Senate the next day. Two days later, Senator Aldrich presented his Bill from the Finance Committee. He did not pretend that he had looked over the House Bill in those two days. The Republican members of the Finance Committee met behind closed doors while the House was struggling with its bill, and various manufacturers appeared before the Committee. No record of what occurred is available anywhere. However, Senator Aldrich stated later to the Senate that no cotton-cloth manufacturers had appeared before the Committee at all. The Cotton Schedule in the Senate Bill, he declared, had been drawn by the Committee on the advice of the government experts who were in Washington helping him. The chief of these was Mr. Marion de Vries, who came from his duties at the New York Custom-House and who stayed by the right hand of Senator Aldrich during the fierce fight made on the Tariff Bill in the Senate.

THE "ELUCIDATIONS" APPEAR AGAIN

When the Senate Bill was examined, it was discovered that a fine hand had been at work. Every one of the little "jokers" suggested by Messrs. Lippitt, MacColl, and de Vries, including those thrown out in the House of Representatives, was snugly ensconced in the bill.

In addition to this, all the *ad valorem* provisos of the Dingley Law which had been left unchanged by the House of Representatives had been converted into "specific duties" by Senator Aldrich, with an artificial dividing-line as to the value of goods.

Thus a piece of cloth falling in a given class according to the number of threads per square inch, its weight, and its character

as to color, which would have paid a duty of 40 per cent. *ad valorem* under the Dingley Law, was required to pay a specific duty of a certain number of cents per yard, varying according to the value per yard. Senator Aldrich explained that his specific duties were not higher than the *ad valorem* duties of the Dingley Law, but that they had been changed simply for the sake of uniformity.

Some members of the Senate have an inclination not to accept as gospel every word that falls from the mouth of the Senator from Rhode Island, and these "Progressives" got to work with their pencils and paper and changed Senator Aldrich's specific duties back to *ad valorem* duties and compared them with the Dingley rates. This process disclosed the fact that Senator Aldrich's transformation had increased the duty on cotton goods in sixty-two classes all the way from 25 to 459.96 per cent. It was further discovered that Senator Aldrich had eliminated altogether that class of goods counting less than fifty threads to the square inch, thus throwing these cheap goods into the next highest class of one hundred threads or less to the square inch. *This simple operation had the effect of just doubling the duty on the cheapest cotton-goods manufactured.*

The "Progressives" announced the result of their mathematical calculations to the Senate. A mighty howl went up. Then Senator Aldrich explained further. The "Progressives," he said, were terribly mistaken. Custom-house experts had presided at the transformation of the *ad valorem* rates into specific rates and there were no increases. Mr. Marion de Vries (and Mr. Aldrich referred to him as "Judge de Vries") had assured him of this fact.

Then the "Progressives" asked the Bureau of Statistics to figure it out, and their original results were confirmed. In only two cases did the Aldrich duties agree with the Dingley *ad valorem* rates.

But Senator Aldrich stood his ground. On May 4th he declared to the Senate:

"I expect before we are through with the consideration of this schedule to satisfy the Senator from Iowa himself (Mr. Dolliver) that these changes were all made in the interests of the American producer and that there is no increase in the rates of cotton cloth."

Senator Dolliver had already satisfied himself that the first part of the statement was undoubtedly true, but neither he nor the public at large has yet been convinced of the truth of the second part.

Senators Dolliver and La Follette sent to New York and got samples of cotton goods that had been appraised under both the Dingley rates and the Aldrich rates at the New York Custom-House. They showed graphically the increase in duties. *On mercerized goods the duties were increased on 118 classes of cotton cloth, or even on goods with a single mercerized thread in it.*

THE "LUXURY" "JOKE"

Then the greatest "joke" recorded in the literature of the Cotton Schedule was perpetrated. One day Senators found on their desks a book of estimates prepared by the Finance Committee of the Senate. It showed what purported to be the changes in the Dingley Law and the revenue that would be raised by the Aldrich Bill. Before every schedule in which an increase had been made, there appeared a capital letter "L." Reference to the top of the page informed the Senators that this meant "Luxury-articles of voluntary consumption." Reference to the Cotton-Cloth Schedule disclosed the fact that cotton cloth valued at more than seven cents a yard was a "luxury," according to the new standard raised by Senator Aldrich! But the "Progressive" Senators laughed the "L" out of court.

And then Senator Smoot came to the front. He declared that the Dingley duties had been too absurdly high in some places and that the Finance Committee had simply "equalized" them. Asked to point out where any duty had been lowered in the process of equalization, he could refer to no example. The equalization had been accomplished by raising the lower duties to conform to those which Senator Smoot declared were "absurdly high."

Meanwhile, on May 24th, the Supreme Court of the United States, by refusing to grant a writ of *certiorari* in the customs cases from the New York courts, had spoken the last word in the "colored-cloth cases" and upheld the contention that a single colored thread did not give a piece of cloth

place in the colored-cloth schedule of the Dingley Law. With this decision against them, the last hope of the venturers for victory in the courts was gone. It was necessary that they win in the Senate.

Senator Aldrich took the floor and declared that the changes had been put into the bill because of decisions of the courts that lowered the Dingley duties on cotton cloth. The bill, he said, was nothing but a return to the real Dingley rates as they had existed before the courts had "emasculated the law." A line of decisions was quoted to show this emasculation, chief among which were the colored-cloth decision of Judge Lacombe and a decision by Colonel Hartshorne, formerly one of the appraisers in New York, known as "the etamine decision."

It was discovered that the etamine decision had been rendered in 1904 when Hartshorne had classified all Jacquard-woven goods as etamines, which were provided for in the linen schedule and which bore a higher rate of duty. He arrived at this remarkable conclusion by defining etamines as "cloth with a hole in it." The decision was promptly overruled by the Board of General Appraisers, and Hartshorne was afterward separated from the service by Secretary Shaw because, contrary to law, he was interested in the linen industry.

In a mournful voice Senator Aldrich told the Senate that millions had been lost to the Government through these decisions. Pressed for figures, he sent anonymous newspaper-clippings to the Clerk's desk and had them read, and finally brought forth an affidavit from a subordinate in the New York Custom-House stating that, to the best of his recollection, anywhere from 6 to 30 per cent. of the goods imported into New York were madras goods and were affected by the colored-cloth decision. Senator Dolliver got a statement from the Treasury Department that the total amount involved in these cases was \$55,000 worth of goods. The duty on this, which was the money in dispute, would have been about 10 per cent. Senator Borah asked the Treasury Department for information, and the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury replied that about \$400,000 was involved

in the case. Senator Dolliver, who had become engrossed in the search for accurate information, questioned the Bureau of Statistics, and it was discovered that the total value of goods imported in 1907 to which this decision applied was \$356,000. The amount in dispute was 5 per cent. of this, instead of "millions."

During all this time Senator Aldrich had access to the books of the New York Custom-House. His force of custom-house experts occupied nearly an entire floor in the Senate Office-Building. He would produce nothing from the custom-house books. When other Senators tried to get at them, they found that, by order of President Taft, no information could be given out about the business of the New York Custom-House to United States Senators. Custom-house officers were not allowed even to talk except by written order of the President. Senator La Follette secured permission to get some information from a custom-house official, but found that the man had been specifically directed not to divulge any accurate information, but to give Senator La Follette simply the benefit of his recollection. Finally Senator Hughes looked up the briefs filed with the Supreme Court of the United States on both sides of the colored-cloth case. The Solicitor-General of the United States (acting in this case for the manufacturers) claimed that only \$260,000 was involved, and counsel for the other side (which won) declared: "We frankly believe that not more than \$20,000 is involved in the entire litigation on this issue, or about \$5,000 a year."

And so, even though the machinery of the United States Government had been set to prevent Members of the United States Senate from getting information, Senator Aldrich's millions flitted away; and then the Rhode Island statesman declared that the cotton men had not known about these decisions when Messrs. MacColl and Lippitt told the Committee on Ways and Means that they desired no changes in the Cotton Schedule. The decision of Judge Lacombe had not yet been rendered, but it is evident that Mr. Lippitt had been following the course of events pretty carefully. Senator La Follette wired to the Board of General Appraisers in New York and found out that

when the appeal from Colonel Hartshorne's ridiculous etamine decision was heard in the court, the witnesses who upheld the definition that an etamine was "cloth with a hole in it" were George N. Duren, selling agent of Lippitt's mills, and J. R. MacColl.

WORKING IN THE DARK

These facts are set forth simply to show how well the business of private-tariff making had been planned by cutting off in advance many sources of aid from the fighters for the victims. That the United States Senate should be deprived of information on such an important matter was believed impossible before that time. But private-tariff makers always work in the dark as long as possible.

Senator Aldrich's next defence of his increases was the cry that labor in America costs more in the cotton-goods industries than it costs abroad. Senator La Follette showed, by reference to United States Census Bulletin 93, that the average weekly wage of all cotton-mill operators in the United States was \$6.47 and that the average wage in England per week was \$4.68. It was shown that operators work longer hours in this country, work from six to eight looms here, whereas they work but two in England, and that the New England mills employ more women and younger boys and girls than are allowed to work under the more humane laws of England. Senator La Follette finally showed that all of the cotton mills in New England, in twelve years, had paid for themselves in dividends. The talk of child-labor and profits silenced the "New England Oligarchy."

THE SLIGHT COST OF MERCERIZATION

Then the "Progressives" attacked the mercerization "joker." The silk-like threads that appear in a large proportion of cotton cloth sold in America are "mercerized." They are given their gloss by a bath in caustic soda—a very inexpensive process. About 79 per cent. of the yarns and cloths used by the trade, that is, by manufacturers of cotton cloth—are mercerized or contain mercerized threads. The "Progressives" found out first that this process costs less in America than anywhere else in the world; and, second, that it costs from seven-

hundredths of a cent to less than a quarter of a cent per yard to mercerize cotton goods. If there are only a few mercerized threads in the piece, the cost is almost infinitesimal. The Lippitt-MacColl-de Vries joker provided an extra duty of one cent a yard for mercerized goods or goods that had even a single mercerized thread in the fabric.

When Senators La Follette and Dolliver submitted their figures on the cost of mercerization, the second great joke of the Cotton-Cloth Schedule was perpetrated. From the quarters in the Senate Office-Building occupied by scores of custom-house clerks, telegrams were sent wildly to many cotton-cloth manufacturers pleading for figures on the cost of mercerization. "Tell me what my bill means," was the appeal of Senator Aldrich. When the figures came in they were not different from those submitted by the "Progressives," and Senator Aldrich did not present them to the Senate.

Then Insurgent Senators attacked the "curtain clause." They drew the teeth of that "joker" by limiting the application of the 50 per cent. duty strictly to tapestry goods. Their hard fight also resulted in knocking out the "jokers" permitting a single thread to determine the color or mercerization of the goods. The other provisions for the counting of threads and the extra duty on mercerized cloth remained in the bill.

TREACHERY IN CONFERENCE

But Messrs. MacColl and Lippitt had declared that the color provision was "especially important." *This "joker" had been rejected in the Senate and in the House. But when the bill came back from the Conference Committee, it contained the "joker."* The conferees had violated the trust imposed in them by both the Senate and the House and had thwarted the will of Congress.

That little "joker" could not have secured enough votes in either House to make a respectable showing. After it had been placed back in the bill by the Conference Committee, the only way it could be eliminated was to defeat the whole measure, and Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl were able to report to their club members that they had successfully carried through their scheme to tax the people of the United States to

increase their own profits. Through their little "elucidation clauses," the schedules on cotton cloth were uniformly raised, in some cases several hundred per cent. over the old rate.

Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl had another reason for rejoicing. They had accomplished apparently even more than they had set out to do. A Customs Court was

established. It was explained that ordinary judges do not know the fine points of tariff legislation and that a special court is needed to "elucidate" the law. Mr. Marion de Vries is now a member of that court. He will not in the future suffer the humiliation of having it recorded that his decisions are "irreconcilable." The Customs Court is the court of last appeal in tariff cases.

WHY 250,000 CHILDREN QUIT SCHOOL

THE YEARLY ARMY THAT DROPS OUT OF LINE — STANDARDS
TOO HIGH AND TEACHING TOO DULL

BY

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LAST June an army of 250,000 boys and girls, about fourteen and a half years old, marched from the city public-schools of America, proudly bearing the evidence of having completed successfully the eight years of study. During that month and the months preceding there dropped from the ranks another army of 250,000 children who had failed of graduation. They were of about equal age and had spent about the same length of time in school as their more fortunate schoolmates. The larger fraction of this 250,000 educational failures had completed only six of the eight years in the course of study.

This is our great educational problem. It transcends in importance all questions as to the method and scope, content or

intent, for the first thing to do is to get the children to attend school.

The whole theory of democracy is built on the assumption that the voters shall be intelligent. The last two years of the elementary schools contain the studies basal to intelligent citizenship—United States history, civics, commercial geography, etc.

Our school systems have accomplished the first task given to them. They have in less than a century reached the point where all the pupils do actually get a working-knowledge of the fundamentals of an intelligent life, namely, the ability to read the daily papers, to write, to do such operations with figures as are involved in daily financial transactions. This has never been done before in the history of the world. Heretofore the bulk of the world got what education it secured in the home. In a single century the world has developed a social instrument which actually does this fundamental and world-changing thing—that is, puts the "three R's" into the possession of all.

We in the United States are making a new demand of our schools. The pupils must learn the fundamental facts necessary

NOTE.—Three years ago the Russell Sage Foundation commissioned Dr. Gulick and Mr. Leonard P. Ayres to collect the facts about children who quit school. Including data supplied by Superintendent Maxwell, of New York City, the records of 40,000 children in 250 cities were examined. The conclusions reached are set forth in this article.
—THE EDITORS.

to intelligent citizenship. Because of the decay of the apprenticeship system we may have to include vocational training in the schools; but, whether this is to come or not, it is necessary for all to become intelligent citizens.

The last two years of the course are by all odds the most valuable years. In a certain sense the first years are but preparatory to the last two years. During the first years the pupil has been mainly acquiring the tools of education. During the last two years he learns more about applying these tools than he does during the whole first six years. In such subjects as commercial geography he will light upon the activities of all our people. The study of how our country is governed — civics — is basal to intelligent citizenship. The study of United States history has been parenthetical and inadequate during the preceding years. During the last two years it is comprehensive and consecutive. This tragedy, therefore, of the bulk of the children who fail of graduation is that they succeed in accomplishing no more than the first six years of the course.

How, then, may we save this army of 250,000 children who drop out of school without completing the last two years of the course? I use the word "save" deliberately, for a large fraction of these 250,000 children drop out of school because they have failed. They are humiliated, their confidence in their own ability is destroyed, and the soul-destroying conviction is ground into them that they are "failures," "stupid," "dumb," or "backward."

My point of view is that of the non-technical business man who discovers that his factory is finishing up only 50 per cent. of its raw material. He wants to know what is the matter, and particularly how to stop this 50 per cent. of loss.

This article is written in the belief that there are at least four great underlying sources of loss which belong in varying degrees to all the schools in all parts of the country, both urban and rural, North, South, East, and West. It is true that the problem of the rural schools is different from the problem of the city schools, that the standards of the licensing of teachers varies greatly in the different states, that the general

intelligence in different communities varies considerably, that the courses of study are widely variant, and that there are many other factors which render the problem complex.

Taking all this into account, however, there appear to be at least four great sources of loss:

(1) *Losses from the ranks, due to the lack of adjustment between the length of the compulsory education and the length of the school course.*

(2) *Losses due to preventable ill-health or to removable physical defects.*

(3) *Losses due to irregular school attendance.*

(4) *Losses due to the fact that the courses of study are either too difficult or not adapted to the average pupil. The school machinery is such that every facility is given children to go more slowly than the average, and but little opportunity to go faster than the average.*

I take these up seriatim:

SIX-YEAR LAWS WITH EIGHT-YEAR COURSES

In most of the states the law requires six years or less of school attendance, and yet the elementary course in most American states involves eight grades with a year apiece. So we have a six-year law with an eight-year school. In several states the law appears to require eight years, but in reality demands only six. For example, in Massachusetts the law requires the child to attend school from the age of eight to sixteen, but excuses him at fourteen if he has regular employment at home or elsewhere. The states demanding eight full years of schooling are Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, and Washington.

There are two factors basal to the length of the elementary school course. Upon these facts the duration of the compulsory education period should be established. These are (1) at what age is it best that a child should enter school? and (2) at what age should pupils graduate from the elementary school?

Under existing conditions it appears that, on the average, children who enter school at six or seven do better for themselves and the school than those who enter at any other age. We have long been told that children

who enter school at eight would be advanced enough mentally soon to catch up with, if not to pass, those who enter at six. The study of 40,000 children's records by my associate, Mr. Leonard P. Ayres, to whom I am indebted for all the data in these articles, does not support this claim. Children who enter at eight or nine do progress faster than those who enter at six or seven, but not enough faster to make up for their handicap. More children graduate who enter at six and seven than who enter at eight and nine. Under present conditions, then, children should begin school when they are six or seven years old.

Children should graduate at fourteen or fifteen. A change ought to and does come over children at that time which demands a less maternalistic environment than that of the elementary school. They are gripped by a new spirit of energy and independence which demands either the larger liberty of the high-school or the obligations of business. Even the best of children are restless and unsuited in the elementary school after fourteen. With a wonderful uniformity the average age of leaving school ranges from fourteen to fifteen all over the country. This is true whether they have graduated or not, whether they are native-born or foreign-born, white or black, whether the course of study is easy or hard, or even whether the teachers and teaching equipment are good or bad.

It is a great biological fact which we are dealing with. When the wings of the nestling are grown it leaves the nest. The same kind of force drives children out of the elementary school soon after they are fourteen. The elementary form of school is suited to children but not to adolescents. This is the first reason why children drop out of school at fourteen, no matter in what grade or part of the country they are.

The first thing that we need, then, is *a compulsory-attendance law, without "jokers" or exceptions, which shall require children to begin school at six or seven and stay in school for eight years.*

WHY CHILDREN LEAVE SCHOOL

Why do half of the children drop out of school before graduating? Sixteen per cent. of all who drop out do so because of ill-health; and those who have physical de-

fects, such as poor hearing, poor seeing, hypertrophied tonsils, adenoids, or decayed teeth, progress through school 9 per cent. more slowly than children who are not so handicapped.

Suppose that a child is somewhat deaf and so does not learn enough of what is going on to do well. He fails and has to repeat the first grade. After it is discovered that he is deaf, a seat in the front row is always given him. He makes no more failures. He entered school at seven, at nine he entered the second grade, at ten the third, at eleven the fourth, at twelve the fifth, and at thirteen the sixth. There seems to be no question about the general truth of these figures. The chances are good that this boy will drop out of school. If he is followed by the school-officer it will be shown that the boy is already in his fourteenth year, and that he will drop out on his fourteenth birthday anyway without completing the year. The result is that he is out either then or on his fourteenth birthday. He reasons that he cannot hope to graduate, for that will take him till he is sixteen, so he had better drop out at once.

Medical inspection as already carried on in many places will detect all these cases before they have failed, and an efficient "follow-up" system will see that the defects are removed. It is wasteful to the state and inhuman to the child to have his progress in school blocked because he has some removable defect that prevents his seeing, hearing, breathing, or chewing. Children with bad teeth are, on an average, six months behind those in school with good teeth. Purely on the basis of economy, it is cheaper to have the teeth of these children filled than it is to pay for the extra six months' instruction or to have the children drop out of school with a year less of education than they otherwise would have had.

Now about the 16 per cent. who drop out because of ill-health. Adequate attention to a few simple matters will remove most of this.

(1) Medical inspection can stop the school's being a means of spreading measles, scarlet fever, and diphtheria.

(2) No matter what the system or lack of system of ventilation, every window in the building could be opened for three minutes

every period, or at most every hour. During this time the pupils should march around, sing, dance, and do exercises. Change of temperature is as important as purity of air, and moving around every little while is essential to good work. The method of opening the windows and taking exercise all at once avoids disturbing the balance of circulation in a pressure system of ventilation, and avoids the evil of noise.

(3) The building and pupils must be clean. Send the children home if they smell, and clean the building by the vacuum system. In most schools a cloud of dust rises about three feet from the floor when the children run or dance on it. No wonder that they have colds. The school-building could and should be as clean as a hospital, and for the same reasons. These three steps will largely prevent losses from illness.

Here are two largely preventable leaks in our school systems:

(1) *About 16 per cent. of those who drop out do so because of ill health.*

(2) *Those having removable physical defects make 9 per cent. slower progress than they should.*

TO STOP THE LEAKAGE

Another great leak in our school systems is due to intermittent attendance. The facts found by studying the records of all American cities which give in detail information about the regularity of attendance of their school-children, are the following:

Three children out of four attend school regularly, that is, more than three-fourths of the time. One child out of four attends school irregularly, that is, less than three-fourths of the school year. It is not to be expected that a child can master the work of a grade well enough to be promoted in less than three-fourths of the time.

London, England, and a good many American smaller cities have almost stopped this leak in the school system. It is accomplished by two steps efficiently taken:

(1) A school census which accurately locates every child of school age in the community.

(2) Adequately administered school laws, so that all who are not in school are immediately followed up.

There are at present many children who do not go to school simply because the city has no knowledge of their existence. They

have never been registered in school. A child moves to another part of the city, takes his transfer slip, and it may be a month before he appears at the new school. Many children stay away from school for a month or so after school has begun; many drop out a week or two before the Christmas holidays and do not come back till a week or two after. Many, especially boys, drop out late in May or early in June.

Prompt following up of these cases in communities where it has been tried always results in establishing the habit of regular attendance the whole school year. Every child who is not keeping up because of intermittent attendance or any other cause tends to hold the entire class back and to absorb an undue proportion of the time of the teacher.

"HIGH STANDARDS" TOO HIGH

At present our courses of study are not fitted to the abilities of the average pupil, but to those of the unusually bright one. In an investigation in New York City it was found that for every child making rapid progress through the grades there were eight who made slow progress. Last year, in a Massachusetts city, for every one making rapid progress there were twenty-one making slow progress. In a large city in Pennsylvania the slow pupils are fourteen times as numerous as the rapid ones. In five other cities in different parts of the country the slow pupils are from ten to one hundred and fifty times as numerous as the rapid ones. The condition is general if not universal. It is probably a most conservative statement to say that in the average city there are at least ten times as many children making slow progress as there are making rapid progress.

I know that the difficulty in making up a grade once lost lies not mainly in the course of study but in our lack of school machinery adapted to help the pupil to regain a lost grade or to gain a grade. But the large number who lose grades shows that the course of study or the promotion conditions must be changed. The essential and the only essential condition for promotion should be the attainment of such knowledge and skill as will permit of the next grade being understood. This involves in most years

only a fraction of the whole work covered. Arithmetic is almost the only subject that is so consecutive that one year's work absolutely depends on that of the previous year. And even here the essentials are addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, fractions, and percentage. It is less expensive and more humane to give special help to a child that he may be promoted than it is to degrade him with all the loss to the individual, the school, and the community which is involved.

The objection raised is that this means lowering the standards. A high standard is one which secures the best and most effective and successful work from the pupil. Those standards are vicious and low which promote failure and discouragement. I know one teacher who for years has "failed" over half of each successive class by so-called "high standards." That woman is responsible for the termination of the school-career of hundreds of boys and girls who average up well both in effort and mental power. The trouble is with the standard. A man teaching boys to jump, who should put the stick at such a height that a considerable number failed and stopped trying, would not be regarded as maintaining high standards. It is his business to teach boys to jump—not to discourage them so that they will leave the field.

This army of failure, consisting of the 250,000 children who each year leave our city schools, having failed of graduation, may be largely recruited into the army of success, those who graduate, by four measures:

(1) Having a genuine eight-year compulsory school law for the eight-year school.

(2) Having medical inspection of school-children with adequate "follow-up" work by school nurses or teachers. This brings the rate of progress of the children having defects up to the normal. Adequate hygienic supervision of the school and its work largely does away with the 16 per cent. of those who drop out because of ill health.

(3) A complete school census and an adequate administration of attendance-officers cut down all failures due to the fact that 25 per cent. of the children now attend school but three-quarters of the time.

(4) The course of study and school machinery must be so adapted to the average that as many will go faster as go slower than the mass.

In a school system with 1,000 pupils entering each year and 83 per cent. promoted each year, there will be 830 who complete the first grade in one year; of this number, 689 will go through the second grade in one year, 572 the third, 475 the fourth, 393 the fifth, 326 the sixth, 271 the seventh, and 225 will graduate without having failed. A few will go faster than this, and about 250 will keep on in spite of one or more years of failure, so that eventually about 500 will be graduated each year. These are the present conditions in American city schools. In those systems that have changed these promotion rates to 95 per cent. or better, the figures are as follows:

950 complete the first year without failure.
903 complete the second year without failure.
858 complete the third year without failure.
815 complete the fourth year without failure.
774 complete the fifth year without failure.
735 complete the sixth year without failure.
698 complete the seventh year without failure.
663 complete the course without failure.

And it would be reasonable to expect that those who continue in spite of having failed only once in their course will nevertheless graduate. This will give a total of 941—that is, 94 per cent.

These four measures do not increase the total expenditure for instruction in any respect. They decrease, not increase, the number of children in school at any one time, for children are promoted and graduated promptly. They give 94 per cent. of the children the important studies in the two upper years of the course, while at present only one-half of the children get these studies.

These measures stop the "blocking" in the lower grades, raise the health and efficiency standards of the whole body of pupils and teachers, and tend to establish the habit of success rather than the habit of failure in the pupils. This is of greater importance than anything in the course of study. It sends the children out into the world with hope rather than with discouragement.

The accomplishment of this result, the conversion of the army of failure into an addition to the army of success, is the second great achievement of the American city schools.

TALKS WITH A GREAT TEACHER

INTIMATE HOURS WITH THE LATE PROFESSOR WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER, OF YALE

BY

J. PEASE NORTON

(PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS IN YALE UNIVERSITY)

IT HAPPENED after I had read many books and listened to the lectures of many teachers who had disappointed me in the breadth of their prejudices and in the confusion of their issues, that I came across William Graham Sumner. I heard him once and knew that I had found a great philosopher. Forthwith I dropped much work of other men and spent in three years four hundred hours in his classrooms and many hours in conversation with him at his house. He was the most honest man whom I have ever met. His understanding of the great questions of this world was the wisest which it has been my lot to follow. In all his teachings and conversation I never found the slightest trace of an influence which would discolor his presentation of the knowledge which he believed to be the truth. Because he loved truth and hunted knowledge with wisdom, he was the Socrates to whom men listened with respect.

Many times I have met him alone, both at his classroom and at his house, in the hour before he was accustomed to begin his evening reading, and I have asked him, as the twilight deepened, how he thought upon great questions.

I asked him to tell me what he thought *now*; for I saw that here was a man who had read — with honest search for truth for fifty years — almost everything written regarding man's place in nature; and the final fruits of all this thinking I was eager to achieve. Therefore, on each occasion, I brought up a new problem, and he told me what he thought. Sometimes he talked on such subjects as Christ, Buddha, the Catholic Church, the life beyond; and at

other times he discussed marriage, universities, democracies, republics, graft, and men. Most interesting was his estimate of great men, both living and dead.

"Who," I once asked, "are the three greatest men of to-day?" His reply was something like this: "If you wish me to select them according to their power for good for the next generation, I should say Rockefeller, Edison, and Carnegie. Their power for good depends upon the vast resources which these men control. Rockefeller and Carnegie are able to *initiate* vast institutions which by a slow process of evolution would require centuries to develop. Edison represents the productive capacity of the human brain pitted against the secrets of the universe. He has produced, by invention, wealth greater than we can hope to measure.

"Next to him, Rockefeller has produced, by an inventive genius directed in the human field rather than against nature, incalculable wealth by controlling men, perfecting organization, and eliminating waste, which is the sole direction of progress. Carnegie is in a measure the accident of a combination of aggressive acquisitiveness, tariff privilege, and a rich environment. But Edison has created wealth by invention just as Rockefeller has created wealth by method. Society should strive to make thousands of Edisons possible. Who knows how many Edisons have not developed because the opportunities to produce have not occurred? Rockefeller has perfected the method of fitting together little Edisons with some of the qualifications missing; and by supplementing the qualifications needed

by coöperation with others, he has in this way hitched up corporations which should be models of efficiency for our own government and for governments of the world."

Again I asked him: "What is the future of the Republic?" His reply was to this effect:

"That is a question on which I have speculated many hours. As a nation we are now entering the glory period. The swash-buckling Roosevelt appeals to the crowd. He can do a vast amount of mischief because he will make the people like that type, and those who imitate him will not be so honest in their intentions as he is. I don't like to see the glory period, because it brings in grave dangers of corruption and extravagance which ultimately have ruined all the republics of the past. I don't believe the Republic will last longer than 1950. We are on the threshold of very great wars, and the possibilities of trouble in the East are tremendous."

His philosophy of political events was keen and illuminating. It was something like this: "You must distinguish sharply in history between the motives and the consequences. The motives may be good and the consequences may be bad. On the other hand, the consequences may be good when the motives are bad. Distinguish clearly, if you would understand events, the real purposes, the alleged motives, and the slogan. They are often separate and distinct. Remember that these have nothing to do, necessarily, with the consequences. The consequences are the products of the immediate conditions, and the power suddenly given to those who promote a new movement successfully and go into office reacts upon their characters in turn, so that everybody is often disappointed in the result.

"Take Socialism. It commences very radically. As it becomes popular, the radicalism is modified by the addition of the more conservative to the ranks. Such a movement travels under a slogan — 'Equality and fraternity,' 'Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' 'Equal rights' — grand maxims which orators take down from the shelves and dust on the Fourth of July. These grand, impossible slogans offer hope. Thousands repeat the

words. Back of the slogan march the true reformers and the politicians. The purpose of the politician is to get an office. The few sincere reformers are trying to do good to the world. The politician uses the reformers to get his popular support. As the procession marches toward success with banners flying, the reformers rapidly become the small minority, and the camp followers are a motley crew.

"So it goes, over and over again. In the end, everybody is disappointed, because society goes on just the same as before. There is only a little more than enough to eat for most of us, and there always have been some people left out in the cold without shelter in winter. Take Roosevelt's doctrine of race suicide. If we were to take him seriously, where would we be? Society has had to limit offspring, sometimes very ruthlessly by infanticide. The effect of the institution of monogamy is in this direction. When the pressure of population is slight, polygamy flourishes. There, Roosevelt's doctrine is approved by the accepted *mores*. Norton, we have all got to mind our own business, and in doing this, see to it that the other fellow minds his and that the Government maintains justice.

"Roosevelt has the right idea in the 'square deal.' I never believed in Socialism or paternalism. The only comfortable place in a socialistic society would be a place on the national committee. Good men who try sincerely to run other folk's business do a vast amount of mischief. Do not imagine that a popular doctrine is necessarily true. In the end, the truth is apt to prevail. There will always be men who will defend the popular doctrine.

"I have seen a few economists defend 'protectionism' on principle, but I have never found that anybody took them very seriously, and I know that I never thought much of their principles. The effect of high duties is to drive the people from their farms into the cities. This raises the cost of living, and finally a reaction starts. The cry then is, as in England for the repeal of the corn-laws: 'Give us cheap bread.' In a few years, you will live to see the breakdown of the mischievous protectionistic system."

In his philosophy of good and evil in the state, he distinguished between those who produce wealth and those who destroy it. His thought was that the genuine producers of wealth by invention, method, and labor should be free from all unnecessary interference, because such production is the life-blood of social prosperity.

I asked him once what he considered was most worth striving for in this world. His answer was immediate: "The happiness of little children, who are the promise of great happiness for all. The child cements the marriage and, afterward, the interests of husband and wife run parallel in the career of the child. The feeling against divorce arises from the injustice done to the child. Once in many, many thousands, there occurs in real life a case of the ideal marriage which does not require the children to make it lasting. It is the ideal; in it we see the highest transport of the human imagination in beauty and fidelity, so that all evils

undergone are as nothing, and life and death become as little things.

"The great romances of history which cut across the very links of fate belong to the above ideal, and they often end in pitiless, although beautiful, tragedies. For society is adjusted not to the ideal, but to average conditions; and more often in real life than in novels we see the contradiction to the ideal, which we would see in the current literature if any novelist dared to let the beautiful bride at the end of one marriage become the horrid mother-in-law in the next."

Had political conditions been different, Professor Sumner might have been Minister to England or a Secretary of the Treasury. In either place, his work would have commanded the attention of the nation. With his death, Yale has lost her most distinguished teacher, and America a very great, if not her greatest, philosopher, whose specialty was man.

A CITY THAT TAXES THINGS AS THEY ARE

EDMONTON, CANADA, PUTS NO TAX ON IMPROVEMENTS, AND ASSESSES ITS BUSINESS TAX ACCORDING TO THE SQUARE FEET OF FLOOR SPACE — A SYSTEM THAT WORKS

BY

FRED BATES JOHNSON

HERE on the main business street lies an unimproved lot with a fifty-foot front; its value at, say, \$1,000 a front foot, is \$50,000. Next to it lies a lot of the same size, with the same land-value, but improved with a \$50,000 building. Now on the ordinary basis for valuation for taxes, the second lot, with the \$50,000 improvement, would be taxed twice as much as the first. But ordinary conditions do not prevail in this city. The unimproved lot is taxed exactly the same as the improved lot;

each is taxed on the basis of the valuation of the land itself.

The city is Edmonton, capital of the province of Alberta, Canada — located one thousand miles west and north of Winnipeg.

Edmonton is old as a settlement, but young as a city. Its history runs back more than two hundred years into the old Hudson Bay Company times. Its development into the city class has been rather recent, however, and only during the last four years have these new theories been tried.

In the first place it offers a novel scheme of taxation. Taxes are levied on only four forms of value — (1) Land, (2) Business, (3) Income, and (4) Special Franchises. Aside from the poll-tax and the taxes against property-owners for improvements local to their property, the four schedules constitute the basis of the city-assessment roll. As a matter of fact, only three are used, because all of the special franchises are owned by the city, and hence not taxed.

When the assessor goes around in the spring, he considers three factors in making up his assessment-roll or tax-duplicate — the value of the land, the value of the businesses, and the value of the incomes. The income-tax is simple. The first \$1,000 of the income is exempt. Each additional thousand dollars of income is taxed at the general tax-rate — \$1.45 on the \$100 in 1908, above the exempted thousand.

The actual cash-value of the land is taken, and the tax-rate applied to it by the assessing officer. "In estimating the land value," says the city charter, "regard shall be had to its situation and the purpose for which it is used; or, if sold by the present owner, the purpose for which it could and probably would be used in the next succeeding twelve months." In other words, if there is a livery stable next door, this vacant lot will be assessed with respect to its value as a site for a livery stable; if the building happens to be a residence worth \$25,000, the assessment will be on the basis of its value for a residence worth \$25,000. If there be a bank next door, this lot will be assessed on its value as a possible bank-site. Not that these examples state exactly the real situation. The property next adjoining, standing by itself, does not of itself determine this basis. All the property near-by — the immediate neighborhood — is taken into consideration.

The tax on business is perhaps unique. The assessor fixes a rate per square-foot of floor-space (irrespective of partitions, elevators, stairways, or other obstructions) of each building or part of building used for business purposes. Then he fixes a different value per square-foot for each business, ranging from twenty-five cents a square-foot for the florist to \$7.50 a square-foot for the banker. To illustrate: A florist occupies a single-story building 50 feet wide by 200

feet long, a floor-space of 10,000 square-feet. The valuation of his business, assessed on the basis of twenty-five cents a square-foot, is \$2,500. The bank, down in the city, occupies the same amount of floor-space as the florist, but its business is assessed at the rate of \$7.50 a square-foot, so that its valuation is placed at \$75,000. At the 1908 tax-rate the florist pays \$36.25 and the banker pays \$1,087.50.

Nor does the character of the building enter into this business tax. The florist, in a generous mood, may have made his greenery of silver and plate-glass, costing \$100,000; and the banker, in a fit of acute penuriousness, may have built his bank of poplar logs or peat, at a total cost of \$200. The assessments will stand, anyhow, as figured out on the basis of floor-space, for they are not assessments on the shell which holds the business. They are occupation, not improvement taxes.

The basis for every business is fixed each tax-year. About fifty definite businesses are enumerated and in addition there is a catch-all for the unclassified businesses. During the year 1909 each square-foot of a millinery store was assessed for \$2. The undertakers were assessed on the basis of \$2.50 a square-foot; the ice-cream parlor, \$2; piano store, \$3; boarding-house, fifty cents; hotel, \$1; drug-store, \$4; and printing office, \$2.50.

Then, too, distinctions are made in the same line. In dry goods, for example, each square-foot of a retail store is assessed at a valuation of \$3.50, whereas that of a wholesale store is valued at \$2. The first floor of a furniture store is assessed \$1.50 a square-foot, the second floor \$1, and the floor which contains the carpets and linoleums \$3.50. The wholesale grocer pays \$1.50 and the retailer \$3.

Now take the provision for the professional man. His profession is not taxed as such. The tax is placed on this same basis of floor-space, the lawyer, for example, being assessed on a valuation of \$4 a square foot. The young chap just starting up pays a small tax on a small space; the older practitioner, with his library rooms, reception rooms, consulting rooms, pays a large tax. So, too, with the doctor and the dentist. It is interesting as a living system anyhow.

Of course, these valuations also differ from year to year. This means that there is a large discretionary power lodged somewhere. It is a delicate job for one man. The assessing officer and his assistants are appointed by the city council, to serve during good behavior. No questions of local or Dominion politics enter into it. Perhaps that is the salvation of the scheme.

In cases of alleged unfair valuation, there is an appeal to the council, and from the council to the local judge. But during the year 1908 there were less than half a dozen appeals from the assessor to the council, and only one to the court. Somehow the plan seems to satisfy the harshest of tests: it works.

"This tax on land," said Mr. A. G. Harrison, secretary of the local Board of Trade, "discourages the buying and holding of unimproved land for speculative purposes. On the other hand, there is every inducement to improve, and to improve well, for a very valuable improvement pays no more taxes than one of nominal value — neither pays any.

"This premium on improvement and penalty for non-improvement has forced our city into compactness, so far as buildings are concerned. The city is built out evenly and regularly. So, too, the form of tax on business makes for compactness. Our florist is not going to use more space than he needs, nor is our lawyer. Each pays on a space basis; and, in renting property, each gets just what he wants and not twice as much."

Other features of this city government are not less interesting. Suffrage is based on a property qualification. All men, unmarried women, and widows of the full age of twenty-one years who are assessed on the last revised assessment-roll for \$200 or upward make up the voting-list. But if some man with no property of his own was forehanded in his choice of a wife, and obtained (or was obtained by) a woman who has property to the value of \$200, this shrinking male may vote — provided he gets, in writing, the consent of his wife.

Nor is this all. In matters involving the issuance of bonds for permanent improvements, there is another list of votes to be considered — the "burgesses." These burgesses are impersonal voters — banks or other corporations — and there you have the property qualification again. A burgess

consists of "any bank or other corporation assessed on the last revised assessment-roll as a freeholder or lessee of real property, which, if held or leased by an individual, would entitle him to vote"; "it shall be entitled to one vote only, which may be given by the chief resident officer of such corporation." In certain cases, too, all voters may cast more than one vote — they may vote in all the wards in which they hold property, and in each ward may cast several votes, according to a sliding scale. A voter with property between \$200 and \$2,000 in value has one vote; between \$2,000 and \$5,000, two votes; \$5,000 to \$8,000, three votes; \$8,000 and upward, four votes. This cumulative voting, however, applies only in certain money-raising matters which, originating in the city council, have to be referred to the voters before being finally passed — a sort of referendum.

This charter — this coat of Joseph and its patches of Henry George, English civic schemes, Galveston adaptations, patches of all shades, shapes, sizes, colors, descriptions and imaginations — whence came it? In brief, it came out of the head of one William Short, King's Councillor, several times mayor and now the leading citizen of Edmonton.

"I got my ideas from the peculiar needs of our city," said Mr. Short recently. "I did not know who Henry George was and the term 'single-tax' was at that time outside my vocabulary. Out here was our city, growing up by itself, a thousand miles from Winnipeg, isolated in our far western position. We seemed to belong to no one in particular, and no one would assume the responsibility for us. We assumed it ourselves, and worked out our problems the best way we could. We were off from the world, in a way, and had the right to try our experiments in our own city if we wanted to. We did want to — and are trying. So far we think we have been successful."

"And if the plan doesn't prove itself after some years?" he was asked.

"In that case we shall try another," he smiled in reply. "And another, and another, and another, again and again," he might have added. For that is the way this type works — the pioneer type of the city.

SIX HUNDRED MILES IN A HOUSEBOAT

A LEISURELY CRUISE ALONG THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
IN THE FIRST MODERN HOUSEBOAT IN PACIFIC WATERS

BY

JOSEPH GILPIN PYLE AND ANNIE SANBORN PYLE

IF THE gasoline engine has made aviation practicable, its transformation of the houseboat is scarcely less, startling. Until recently the word "houseboat" suggested a cottage of from two to four tiny rooms, set on a scow, that might be anchored by a river's bank or in some cove of the seashore protected from winds and waves. Its highest ambition was to float down or be towed up a stream in a favorable interval of the seasons. It was not much of a house, and still less of a boat.

The houseboat of to-day and to-morrow differs from this as the motor-cycle differs from the old single-wheel velocipede, or the automobile from the ox-cart.

For from one-fourth to one-tenth of the cost of an ocean-going yacht, a man may to-day build a houseboat giving equal comfort, from one-half to two-thirds the speed, and quarters far more homelike and adaptable to living purposes. He can operate it for a small fraction of the cost. He may and should, at the same time, if he knows what he is doing, build his houseboat so that she will be absolutely seaworthy for any voyage short of an ocean passage. The new houseboat is suited to all our domestic waters; and may be fitted, if one so desire, for trips as venturesome as that to Honolulu from our Pacific, or that to the Bahamas from our Atlantic Coast.

In round figures, the *Lotus* is 92 feet long, 18 feet beam, and has an extreme draft of 6 feet. The feature of her construction is the union of the yacht outline below the water with the houseboat line above. The former gives stability, safety, and speed; the latter, roominess and opportunity for

collective comforts unknown elsewhere outside the home. The hull is so strong, so well braced, and so furnished with ample bulkheads, as to be secure against any catastrophe short of complete destruction.

The *Lotus* unites the elegance of the private yacht with the roominess of the houseboat. Her saloon is eighteen feet square, with open fireplace and beautifully paneled finish. Her staterooms are in white enamel, large enough for two single beds, a good closet, and a dressing table. Hot and cold water are on tap in each room. Two bathrooms complete an equipment equal to that of a commodious house, with kitchen and pantry and crew's quarters aft. The hold will carry provisions for as many months as may be desired, the refrigerating room accommodates a ton of ice, and the fresh-water tank holds 1,200 gallons.

Forward on the upper deck is the wheel-house and chart-room, glass-walled, a social as well as a navigating centre. Aft are carried a canoe, a yawl, a double-ender, and a motor tender of 20-horse power for excursions through rocky passages and into shallow waters. The remainder of the upper deck, the whole of which is covered by a light roof, is furnished with easy chairs and is a favorite resort for any hour of the day or night.

The mechanical equipment of the boat is simple and complete. She is driven by a gasoline engine of 80 horse-power, giving a speed of from nine to ten miles per hour, which shows little variation except against strong head-tides. Separate engines operate the dynamos and charge the storage batteries by which the boat is lighted throughout, the anchor raised, the salt-

water tanks kept filled and the tender lifted on board. The gasoline tanks carry fuel for a cruise of 2,000 miles.

The crew of the *Lotus*, with which she covered several thousand miles during the past summer without a mishap or a serious inconvenience, consists of four persons. An engineer to look after the machinery; a sailor to clean up, work the ship when the skipper is off duty, and man the small boats; and a Japanese cook, with his wife as housemaid and steward, constitute the full complement of help.

The *Lotus* was built under the owner's eye, largely from plans evolved by his own experience and original ideas suggested by years of study and life upon the water. Launched in the spring of 1909, the usual delays in finishing prevented a trial trip for shaking down and smoothing out her machinery before her departure on the christening trip. So, practically still an experiment, she left Seattle with a full complement of ten passengers on her maiden voyage on July 10, 1909, to brave the rough waters of the Straits of Fuca, the Gulf of Georgia, and the British Columbian coast.

The length of this first cruise is eloquent of houseboat possibilities. For nearly a month the party enjoyed an ideal summer life. The *Lotus* dropped anchor every night in some lovely bay — although she could as easily have gone ahead with the aid of her searchlight — because this was a pleasure trip and hurry was taboo. So also we preferred to take toll of the country, in fish and game, although the cold-room and the ship's stores were equal to an ocean crossing. The only need of interrupting the voyage by a landing anywhere came when the fresh-water tanks ran low after from ten days to two weeks of constant draft upon them. Of course, had it been necessary, the supply could have been husbanded without discomfort so as to last much longer.

So we fared, steering confidently by chart and compass through these waters whose minute and accurate charting and careful buoying shame our own, taking a rough sea or a head-wind or bucking an adverse tide with steady ease; lying by in wild weather, not from apprehension, but because there was no need to invite hardship and no hurry

to get anywhere. Deer fell to the gun and fish to the rod. We hunted on uninhabited islands, where a tramp of two or three miles through the woods was an exhausting morning's work, repaid by the easily found trophy of noble game. We fished in land-locked bays and in outer waters where whitecaps were rolling, and found the silver salmon eager for the spoon. Trout up to the seven-pound limit, including the rare Powell River variety, with heads and backs like lampblack from the shadow of the great log jam under which they have bred for years and the color glowing through their smoky sides like the light of a sullen conflagration, were everywhere ours for the taking.

But we came back, wet and dirty, and hungry from a day's exhausting work of stalking deer or whipping a stream through unbroken wilds, not to the few slack comforts of the campfire and the tent, but to a delicious bath, fresh clothing, and a dinner such as neither the home nor the club could surpass. Then followed the glorious evening on the upper deck, with pipe and cigar, with song and story, and deep, restful sleep in roomy beds to the soft accompaniment of waves that, in our cosy anchorages, lapped the sides of the *Lotus* and lifted her just enough for a lullaby.

There is, perhaps, no other part of this country so well fitted for such an outing, by its combination of wildness with nearness to men's haunts and large cities, as the coast of British Columbia. There is cruising ground enough for months of daily sailing without revisiting a spot once seen. The Columbian coast is a constant reminder of that of Norway. You are gliding up one of the silver straits that open to the north when, on the right, a narrow entrance seems to promise adventure. A glance at the chart shows it to be the mouth of an inlet that runs up into the land for seventy-five miles. Ascending it, the only difficulty is to find anchorage. A cove or two may give the desired ten or fifteen fathoms, but oftener even the rare bays show from forty to one hundred; and the persistent voyager will throw out his anchor upon a few feet of shoal and sleep lightly enough to start the engine quickly if a sudden night wind should chance to blow on-shore.

Broken only by an occasional logging camp or Indian village, or the cabin of a prospector, the wilderness runs on and on. The scenery up these fiords is magnificent. Mountain after mountain shoulders its way into view as the channel winds among them. There is infinite variety. Here one runs by the familiar green cone—pines covering it straight to the summit; then comes a rugged giant, lifting a scarred head to the sky; beyond shows the sheer white of the snow-covered peak against a cloudless blue. Glaciers peer down from clefts five thousand feet above. Waterfalls throw themselves headlong everywhere. Here you may tramp up a narrow valley on an easy trail, grouse and wood-pigeon rising startled at every few steps and the stream calling to you incessantly, lunch in a sunny glade, and bask in the intense sunlight of the northern summer. Without lifting anchor you may turn to the other side, row over to where you can lay your hand from your place in the boat upon the side of a cliff that rises as straight as masonry five thousand feet from the water, and feel upon your cheek in the gloom of its shadow the cold breath of valleys of eternal snow.

When you have explored one inlet, Jervis for instance, and returned to the point where you entered it, or perhaps chosen another route out—for in places the maze of channels is as intricate as among the bayous of the lower Mississippi—you have but to sail northward again a few miles to run past another entrance. Up there lies waiting for you Bute Inlet, another seventy-five miles or more of fiord, similar but so different in contour and setting and color that there is no danger of surfeit. And so the days slip into weeks, and you feel that you have been in the wilderness for a lifetime and explored half a continent.

You wonder if you are not nearly through this vast watery labyrinth, and fancy that you must see the smoke of Juneau around the next turning. You glance at the chart and discover that you have progressed a few inches across its surface; the whole of which would scarcely carry you as high as the latitude of Vancouver Island's northernmost tip. Then you begin to realize the immensity of these northern

spaces and their special adaptation to this form of recreation. For a fleet of all the pleasure craft the country could furnish would scatter into lonely and isolated units if distributed evenly over these endless miles of water; and not for many a year to come can the steady invasion of occupation and development make a serious impression upon these leagues on leagues of mountain and forest, these unexhausted coverts and streams unvisited.

The beginning of the *Lotus's* voyage was almost pastoral. A few hours' run from Seattle brought us to Whidbey Island—long, low, fruitful, idyllic as a bit of land cut out from surroundings occupied for centuries. Next morning we were breasting the tide through Deception Pass, three miles long and half a mile wide, where a ten-minute failure to make the schedule worked out from the tide tables would have meant a wait of hours. Deception Pass is crooked and narrow. Dodd Narrows, a little farther on, are sixty-five yards wide at the narrowest point, and the spring tides rise fourteen feet. The waters of hundreds of square miles in area must discharge, with such alternations of level, through these rocky raceways at every turn of the tide. It rushes through at high and low water with a speed of from six to eight knots per hour, swirling and dashing about the encompassing rocks. The wise navigator bides his time. We were a few minutes late, and the vigorous engines of the *Lotus* had their work cut out for them even though the tide had only just turned. At times one could be certain in which direction the boat was moving only by taking sight through the window at some object on shore; while the lift of the current and the bite of the screw combined to bring the surface of the boiling water at the stern just level with the main deck. It is part of the delight of cruising in these waters that the navigator has many such problems to work out for himself; many a close connection to make; many a channel and bay through which to feel his way cautiously; many a trick of tide or hint of wind and wave to store away for future reference.

Beyond Deception Pass lie the San Juan Islands, one of the most beautiful and least-known possessions of the United States.

Probably a hundred people know about Porto Rico for one who ever heard of the San Juan group. Yet their possession was one of the points about which gravitated the issue of peace or war with Great Britain until the boundary line was finally adjusted less than forty years ago. They are among the most fertile, picturesque, and wholly delightful spots over which the flag floats. They constitute an entire county of the state of Washington. They are broken by hills attaining in places the real mountain dignity; fissured and torn



"We fished in land-locked bays and in outer waters where whitecaps were rolling, and found the silver salmon eager for the spoon"

into long peninsulas by arms of the sea; only scantily populated or cultivated as yet. They grow delicious fruit in abundance, have a heavenly climate, and are within a few hours' run of three large cities and important markets—Seattle, Victoria, and Vancouver.

On one of these islands Mr. Robert Moran, who built the battleship *Nebraska* for the United States Government in his yards at Seattle, has retired to the state of a baron of the Middle Ages. Mr. Moran's health broke down under the strain of such achievement as only our country and our

time have ever attempted, and the physicians passed sentence of banishment upon him. Forthwith he sold his shipyard for some millions, bought several thousand acres on Orcas Island, utilized the water power from two lakes lying from three to twelve hundred feet up in the hills, re-established his beloved shops as a pastime instead of a business, and built himself there in the solitudes a castle that is a marvel. With vaults and foundations excavated deep into the solid rock, floors of inlaid teak throughout, doors and furnishings of Honduras mahogany, windows of half-inch plate set in frames of solid brass, every ornament and luxury that desire can suggest, including a pipe-organ larger than most cities except those of the first class can show, and with every particle of the work done on the premises—this extraordinary palace in the wilderness is as unique as the tireless energy and creative stress of the remarkable man who built it and lives in it the year round.

There are good cruising and good sport for a summer among the San Juans alone. But the North is a magnet for sportsmen as well as a compass. Up there lies Nanaimo, the last outpost of cities; and beyond are the tumultuous Straits of Georgia and the Island of Texada, picturesque as its name, crammed with mineral wealth as yet little exploited, and so prolific of game that it would be as good as a private preserve were not the game laws of the province severe in terms and rigorously enforced. Here the scenery begins to doff its garb of quiet loveliness and to assume a certain severity of grandeur. Up Agamemnon Channel and through Jervis Inlet one approaches Vancouver Bay by a water court worthy of the great explorer whose name it bears. On either side, by some trick of perspective, the rock walls are as straight and true as if laid by the plumb line. Between them is a runway of dark water that grows dimmer and dimmer until it fades into total blackness. Sheer cliff bars the exit, too distant and too dark to distinguish from night itself. And as the venturesome craft enters this morose and gigantic waterway, it is as if the voyage could end nowhere short of some infernal region in the bowels of the earth.



"The houseboat has arrived. It is the supremely fit instrument for ends of pleasure and outing and sport and all those impulses that help to keep alive and sustain in us the wholesome instinct of happy savagery"

On Queen's Reach, above Vancouver Bay, Mount Oliver rises to the height of 8,450 feet. In Princess Louise Inlet, about five miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, are crowded all the wonders of wildness and solitude. Thousands of feet high on every side the mountains stand. Of life there is no-

where any sign, save as the bald eagles wheel among the cliffs and the shining heads of seal emerge from the water. Thirty waterfalls we counted sending their white streamers down the mountain sides. At the head of the inlet the largest of these, a mighty cascade, roars into the sea after pouring for four thousand feet in a succession



"And so the days slip into weeks, and you feel that you have been in the wilderness for a lifetime and explored half a continent"



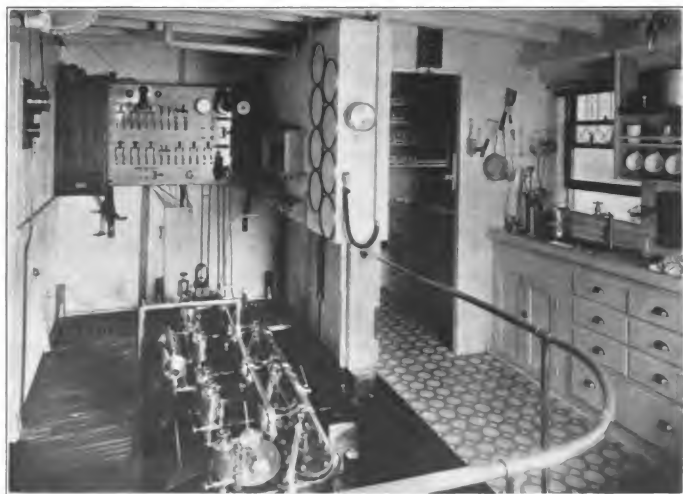
"The *Lotus* unites the elegance of the private yacht with the roominess of the houseboat. Her saloon is eighteen feet square, with open fireplace and beautifully paneled finish"



"Forward on the upper deck is the wheelhouse and chart-room, glass-walled, a social as well as a navigating centre"



"Deep, restful sleep in roomy beds, to the soft accompaniment of waves that, in our cosy anchorages, lapped the sides of the *Lotus* and lifted her just enough for a lullaby"



The engine-room is as tidy as the pantry, and the refrigerating-room in the hold accommodates a ton of ice

of waterfalls from the foot of the glacier that gives it birth.

Through such waters and such wonders the *Lotus* sailed in leisurely fashion on her christening trip of more than six hundred miles. We declined to hasten or to fix a course. Each night plans were broached and somebody said: "Where shall we go to-morrow?" It made no difference, because nobody wanted to get anywhere in particular. So chance and curiosity and the lure of the country's beauty were our guides. We saw the mists rise on wild shores, and sailed through schools of sportive whales, and

ing and sport and all those impulses that help to keep alive and sustain in us the wholesome instinct of happy savagery. It can be made as comfortable as your own home. It can be made indifferent to any seas or weather likely to be encountered in alongshore journeys. It can carry power enough to be independent of obstacles and stopping-places. It can be varied infinitely, in plan, in fitting and furnishing, in operation, to suit any taste and almost any purse. It is the ideal craft for all who love the ripple of the river or the briny smell of ocean, together with that touch of wildness



"In Princess Louise Inlet, about five miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, are crowded all the wonders of wildness and solitude. Of life there is nowhere any sign, save as the bald eagles wheel among the cliffs and the shining heads of seal emerge from the water. Thirty waterfalls we counted sending their white streamers down the mountain-sides"

visited Indian villages where every living thing except a few geese had gone to the salmon fishing, and everything except a few old totems was locked in the ancient houses of assembly that could tell some queer tales an' they would; and we watched one vista of silver and green and gold succeed another over the shining sea, and were exceeding glad that we were alive and faring with the *Lotus* through the wilderness.

The moral of this tale, like all good morals, was told at the beginning. The houseboat has arrived. It is the supremely fit instrument for ends of pleasure and out-

that seems to enter into and strengthen the very stuff and content of the soul.

The houseboat is no longer the refuge of the water tramp or the plaything of the eccentric. It has taken its place in the scheme of things for a people whom the growing habit of outdoor life and summer vacation is gradually rescuing from the doom of overwork and nervous exhaustion. The christening of the *Lotus*, not a prophecy but a fulfilment, may thus become something more memorable than a pleasure cruise; a real epoch-making event in a larger world than she ever dreamed of.

HOW THE WRIGHTS DISCOVERED FLIGHT



THEIR EARLY HISTORY AND WHY THEY WERE
KNOWN AS THE "MYSTERIOUS WRIGHTS"
—SCIENTISTS NOT RACERS



BY

ARTHUR W. PAGE

THE Wright brothers have so clearly taken a permanent place — an immortal place — in the history of inventions and of civilization that everything about these men already has an historic importance. Especially interesting are facts about their early experiments.

Yet few such facts are known; for they are surely among the most reticent of famous men. Their faces are familiar to all the world that sees illustrated journals, and their feats are known to all who read. Many thousands of persons have seen them fly. Yet if you were asked about their lives, and especially about the way in which they came to work out one of the greatest of all inven-

tions, you would have to reply that there are few definite facts of common knowledge. The public knows as much about Watt's perfection of the steam-engine as about the Wrights' invention of the aeroplane, and more about Morse's early work with the telegraph or about Bell's with the telephone.

Dayton, O., the city that held their momentous secret for five years because it did not think it worth telling was, up to the time when the Wrights were "discovered" at Kitty Hawk in North Carolina, known to the big world chiefly as the home of a cash-register company. But it is much more than that. It is a solid industrial town of 150,000 people, in the centre of a rich



A CLUB GROUP INCLUDING MR. WILBUR WRIGHT AND HIS TWO OLDER BROTHERS



MR. WILBUR WRIGHT AND MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR,
FORMER PREMIER OF ENGLAND



THE WRIGHT BROTHERS AND THE KING OF SPAIN



THE LATE KING EDWARD AND MR. WRIGHT

agricultural district. It has broad streets and well-built residences. The board of trade boasts a thousand factories for the city. Interurban trolley-lines go in every direction. Everything wears an air of prosperity. The only entirely inexplicable thing that I discovered in Dayton — aside from its singular apathy in regard to flying-



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PRESIDENT TAFT, THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, AND MISS KATHARINE WRIGHT

After the presentation of the medal given the Wrights by the Aero Club of America



THE BRITISH AERO CLUB'S DINNER TO THE WRIGHTS IN LONDON

machines — was that a large proportion of its Negro citizens voted the Democratic ticket at the last election.

When Dayton got the news last year through the Associated Press dispatches that two of its citizens were great men and had been greatly honored in this country and abroad, it prepared to give them an elaborate reception, but there were prominent Daytonians on the reception committee who had then never seen the Wrights. Yet the brothers had lived there practically all



PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES OF FRANCE WATCHING A FLIGHT

GOVERNOR HARMON, OF OHIO, PRESENTING A MEDAL TO THE WRIGHTS
At the celebration in their honor at Dayton



MR. WILBUR WRIGHT'S FRENCH COOK

Sent by the Mayor of Pau to prepare his meals in the little house built by Mr. Wright on the aviation field



MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT AND MR. H. BERG

President of the European Wright Company. (Mr. Berg is at the right of the picture)

their lives; they had skated, fished, bicycled, and gone to school with other boys. Apparently they had lived as their neighbors had. Their white frame-house at 7 Hawthorne Street looks much like the neighboring houses; and there was nothing in the town as they grew up or in the habits of the neighborhood to provoke their interest in unusual recreations.

But inside the house there was much to explain their interest in flying. Their father is an educated man, a teacher, an editor, and a bishop of the United Brethren Church, who had traveled at one time or another over many parts of the world. Their mother had attended college in the days when higher education for women was rare. The family was an educated family, both by years at school and college and by home influences. The two older brothers—one of whom now lives in Kansas, and the other (Lorin) is associated with Wilbur and Orville—went to college at Hartsville, Ind. Miss Katharine Wright, their sister, is a classical graduate of Oberlin College. In the natural course of events they, too, would probably have gone to college, but in their boyhood their mother died and Bishop Wright was often away from home, and the boys remained to keep the home for him. Their home had a mentally stimulating atmosphere. The family library contained nearly two thousand volumes, and included not only the masterpieces of literature but also numerous works on science and art.

In the single, brief account of their invention which the brothers have published, they wrote—in *The Century* of September, 1908:

"Late in the autumn of 1878," (Wilbur was then eleven and Orville some four years younger) "our father came into the house one evening with some object concealed in his hands and, before we could see what it was, tossed it into the air. Instead of falling to the floor, as we expected, it flew across the room and struck the ceiling, where it fluttered awhile, and finally sank to the floor. It was a little toy known to scientists as a helicopter, but which we, with sublime disregard for science, dubbed a 'bat.' . . . It lasted only a short time, but its memory was abiding."

The memory, however, would hardly have been so fruitful had it been in less scien-

tifically disposed minds. The Wright brothers' education did not end with school. They were greedy readers of scientific and useful books, and they remembered and thought over what they read. It was this turn of mind and not the bicycle shop that led to the perfection of their flying machines.

Among other things which they read were some accounts of Otto Lilienthal's gliding experiments. In 1896 they saw a short notice in the papers that Lilienthal had been killed by a fall from one of his gliders. This turned their attention to the subject again.



BISHOP MILTON WRIGHT

The father of the inventors, from a photograph taken several years ago

"It made us wonder," said Wilbur Wright to me, "what the difficulties were that could not be overcome." Thereafter they read more and more about man's attempts to fly. This was recreation for them, for they enjoyed all kinds of scientific inquiry. As the fascination of the subject grew on them, flying became their hobby. Finally in the autumn of 1900 they decided to try gliding experiments themselves. Bishop Wright was away from home at the time. One day he received a letter from Wilbur saying that he was going to Kitty Hawk to try a glider, for he could get more enjoyment out of that



MISS KATHARINE WRIGHT, THE KING OF SPAIN, AND MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT

than by any other use of the same time and money. It was the first vacation of any length that he had taken. Some people would have gone hunting; others would have played golf; he preferred to experiment with his gliding machine.

From this time dates the actual constructive



MR. WILBUR WRIGHT, MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT, AND BISHOP WRIGHT



THE COURT OF HONOR OF THE CELEBRATION FOR THE WRIGHTS AT DAYTON, IN 1909
Part of a great reception which the city tendered its distinguished sons after they had been the sensation of Europe. Four years before, few people in Dayton would take the trouble even to go out and see them fly

efforts of the Wrights to learn to fly. At first their experiments interfered but little if at all with their other business, and they spent on them only what they could afford for recreation. They had no expectation of making money. But in three years, with this comparatively small expenditure of time and money, they had solved the problem that many men had given their lives and fortunes to for hundreds of years. By luck and a mechanical aptness gained in building bicycles? On the contrary, it was by scientific inquiry. When their aeroplane was on the sands at Kitty Hawk on December 17, 1903, no man had ever successfully maintained his equilibrium in a power-driven, heavier-than-air machine. Yet the Wrights invited the life-savers and some other people to come and see them fly. They knew that the machine would fly as well as men can know anything in the future, for they had worked out their formula for the actions of the air, verified them, and built the machine accordingly. Therefore it had to fly.

But they did not talk much about these things because the other folks in Miami City were not interested in flying-machines. For example, for a long time Wilbur Wright



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THE WRIGHTS' BICYCLE SHOP IN DAYTON
Where their first flying-machine was made.

had belonged to a little social club of nine members. They knew him as a good business man who made good bicycles, sang "a pretty good first-bass," and talked well and generally humorously when he had something worth saying. He was once secretary of the club for a year, and his successor



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THE HOME OF THE WRIGHTS IN DAYTON, O.



THE WRIGHT FLIER OVER THE CAMPAGNA AT ROME

says that his minutes were as funny as Bill Nye. But it was this same man who warned Wright in 1904 against "going crazy" about flying.

Their theory of lateral balance for an aeroplane is a wonderful thing, but it is no whit more extraordinary than their own mental balance. Where before in the world did men make a revolutionary discovery and neither hide it nor proclaim it abroad, nor let the gusts of public opinion upset them in any direction? People were looking for a means to fly before they knew that the world was round, or anyone knew that there

was a Pole. Yet when the world in general would have made them strut their hour as popular heroes, the Wrights refused and maintained a serene and even course. For instance, all official Washington used to go out to watch Orville Wright's flights at Fort Myer, and the newspaper men became much exasperated because he would not take advantage of so favorable an opportunity to do something dramatic.

When the Wrights went abroad they were met by much greater demonstrations. In France the people wished to do everything for them. In one place the hotel-keeper



BEGINNING A 100-FOOT DIP ABOVE THE HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK

According to Mr. Wilbur Wright, the most interesting moment of his flights ever photographed



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THE FACTORY OF THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE CO., AT DAYTON

even wished to board them free. When at Kitty Hawk, they lived and cooked their meals in a little shack; for convenience Wilbur Wright had a similar hut built on the flying-field in France, and he intended to cook for himself there, too. But the French felt that they could not allow this; and one morning when he went to prepare breakfast

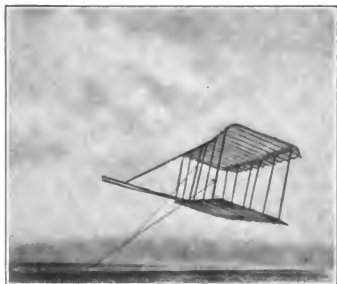
he found a French cook busily engaged in getting it ready. He did not know enough French to dismiss him or to find out who sent him.

After France had gone wild over one of them and Germany had turned its interest from Zeppelin in favor of the other, they came home and Dayton had a demonstration in



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THE INTERIOR OF THE FACTORY AT DAYTON



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THE FIRST WRIGHT MACHINE

At Kitty Hawk, N. C., in October, 1900. It was designed to fly as a kite with a man on board, but for lack of suitable winds it was flown unmanned. The balancing machinery was controlled from the ground by cords.



Photograph by Wright Bros. Copyrighted, 1910, by Brown Bros.

THE SECOND MACHINE

At Kitty Hawk, N. C., in October, 1901, almost twice as large as the previous one. It was unsuccessful as a manned kite, but when used as a glider went more than 300 feet, and maintained in equilibrium in a 27-mile breeze.

their honor. A committee met them at Xenia, a few miles away. The Wrights began immediately to ask about people at home.

"Look here, Wilbur," said one of the committee, "you'll see all those folks at the station in a few minutes."

"Why, who is at the station?" asked Wright.

"Oh, twenty-five or thirty of the boys," was the reply.

When the train rolled in they saw the streets black with people.



Photograph by Wright Bros. Copyrighted, 1910, by Brown Bros.

THE GLIDER OF 1902, IN WHICH NEARLY 1,000 FLIGHTS WERE MADE

The two previous machines, designed in accordance with other people's data, having proved unsatisfactory, the Wrights carried on a series of experiments and embodied in their new machine the knowledge gained



Photograph by Wright Bros.

LEAVING THE STARTING RAIL ON THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE POWER-MACHINE
At Kitty Hawk, December 17, 1903, in the presence of three members of the Kill Devil Life-Saving Station, and two gentlemen from Manteo, N. C.

"I see the twenty-five or thirty," remarked Wright with a smile, "but I thought you folks had better sense."

True to their scientific type of mind, they will not prophesy. There is extant a newspaper interview with Orville in which the interviewer tried five times by different questions to induce him to say something



Photograph by Wright Bros.



Photograph by Wright Brothers

FLYING NEAR DAYTON IN 1904

In an open field, in full view of a public road and a trolley line

TWENTY MILES IN 83 MINUTES IN 1906

Three years later, in 1906, the Wrights were discovered by



about the future development of aeronautics; but, while questions on all other subjects were answered fully, these were all turned aside with "I don't think that I am much of a prophet," or some similar remark. Hashimura Togo remarked: "You have never heard true silence until you have talked with Wilbur Wright." This is wittier than true. But the Wrights surely are not loquacious.

I was asking Orville questions, when his brother came up, saying:

"Well, how is he standing the examination?"

I had just asked about the achievements of their machines in comparison with others. He smiled and said that although they were not racers they had never been beaten in any contest which they had entered. They do not think that speed is a great problem. "I hardly know," the younger brother once said, "what limit one could set to the speed to which it would be possible to build."

"It is easier to learn to fly than it is to walk," Wilbur Wright continued.

"But," I objected, "you learn to walk at a time when you are under some disadvantages."

"There are some disadvantages about learning to fly," he remarked half-humorously. Orville Wright went on to say that it was not very hard if one tried it a little at a time and did not try to fly high or turn curves before getting accustomed to the mechanism. Four men in England had bought machines and learned by themselves. Two hours in the air, taken a little at a time, he thinks is sufficient. What they wished to do, Wilbur explained, was to get time from business arrangements and injunction suits to prepare their scientific data for publication, complete it, and eradicate all small errors. "For," he said, "if there is a two per cent. error that can be found, we want that two per cent. corrected before publication."



A few days after this, Paulhan was asked at Los Angeles (after his flight of 4,165 feet up in the air) if he were not satisfied with having flown higher than any man ever flew before. Hitching up his shoulders and throwing up his hands, he said:

"Records, more records, better records until, *pouf!* breath goes out and I really find that path to heaven or to hell."

The remarks are typical, the one of a daring and dramatic French racer who will live in sporting annals for a decade, the other of a quiet, efficient, American scientist who with his brother will live in history until it ends.

Contrary to the usual fate of inventors, the Wrights seem destined to share well in the profits of their discovery, though early in the history of this invention they offered to sell it for \$100,000. Their patents have been upheld in the courts; and as these patents cover most of what is known about flying, no aviation meet can proceed without their consent. Other people interested in flying called them an "air trust," and the public in some measure misunderstood their attitude. But their recent agreement with the Aero Club of America dissipated that. The Aero Club recognizes the rights of the owners of the Wright patents and refuses to countenance the infringement of those patents while the courts uphold them. It agrees to approve only such public contests as may be licensed by the Wright Company. The Wright Company, on the other hand, agrees to sell licenses to promoters for open meets whenever approved by the Aero Club of America. This agreement removes all the objections which had been raised to holding the international contest in the United States.

Up to the present there is no important piece of knowledge about flying which has not come from the Wrights. The Wrights flew in 1903, in 1904, and again in 1905 and 1906. But it was not until 1908 that their machine became known to the public; then, suddenly, many other people learned to fly. Other men have speed records and height records because that is their business.

If Professor Langley or Dr. Bell had made the first flying-machine, the public would hardly have expected them to fly for a \$5,000 prize. These men were scientific

men. So, too, are the Wright brothers. Theirs is one of the most purely scientific of all the world's great discoveries.

Yet how they made it, with little capital, at a distance from any scientific centre, is one of the stories that will last for all time; but it is a story that has not yet been fully told. Not the least wonderful part of it is that neither the people about them nor the larger public realized what was going on, and do not now realize the full measure of the achievement and the true position of the Wrights. For this public misunderstanding perhaps a bicycle-shop is as much to blame as anything else.

Instead of being "professors," or having "laboratories," the Wrights had made bicycles; and the public has seemed to infer that any skilled mechanic who had made bicycles could have made a flying-machine had he happened to turn his mind to it. They made good bicycles — one of them was ridden continuously for thirteen years — for they are good mechanics. But if they had continued the printing shop that they once had or had followed their father into the ministry, they would still in all probability have made their aeroplane. The bicycle business did not have much to do with their great invention. Perhaps heredity had something to do with it, for many years ago Bishop Wright, their father, who is still hale and hearty at eighty-six, invented a typewriter, though he did not perfect it, and he worked over other inventions. An older brother (Lorin) also made, patented, and sold an improved hay-press.

In October, 1900, the brothers had made their first gliding experiment at Kitty Hawk. The next summer found them there again, with Mr. Octave Chanute, of Chicago, an eminent engineer who had published his "Progress in Flying Machines" as far back as 1894. They had read in one of his later papers that he had verified some of Lilenthal's calculations and they wrote to him. Out of the correspondence came his visit to Kitty Hawk. He was as much astonished as he was pleased at the scientific character of their work. In 1902 the brothers made about a thousand gliding flights and both Mr. Chanute and Mr. A. M. Herring (who had also been interested in aeronautics) were there. In 1903 they

succeeded in staying up more than a minute in a glider — and then, in December of that year, they really flew.

Before beginning experiments they had read most of the books that were considered authoritative, but they did not receive a great deal of help from them in spite of the fact that in all that reading is a great deal of truth which would have helped tremendously had it been recognizable. But what looked most plausible in print was often untrue, and what was true was so mixed with error that it could not be disentangled.

In their early experiments they used the calculations of Langley, Lilienthal, and others, and built their gliders accordingly. But the gliders did not always glide. The Wrights would then change the apparatus in one way and another in the hope of improving it. As often as not they made it worse. Under this system they might have kept on trying all their lives without success. Others had done so before them.

But when they became convinced that the data upon which they had been basing their experiments was not accurate, they put it all aside and made their own data. They then found the reason for many previous mistakes, for the calculations which they had been using were sometimes as far as 200 or 300 per cent. out. Later, when people visited their shop, they saw little curved sheets of steel of different sizes and shapes. These the Wrights put into a delicate balance in a long tube through which steady currents of air were blown, changing angles and speeds of air, noting everything down, and then studying the mass of figures. They perfected their apparatus until it gave them identical results as often as they repeated an experiment (a thing that other experimenters had not succeeded in doing), and learned from comparing figures how to plot the shape of a surface so that it did what they wished it to do.

This is why they knew, before they had tried it, that their first machine would fly. They achieved their results neither by luck nor the process of elimination, but by scientific inquiry. Their first machine was built in accordance with the principles of aerodynamics which they had discovered.

The propeller was the only thing that they had not carefully worked out before beginning the construction of the motor flyer. For this they expected to get assistance from the data on marine propellers. But they found that although marine propellers had been in use for seventy-five years or more there was only empirical data concerning them. When the first turbine Cunarder, for example, took its maiden trip, it used nearly twice as much coal as would have been necessary if the propeller had been properly designed. In desperation they attempted to solve the problem of screw-propellers from a theoretical standpoint, a thing which had always baffled both marine and aeronautical engineers. Their final success in mastering this problem is the one feature of their work in which they themselves take special pride.

Henri Farman, who had raced automobiles before he took up aviation and had created a tremendous sensation in Europe by flying a kilometer (five-eighths of a mile) over a circular course on January 13, 1908, came to this country later in that year. Speaking of the requirements of the United States Government, which the Wrights promised to fulfill, Farman said:

"I have done some flying, but I do not try to do what your inventors must do at Fort Myer. I never fly in winds. Once I had a spill in France when I attempted it."

He also announced his intention to experiment with the controllable wing-tips, after the manner of the Wrights, and to use them in connection with the box-tail of his machine.

Not only he but every other successful flyer has done just this thing. This does not mean that such men as the Voisin brothers and others have not done scientific work for which they deserve great credit; but the fact remains that flight in Europe in anything more than parade-ground experimental ways began when the Wrights reached France in 1908. The French machines added nothing essential to the principles that the Wrights were practising.

The only American machines other than the Wrights' which have caught the attention of the public are the Curtiss biplanes, the first of which was built at the aerial experi-

ment station at Hammondsport, N. Y. But though Mr. Curtiss has flown the machine with the same daring with which he had formerly captured motor-cycle records, he also, was a follower of the Wright brothers.

Mr. Curtiss's Hudson River flight was made under an arrangement with the Wrights by which he could fly under bond protecting the Wrights in any possible loss for patent infringement, because Judge Hazel had granted a temporary injunction against the Curtiss machine. A few days after the Hudson River flight the Court of Appeals dismissed the preliminary injunction. The validity of the patents has still to be decided in court. Of the priority of their discovery there is no doubt.

To the wonder that two men working at odd times during a three-year period should make one of the great scientific discoveries of the world is added another — that the discovery should have remained unknown to the American people for nearly five years, and this in spite of the fact that the inventors had invited people to see them fly and had reported their progress to scientific societies.

To see the first performance in 1903, for which there was no rehearsal, the people from Nag's Head and the Kitty Hawk Life-Saving station in North Carolina were invited. It was a rather cold December day and not many came. The six who did come saw a sight which will be a proud memory in their families for generations — the first successful flight of a man in a heavier-than-air machine.

When the flight was over the Wrights telegraphed home about their success, and one of the telegraph operators along the line gave a hint to a reporter. His paper appeared the next morning with a report of what his ingenious imagination conceived had happened. A few days later the Wrights gave out a correct statement in which they said that they had flown "852 feet over the ground." The paper changed it to "852 feet up in the air," and so it appeared. No one paid any particular attention to the announcement, or to the fact that on the nineteenth they had flown half a mile. Even in Dayton no one seemed at all excited, and the Wrights did not talk much about it because the Dayton people did not take much stock in the flying idea.

In the spring of 1904 the brothers built a shed and put up a machine in a field about eight miles out of Dayton. A few days later they invited reporters from all the newspapers in Dayton, and many other people, to come and see a flight. A crowd of about one hundred and fifty went — but were disappointed. There was not wind enough to start with the short starting-rail which they then had. A few came the next day and again were disappointed. The engines missed explosions. The reporters wrote a kindly column about the failures. Afterward, when some farmer driving into town would report that he had seen the machine in the air, the papers mentioned the fact, but with no enthusiasm. The town, which in 1909 voted \$20,000 to celebrate the Wrights' return to Dayton as the world-proclaimed inventors of the flying-machine, had in profound apathy refused to go eight miles to see the machine fly in 1904. The general attitude is expressed by the remark of a friend to Wilbur Wright:

"Look here, Will, if you keep on with these monkey-doodles you'll go crazy. I'm not sure you're not crazy now."

A few days later Wilbur Wright came into his office.

"Do you want to see me fly?"

"By yourself, or in the machine?" asked his friend; for, as he explained, he thought there was about as good a chance one way as the other.

Wright said that he was going in the machine.

"How far?" was the next skeptical question.

"More than eighteen miles. Orville went eighteen. and I am going further to-day."

And he did. He flew twenty-four miles and came down because his gasoline gave out.

In 1907, four years after the Wrights' first flight and two years after their machine had taken its present shape, the Government asked for bids for a flying-machine that would be able to carry two men, remain in the air an hour, and make a controlled flight of forty miles — and the Wrights said that their machine could fulfil these conditions. This and the persistent rumors that they had flown, which kept passing around from time to time but which seemed too preposterous to believe, finally aroused

a party of newspaper men to track "the mysterious Wrights" where they were "hid on the beach behind Kill Devil Hill" on Kitty Hawk sands in North Carolina.

The party went to Norfolk and then through the Dismal Swamp country to Elizabeth City. After six hours' travel down the river and across Albermarle Sound, they reached the little town of Manteo, where Sir Walter Raleigh's first colony landed. Thence the mail launch took them out to Kitty Hawk. They waded through the sand four or five miles on a circuitous route till they came in sight of the Wright shack, and there they hid. They could have gone straight over the hill to the aeroplane camp, but in that case they thought "there would have been no flights that day."

By the time the correspondents had accomplished all this they were as much impressed with the inaccessibility of the place as Wilbur Wright had been when he first landed there eight years before on his vacation. He and his brother had chosen Kitty Hawk quite without regard to the public, for at that time they had no idea that the public would be more interested in their vacation than in anyone else's. They had written the Weather Bureau asking where the winds were strongest and steadiest, and the Weather Bureau had said Kitty Hawk. They had then written the postmaster, locally

known as "Bill" Tate, for facts about the country. It so happened that Tate had previously read a magazine article about gliders. His letter recommended Kitty Hawk as a glider resort but was not altogether clear about its transportation facilities. The result was that Wilbur Wright encountered all the difficulties which made such an impression on the New York journalists eight years later, and it took him the better part of a week to make the trip.

No matter how peculiar it might seem to the Wrights to be stalked in this manner in 1908 — after they had flown in an open field near Dayton alongside a public road in 1904, reported their success to scientific journals, and put almost everything on record in the patent office — nevertheless one of the five who tracked the Wrights to Kitty Hawk was right when he wrote:

"Then, bedraggled and very sunburned they (the reporters) tramped up to the little weather bureau and informed the world, waiting on the other side of various sounds and continents and oceans, that it was all right, the rumors true, and there was no doubt that a man could fly."

Wonderful as it may seem, that was the first the world knew of it. And even now the public hardly realizes that, as Captain Thomas Baldwin of dirigible fame says:

"If it wasn't for the Wrights we wouldn't be flying to-day, as we are."

TWO HINDRANCES TO PEACE

THE FEAR THAT FOOD AND RAW MATERIALS MIGHT BE CUT OFF, AND THE PERIL OF
SUDDEN INVASION — A PRACTICAL PLAN TO REMOVE BOTH APPREHENSIONS
AND TO REDUCE THE NECESSITY FOR ARMAMENTS

BY

CHARLES W. ELIOT*

PRESIDENT EMERITUS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ALL peace promoters have been cheered by the progress made since Russia called the first Hague Conference toward the substitution of arbitration for war.

It is plain, however, that much remains to be done before a permanent international supreme court is established with some adequate force behind it, such as control of

*At the Lake Mohonk Peace Conference.

credit, or armed police, or effective world-opinion, and that the race for armaments is hotter than ever.

There must be, then, some very strong reasons for the slow progress made toward an effective system of international arbitration, and for the continuance of the extraordinarily wasteful competition in providing armaments; for all the competing nations feel keenly the well-nigh intolerable burden of taxation which modern preparations for war on the instant, offensive or defensive, impose. I find these reasons in two chronic apprehensions felt by all the civilized nations alike—although the two are not equally felt by the different peoples, because of geographical and commercial diversities. The first of these chronic apprehensions is the fear lest the nation's exterior supplies of food or of the raw materials of its industries should be cut off. The second is the fear lest an immense hostile army should be thrown into the national territory with only a few days', or even a few hours', warning. Either of these chronic apprehensions may be suddenly exalted to panic by occurrences of a really trivial nature. The speech of a minister before a legislature, a note from a ruler, or even a short series of articles in an influential newspaper may raise either of these chronic apprehensions to the dimensions of a panic.

These fears are not fairly to be described as dreams or illusions or fantastic nightmares. They are not created, though they may be aggravated, by unscrupulous manufacturers, tradesmen, or newspapers. They are founded on historical facts borne clearly in mind by the present generation, and on generally accepted axioms concerning national well-being as likely to be diminished by being conquered or even invaded, and increased by any successful conquering. These axioms may be as absurd as the dueling code now seems to most Anglo-Saxons, but like that code of so-called honor they are generally accepted in Continental Europe and among large portions of the population of North and South America and Great Britain. It is a solid fact that an overwhelming majority of the English people feel it to be for them a matter of life and death that they keep ready for instant action fleets capable of

preventing invasion and the cutting off of the food-supplies and the raw materials which come to them over seas; and so long as they seriously dread catastrophes of that nature they will keep on building preponderant fleets. They must have security against such ruinous calamities.

England and Japan are the two nations which may reasonably feel most intensely the apprehension about their food and raw materials; but nations whose territories are not insular may also feel it to a high degree. Thus, Italy must import by sea both food and coal; France would suffer much if deprived of sea-borne cotton; and Germany needs to import by sea not only much food, but a great variety of materials for its expanding industries. The territory of the United States is so vast and extends through so many climates, that it is difficult for us to realize how formidable to any nation which cannot raise on its own soil all its food and most of the important materials of the industries by which it lives, is the dread of the cutting off of a large portion of its food or its raw materials, or both. During far the greater part of the year England is not supposed to have in stock at any one time more than six weeks' supply of food for its population. In view of such a fact we Americans ought to be able to realize that this dread of the cutting off of essential supplies must be calmed and disposed of before the incessant preparations for war now going on can possibly be checked or stopped. A very important question, therefore, to be considered by those who wish to take effective measures to promote peace is this: What generally accepted rule of international action would give relief from this intolerable apprehension, and what new police forces would be necessary to secure the observance of that rule?

IMMUNIZE ALL MERCHANT-SHIPS

Confining our thoughts in the first place to operations on the oceans, we easily see that the adoption by a decided majority of the great maritime powers of the principle of the immunity of private property at sea would in itself go far to relieve from this great apprehension the nations that suffer most from it. If during a naval war all

merchant-vessels were free to come and go on the open seas without danger of capture or of any interference, a nation at war would have little reason to dread the interruption of its supply of either food or raw material. To affect dangerously its supplies, its adversary would have to establish a real blockade of its ports, which is a difficult and costly operation in these days of high-speed vessels independent of wind.

It may be observed in passing that changes in the definitions of blockade and contraband decidedly advantageous to neutrals were made by the Naval Conference in which Germany, the United States, Austria-Hungary, Spain, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Russia, and the Netherlands participated at London in 1908-09:*

This Conference did work of high value, although only ten selected nations joined in it. The precedent may prove a very useful one.

The adoption on paper of this doctrine of the immunity of private property on the seas would not suffice, however, to relieve the intense anxiety of the civilized peoples about their essential supplies. They must see in readiness a police force capable of securing the execution of such an agreement in all parts of the globe. Can we imagine the creation of such a force? It must of course be an overwhelming international force, which no single nation would have a fair chance of successfully resisting, and it must be available in all the oceans.

These conditions would be fulfilled if the group of nations which took part in the Naval Conference at London, or even a smaller group of nations having extensive seacoasts like England, France, Italy, the United States, Brazil, Chile, and Japan would agree to the immunity of private property at sea and to the use of their combined fleets, or any adequate portion thereof, to enforce that immunity in every part of the world. The combinations mentioned would possess available ports in all the great divisions of the ocean. Several of

the nations named have already expressed willingness to accept the doctrine of immunity for private property at sea. The United States has advocated it for many years. Other nations would probably wish to join such a league; but their adhesion would not be indispensable, though desirable.

Coincident with this agreement there would have to be another, in order to check the competition in naval armaments. The nations entering such a league would have to make an agreement — subject to periodical revision — not to increase their fleets beyond their present limits, and to build new vessels, class by class, only in substitution for vessels past service. Limitations on the size as well as the number of vessels of each class would also be needed, and each nation would have to be kept informed of the naval constructions undertaken by every other member of the league. Such agreements as these and such publicity seem not only possible but well worth while, if through such action that formidable dread of the cutting off of food-supplies and raw materials can be done away with. It is a hopeful fact that experienced public men in various countries are beginning to mention such novel agreements as not inconceivable.

The immunity of private property on the seas does not seem so remote as it once did, partly because the recent comparative immunity of private property on land during active warfare has not impaired the decisiveness of successful campaigns, and partly because the destruction of its mercantile marine has not proved to be in recent times, if indeed in any times, an effective mode of bringing a vigorous enemy to terms. During the Civil War of 1861-65 the United States lost nearly all its seagoing merchant-vessels, and has never recovered its former position in the carrying trade of the world; but this fact has had no appreciable effect on the prosperity of the country. Nowadays any nation can easily get all its exports and imports carried in foreign bottoms at low competitive prices. Moreover, looting

* The Declaration issued by the Conference by Art. 1, Chap. 1, limits blockade to ports and coasts belonging to or occupied by the enemy, which is a restrictive definition of high value.

In Art. 28, Chap. 2, the following articles are declared not to be contraband of war: raw cotton, wool, silk, jute, flax, hemp, and the other raw materials of the textile industries; rubber, resins, gums, and lacs; hops; raw hides; natural and artificial manures; ores, clays, lime, stone, bricks, slates, and tiles; porcelain and glassware; paper; soaps, colors, varnishes, chemicals like soda, ammonia, and sulphate of copper; machines used in agriculture, mining, the textile industries, and printing; precious stones; clocks and watches. It is obvious that this list, which is not the complete enumeration of Art. 28, covers articles of great value to every manufacturing nation, and that this clear declaration that they are not contraband marks a decided advance in the law of maritime war.

on land and privateering at sea are no longer considered respectable.

An agreement of this nature with regard to naval forces and their international use might have a large incidental value. It might show the way to organize an international naval police-force, subject to the orders of a permanent arbitral court of justice at The Hague. Other kinds of force can be imagined to secure the execution of the decrees of the court, as for instance the refusal of credit to a disobedient government; but all experience seems to testify that some adequate force must lie behind an international supreme court, as it always has behind every other court. Otherwise it may be feared that the court will not command in practice the perfect confidence of civilized mankind.

REMOVE PERILS OF INVASION

The other chronic apprehension which prevents the progress of arbitration methods and the reduction of armaments is the apprehension of sudden and overwhelming invasion of national territory by hostile land-forces. This incessant apprehension is extremely vivid, and is liable to explosive increment; and yet in this matter the civilized world has certainly made no inconsiderable progress. To be sure, modern means of transportation by land and water have quickened the apprehension, and spread it over wider areas; but on the other hand the press, frequent mails, and telegraphs and telephones have developed effective means of dispelling ignorance, correcting misunderstandings, and giving warning of storms of passion.

Certain distinct gains in respect to danger of invasion are plainly to be seen.

(1) No part of the civilized world is now subject to sudden invasion by hordes of barbarians, armed as well or nearly as well as the people whose territory they invade. In all conflicts with barbarians civilization has now an immense advantage in respect to equipment for fighting.

(2) It seems probable that dynastic wars will never occur again in the civilized world.

(3) Certain small European states have maintained themselves successfully as to their territory for nearly one hundred years in the presence of much more powerful

neighbors, and if the judgment of impartial money-lenders is to be accepted, the stable *per capita* wealth of the small states is greater and safer than that of the large states. In a few instances, to be sure, the generation now passing off the stage has witnessed the forcible taking of parts of the territory of a small state by a larger one, and the surrender to the victors of portions of conquered territory.

(4) The great costliness of modern warfare in both blood and treasure tends to prevent the outbreak of actual war. Indeed, the costliness of mere preparation for war has increased by leaps and bounds during the past twenty years; and recently aviation has started expenditure of a new sort. The masses of the people begin to realize that they pay the costs of war; and they are not so dumb and helpless as they used to be. Hence, perhaps, the encouraging fact that huge armies, ready for instant action, have faced each other in Europe for forty years without once coming into collision.

(5) Republican Switzerland has shown how the entire male population capable of bearing arms may be trained and held in readiness for defensive warfare without abridging seriously the industrial activities of the people, and without maintaining any standing army which could be used for offensive purposes outside the national territory.

These are all good omens for peace; but they afford no effectual security to any European people, whose territory has not been declared neutral, against the sudden invasion of their territory by a formidable alien force capable of inflicting immense losses and of extorting a vast ransom. The Swiss experience, however, is more than an omen, for it shows one way of changing Europe from a group of fully-armed camps always ready for hostilities abroad, into a group of peace-expecting states, each maintaining a strong protective force, but no aggressive force. Civilized society is still founded on force, but that force should be a protective force. In practice it would be easier for a large state than for a small one to adopt this excellent Swiss method. Moreover, the territories of large states might be "neutralized" by agreement, as well as the territories of small states.

On the whole, the only way in which promoters of peace can at this moment make head against the apprehension of invasion is to urge the making of arbitration treaties which contain no exceptions, and the establishment of a permanent court of arbitral justice. The reduction of armaments

on land must await the establishment of such a supreme court, unless, indeed, neighboring nations by twos or threes can make local agreements for reduction analogous to the invaluable arrangement made in 1817 between the United States and Great Britain concerning armaments on the Great Lakes.

THE COLONEL AND JOHN BULL

WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF EACH OTHER

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

REALLY a good sort, don't you know, when you once get at him. We can forgive him no end of bounce and bluster, for his heart's in the right spot."

They were discussing Theodore Roosevelt — three typical Englishmen, beef-red as to visage and pink as to pate, as they ate their mutton with great wedges of "bubble-and-squeak" and drank their port wine in the comfortable dining-room of the —— Club. And their verdict was the general verdict of Englishmen.

"God bless us, things are not what they were in the old days, but there are many worse things than this American chap, as cocksure as you please about things he doesn't know much about. A good sportsman, he, and on the whole the right sort."

The mutual experiences of John Bull and the Colonel were more interesting than those involved in Mr. Roosevelt's visit to any other foreign people. And this in spite of the fact that the death of King Edward interfered with the programme of festivities designed to make them acquainted with each other. Not only had many public demonstrations to be abandoned, but those that were carried through could receive only scant attention from a press occupied with the overshadowing topic of the death and burial of the King and the

inauguration of a new reign, with all its social and political problems.

Indeed, as it happened, the visit coincided with a greater number of news events than are often crowded into a period of three weeks. The funeral implied the coming and going of eight kings and sixty royal princes, with an immense volume of personal gossip and political speculation. Besides all this, during Mr. Roosevelt's sojourn, a French submarine was lost; a flying machine crossed the Channel and returned after dropping a letter on French soil; a war balloon made a midnight trip over London; the year's Derby was run; the International Horse Show was opened; the King and the Queen celebrated their birthdays; the Government of United South Africa was inaugurated; the comet was expected, and a session of Parliament was opened.

This is a pretty full news-schedule. Naturally distasteful as publicity is to Mr. Roosevelt, he must have felt that it was hardly fair to put him into competition with a combination of kings, comets, and airships.

During his first ten days in England, Mr. Roosevelt was not "featured" in the newspapers. A paragraph in the southeast corner represented the London editors' idea of the importance of his presence in

the island. At the King's funeral he willingly consented to be effaced. Whatever may have been the emotions of the representative of another Republic, the Special Envoy of the United States was quite content to ride in a black carriage, not only in the rear of the chromatic clamor of the kingly cavalcade, but even behind "the Chink and the chambermaids" — to adopt the irreverential language by which a disgusted Westerner designated the Chinese Prince and the ladies of the Royal Household.

Later it became known that Colonel Roosevelt had been the life of the party, alike at the big Buckingham Palace dinner, blasphemously known in exclusive circles as "the wake," and at the luncheon at Windsor. There was some disappointment among Englishmen that he did not shoot out the lights or do a war dance amidst the royal plate, but, eventually, well authenticated rumor was current that kings at near-by tables, after preserving the appearance of interest in the frivolous conversation of their neighbors, had one by one gravitated toward the Colonel, with such grave inquiries as "I beg your pardon, but precisely what do you mean by 'a two-gun man'?"

But it was the Guildhall speech that introduced Mr. Roosevelt to the British public — and the introduction was not auspicious.

Precisely what induced Mr. Roosevelt to make the speech he made in the Guildhall this article does not presume to say. He knew full well that the propriety of it was questionable; he knew it would be questioned. Undoubtedly Mr. Roosevelt felt strongly the sentiments he uttered; there is no conviction of his life more deeply grounded than that of the right (or, as he would put it, the duty) of the strong man to rule over the weak. Undoubtedly Mr. Roosevelt thought England needed to hear that duty preached. His willingness to preach it was so great that it overcame his natural reluctance to become — as he realized the speech would make him — "a front page display." At all events, he preached it — and instantly became the most conspicuous figure of the hour.

From that day until he sailed from South-

ampton he was never out of the public eye. His sayings and doings were chronicled with the keenest eagerness.

The fact that the address delivered by Mr. Roosevelt when he made his "visit to the City" and became a freeman of London, created a sensation, is known in America. The proportions of the sensation are scarcely appreciated. As the incident is likely to have its part in influencing the state of public feeling toward America in England, it is perhaps worth while to dwell a moment upon it.

My observation of the manner in which the audience received the address, and the opinion concerning it that I heard from scores of English acquaintances and friends do not agree with the reports cabled to America. Before he left England, Mr. Roosevelt was understood and admired, but the day after his denunciation of the weakness of British rule in Egypt he was everywhere looked upon as an ill-mannered busybody.

There was no mistake as to the feeling of those who heard the speech. They were already in an ill-humor because the guest to be honored was half an hour late in arriving. During the awkward wait, comment was heard on every side on the "punctuality of princes" and the carelessness of ex-Presidents. It was not his fault, but nobody knew that. When the nature of the address became clear there were distinct exclamations of astonishment in the part of the hall where I was seated.

The attitude of the candid friend is one which the Englishman likes to assume himself, but to be himself lectured by the candid friend is gall and wormwood to him. The Guildhall audience was made up chiefly of those who held the sentiments which the speaker advocated. Most of its members were against the Government. But it went hard with them to hear from the lips of a foreigner criticism which they themselves had freely cast on the administration of Egypt. As for those to whom the speaker's sentiments were unacceptable, they were unable to restrain murmurs of protest and anger. I write simply as a reporter when I say that the overwhelming, even though unexpressed, sense of the assembly was that Mr. Roosevelt's speech was an impropriety and an impertinence.

Before we passed out, I talked with more than twenty gentlemen, and without exception all expressed regret that the speech should have been delivered. Nearly all, however (and this is the significant fact), declared their impression of the speaker's sincerity and earnestness and their admiration of his personality.

On the morrow, opinion (as publicly expressed) seemed to divide sharply on political party-lines. Mr. Roosevelt was denounced as a dangerous guest, an insolent meddler, a fountain of clap-trap, a political Barnum, a rowdy, barrack-room sentimentalist; his address, a compound of jingo-buncum, egotistical rigmarole, crude reasoning, and sham heroics. On the other side, it was declared to be a useful, though an unpalatable warning. That there was from any quarter a thorough-going, sincere commendation of the speech I do not believe. The opposition to the Government made all they could of Mr. Roosevelt's testimony as to discontent in Egypt, but behind every utterance was the knowledge that this outburst of a foreign critic had made the problem harder, not easier, of solution. Much was made of the fact that the man who declared one day that an assassination traceable to Nationalist aspirations proved the Egyptians unworthy of self-government was, on the following day, the luncheon guest of the Irish Nationalists; and much was said of the Phoenix Park murders — the assassination in Dublin, in 1882, of two British officials for Ireland — as well as of the three murdered American Presidents. A faithful report of the sentiment aroused by the speech in England must say that it was all but universally regarded as a gross error — howbeit one that a vigorous man, of strong conviction, might make. Colonel Roosevelt himself is the last person who will learn the real sentiment of the English people toward his speech. It would not be surprising if he believed and still believes himself approved.

At all events, from the hour of the Guildhall deliverance Mr. Roosevelt's good nature carried all before it. He was pleased with England and the English — and not displeased with himself. He had been eating his way through lordly banquets, but now he was seen and heard at a number of semi-

public gatherings of interesting men, at all of which, rising a person disliked, he sat down in the midst of newly-won friends. Mr. Roosevelt has acquired a surprising happiness of phrase and a charming quality of humor. His little unpremeditated speeches are perfect in their way.

One of the best was that at the midnight supper in Stationers' Hall. The company was one of rare distinction. In front of the guest was the composing-stick used by Benjamin Franklin. It was labeled "The Big Stick," and afforded the Colonel a text for talk in a familiar, conversational vein that revealed to Englishmen more of the man than any other utterance to which they listened.

Another especially felicitous speech was one made in the Oxford Town Hall, whither the City Fathers took Mr. Roosevelt before delivering him over to the tender mercies of the University.

Mr. Roosevelt liked Oxford — though he had never before taken the trouble to visit it. He was whisked about from Christ Church to the Bodleian Library, to New College, and to Magdalen on a rainy day, and he still knows nothing of the sweet secret beauties of the gray old city.

If he didn't see much of Oxford, all Oxford came to see him, and stood an hour in the rain, which fell in sheets, soaking the gowns and hoods until the scarlet of doctors and the crimson of masters merged into sodden rags. When finally the doors swung open, one rush filled area and galleries with an audience doubtless as learned, certainly as well soaked, as any that ever gathered in the Sheldonian Theatre.

An Oxford Convocation is not a solemn affair. Solemnity is furthest from being its dominant note. By immemorial right, the undergraduates are free to bait and jolly the candidates for degrees, and seldom do they fail to exercise their privilege. It is very curious that this time the undergraduates were silent. But fun was not wanting: it was provided by the Chancellor, Lord Curzon, who presided.

Lord Curzon is a man of fine presence, sonorous voice, and marked dramatic instinct. He employed all his gifts effectively. In his mouth the sonorous Latin failed not to carry its good humored raillery.

Lord Curzon frankly grinned as he waved the beadles toward the door crying, "Go beadles, lead in the honorable man," and then welcomed him, smilingly exclaiming:

"Behold, Vice Chancellor, the promised wight

Before whose coming comets turned to flight,

And all the startled mouths of seven-fold Nile took fright!"

There were murmurs of amusement at the reference to the fading comet and the horror of Egypt, and these rose into noisy mirth as the Latin speech went on to explain, how, having slain African beasts for relaxation, the candidate was returning, like another Ulysses, after visiting many cities and "discoursing on many themes." There was a howl of joy from the throng of gowned and hooded dons when the Chancellor turned to Mr. Roosevelt and addressed him as "*Strenuissime*." They had roared "*placet*" when the Chancellor asked them to vote the degree.

Mr. Roosevelt stood with a set face, only occasionally breaking into "that strange leonine smile," which still further amused the audience, as Lord Curzon poked more fun at him, telling him, with cunning allusion to the Guildhall sensation, that at Oxford they were used to lectures, were quite prepared to be lectured that day, knowing perfectly well how little lectures amounted to anyway.

The Romanes Lecture of 1910 is the most ambitious piece of writing Mr. Roosevelt has ever attempted. He himself believes that it represents his best thought and literary effort.

The opinion of Oxford, as gleaned from talks with old friends in common-room and hall, in the evening, would scarcely regard the lecture as one of note from a scientific standpoint. But there again I found unanimity in admiration of the personality and spirit of Theodore Roosevelt. And it may be said that the effect of his appearance at Oxford became and remains the impression Mr. Roosevelt made in England. England did not assess the ex-President as an intellectual giant; it did not like his manners, but it yielded him profound admiration as a man—a man of conviction, zeal, and strength of will.

No account can be given of what passed at Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, and Windsor Castle. His experiences with royalties, not alone in London, but in other European capitals, will never be narrated by Mr. Roosevelt. It is true he traveled as a private citizen, and talked with kings and ministers as a private citizen, but he had been a chief of state during seven years in which some of the most delicate international situations of modern times had arisen, and, to a degree greater than is known, a participant in their settlement. Furthermore, it was everywhere believed that he would soon resume the office which he had entrusted to his former Secretary of War.

The friendship of the United States is the biggest asset in the international world. Germany in particular is straining every nerve to secure it, in order not only to weaken England but to strengthen itself against Japan. The Kaiser did not fail to use the opportunity for the exercise of his eloquence and personal charm.

But in every capital he visited, the ex-President was made to feel the warmth of his welcome both by the government and the people. As to Vienna alone, some qualification must be made. Here, though the venerable Austrian Kaiser gave every expression to his liking for the visitor, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was absent. This was felt by Mr. Roosevelt. The two met at Venice and again at King Edward's funeral, but the absence of the future Austrian Emperor, already the greatest figure in Central Europe except the Emperor William, was remarked by all diplomats. If Mr. Roosevelt believes that the Archduke's absence from Vienna at the time of his visit was due to lack of sympathy on the part of a reactionary prince with the free and easy manners of a republic, Mr. Roosevelt is mistaken. It can be stated that the Archduke's dislike of the former President is due to his recollection of the circumstances attending the recall of Mr. Bellamy Storer.

What the Emperors and Kings said to the distinguished American is not disclosed, but I am in a position to state that each of the various royalties did have a chance to say something. Also, that each

had an opportunity to listen, none being deprived of advice who had need of it.

Mr. Roosevelt contracted an especial liking for King Haakon of Norway. The King of Spain won his favor. Expand the word "interesting" and pack into it all the meaning for which it has capacity — and you know how the ex-President found the Kaiser.

I fancy that on the whole, however, their Majesties, the Sovereigns of Europe, failed to impress the American visitor. Perhaps he saw too many of them. There was no lowly reverence in the tone in which I heard him casually and innocently refer to "the third king on the right." No one need fear that the Colonel's head was turned by his hob-nobbing with monarchs. He fulfilled the proprieties of every occasion with complete dignity, though possibly in some cases with inward amusement. He felt a little queer, he confessed, the day of the royal funeral, in a dress suit at nine o'clock in the morning; felt somehow as if he were just recovering from a glorious purple night.

But this was a very mild concession to convention, and Mr. Roosevelt has a philosophy capable of meeting even more serious sartorial situations. "There is only one thing more snobbish," he said, "than putting on an outlandish dress, and that is to make a point of refusing to put it on when occasion demands." He was intensely delighted a few years ago when a Western statesman turned down the offer of a diplomatic post with the words "Thanks; no purple pants for me!" And he gleefully tells little stories of Washington squabbles over precedence (which he correctly pronounces "prececdence"), quite as amusing as any he encountered in Europe, even the delightful comedy enacted by the Archduke of Austria and the Czar of the Bulgars when — but this is forbidden ground.

In England Mr. Roosevelt was particularly glad to make or renew the acquaintance of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Kipling, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Sir Harry Johnston, and Captain Scott. Long and delightful were the hours spent in retreat at "Chequers Court," Mr. Arthur Lee's country house, in conversation with

thinking and doing men like these. He passed an especially happy day with Sir Edward Grey on a long tramp through the New Forest. It was noted that he had no time for expatriated American men, or American women married to English titles. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bernard Shaw did not meet. I wish I were free to give the Colonel's opinion of the Englishman; it may be said, however, that it fully reciprocates the dramatist's scorn and pity. Curiously enough, however, Mr. Roosevelt desired to meet Mr. Gilbert Chesterton.

It was with the appropriate emotions, Mr. Roosevelt assured us, that he steamed down Southampton water on the special tender and stepped on board a ship bound for home.

Going out on the *Hamburg* Mr. Roosevelt had been gay and talkative, mixing freely with the passengers and making especial friends of all the children on board. Coming home on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* he kept almost entirely to himself. Much of the time he was engaged on his African book, the last sentence of which was completed before the voyage ended. He gladly welcomed the suggestion of a committee, that he give the passengers an opportunity to greet him, and I had the pleasure of presenting the ship's company, first and second cabin, one by one, on the gaily decorated deck one afternoon. With this exception, few of those on board except personal friends saw anything of their fellow-passenger.

He had time, however, to interest himself in the steerage and the crew. There was a religious service on Sunday morning in the first cabin. The sermon — an excellent one — made copious reference to scribes and Pharisees, publicans and sinners. Mr. Roosevelt at the close of the service beckoned to me and took me out on deck, where, between a brisk walk and vigorous talk he worked off his feeling on a subject which the sermon had suggested to his mind.

"Did you ever stop to think," he exclaimed, "who the Pharisees and who the publicans and sinners are, in modern language? We who were in the congregation to-day are the Pharisees — the only people who are expected or allowed to go



to church. And the publicans and sinners are pretty well represented by the steerage and the stokers, who were prayed for to-day as 'the humblest souls far down in the bowels of this ship.'

"Now, I tell you, religion has just as much to do for publicans and sinners as it has for Pharisees, and it riles me through and through that we should have it in our comfortable cabin, and they should go without it in their uncomfortable quarters. Let's see if we can't do something to carry this righteousness down to the steerage people and the stokers. What do you say?"

In half an hour it was all arranged. The steerage was full of Poles, and the stokers were Germans. We found three Roman Catholic priests in the second cabin, a Pole, a German, and a Frenchman, and they undertook to conduct services in the steerage. The prospect of a visit from "President Roosevelt" vastly excited the lower regions of the ship, and insured a big attendance at the services, which but for him would not have been held.

The scene in the steerage when, under the lead of Captain Ruser and First Officer Schetelig, we descended into it, was one of the most interesting that even the far-traveled ex-President had ever seen. Twelve hundred Poles were crowded between the low decks, forward. The place was clean; the immigrants themselves clean and neat, but lowly as only the poor of Europe can be, and packed so closely that they could move only in unison. In the midst was a box draped with the German and American flags, and on it two candles, their light shining on the still, strained, faces — faces of hundreds of dark-browed men, wan women, and, in the front ranks, hundreds of young girls, pretty enough, but spiritless and melancholy. They stood in perfect silence. Mr. Roosevelt was deeply touched, and spoke a few words to the Polish priest, asking him to say how earnestly he wished the adventure into the new land might be the turning-point in their lives; wished that they might find there all their dreams had painted for them; and how earnestly he, as a citizen of the great republic, welcomed them to it.

When the priest translated, the crowd began to weep, with what emotion we could

not tell. Then they fell on their knees, all together, and, led by a priest, sang a litany, long and solemnly weird. How they sang! and in what sudden silence they received the blessing! As we started out down the narrow human lane opened for us, a little maid who had been singing like an angel seized Mr. Roosevelt's hand and kissed it. Half a hundred followed the example before the victim could draw his hand away; then they caught the skirts of his coat and pressed that to their lips. We escaped in a shout that was meant for "Long live President Roosevelt!"

There were fewer in the third class (where the fare is \$5 higher, the quarters far better) and the scene lacked the poignant pathos of that in the bow. Here, after prayers, Mr. Roosevelt spoke, partly in excellent German, telling the girls they must be careful into whose hands they put themselves when they reached New York; urging the lesson of honesty and mutual helpfulness, and especially charging all that they were going to the new land to find that they had there not only new rights but new duties as well. It was a far cry from Oxford to the steerage of an immigrant ship, but this was the same voice and the same message that we had heard in the academic city.

Mr. Roosevelt was particularly interested in the third class; he would like to see the old steerage done away with, that all who come to America might, from the beginning of the voyage, feel that they were entering into a new life of self-respect, with privacy and cleanliness.

And so he came home, as he had sailed away — full of interest in all things human, but especially in the cause of the man underneath; full of homely advice; enjoying life and wanting all to enjoy it. He was much interested in the news daily received by wireless from the training camp of the big prize-fighters out in California. He was chuckling for days over a saying of John L. Sullivan which we had heard just as we boarded the ship: "The Almighty played a mighty mean trick on the Irish when he made Theodore Roosevelt a Dutchman." There was another Irishism he relished and several times repeated as we drew near home — the comment of Mr. Dooley on Admiral Dewey's fate, to

the effect that Americans ought to build their triumphal arches of bricks so that they would have something handy to throw at the hero the next day.

He had sailed away a year and two months since. He was by the calendar older; he was richer in experience and somewhat grayer as to moustache, but there was no real change in the man from the day he sailed away to that moment when, in the

cool of a June morning, there sprang out of the mist the shape of a great gray battleship, which the suddenly lifting fog and a burst of sun showed dressed with gay bunting, her men at quarters and a scarlet-coated band massed on the side, and there came the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," while the flash and boom of the first of twenty-one guns echoed back from the still invisible hills of Staten Island.

A GOVERNMENT SELLING POWER

THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO SPENDING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO GIVE CHEAP POWER TO A REGION OF NEARLY EIGHTEEN THOUSAND SQUARE MILES

BY

M. J. PATTON

(MEMBER OF THE CONSERVATION COMMISSION, OTTAWA, ONT.)

THE Province of Ontario, in partnership with a group of towns, has gone into the power-transmission business on a large scale. The experiment is one of the most interesting phenomena in the business world to-day. Practically, the effect of it is to make the power of Niagara available at reasonable prices in an area of that province nearly 300 miles long by 60 miles wide. It creates a favorable manufacturing region of nearly 18,000 square miles where no such region existed before.

It has taken nearly ten years of agitation and hard work to bring the participants in this scheme to the point of real work. The first gun was fired by the Toronto board of trade in 1900. At that time the plan seemed visionary. Then came the coal strike of 1902. It was a catastrophe in Ontario. It closed most of the factories, brought a winter of real hardship to thousands of Canada's citizens—and left in the minds of men a firm conviction that something had to be done to make the province independent of the Pennsylvania coal-fields. The retail price of coal in

Ontario has always been considerably above the price at equally distant points in the United States.

Here was the lesson. The organized boards of trade and Canadian manufacturers' associations of the province took it to heart very quickly. The two-year-old agitation of the Toronto board of trade swept over the western half of the province with great rapidity. Where men had been lukewarm or skeptical, they became first inquisitive, then warm, then eager. In July, 1902, a meeting at Berlin, Ont., passed a motion asking the Ontario government to arrange for transmission of Niagara power throughout the western half of the province.

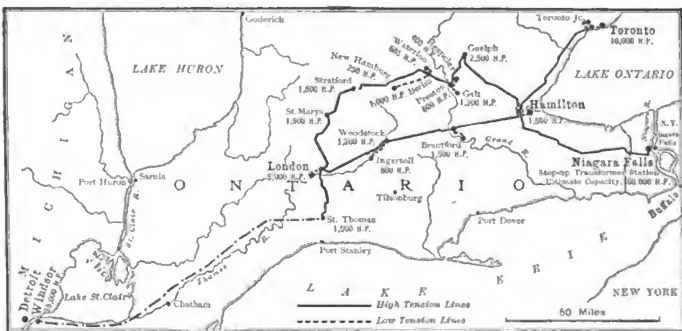
At the very next session, the government responded by granting permission to the towns to make investigations and to do what they could do. Seven cities at once appointed a commission, which selected a site at Niagara for a power-plant and found out what it would cost down to the last dollar. They figured the cost of a 100,000 horsepower plant and transmission system at \$11,909,100. They proposed that the municipalities participating should finance

the whole scheme with bonds running forty years.

It was quick work — and it looked like business. But the Ontario government had other things to think of in addition to the interests of the scattered towns. A good many millions of dollars had been invested at Niagara by private companies, under Ontario laws. In 1905 the government appointed a new commission which went to work on another tack. Its report, filed quickly, recommended that instead of generating power, the municipalities and the government should buy it from the companies already in business.

This crucial stage of the fight was soon over, but its wounds are not yet healed. But the government has gone on. Now the battle has been transferred to the courts and the corporations are petitioning the Dominion government to pronounce the hydro-electric legislation beyond the power of the provincial legislature.

The end of the fight is not yet reached, but the issue is clear. In October, 1908, the commission signed a contract for the building of the transmission lines. This initial contract called for 293 miles of line. Most of it is on steel towers, over a right-of-way obtained under easement. It is equipped



A 400-MILE GOVERNMENT-OWNED POWER-LINE

By which the Province of Ontario distributes cheap power from Niagara to the Canadian towns between Buffalo and Detroit, throughout a region of 18,000 square miles. Lines equally long in the United States would put Niagara power in Pittsburg and reach almost to New York

By the end of 1907 the preliminaries were finished. Then, in January, 1908, the proposition was put before the electors in the various towns affected. Almost without exception the majorities for it were overwhelming. Clearly the people meant business.

Loud-voiced, bitter, and acrimonious were the debates heard in the Ontario towns concerning the "hydro-electric scheme." Everyone was a partisan, one way or another. It has been charged that most of the opposition was sedulously planted and carefully nurtured by the big corporations at Niagara. That needs proof — but it is a conviction in most parts of Ontario.

with all the safety devices known in case of a break and is paralleled by a telephone line. Work began immediately and has been pushed. In a few months more the towns will be using Niagara power.

This line is built by the Ontario government. Its cost is to be repaid by the municipalities in thirty years. Under the contracts, the municipalities give 4 per cent. interest on the cost, provide a sinking fund, and pay for the power that they use.

The commission buys this power from the Ontario Power Company exclusively up to 30,000 horse-power; and for amounts over that sum up to 100,000, half from this company and half from any others. The

contract is renewable, but runs for ten years at the outset. In retailing this power to the municipalities, the commission makes contracts for forty years.

The prices paid the Ontario Power Company for this power seem, at first glance, very low. For amounts from 25,000 horse-power upward, the price is \$9 or \$10 per horse-power, per year, according as the pressure is 12,000 or 60,000 volts.

It seems a perfectly safe conclusion that the individual manufacturer in this highly favored area will be able to contract for almost unlimited power delivered to him over government-owned and operated transmission lines, at a price ranging from \$12 per horse-power up, according to the distance of the consumer from the point of generation.

Before glancing at the probable results to the country through which these lines run, it is as well to understand why the Ontario government took this radical step in the direction of public ownership, and why the people supported the government in a proposition that seems so radically opposed to established precedents.

The Ontario government had given life to private corporations at Niagara which might generate power in excess of 400,000 horse-power. Why, then, should the government step in and appoint a commission which has the right and the sovereign power to compete in practically the whole of the area directly tributary to those very plants?

The fact is very striking. It is that these Ontario companies practically sold their limit of power across the border, in New York state; and it is clear enough that Ontario, under whose laws the companies worked, would not in very many years reach a point in industrial life where its demands for power would justify the private companies in building transmission lines and supplying such power.

In other words, western New York, manufacturing for 80,000,000 people, far outbid Ontario, making goods for 6,000,000 people. Western Ontario stood to get little more benefit out of Niagara power than if it had been a thousand miles away instead of from twenty-five to two hundred miles. Hamilton and Toronto, of course, could get the power; but Brantford, Galt, St. Thomas,

London, Woodstock, Guelph, and half a hundred smaller towns well situated for manufacturing purposes would have to grow a great deal in industrial importance before they could hope to bid against Buffalo, Rochester, Lockport, and the dozens of other manufacturing towns of western New York and Pennsylvania.

The facts speak for themselves. The Canadian Niagara Power Company, with a capacity of 20,000 horse-power in 1906, sold 15,000 in New York and from 1,500 to 2,000 in Ontario, the rest not contracted for. The Ontario Power Company, through an American ally, gave an option on its entire capacity of 180,000 horse-power to the American industries. It was clear enough that the Ontario field was to remain unexploited. So the government and the municipalities determined to exploit it themselves.

What the result will be is problematical. Undoubtedly the project has stimulated manufacturing industries in the favored area. The demand for sites along the line has been good, but not sensational. Growth of population, with the consequent increase in taxable property, is estimated far to over-balance the principal and interest to be paid each year by the various municipalities. The entrance of new towns into the scheme has already lowered the estimated cost of power. It looks as though there were a fair chance for these towns and cities to get their power-transmission lines at a net profit, after paying for them. In other words, it is possible that the increased taxation will not raise the actual amount of taxes paid by the individual who owns property in the towns along the lines.

To the American mind, the whole affair is startling and enlightening. It went through in less than ten years, directly against the wishes and directly in defiance of the efforts of some of the most powerful corporations and many of the wealthiest individuals in Canada. The will of the people, expressed in local elections, was so overwhelming that the lobbies of capital and influence at the provincial capital were swept aside with hardly an effort. The fact that the people wanted something outweighed precedent, monied interest, even the seemingly established economic laws.

The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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Photograph by Clarence

THE UNITED STATES PENSION BUILDING AT WASHINGTON

THE SUITE-GATE, THROUGH WHICH PASSES \$155,000,000 THIS YEAR — NEARLY HALF A CENTURY AFTER THE WAR

THE WORLD'S WORK

SEPTEMBER, 1910

VOLUME XX



NUMBER 5

The March of Events

IF ANY man be subject to fear of the future, let him consider the distance that we have come the last ten years.

Ten years ago we had open wars of railroad rates and free passes on the railroads. The Interstate Commerce Law was practically a dead law, and the Commission was a harmless bureau of statistics. The bare mention of the Government's making a study of railroad securities in relation to physical valuation (such as the President wishes Mr. Hadley, of Yale, to undertake) would have provoked laughter or a riot. There were fewer public-service commissions, such as now exist in New York. The real regulation of railroads, to say nothing of other large corporations, was regarded as a mere threat of impracticable radicalism. Now we take the principle for granted.

Ten years ago, we were at war in the Philippines. Aguinaldo's rebellion provoked a sympathetic rebellion in and about Boston, and there were many persons who regarded anti-Imperialism as the overshadowing great question of our future. President McKinley was portrayed in cartoons as an emperor. We had not settled the status of Cuba. There was still the old treaty with England that practically forbade our cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of New York. Senator Hanna, of Ohio, and Senator Platt, of New York, were the

bosses who, with Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, held the machine-power of the Republican party (and therefore of the National Government) in their hands. Mr. Cummins and Mr. La Follette were incipient Insurgents and were regarded as negligible. The Democratic party was what Mr. Bryan commanded it to be.

Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Chicago, and California universities, not to mention a large number of smaller colleges, had presidents that have since retired or died; Mr. Carnegie had begun his building of public libraries, although the formation of the steel corporation had not yet made him one of the richest two or three men in the world; and Mr. Rockefeller had not begun the wholesale disposal of his fortune to further education.

The Panama Canal, the Government's great reclamation work in the West, the policy of Conservation, the change of the Dingley tariff, the Japanese-Russian war—these were all in the future; and how long ago 1900 was may be measured by recalling that Queen Victoria was still on the throne of England.

All the great events and tendencies of these ten years have not made for the happiness of mankind nor for our national well-being. But there have been enough events and tendencies that have put us forward to give a cheerful and hopeful turn to the thoughts of every man who looks backward as well as forward.



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SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH

WHO, ENTRUSTED WITH THE DUTY OF MAKING
A TARIFF FOR THE NATION, WROTE THE RUBBER
SCHEDULES BY WHICH HIS FRIENDS PROFIT.



Photograph by Clinedinst

SENATOR J. L. BRISTOW

WHO, IN A SPEECH AT WINFIELD, KAN., DE-
NOUNCED SENATOR ALDRICH IN HIS RELATIONS
TO THE RUBBER SCHEDULES OF THE NEW TARIFF.

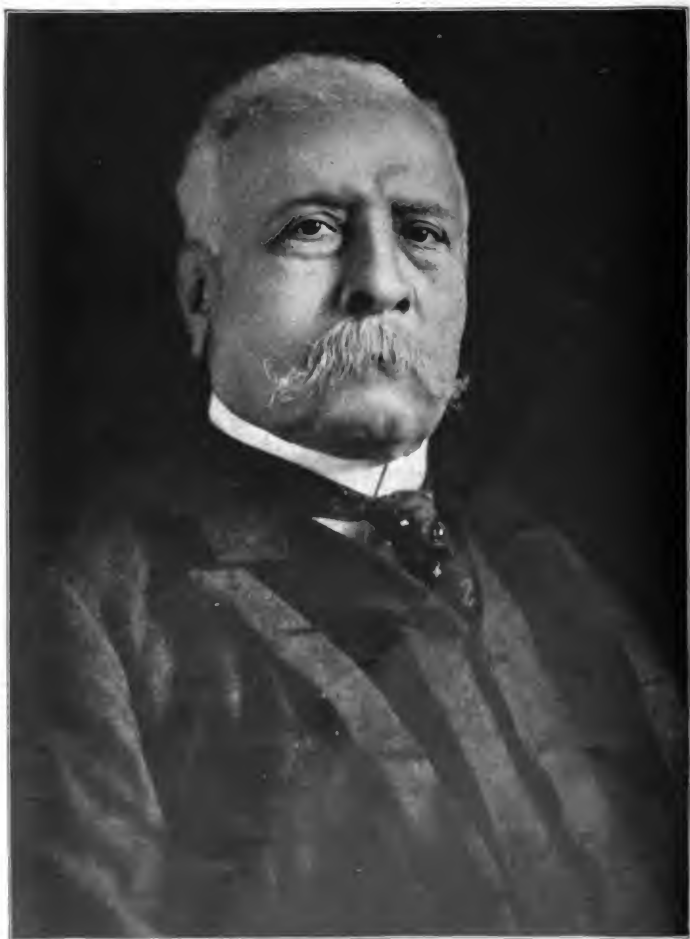
(See "The Tariff on Rubber," page 185)



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MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, CHIEF-OF-STAFF, UNITED STATES ARMY

**OF WHOM COL. ROOSEVELT SAYS: "IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO FIND
ANYWHERE A FINER RECORD OF SUCCESSFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT"**



PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ, OF MEXICO
WHO, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY, HAS ENTERED UPON HIS EIGHTH TERM
OF THE OFFICE WHICH HE HAS OCCUPIED CONTINUOUSLY SINCE 1884



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

THE BROTHER OF THE LATE KING EDWARD VII, OF ENGLAND,
WHO WILL BE THE FIRST ROYAL GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA



Photograph by Brown Bros.

MR. CLEMENT J. DRISCOLL, COMMISSIONER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, NEW YORK CITY
AND A HEAP OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND FALSE SCALES AND SHORT MEASURES COLLECTED BY HIM AND DUMPED INTO THE BAY



Photograph by Brown Bros.

MAYOR GAYNOR A FEW MINUTES BEFORE HE WAS SHOT

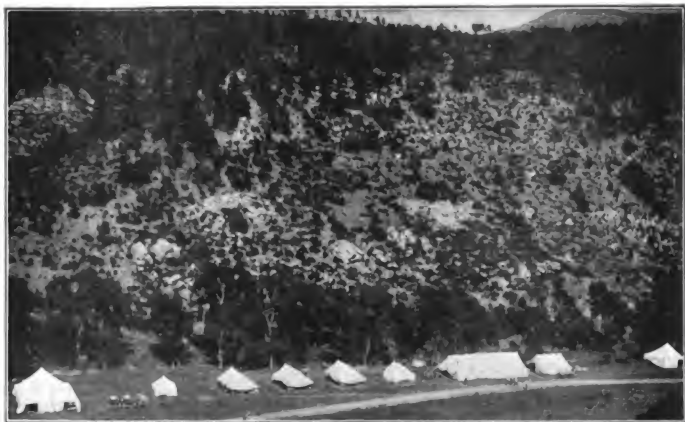
STANDING BESIDE HIS SON RUFUS, ON THE DECK OF THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE." THE SHOT WAS FIRED BY A FORMER CITY EMPLOYEE WHO HAD BEEN DISCHARGED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DOCKS AND FERRIES. THE MAN'S FANCIED GRIEVANCE AGAINST MR. GAYNOR WAS BASED ON THE MAYOR'S REFUSAL TO REINSTATE HIM



Photograph by Julian A. Dinwiddie

DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

WHOSE "CHAPTERS FROM MY EXPERIENCE" (BEGINNING IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "THE WORLD'S WORK") WILL BE A CONTINUATION OF THE INTERESTING LIFE-STORY WHICH WAS BEGUN IN "UP FROM SLAVERY," AND WHICH HAS BEEN TRANSLATED INTO MANY LANGUAGES



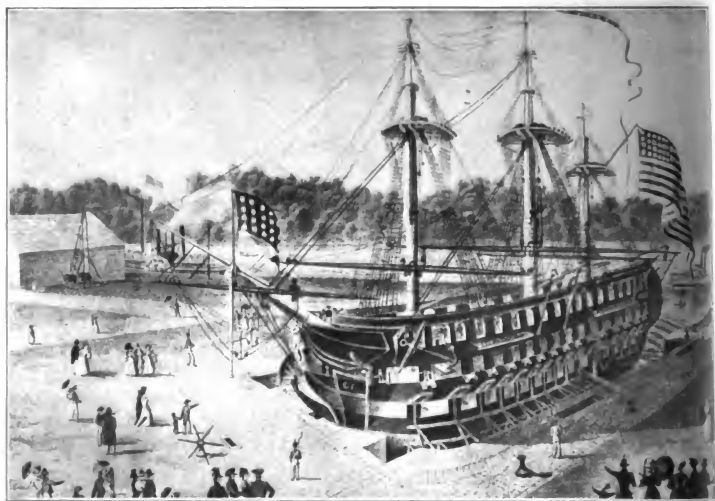
A CONVICT CAMP WITHOUT GUARDS AT TRINIDAD, COLO.



MR. THOMAS J. TYNAN

WHO, AS WARDEN OF THE COLORADO PENITENTIARY, HAS WORKED OUT A NEW METHOD
OF TREATING CONVICTED CRIMINALS BY APPEALING TO THEIR SENSE OF HONOR

[Illustration, from "The Colorado Penitentiary," 1907]



THE U. S. LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP "DELAWARE," LAUNCHED IN 1820



Photographs by H. C. Mann, New York

THE PRESENT U. S. S. "DELAWARE" IN THE SAME DOCK, 1910



MR. PERCIVAL LOWELL

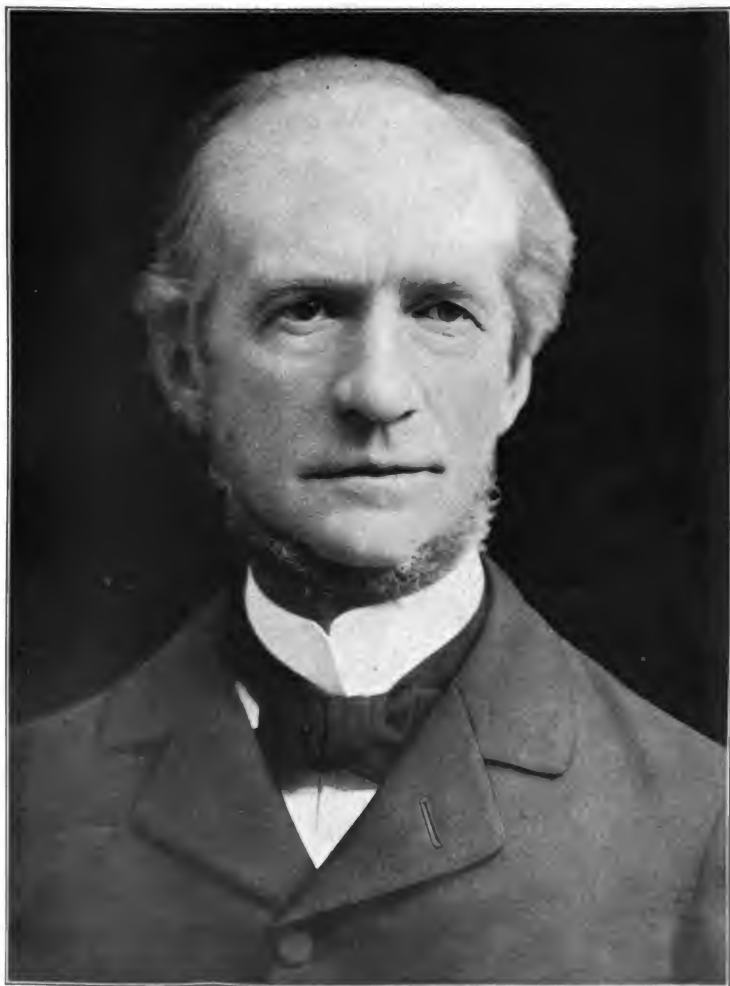
WHO HAS HIS OWN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ., AND
WHOSE BOOK ON "THE EVOLUTION OF WORLDS" HAS RECENTLY APPEARED



Photograph by Laura Ross.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM T. FOSTER, OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

WHO HAS ACCEPTED THE TASK OF BUILDING, FROM THE GROUND UP, REED COLLEGE AT PORTLAND, ORE. WHICH, IT IS HOPED, WILL EMBODY ALL THE BEST PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN ACADEMIC LIFE.



DR. L. CLARK SEELYE

WHOSE CONTINUOUS SERVICE OF THIRTY-SIX YEARS AS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF SMITH
COLLEGE COVERED THE CONSTRUCTIVE PERIOD OF AMERICAN COLLEGES FOR WOMEN



MR. A. STIRLING CALDER, IN HIS STUDIO

WHOSE CLASSICAL IDEALS HAVE BEEN COMBINED WITH PRACTICAL COMMON SENSE IN DESIGNING ORNAMENTAL GATEWAYS AND TOMBSTONES AS WELL AS BUSTS AND STATUES
[See "Calder — a 'Jargon'," *S. Light*, page 1277]

REMAKING THE SUPREME COURT

IT IS fortunate that William H. Taft is President during an Administration in which the President has in his hands the remaking of the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court consists of nine Justices. President Taft has already appointed two; a third vacancy now exists, and the expected resignation of Justice Moody will give President Taft a fourth appointment to make. Another death, or the retirement of Justice Harlan (which would be greatly deplorable) would give Mr. Taft the opportunity (which no President since Washington has had) of selecting the majority of the members of this supremely powerful body.

It is true that the President's appointments to the Supreme Bench are subject to the Senate's confirmation, and that this is not always forthcoming. Nevertheless, in determining the constitution of the country's supreme tribunal (as, within this restriction he does determine it), the President wields his greatest power—and it is a power that may well cause thinking citizens uneasiness.

For the nation understands to-day, as it has not understood before, how completely the future lies in the hands of the Supreme Court. The business of a continent now waits upon decisions which the Court made (but did not announce) last winter; which the death of Justice Brewer unmade; which it was hoped the appointment of Justice Hughes would enable the Court to make again this autumn; but which the death of Chief-Justice Fuller and the continued illness of Justice Moody make it impossible to reach before next spring. Congress, when it meets in December, will not be able to consider the Federal Incorporation plan and other progressive commercial legislation which the President is ready to propose, because the Supreme Court has not yet been able to make up its mind about a law passed twenty years ago. Congress can do nothing unless it knows the mind of the Supreme Court.

What is the mind of the Supreme Court on the subject of progressive legislation? The Supreme Court is unable to express its mind to-day—it could not, with two vacancies, express an opin-

ion which it might not reverse to-morrow. Yet the social, economic, and political future rests upon the social, economical, and political mind of the nine men on the Supreme Bench.

Mr. Taft will determine it in greater degree than any other living man. He will, of course, select the soundest lawyers, the most impartial judges that he can find. Yet he will inevitably, unconsciously believe that those are the soundest lawyers whose views agree with his own. He will appoint men of his own type.

So that one might say it is fortunate that Mr. Taft was persuaded to take the Presidency rather than a Supreme Court Justiceship. He might have been a Justice; it is better that he should make four or five Justices like himself, for his judicial appointments have been his best work.

EVERY-DAY LIFE AND CULTURE

THE High School found its voice at the recent meeting of the National Education Association in Boston, and spoke its emphatic protest against the longer domination of the College. Although a very small percentage—a numerically negligible proportion—of high-school pupils go to college, the old college-preparatory scheme of studies has till now been dominant. This means, as many writers have pointed out in the pages of this magazine, that our vast public-school system has been to a great degree conducted, not with reference to the wants or to the necessities of the mass of the people, but too much with reference to the requirements of the small minority (chiefly of boys) which goes to college. The conservatism and immobility of what we call "Education" have been absurd.

But a change has come; and the outspoken protests made at Boston were significant chiefly because they gave expression to a change that has already taken place in some communities and is fast taking place in others. The public schools are coming really to serve the people.

In Page County, Iowa, for example, the country schools teach children what country children naturally need to know;

and it has been proved that this is just as good pedagogical "matter" as the matter that the traditional textbooks contained. At Albany, N. Y., there is a public school where children do not learn that three barleycorns make an inch (who ever heard of a barleycorn outside of an arithmetic?), but they do learn that twelve inches make a foot, and that three feet make a yard, by measuring the boards that they saw and plane and make into things of utility. They have no practice in "compound interest," but they do have practice in keeping accounts of the cost of the materials that they buy, and of the income from the products that they sell. And these children — as many as need be — learn also Latin and ancient history none the less well for their work in the shop and in the sewing-room and in the kitchen. In New York City there is a girls' industrial high-school, of which Mr. McAndrew, who spoke forcibly against the tyranny of the college, is principal; and the idea of a practical adjustment of training to every-day life is carried out there. All over the country similar educational changes are taking place.

Those who look may witness nothing less than a revolution going on in American education. We shall gain by it enormously in efficiency and usefulness and happiness. Nor is there reason to fear great loss of "culture"; for the culture supposed to have been given by the schools of the old sort was — well, let's not be too critical: it existed chiefly in the imagination of the pedagogues. No man who really knows American life and American college life will be greatly awed by its culture — when he comes to measure things by their real values. And it is worth remembering that the first steps toward culture are intellectual honesty and frankness — the willingness to see things as they are and to call things by their right names.

WHY A FEW MEN OWN THE EARTH

MEN, especially writing men who have had little experience in practical affairs, are constantly wondering why initiative and managing ability cost

so much — why so few men own the earth. The following story, told by President Branson, of the Georgia State Normal School, throws some light on this mystery:

"For instance, here is a good man, a tenant farmer, who has lived for years and years upon the same farm. He is industrious, law-abiding, and intensely religious. He is not exactly illiterate, but he lacks the provident foresight that intelligence allows.

"In 1900 the foreign loan company that owned his farm wanted to close out their business in Georgia. They offered to sell the land upon a ten-year loan at 6 per cent. This man's boys and neighbors begged and pleaded with him to buy this 150-acre farm upon these comfortable terms. They hardly got his attention at all.

"A Macon business man bought it. He took the money out of his own pocket to make the first payment, one-tenth of the purchase price. The money for the other nine payments he simply took out of the rent money of this tenant farmer. Just a month or so ago the purchaser made the last payment, and now owns the land which this tenant paid for. The tenant paid for the land, but the other man owns it.

"This happens to be a bit of history, but it is the history of ten thousand times ten thousand other similar instances in the South."

Similar instances are found outside the South — in every land under the sun. Some men have imagination, constructive ability, daring, managing talent — call it what you will; but most men lack it. And, in the fierce discussions that go on all about us of educational methods and matter, we hear little of plans to develop this talent. Circumstances and blind luck play their part in determining whether some men shall lead or be led; but in the main, in our country at least, native quality or training determines it.

The same subject lately presented itself in another form at a summer hotel, where one man at dinner said to his friend:

"Here is a room full of women — some dining, the others serving them. The difference between the two classes is just this: One class shows that somebody behind them saved money; the other class, that nobody behind *them* did. Most of these women seated at the tables are in the more fortunate class only because of the foresight and prudence

and managing ability of their fathers or husbands; and most of these women who serve them are in their class because of a lack of these qualities in their fathers."

BURNING BOTH ENDS OF THE CANDLE

THE output of automobiles in the United States in 1910 is estimated at 210,000 cars, with an average value of \$1,250. The estimates for 1911 put the output at 300,000 cars, with the same average value. In other words, it is expected that the country will absorb next year cars of an aggregate value of about \$375,000,000, as well as supply the money necessary for the operation of more than half a million cars already in commission.

There are plenty of indications that it is time for the average American to stop and think. In the city of Minneapolis, it appears, one automobile firm holds mortgages on 1,500 homes. In a Southwestern city the amount of mortgage liens against property held in the hands of automobile dealers and manufacturers was so great that banking-houses who were asked to handle municipal bonds of the city refused to have anything to do with them. In one of the best middle-class suburbs of New York, where for years, through normal times and panic alike, there has been a steady demand for homes, not a single home-property has changed hands in four months past; and the dealers in real estate are of the opinion that there will not be any recovery until the craze for automobiles passes into history.

In Westchester County, one of the richest suburban sections around New York City, the County Bankers' Association has gone on record in a warning to its members to refuse, wherever possible, accommodations to borrowers who want the money to buy automobiles for pleasure. In Newark, N. J., a bank officer is quoted as saying that the savings institutions for months past have been losing deposits to patrons who were intending to buy machines. The salesmen for the bond-houses report the same condition, and say that they find it impossible

to sell good bonds in communities where the automobile craze has taken hold.

Undoubtedly there is a great deal of exaggeration in the current report of these conditions. It is also undoubtedly true that a very large proportion — and fortunately, a growing proportion — of the automobile manufacturing in the country consists of the making of commercial vehicles and of machines that are in the nature of a necessity, to take the place of the horse and buggy or the team and surrey that is a necessary part of the living machinery of the country. Out of the estimated \$800,000,000 that will be spent in 1911 on the purchase and maintenance and operation of automobiles, it would probably be unsafe to say that much more than half is waste or extravagance.

Yet, at a period of commercial uncertainty, when banking, industrial, and commercial conditions alike dictate national caution and conservatism, the fact remains that the people at large — the middle class — are plunging into luxury and extravagance at a rate never before equaled, perhaps, in the history of the nation. This fact, taken by itself, is sinister enough to justify all the warnings that have been based upon it. It is no wonder that the bank officers of the country, who understand the reaction of waste upon the sensitive structure of credit, should be the first to be alarmed. There is good reason for their alarm.

The most sinister aspect of the new phenomenon is undoubtedly the pledging of homes and property under liens for the purchase of luxuries that are themselves of a flimsy and not at all permanent character. It seems almost criminal that salaried men by the thousand, living in modest homes in the suburbs of the cities, should be encumbering their property with mortgages that must be paid sooner or later, in order to indulge themselves and their families in a luxury which, in addition to the initial expense, will also obviously increase the living expense of the family, and thereby automatically cut down and curtail the ability of the family to meet the debt. It is burning the candle at both ends

with a vengeance. In a good many thousands of cases, undoubtedly, the candle must burn out very soon.

THE CENTRE OF POPULATION

ONE of the most interesting results of the Census will be the determination of the centre of population. It has been loitering in Indiana for a generation, unwilling to leave the state of papaws and popular novelists. There are indications, however, that the mysterious point may have been attracted toward the West and South, and a bare possibility that the Hoosier State will be at last forsaken. It is certain that there has been a remarkable growth of population in Texas and Oklahoma. It is already clear, too, that the increase of city population has not been so rapid as in the previous decade. The biggest and the most cities are in the East.

It would, however, require a jump of seventy miles for the "centre" to clear Indiana, and only once since the Census began has so long a jump been made. Between 1850 and 1860 the point passed over eighty-one miles. The average ten-year trip is thirty-seven miles, but in the last decade, 1890 to 1900, only fourteen miles were passed. Always the movement has been toward the West, the path following closely the 39th parallel of latitude.

It was just 120 years ago, in 1790, that the centre of population was first located — on the eastern shore of Maryland. Ten years later saw it eighteen miles west of Baltimore. The next decade witnessed the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory, a fact which betrayed itself in a southern trend of the point during the years between 1800 and 1820. Then it resumed its movement due west, marking spots forty, fifty-five, fifty-five, and eighty miles apart. By 1860 it had reached a spot twenty miles south of Chillicothe, O. Then, at first with a slight northward tendency, it passed on for its sojourn near Columbus, Ind.

The Census makes no effort to show the centre of political power, but it may safely be concluded that this also has not moved toward the East during the decade past.

IS WALL STREET IN DECAY?

THERE has been a collapse in the prices of stocks in Wall Street that is almost equal to the collapse of 1907. The best securities have suffered with the worst. The stocks of great railroads like the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Union Pacific, and the Northern Pacific have lost many dollars per share in values. On one or two occasions the cutting down of prices was so rapid that it had all the appearance of an impending panic.

Yet the country goes on about its business as usual. The men we meet on the train, in the club, or on the streets talk of crops, of the money supply, of the failing demand for cotton goods, of false prices for copper metal, of the new, high-record production of automobiles, of the curtailment of the mortgage market — of half a hundred real, significant, and pregnant facts; but seldom does a business man refer with anything but indifferent scorn to the antics of the Wall Street market.

There is no room for doubt that, for once in the commercial and financial history of this country, the hawk that preys on business has missed his quarry. Most intelligent men, when the triumphant upward march of prices began so soon after the panic of 1907, turned their backs upon the Street. When, in the heyday of the market jollity of 1909, the kings of the Street hung up the stocks and bonds at prices marked up in proportion to the general advance in the cost of living, the people of the country paid little or no heed. In vain the clamor of the sellers filled the newspapers. At these high prices the traders in securities bought and sold with one another, for the most part.

It was the flattest sort of a boom that ever was blown in the shadow of Trinity spire. For once the United States was too busy to be caught. It was busy getting caught in other ways, it is true, but that is small comfort to the would-be seller who looks in vain for buyers. It was almost in desperation that an appeal to Paris was made. Paris was coy. In the end, of course, a syndicate was found

in France to take a nibble, at least, at the tempting bait. It was not a real hard bite, however.

One solitary fish of goodly proportions floundered, at last, into trouble. It seems to have been a fairly representative group—a couple of Canadian knights, several baronets and gentlemen of leisure from the English shores, an Anglo-American genius—altogether a clique capable of losing from twenty-five to fifty million dollars of real money without going into bankruptcy. Of course it bought stocks. Of course it lost the money. The lucky fishermen seem to have been the Rock Island group and their friends—gentlemen pirates of the era. They seem to have done nothing that any keen business man might not do. When people came along and wanted to buy the stocks that they held, the gentlemen of the Rock Island group obligingly sold them. Perhaps, of course, they sold so much that they even lost control of one or two of the railroads that they have called their own for a few years past. It is very doubtful that they would go into mourning if this should prove to be the case.

What a pitiful travesty on the "market-place of the world" Wall Street has come to be! The pity of it is that there are no men in the world who know it better than the old-line leaders of the Street. The best part of Wall Street—the part of it that stands for the real constructive work that it has to do if the country is to go ahead to its destiny—suffers with the worst of it.

That part of Wall Street which is a real legitimate part of the machinery of commerce, whether it be in the field of promotion, in the supplying of money for the expansion of plants and railroads, in the pouring of working capital into depleted treasuries, in the forwarding and distribution of products—that part of Wall Street is what it has always been: clean, honest, and as efficient as the financial system of the country lets it be.

To-day the name of Wall Street stands for something far different. It is a place where spiders spin webs to catch flies; where pirates lurk behind rocky islands

to pounce upon passers-by; where magnates cease from strife with one another only when there is something more profitable to do; where dreams of avarice grow into nightmares of crime; where pious millionaires buy banks to look respectable; and where wicked, thousand-dollar-a-year bank cashiers steal a million or two to pay their gambling debts.

If Wall Street is going to continue in business, somebody must either clean it out thoroughly or hit it with a club and start it over again. If the Stock Exchange is to continue to look like a private club for the pleasure and profit of half a dozen groups of plundering magnates, the sooner the Governor of New York appoints a committee "with teeth" the better it will be for the United States—and for the New York Stock Exchange. It is a man-sized job; but all the men in the world are not yet dead or retired from business.

EUROPE'S FERMENT

EUROPE has been in political ferment most of the time for the last five years, the centre of interest swinging from Russia to Germany, then to England, where it is still working, and now to France and Spain.

Little will be heard of the revolution in England until the reassembling of Parliament, in November. In the meantime efforts to reach a compromise continue. An Englishman loves nothing so dearly as a compromise. He sometimes quarrels for the pure pleasure of negotiating a compromise afterward. Something is going to be done to the House of Lords, but nothing like destruction is going to overtake it. The chamber of the peers was practically stripped of its authority last spring. What power it retains will be allowed it out of the good-will of England's triumphant democracy. Mr. Lloyd-George—that Radical with the twinkling eye, who rarely answers a letter, who often goes on a loaf in a crisis, who can sing a comic song like a vaudeville artist and launch an invective like the Parliamentary Jove that he is, and who leads the Asquith Cabinet by the nose—will come up in the autumn with another

socialistic Budget, which will go through this time with only a pretense of opposition, and doubtless with two or three new measures of progressive (and irritating) legislation.

II

When Georges Clemenceau (whom Theodore Roosevelt regarded as one of the two greatest men in Europe) in a huff last summer threw down the Premiership in France, and Aristide Briand was invited to form a new ministry, few, in the country or out of it, looked to see the new Socialist *President du Conseil's* career exceed that of a stop-gap. The general elections were only ten months off, and, after them, the real man would appear.

In the ten months, Briand could do little, and he did little. He carried out the chief promises of his predecessor: old-age pensions and an income-tax were the chief of them. But something in Briand's way of doing things, his lack of oratorical power, the austerity of his life, the quiet soberness with which he gave himself to serious work — though none of these is a thing traditionally attractive to the French electorate — won the nation's heart and put him in again with an increased majority.

Briand began his career as a radical Socialist. Books by him are extant that would be suppressed by the police in America. He rose to prominent office as the man most likely to bait the church successfully and spectacularly. He was selected to carry through the separation of the French Church and State, and he disappointed the "Priest-eaters" by executing the law with consideration and courtesy. When the "Syndicatisme" agitation last year culminated in the strike of the post-office employees, Briand (who had carried a red flag in the Commune) was the only man in the ministry who had the backbone to resist.

He came back from the elections, as has been said, with a bigger majority than he had before. His first act was to throw it away. That is to say, his first act was to propose a reform destructive of the *blanc* system under which he found support.

In France, as in Germany, Italy, Austria, Belgium, and other European countries, the strong political party is unknown. There are too many opinions to allow the existence of but two organizations. There are a dozen groups, and the Government is sustained by a union of one or another combination of groups.

M. Briand proposed to the new Parliament a complete reform of the system of parliamentary representation. In the first place, deputies were to be elected no longer all at once, but a third at a time. In the second place, the minority was to be represented. That is, instead of each parliamentary district electing its representative, deputies are to be elected by Departments.

It is as if New York were to vote for its Congressmen in mass, so that the minority would have a proportionate representation, whereas now the minority might not elect a Congressman in any single district in the state.

M. Briand, in short, makes his appearance in the character of a statesman of a new and larger-visioned school, which conceives that the duty of a government is to benefit all the governed, the minority as well as the majority. The minority-representation proposal is but one item of his programme, but it is the one that can best be understood outside of France.

The effect on France of the assumption by a Premier of this attitude, above parties and groups, is described by a correspondent of *THE WORLD'S WORK* as having been wrought with the freshness and power of a revelation. Certainly there has accrued to the new Prime Minister since the elections a degree of praise which arouses the keenest interest in his future. France has been for several years on the brink of revolution. The Republic has lasted longer than any one expected it to, and it has outlived the wishes of most of its friends. Could there have been, at any moment within the last two years, an agreement among a considerable number of Frenchmen on some promising substitute for the existing government, revolution would easily have come. But in France every man has a theory of his own, and every

family has a programme, so that a government which everybody detests has been allowed to stand. The country is ripe for constitutional reform, and M. Briand may be the man to lead the way to it.

III

Spain is a mystery — probably even to itself — a mystery in that nobody knows what the sense or desire of the Spanish people is. The nation is seething with restlessness. It remains undoubtedly the chief stronghold of Roman Catholicism, but it is altogether likely that the party of nationality as opposed to clericalism, and of progress as opposed to medievalism, is in the majority. The country has undergone tremendous economic changes in the last decade, and has developed a school of statesmen quite abreast of the most advanced ideas of Europe.

Life in the Iberian Peninsula is still dominated by the Church to a degree hard to outstand. The "religious" population — that is, the clergy, monks, and nuns — constitutes a great part of the whole and owns a vast part of the country's resources, paying no taxes, while carrying on work of a diversified nature in competition with ordinary labor, whose wages it reduces. Those who are not of the Church are embarrassed, harassed, and handicapped on every hand. The sentiment, represented by Premier Canalejas, which resulted in the diplomatic break with the Vatican, is bent on the destruction of this medieval organization of society, bent on the liberation of the daily lives of the people from clerical rule. The Government is not attacking the Roman Catholic religion, though, of course, it is represented as doing so; it is attacking the doctrine that Roman Catholicism means the submission to clerical rules of every man, every moment, and in every act.

The Government of Premier Canalejas is well entrenched. Its majority is substantial, and the King's sympathy seems real. Not a little will depend on the King's attitude — for though undoubtedly Socialism and Republicanism are strong in Spain, the masses of the people are

royalists, with, moreover, a certain affection for Alfonso XIII, who has manifested many popular qualities. His present attitude of sympathy with Canalejas and his project of secularizing Spain are natural to a young man whose best friends are the English royal family, whose wife is an Englishwoman, and who spends much time in democratic pastimes in England. But he will have to be very strong in his convictions to withstand the pressure that will now be brought upon him from his ultramontane Catholic subjects. Alfonso is hardly likely to prove another Henry VIII, though at this moment he is apparently firm in his support of the policy of resisting the Vatican's pretensions to be the rightful government of Spain.

THE GERMAN WAY WITH MAYORS

GERMAN cities are the best governed in the world. How far apart are the ideas of Germans and Americans on the subject of city government may be seen from reading an advertisement which lately appeared in a number of German papers:

The place of mayor of Magdeburg is vacant. The salary is 21,000 marks (\$5,250) a year, including the rental of a dwelling in the city hall. Besides his salary the incumbent will receive 4,000 marks (\$1,000) for his official expenses. Candidates should apply before September 1st.

Can any one imagine an American city advertising for a mayor? Can any one give a good reason why a city should not advertise for a mayor when it needs one?

The German idea is that a municipality is a business, to be conducted on business lines. The office of mayor is one requiring knowledge and skill of a technical, professional character. A man who has proved himself a good mayor in one German town is frequently invited to another. The larger towns look to the smaller towns to train municipal officers for them. It frequently happens that two cities bid in competition for a particularly expert man. So when their chief burgomaster, Doctor Lentz, was appointed Prussian Minister of Finance,

the good people of Magdeburg gave public notice of their need of a capable man to succeed him.

Sensible people, those Germans!

EDEN AND THE ETHIOPIAN

AGAIN an American company has undertaken to enter Haiti on a programme of extensive development. It agrees to build several hundred miles of railroad, in part return for which it is to get a zone of liberal width on either side the track where the land is not now privately owned. This means almost a continuous strip.

There is on earth no land richer than Haiti; none where capital ought to reap swifter or bigger harvests. Ought to. The trouble is with the people, of course. Civilization is practically extinct among a population of two millions of Negroes.

There is no sadder sight than a Haitian town, such as Port-au-Prince, Aux Cayes, or Jacmel — clutters of huts amid ruins of palaces, nauseating in lazy degradation, sore with filth. But it is only in these four or five coast-towns that there is any knowledge at all of the world, any pretense of order. Everywhere else are the jungle, the half-naked Negro and his women, the opulent land filled with a race of beings little better than beasts, with footpaths for its only highways, with basilisks basking on the displaced stones of its once great public-works, and the tropical silence broken rarely, except by the sound of tom-toms summoning to superstitious rites.

Perhaps the heart of Africa is like it, in its hopeless misery, or the half-frozen wastes of Patagonia or of Thibet. But nowhere is there such degradation coupled with such a background of unspeakable natural loveliness (for Haiti is a paradise to the eye), or of prosperous history (for both Spain and France counted this their wealthiest colony). Coffee, cotton, cacao, tobacco, pimento, castilloa for rubber, gold, silver, aluminum, copper, mahogany, logwood, bananas — these things are to be found in perfection here. But what avail they, so long as there are no government, no money, no roads, no harbors, no hopes, no ambitions?

Some day, perhaps, the people of the United States will appreciate their duty toward this benighted island, appreciate the value of this smutted but most splendid pearl in the Antillean necklace.

ARE ALL NEW BOOKS TRASH?

THE English-reading world on both sides of the ocean has been having one of our periodical attacks of has-fiction-declined? There was the generation of Thackeray and Dickens following Scott, and the generation of Meredith and Hardy following Thackeray and Dickens. And now look about — what do you find?

You find, of course, ten new novels or a hundred to every one that our fathers had; for half a century ago the reading public was small, and everybody who read anything read the latest popular novel. Now we have many reading publics — the public of the kitchen and the pantry, the public of the shop-girl, the public of the idle woman, the public of the man who travels — all sorts of reading publics, and they overlap one another. The novel has become a common form of diversion and amusement, like the moving-picture show, the automobile, and the baseball field; and many novels lay no more claim to literature than a baseball game or an afternoon at bridge.

If our critics would rule such novels out before they begin their comparisons and laments, they would have plainer sailing. As for what would be left — doubtless there is little of literary value in the current issue of fiction. But it is worth remarking that immediate criticism of books, while they are fresh from the press, is seldom able to make right judgments. Even a few years — two or three or five — clear the vision wonderfully.

He would be an overbold man who should claim that the flood of novels carries much literature; but he is an over-despondent man who fears that the stream of real literature is dried up. All literary theories are made and all literary values determined after the event. Witness the contemporary estimate of Shakespeare and of Wordsworth, for two great instances.

Whether we have fallen on evil days and a barren time—a time of low standards and of merely commercialized amusement instead of literature—is a somewhat vain controversy; for there is no way to settle it. The best that one can do is to read the old books that we know are great, and such new ones as may best instruct or amuse us. To worry overmuch about the literary tendencies of our time is to take trouble about what cannot well be mended—except by those who can write great books, and they have orbits of their own and are not easily swayed by what you or I think. The main matter is that every man shall keep his own taste high and pure and shall show his children which the great books are and teach them to read and to love them.

A HERO TOO LATE

DRIFTING about in the lower East Side, New York, is a human derelict known to the children of the streets as "Andy." They know him only as an old sailor who is "down and out"—so "down" that he scrubs the hallways of a foul, Jewish tenement for \$1 a week and "board" that many a dog would not touch. His "bedroom" is so disreputable that he often sleeps by preference in the park or in a hallway.

But "Andy" is neither a "bum" nor an applicant for charity. He stands erect upon his feet, in spite of his seventy-three years, and looks every man squarely in the eyes when he talks—and there is no whine in his voice. And if any citizen of the East Side is looking for a fight, an insult to "Andy" will quickly bring it.

For "Andy" is not only a sailor—he is a veteran of the American navy. He knew Admiral Dewey when he was "Commodore" Dewey; and "Andy" was quartermaster on the *Olympia* and had charge of the steering of the battleship when it crept into Manila Bay. He left the *Olympia* only when the ship went out of commission, after Admiral Dewey's triumphal return—and soon thereafter the old quartermaster was put out of commission.

The circumstances do not matter

greatly. He got drunk and into trouble with an officer—and, with a dishonorable discharge, he had to leave the navy in which he had served with credit for nearly thirty years.

It is "Andy's" misfortune that he became a hero too late—he is not a veteran of the Civil War. Had he served for only a few weeks in some Union regiment that never got to the front; had he been even a "bounty-jumper" or a deserter—he would have a chance by a special pension act of receiving a regular pension from a grateful country.

But "Andy" is only one of the heroes of Dewey's fight in Manila Bay—and he has a "bob-tailed" discharge because he hit a superior officer!

SOME NOTABLE ARTICLES TO COME

ALTHOUGH the Civil War is receding far into history, and the number of the original pensioners is dwindling, the cost of the pension system is constantly increasing—and this well-known fact suggested that an inquiry into this singular phenomenon might not be amiss.

An investigation has been made. For a year, several members of the staff of this magazine have been gathering material. The work has carried them into distant parts of the country, and brought before them many musty documents. It has not taken them into the Pension Bureau, for the reason that the officials do not think it expedient to allow the inspection of the records of this branch of the Government; the citizens who are paying this year one hundred and fifty-five millions of dollars are not allowed to know even the names of those who receive it.

Nevertheless, THE WORLD'S WORK has obtained a good view of the workings of the system—a view which shows the existence of gross frauds on the good faith of a generous nation. Pensions are being drawn by thousands of persons who have no right to them. Thousands of deserters are enjoying the bounty of the Government which they betrayed in the hour of need. Thousands are being compensated for ills utterly unconnected with army service. Hundreds of girl-widows, born a quarter of a cen-

tury after Appomattox, are receiving quarterly payments from Washington, because they took a fancy to some old veteran with one foot in the grave. Women never married to soldiers with whom they lived long after the war are being pensioned. And so on.

It is a startling statement of facts which will be presented in a series of articles beginning in *THE WORLD'S WORK* next month. The truth has never been told about pensions. The time has come to tell it. It is really a national shame that the long honor-roll of men who toiled, marched, fought, and suffered for their country should be invaded by a horde of camp-followers and deserters. We therefore expect the worthy veterans to be foremost among those who will welcome the revelations which the forthcoming Pension articles will make. The country at large will read them with astonishment and indignation.

Mr. Booker T. Washington wrote his frank and inspiring "Up from Slavery" more than ten years ago. The book took and holds a place among the great autobiographies; and it has been translated, it is believed, into more languages than any other American book, for it has been issued in one or more of the languages of India.

"Up from Slavery" ended really with the period of Mr. Washington's preparation for his life-work — with the founding of Tuskegee Institute. He is now writing, in the same frank, autobiographic

way, his experiences in the wider field of action — as the leader of his race, as a figure of national importance and of international interest, and as a citizen whose career has brought him into personal contact with most of the interesting personalities of our time.

These "Chapters from my Experience" will begin in the October number of *THE WORLD'S WORK* and run for half a year or more. They will rank among the most direct and interesting and frank contributions to the thought and activities of our own time, both in the South and in the North.

During this period the old sectional feeling practically disappeared, and race friction has been greatly lessened. Toward these great results Mr. Washington's principles and activities have contributed with the whole force of his remarkable personality.

A CORRECTION

ON PAGE 13135 of the July number *THE WORLD'S WORK* published photographs of President McKinley and Vice-President Roosevelt and of Mr. Roosevelt as Governor of New York. These photographs were copyrighted by Messrs. Pach Bros. of New York, but the copyright notice did not appear on account of the maltreatment of the original photographs. The same is true of the photograph of Mayor Gaynor, which was used on the July cover. The editors very gladly call attention to this omission, in order that the photographers may have the credit which is their just due.

"BIG BUSINESS" AND THE PEOPLE

THE regulation of railroads and the restraint of corporations — these are the subjects of more legislation and of more discussion, and the cause of more hopes and of more fears and of more business disturbances, than all other subjects combined. We have had much legislation, national and state, more agitation, endless discussion, a financial

panic, sensational trials and decisions, and violent fluctuations in values; and there are cases pending in the Supreme Court whose decisions are awaited by the industrial world as of possible revolutionary importance.

Yet few men, even of the greatest industrial grasp, seem to see the real meaning of this ever-increasing agitation

which does not end with new statutes nor with decisions of the courts nor with political programmes; and few political leaders seem to have a clear notion of it.

The industrial magnates will tell you that business conditions would be sound and satisfactory if our law-makers would be quiet for a time. "We have too many laws already. Stop for a while. Give business a chance." Yet the amendments that Congress so laboriously and disputatiously made to the railroad laws have little practical meaning. No railroad manager and no citizen seems to know of any very great change that these amendments brought or seem likely to bring.

All this agitation and law-making and amending, then, and the law-suits brought by the Government, and the court-decisions — are all these mere piddling and meddling and demagoguery? or is there some large, clear principle toward which the agitation is tending, even in its zigzag ways? There is such a principle, slowly and awkwardly as we get at it.

II

So long as competition is active, commercial and industrial freedom takes care of itself. If one man or company restricts opportunity or unduly increases prices or limits products, a competing man or company quickly takes advantage of such changes, and industrial freedom and equality are (at least potentially) maintained. There is no need of governmental regulation or interference. Business, in the long run, takes care of itself.

But, just as soon as the monopoly of any product or of any service or of any opportunity begins, the conditions change. There is no longer a condition that insures industrial freedom or equal opportunity, even potentially. The monopolist has the power to abridge it. As soon as monopoly begins, therefore, there arises the necessity for governmental regulation.

This is the large general principle which the public sees and feels and will not give up; and this continued agitation in all its forms is the expression of this feeling — of the conviction that the public

regulation of monopolies is necessary for industrial freedom.

III

Simple as this proposition is as an abstract proposition, it presents endless difficulties to apply it. The line where competition ends and monopoly begins is sometimes a clear line, but much oftener an exceedingly obscure line; and most of the trouble comes in finding this line. In the last analysis the cases against the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company involve this query: whether their conduct involved monopoly? Or, for a better example, nothing else in the whole industrial world is so complicated, or half so complicated, as the vast network of railroad questions. The one other subject that approximates it in intricacy is banking; and the control of money and of financial machinery will soon occupy our minds and confuse us as railroad problems now do.

For the present the struggle is clearly to define the nature of railroad monopoly (every railroad is, of course, more or less of a monopoly, of necessity) and the extent of monopoly used by the great industrial companies, and then to find a way fairly to apply public regulation to them.

A monopoly may be necessary; many are. A monopoly may be "good" or "bad"; there are many good monopolies and many bad monopolies. They may be industrially and socially beneficial; for many are, on account of the economy and the efficiency that they have wrought out. But their character is not the question.

The question is, are they monopolies? If they are, competition may no longer be depended upon to maintain what we call industrial freedom; and the public — as a municipality, as a state government, or as the National Government — must step in and have regulative power.

IV

It will be a long time before we work out just and undisputed methods of regulating all kinds of monopolies. Conditions change every year. Where competition existed last year, there may now



be monopoly; and, where there was monopoly last year, in some cases, competition has, through changes of some sort, reasserted itself. Then again, most monopolies struggle against effective regulation. Again, many forms of industry are partially, and only partially, monopolistic. Further still, the chief tools that public opinion must work with are legislators and other public officers. These are ignorant, interested, or wise in varying proportions, and at the best they are slow in action. Another tool is publicity, which also is variable and uncertain and at best slow.

We may not expect, therefore, at any early time to have less agitation or fewer laws or a "rest" for business. There will continue to be political and legislative and judicial disturbances of business conditions until the general principle is wrought out in effective and enforceable laws, that the public regulative authority must step in wherever competition ends and monopoly begins.

The cessation of agitation and disturbance would come sooner and easier if the large business world would at once accept the principle of the public regulation of monopoly and help to put it into application. By such help "a rest to business" would come much sooner and it would be a very much more secure rest when it came. The mere cry that business must not be disturbed does no

good. "Business" is not a sacred thing; and, when its organization or conduct really restricts the liberties and opportunities of the people, it ought to be disturbed.

V

It is unfortunate; but we must live and work and do the best we can, every man with his own life and his own enterprises, while this varying and slow struggle for industrial freedom goes on. On one side those who profit by unregulated monopoly say with truth that any agitation which disturbs business hurts every man. On the other side the clamorers for radical, swift, and sweeping regulation lack perspective and lack knowledge of the dangers of undue disturbance. Demagogues are in both camps. In both camps, too, are honest believers in illusions. The wise man is the patient, temperate, but determined and unresting man who refuses to take fright at the threats of all the Samsons in the temple, or at the too radical pace of revolutionists. Some temples will fall, some enterprises will perish, some innocent will suffer. So also many foolish revolutionary experiments will fail. The mills of a democracy grind slowly, but they, too, grind exceeding fine. There is a clear principle toward which we are working. But we shall not reach it without loss and struggle.

INSURANCE AGAINST BUSINESS FAILURE

ON SATURDAY, June 11, 1910, there appeared in a trade paper of New York an advertisement signed by J. W. Melick & Co., of 288 Washington Street, containing an announcement of a business crisis in the affairs of that firm.

This announcement stated that the sudden death of Mr. Charles H. Treat, a former Treasurer of the United States, who had

been intimately associated in business matters with that firm, rendered it advisable for the time being to turn over all consignments of merchandise intended for Melick & Company to another firm. The announcement stated further that after the settlement of the affairs of the dead associate the firm expected to resume its business along former lines. It simply asked for time and patience on the part

of its customers to allow it to weather a sudden storm that had fallen on it without warning.

This episode is one of those ordinary business happenings that might come to any man or group of men. It is of the very essence of business that sudden and unlooked-for developments are in the nature of hidden liabilities on the books. Life, in most business concerns, is a contingent liability — a call-loan, as it were, subject to a sudden demand for payment. When the call comes there is no temporizing. A heart stops beating — and with it perhaps comes the necessity for such an announcement as that made by Messrs. Melick & Co.

This sort of thing is going on every day in the business history of the nation. It is impossible to guard against it wholly. Everybody knows that where the business of a firm or corporation is based upon the genius or the brains of a single individual nothing can guard it, even in large part, against the danger that lies in the death of such a man. If a company, for instance, were put together to develop the future inventions of Mr. Edison, that company would practically cease to exist with the death of Mr. Edison. Many an ancient business, particularly in manufacturing lines, has assumed practically a "scrap" value upon the death of the man who built it.

Yet a tremendously large percentage of the losses through this cause in industrial and mercantile pursuits can be covered by safeguards at a relatively small cost. In the case of Melick & Company, Mr. Treat, we may believe, was not the most active partner in the actual carrying on of the commission business of that firm. The relationship was a capital relationship rather than a strictly mercantile relationship. Such a risk can be and should be covered by ordinary life-insurance.

I remember a somewhat similar case in a different field. A young man, himself very well connected but not wealthy, had mastered a phase of the investment financial business. He married when quite young. Against her judgment, his wife was persuaded to invest a part of her money, of which she had plenty, in the establishment of a new financial banking-house. The young man gathered together a firm con-

sisting of himself and three other partners. None of them put any capital into the firm. That was all supplied by the woman. This money consisted of \$500,000 and was, in reality, subject to withdrawal on six months' notice.

The firm had not been in existence a year when the young man died. His wife lived only two months longer. When her will was probated it was found that she had ordered her executors to withdraw the entire \$500,000 from that firm as early as possible and bestow it in accordance with directions contained in the will. The executor, a trust company, served notice as soon as its credentials were established. The firm was liquidated forthwith.

At the age at which this risk was assumed by the firm, it would have cost less than \$6,000 a year to cover the entire risk on the life of either the partner or his wife for a period of ten years. If this had been done, the firm would have been in existence to-day with its capital not only unimpaired, but free from all lien, direct or indirect. In this case, the neglect to cover the risk properly was almost criminal.

Instances of this sort could be multiplied indefinitely from newspaper records. It is hardly necessary, however, to pile up such instances. Almost any man who has been in business for twenty years or more can draw them from his own experience. If he cannot adduce actual instances, let him stop and figure the result if he himself were suddenly cut off, or if one of his active partners were to fall by the wayside.

Looking first at the financial end, it is coming to be recognized throughout the country that the moneyed interests upon which the very life of any industry depends should be insured in favor of the company that is so dependent. Within the last few years the records of such insurance have grown at a remarkable pace.

When Commander Peary was making his contract for the publication of his book on the discovery of the North Pole, a policy of insurance on his life for \$50,000 was made a part of the contract; and properly so, for his death before his contracts were completed would have entailed a heavy loss upon the publishers of the book. Again, one finds the manager of a baseball team in

the National League insured for \$50,000 in favor of that league. The president of the Pillsbury Flour Company in Minneapolis carries insurance of \$500,000 in favor of the company, to guard against losses that might arise out of his death. Mr. George E. Nicholson of Kansas City carries insurance amounting to \$1,500,000 on his life in favor of four manufacturing companies with which he does business.

The principle is well enough established; the practice of it is just beginning to grow. As usual, in such cases, the practice is least general in those parts of the business world where it would do most good. In any grave crisis arising in the case of a very large manufacturing concern, such as the Commonwealth Edison Electric Company of Chicago, or the Pillsbury Mills, through the death of an associate or an officer, the banking interests of the city are almost certain under ordinary circumstances to stand behind the company, to extend it necessary credit, and to make every reasonable effort to tide it over the crisis. Yet the officers of these two companies carry insurance.

In the case of the small industrial, the small store, the little commission-house, the little publisher, the little brokerage-company, or the little transportation-company, there is no impelling reason why the banks should make special efforts to help meet a crisis. It is in just such cases as these that business insurance becomes a bulwark against ruin. Unfortunately, it is in just such cases as these that no such insurance is deemed necessary.

There are in the city of New York alone more than 5,000 real-estate companies doing business upon small capital for the most part; and in probably four cases out of five, on capital that is borrowed on the strength of the personal connection of the leading spirit in the company, or on the strength of his well-known ability in the real estate line. Personally, I know only two companies that protect this really dangerous position by insurance. One of these companies, whose capital is \$50,000, is successful. It carries insurance for \$100,000 on the life of its president, at a cost of nearly \$1,600 a year. This is term-insurance which will expire in seven years, but at the

end of that time it can be converted, if necessary, into any other form of insurance.

There are no special companies to write this sort of insurance. It is ordinary life-insurance and is bought from any company just as though it were protection for a family instead of for a firm or a corporation.

Some companies, of course, specialize in this sort of insurance. A few of them advocate what they call "partnership insurance," which is insurance on the lives of all the partners in the firm, payable to the remaining partners in case of the death of any member. The only advantage that seems to be inherent in this form of insurance would be in cases where the death of any such member would actually entail a loss. It is a good deal cheaper to take this sort of insurance than it would be to insure separately the lives of all the members of the firm for an equal amount. As a rule, such contracts terminate at the death of any one partner, leaving the other partners uninsured; and various complications arise in case of the withdrawal of any member of the firm or of the entry of new members. On the whole I fail to see any particularly great advantage in departing from the ordinary forms of life insurance for this sort of business protection.

The business world is made up of very complex relationships. The more complex they become the more chances there are for an increase of the business risk; and the more carefully should all possible risks be covered. In England, for generations past, it has been the habit to cover every possible element of danger by some form of insurance. It was in response to this demand for miscellaneous protection that Lloyds came into existence and expanded along so many diverse lines of insurance.

Here in this country we are learning day by day. No sensible business-man who sees that death would entail a heavy business-loss upon himself and his associates can afford to dismiss that risk in a casual way as one of the things that are inevitable. On the contrary, he will immediately set to work to investigate and find out how much it would cost to eliminate the business risk incident upon that death, even though he cannot by any human means guard against the death itself.

THE LADY AND HER LEGACY

WHAT would you do with \$10,000 if you were poor, and somebody should suddenly die without warning and leave you that much money?

She was quite young, the lady of the headline, and she lived in a little New England town. She knew absolutely nothing about using money, because she had never had any to use. When she was confronted with the task of putting \$10,000 to work, it appalled her. So she began by putting it into a national bank, after the savings-bank president had declined to handle so much all at once. Then she began to gather advice.

In her search for an honest man, the first and most natural choice fell upon the clergyman in her own town. He advised her, right away, to buy the income bonds of a boys' school, of which he was a trustee and which had only recently determined to raise money for an extension. He talked of nothing else. She promised, but wanted time to get some more disinterested advice from other sources. The clergyman was a little hurt, but he hoped that in the end she would be quite sure to be safe and conservative.

An uncle to whom she wrote replied at great length. He advised her to split it up, putting half of it into real-estate at home, and the rest into the stock of four mining companies, which he named. They were all stocks well known in the Boston market, and all paid dividends. The revenue, under this plan, would be more than \$900 a year. Under the clergyman's plan, it would be only \$500. She wondered why the church school was so stingy.

A second cousin, a New England maiden lady, refused to go into details with regard to the whole fund, but urged her to give a tenth of it "to the Lord," but without specifying the name of the earthly depository.

An elderly man, who had been a close friend of her father and who lived in Boston, named her a list of cotton-mill stock, repre-

senting plants of most of which she had heard. The income, he explained, would vary. In good times it would be very high — as much as \$1,200 a year. In bad times it might go very low. In case of a long continued panic, it might not be enough to give her any great comfort in life. She read that letter with mingled feelings and replied that, while she respected his judgment and was very grateful, the kind of investment she wanted was one that would pay the big income in bad times and the small one in good times. In good times, she was sure of her living. In bad times she was not.

A banking-house, whose name she got from a church paper, sent her volumes of mail. It was all about three splendid companies. They were the wonders of the age. They made necessities of life, and they made them so easily and cheaply that they were certainly going to turn the old world upside down. She was fascinated. She had heard of such things. Her first impulse was to buy a lot of the stocks of each and sit down to enjoy the plethoric wealth that was sure to come along in good time.

But she was a cautious lady of the New England type, and determined to make no mistakes. She heard of a great financial publication in New York which gave advice about such matters. She wrote to it, and received a short but careful reply. The editor, while declining to make any specific recommendations, warned her to be very, very careful. He talked of "sound finance," of "undoubted liens," of "gilt-edge bonds," of "savings-bank standard," of "prior-lien mortgages." She read the letter in a sort of a daze. Finally she picked out the one phrase that meant something to her, "savings bank," and determined to follow it up.

She took the letter to the savings bank which had not wanted to take all her money at once, and demanded again to see the president. This was in Massachusetts. He admitted her to his office, read the letter, and said:

"He is quite right. The proper investment for you is in gilt-edged bonds and prior-lien mortgage securities."

"But I don't know what they are," she exclaimed, in desperation, "or how to find them! I never saw anything gilt-edged but a book. And what does 'prior-lien' mean?"

The old man recognized that he had on his hands the education of a real novice. He undertook it. He talked an hour. At the end of that time she summed up the situation in this wise:

"I shall buy whatever you say!"

She told this story in her letter to the financial department of THE WORLD'S WORK, for it chanced that one of the things she bought with her first interest check was a year's subscription. She had been reading the articles and letters on finance. For two years she had had her legacy invested. She sent the list of bonds. Here it is:

ONE WOMAN'S INVESTMENT

	Price	Interest
Two local first-mortgages . . .	\$4,000	\$200
C. B. & Q. debenture . . .	1,010	50
New Haven debentures . . .	1,700	70
New York Central debentures . . .	1,850	80
Westinghouse Elec. conv. . .	1,500	100
Total	\$10,060	\$500

It is a pretty good list, but the presence of the Westinghouse bonds was a mystery. At the time they were bought, the company was in charge of a receiver, and how a Massachusetts savings-bank officer came to recommend them was so much a puzzle that, before a general reply was written to the lady's letter, she was asked to explain. Instead, there came a letter from the savings-bank man himself.

He had wanted to get her an income of \$500. He felt it was much better to invest the bulk of the fund in very high-class securities, paying less than the 5 per cent., and make up the income by risking a small part of the fund, rather than to put it all into lower-grade bonds. Then, he had been told by a high authority that when the Westinghouse was reorganized these bonds would not be disturbed. So he felt that they were pretty safe — quite the best thing that he could find to yield so much income.

The event has proved him right. After the two-year period, the mortgages and the higher-class bonds are worth a trifle less than she paid for them. The \$2,000. par. of Westinghouse bonds are worth \$200 more than their cost. At the high price they have reached since the purchase, they showed her a profit of \$400 — nearly a whole year's income from the fund.

Here is a legacy saved intact. Not a dollar of it got away. In fact, according to the figures she quotes, she had to find a little bit to add to it. If she keeps to the classes of securities now in the fund, she will enjoy for her lifetime an income of about \$500 a year, and will have the fund intact to hand down to somebody else.

It is too rare a case. I think that it is no exaggeration to say that more than half the small legacies given to unprotected women in this country go wrong. Women are the natural prey of the sharpers of finance. A selected list of women investors commands about the best price in the markets where these lists of "easy-marks" are sold — for the perfectly obvious reason that such a list yields a large harvest to the crooked gentlemen that buy it.

The pity of it is that there is no reason for this waste. If any woman seeks disinterested financial advice and makes it perfectly clear that she wants safety first and profits not at all, or only as an incident, there is no reason in the world why she cannot get a full 5 per cent. on her money without running any large risk.

Women are prone to speculate. In the list of customers of a notorious bucket-shop that came to grief not very long ago, 40 per cent. were women, who did business by mail entirely. One of the officers of this concern said, in talking about it:

"Women are shut out of most of the big banking-houses, so far as margin accounts are concerned; but we have found them excellent customers. Most of them deal in very small lots. When they lose, they pay up. Many of them are speculating without the knowledge of their husbands, and are afraid to raise a row. Others are restrained by the desire to avoid publicity of an unpleasant sort. On the whole, we find them satisfactory."

That is true. The main mission in life

for the customer of a bucket-shop is to lose money; so women are very good customers.

There is, however, one case on record of a successful woman speculator in a bucket-shop. It happened in a Middle-Western city. She was young and pretty. She lost \$2,000 speculating in a bucket-shop, and

made a determined effort to find out why. The investigation carried her into the office of her broker a great many times. Within three months she married the head of the house. Within two years she divorced him, and he has been paying her \$2,600 a year alimony ever since. It was the only chance she had, and she took it. C. M. K.

A FINANCIAL TALE OF TWO CITIES

A COMPARISON BETWEEN EXETER, ENGLAND, AND SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, SHOWING HOW MUCH WE HAVE TO LEARN ABOUT CITY GOVERNMENT

BY

NEWTON MARSHALL HALL

A COMPARISON between the budgets of a typical English city and a typical American city may throw light upon questions which are now arousing interest in many American cities. The cities chosen for comparison are Exeter, South Devonshire, in England, and Salem, Massachusetts. There is a certain similarity in type between the fair and famous city on the Exe, and the New England city whose ships once sailed the seven seas. Both are proud and prosperous cities to-day, and each has had to meet the difficult problems presented by the readjustment of primitive conditions to the needs of modern life. There is considerable difference in population between the two cities, Exeter having 50,000 people, while Salem claims only 38,000. It is true that the advantage is with the English city in respect to the cost of materials and wages, but, to offset this advantage in the comparison, Exeter has to provide for a population nearly one-third larger.

The total debts and liabilities of Exeter amounted last year to \$3,365,886. The debt of Salem was only \$1,187,650. But the budget of Exeter called for only \$957,556, while Salem expended \$1,145,857. That is to say, it cost Exeter, with a population 12,000 greater than that of Salem and a

debt three times as great, \$188,301 less for its annual expenditure. This is inclusive of all government grants, and also includes the cost of the schools and the care of the poor, which are departments outside the city authority in England. It must be remembered also that Exeter maintains expensive municipal enterprises for which there is no counterpart in Salem. On this account, at least \$200,000 should be deducted from the Exeter budget to make a fair comparison. This would leave \$757,556.

On this basis of comparison it will be seen that the upkeep of the English city was only a little more than two-thirds of the sum which was spent by the smaller American municipality. It should be said that about one-half the debt of Exeter is invested in municipal enterprises which pay their way or return a profit, and are therefore no burden to the taxpayer.

OUR POLICE COST US DOUBLE

A study of some of the municipal departments will be illuminating as showing where the money goes in the two cities.

First, the department of public order. The police department of Exeter consists of fifty-five men, the total cost (including pensions) being \$36,037. The police force

in Salem consists of fifty-seven men, and it costs the city \$50,773, without pensions. The cost per capita in Exeter was \$0.72; in Salem, \$1.34. The efficiency of the English constabulary is well known. The force is practically on a military basis. Free from political influence, it is able to devote its entire energy to the suppression of crime. The result is that the average English city shows only about a quarter of the amount of crime which occurs in an American city of the same size. No matter how brave and efficient the individuals of the police force in our American cities may be, they are part of a system which is in many cases corrupt. Such a condition results inevitably in an increase of crime.

SALEM, 112 FIREMEN; EXETER, 28

The fire brigade of Exeter has first-class apparatus and ranks among the best in England; yet it cost the city last year only \$5,945. They have a custom in England which would drive American fire-insurance companies to despair. The insurance companies pay to the city a certain percentage of the cost of extinguishing every fire. Exeter received from this source last year \$1,295, leaving the net cost of the fire brigade to the city \$4,650. The permanent force consists of three men—for the protection of a wealthy city of 50,000 people! There are twenty-five call-men in addition. The fire loss was \$4,287.

The Salem department employs a permanent force of twenty-one men, with eighty men on call and eleven substitutes. The department cost the city last year \$39,552, and the losses by fire were \$21,503. The per-capita loss in Exeter was \$0.84; in Salem it was \$0.56½—which is very low for the United States, the loss for the whole country being \$2.51 per capita. The cost of the department to Exeter was \$0.09; to Salem, \$1.04 per capita. This extraordinary saving in the English city is not due wholly to fire-proof construction. While the exteriors of nearly all the buildings in an English city are of brick or stone, the interior furnishings and the stocks of goods in shops and factories are as inflammable as in this country. The fire regulations are much more strict than with us, and, above all, the people are much more careful. The care-

less habits of our people regarding fire are responsible for much of the excessive loss.

EXETER DOES NOT BUILD AND TEAR UP

The care of streets and sewers forms an interesting basis of comparison between the two cities. Exeter has fifty-three miles of well-paved streets. It is perhaps needless to say that the science of road-building is much further advanced in England than in this country, and that the streets of the average city are in a far better condition than those of our own cities. Exeter has a complete and adequate system of sixty-one miles of sewers. Salem has a greater street mileage, eighty-one miles, in a condition much inferior to that of Exeter. It has only forty miles of sewers, with much important work under construction. The street and sewer department of Salem spent last year \$61,166, while the sewer commissioners spent \$94,437 more in construction, a total of \$155,603. The street and sewer department of Exeter spent, for all purposes, \$48,259.

We have illustrated here a characteristic providence of American municipalities. In England a street or a sewer is constructed to last. It is made adequate to meet all future demands, and requires the minimum of expenditure for repairs. The streets of an English city are not being continually torn up, upon one pretext or another, and do not require constant expense for resurfacing, to say nothing of the obstruction to traffic. In our country, cities are built as cheaply as possible, regardless of the demands of future growth, leaving to posterity its own troubles plus the inheritance of our improvidence. In many cities the system of sewers has required reconstruction more than once, because the projectors had neither the courage nor the foresight to provide for future needs.

In the management of its water department the American city makes a brilliant showing. This department spent \$40,045 for maintenance. Its gross receipts were \$102,113, leaving a surplus of \$62,068. The city of Exeter spent for the maintenance of its water department \$32,474. Its gross income was \$83,129. It paid for interest and sinking-fund charges \$41,017, a total of \$73,491, leaving a net profit of \$9,638.

The rates to individuals and to business-houses do not vary greatly in the two cities. The gross receipts in Salem, \$18,984 greater than those in Exeter, would seem to show a much more lavish use of water in the American city.

EXETER'S LOW RATE FOR GAS

When we come to the lighting of the two cities we find a very different story. Exeter owns its electric plant, which not only furnishes light to the city, but sells current to the municipal tramway and to private consumers. The total expenses of the plant were \$79,620, including interest and sinking-fund provision. The income from all sources was \$89,620, leaving a net surplus of \$10,000. The municipal plant charged the city for lighting \$13,519. The city paid a private gas-company in addition \$14,071, a total of \$27,590. If the profits of \$10,000 be deducted, it would leave as the actual net cost of lighting the city \$17,590. We have here an admirable illustration of the effect of municipal competition upon public-service corporations.

Some years ago a movement was instituted to purchase the private gas-company. This company immediately made the city an offer of gas at as low a rate as could be given by the municipal electric-plant for a similar service. The company also offered a rate to the private consumer of \$0.66 a thousand.

The city of Salem pays a private company \$42,081 for electric lights, the entire cost of the department being \$43,184. It is also obliged to maintain an electrical department which costs \$5,409 more, a total of \$48,593, against a net cost of \$17,590 in Exeter for the same service. The price of gas to the private consumer is \$1.10 a thousand. The two cities are well lighted, but upon a different principle. Salem uses arc-lights almost exclusively, installing 781 lamps for eighty-one miles of streets. Exeter has fewer high-powered lamps, but uses 1,438 lamps of 60-candle-power for fifty-three miles of streets. In Salem, as in most American cities, an extravagant use is made of high-powered lamps. Every neighborhood demands the best light possible. The result is that arc-lights are used in many places where a number of

lower-powered lamps, maintained at a smaller cost, would answer equally well.

TWO-CENT FARES IN EXETER

The city of Exeter owns and operates its own electric tram-lines. The expense of operation last year was \$52,932. Interest and sinking-fund charges were \$24,453, a total of \$77,385. The net revenue was \$77,389, leaving a profit to the undertaking of \$4.00. The road is five miles long and cost the city \$417,638. The fare is two cents a mile, and provision is made for workmen's tickets at a one cent a mile during certain hours of the day. There are no long interurban lines in England. The distances are short and consequently the rate for city traffic averages much lower than the fare charged in this country, which is usually five cents no matter how short the distance may be. The Exeter tram-line carried last year 3,891,156 passengers, for which it received an average of two cents per passenger. If the city had charged a flat rate of five cents for each passenger, as in this country, its receipts on the same business would have been \$194,558 — a net profit of \$117,169 or 28 per cent. on the capitalization of the road. How long would an American private corporation resist the temptation to raise its fares and water its stock under such provocation?

Of course, conditions are different in America, but it is manifest that the civic tram-line of Exeter saves the people more than \$100,000 a year, in comparison with a city in which the rate is five cents. As in the case of electric lighting, attempts have been made by interests in this country to discredit the municipal tram enterprises of England. An examination of the report of the British Board of Trade for 1908-09 shows that the condition of the average enterprise of this nature is better even than the showing made at Exeter. There are in Great Britain 176 municipal tram-lines, capitalized at \$235,000,000, and 122 private lines with a capital of \$115,000,000. The average fare for each ride on the municipal lines is \$0.021, and on the private lines \$0.026. The private lines have earned 4½ per cent. on their investment, while the municipal lines show a profit of 7½ per cent. The conclusions are very plain. The municipal lines —

capitalized at a fair, (not an inflated) valuation — have prevented over-capitalization in private enterprises. They have, by competition, kept the fares on private lines down nearly to their own basis, and they have actually shown better financial results from their management. When it is remembered that the municipal lines will in a comparatively short time pay off heavy interest charges, and that they make in most cases provision for depreciation, it will be seen that they must become a most valuable asset to the community, paying very large profits either in the shape of extremely low fares or as cash dividends to reduce taxes.

In addition to these important municipal enterprises, the city of Exeter maintains a canal and a tug-boat, an asylum for the insane, a sanatorium, a cattle-market, a slaughter-house, and public baths and wash-houses. Some of these enterprises show a small loss and some a small profit. The city also owns forty-nine workmen's houses which it rents for a net sum of \$1.20 a week each. This enterprise showed a deficit of \$158 last year, but other houses and lands owned by the city returned a profit of \$12,732.

It is impossible to make any satisfactory comparison between the cost of the public schools and the maintenance of the poor in the two cities, because of the difference in the method of accounting. Exeter is justly proud of its admirable school-system, which includes a college of a technical type and costs probably considerably more than that of Salem. The salaries paid the teachers are liberal, more so probably than is the rule in this country, when the difference in the cost of living is considered.

EXETER MANAGED LIKE A BUSINESS

The minor departments show careful economy of management in the English city. Expenses are rigidly kept down, yet the results compare favorably with those attained by our own cities. The very efficient sanitary department cost Exeter only \$7,231, yet its duties are much more comprehensive than those of the same department in American cities. The splendid work of the sanitary departments throughout England has given nearly every village a safe water-supply, and has practically eliminated

typhoid fever, which is such a scourge in our own country.

With the exception of the mayor (who serves without pay), the higher city-officials of Exeter receive larger salaries than those of Salem. The English municipality believes in securing the best men possible for its important offices, and it pays them adequate salaries.

It must not be thought that Exeter is niggardly in expenditure in any respect, or that it suffers from comparison with an American city. It is well-paved, well-lighted, and provided with all modern conveniences. Its retail shops are superior to those of the average American community of much larger size. It has provided beautiful parks for its people, while its venerable and splendid cathedral gives it an air of distinction not to be attained by our new-world cities. It is in no respect behind our American cities in enterprise and public spirit, yet it manages its municipal housekeeping for about two-thirds the amount expended by a much smaller American city. What is the reason? It is true that wages are lower and supplies cheaper, but this fact does not account for the large margin of difference. There are certain other reasons which do not appear upon the surface, and which apply not only to Exeter and Salem, but in general to municipal government in England and America.

NO GRAFT IN THE ENGLISH TOWN

These reasons may be stated as follows:

(1) The entire absence of graft. I asked the mayor of Exeter this question:

"Is there any such thing as graft in your municipal affairs?"

He replied instantly and emphatically: "There is no such thing as graft in Exeter, and what is more, there is no such thing in any city in England."

I asked the same question of many individuals in all parts of England, and the reply was invariably the same: "There is no such thing as graft in English city governments."

There may be, possibly, exceptions here and there, but I have every reason to believe that the men I questioned in different walks of life were sincere, and that the statement made by them is substantially true. This

delightful state of affairs, which seems simply incredible to an American, has not always existed in England. There was a time when English cities could show a condition of political corruption which rivaled the palmiest days of ring-rule in New York and Philadelphia. Before the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, elections were notoriously corrupt. At the election of 1826 the Corporation of Leicester spent \$50,000 to secure the election of a political partizan, and mortgaged city property to obtain the money. The diversion of public funds for private profit was admitted and defended. The passage of successive reform bills from 1832 to 1867 completely changed this situation. The laws which govern municipalities are so carefully drawn, there are so many checks and safeguards, that the systematic looting of a public treasury, so common in this country, is next to impossible in England. The laws which define contracts, which govern the handling of municipal funds, which guard against the combining of public and private interests on the part of city officials, are very rigid and the penalties most severe. The English law makes it as easy as possible for a man to do right by providing a quick passage between the door of his office and the door of the penitentiary in case of wrongdoing.

STOPPING THE LITTLE LEAKS

(2) Economy of administration. The English citizen is burdened by excessive taxation for national purposes. The upkeep of the empire, the necessity of enormous expenses for army and navy, the maintenance of a royal establishment, place a terrible burden of taxation upon the people. The citizen has learned by stern necessity to practise economy in his own civic household. He cannot afford such expensive luxuries as defaulting town-treasurers. He looks at every shilling before it is spent. When you analyze the accounts of an American city, you find that a sum of surprising magnitude is spent for "extras." This expenditure often takes the form of petty graft, by which supplies bought by the city find their way into private hands. There may be no intentional dishonesty involved. What is the good of holding

public office if no perquisites go with it? These "extras" are cut out of an English city's budget. No supplies are bought which are not actually needed. An American city buys the best in the market at the highest price and generally in much greater quantities than the actual necessity requires.

The city solicitor of Haverhill, Mass., in commenting on the efficiency and economy of work done by the different city departments under the commission plan, by which city expenses in Haverhill have been reduced about one-half, made this statement: "You will ask, how did this happen? Did we have a crowd of grafters who were robbing you? I have never seen anything that I could actually put my finger on, in the way of stealing. It was not stolen; it just went, just as any man's money will leak out of his business, and he will assign, if he does not attend to his business or if he has no sort of business management. The change has been brought about by personal supervision."

It is the little leaks in the city's purse, the extravagances for which no one is responsible, probably more than actual graft, which account for the difference in the cost of maintenance between our cities and those of England. It is our proverbial wastefulness and improvidence, our "grand" way of doing things, our habit of living up to our income and a little more, which swell the totals of our municipal expenditures. No one wishes our cities to be mean and niggardly. We should be generous, especially in the payment of such deserving officials as our public school-teachers, but there are many places where personal supervision and a rigid economy will save large sums of money.

NO CITY POLITICS IN EXETER

(3) Municipal enterprises and business principles in administration. The men who compose an English city government look upon its operation as a business proposition pure and simple. They conduct the affairs of the city just as they would conduct their own business affairs, and they are profoundly astonished when they are told that any one ever looks at the matter in any other light. American politicians are, however, still under the obsession that busi-

ness somehow ceases to be business when it is conducted under the name of a municipality. Municipal enterprises are a source of large actual profit to English cities, because they are placed beyond the reach of political influence and are managed on strictly business principles. The only real reason advanced against municipal ownership in this country is the charge that these enterprises would be used for corrupt political purposes. This is not an argument; it is simply an admission that we are less capable and honest in the conduct of our municipal affairs than the people of England. The only factors which affect the situation when an enterprise changes from private to public hands are those of competence and honesty of management. The city cannot of course take a discredited and unsuccessful enterprise, with wornout machinery, at a ridiculously inflated valuation, and make a success of it. It has too often happened that such enterprises have been unloaded upon our cities, and the failure which has resulted has been triumphantly set forth as a failure of the principle of municipal ownership. Those who believe in municipal ownership hold simply that a successful public-service corporation will be equally successful in the hands of the city, provided the city can secure competent and honest service. This service the English city is able to command, and the result is that in many cases municipal undertakings show better management and larger profits than privately managed companies.

(4) The sense of civic pride and responsibility. American cities are looking for relief from corruption through the commission plan and other new schemes of municipal administration. Disappointment will follow proposed changes of charter and methods of government unless a new type of men is developed to administer the new forms. When men are actuated by a high sense of duty, almost any system is satisfactory, while the best system ever devised can be made intolerable by men who are determined upon reaping private profit from public office. The secret of the success of municipal government in England is not to be found in the system nor in any material advantages, but in honest and efficient management. Men can be found

in every city who are ready, without remuneration, to serve the city with the same intelligence and loyalty which they show in the conduct of their own affairs. Men of large capacity and high business ability, men of a type who are "too busy" in our country to serve the public, are to be found in the committee-rooms of every city and town in England, devoting hours of every week to the common good. Men are also found in the subordinate paid positions who have a sense of pride in their work, who feel that they are serving even in their humble positions for more than wages — for patriotism and love of their city. Loyalty and patriotism and civic pride are developed to an astonishing extent in all grades of the service.

Does this come naturally to men who are born in a venerable city like Exeter, which prints as a commonplace in its annual "Blue Book" a list of mayors going back to the year 1200? Do we fail in this respect because our cities are new and raw and provincial? Or is it because we do not take the government of our cities seriously enough — because we are lacking in dignity and self-respect, because we make the holding of office cheap and common, and fail to invest our civic life with the importance which should attend it?

I was invited by the mayor of Exeter to visit the police court, at which he sits once a week as magistrate. His entrance was solemnly announced by the mace-bearer in his official uniform. The mayor himself, a plain business man of the city, was attired in the red, sable-trimmed robe of his office, with the heavy, gold, civic chain about his neck. This was not the ostentation of an aristocracy. The English municipality is the most democratic institution on the face of the earth. These things were the symbols of a civic dignity and self-respect and seriousness of purpose which lifted the proceedings of a very humble court into the realm of impressiveness and importance. These external symbols our cities, of course, cannot have. We possess no civic regalia dating back to the days of Henry VII., when the sword of state was given by that monarch to Exeter in token of "faithful and valiant service." Somehow, without these symbols we must arouse a civic pride and a

sense of responsibility which will result in "faithful and valiant service," even in times of peace.

The question of an honest government for our cities is not merely one of finance. It is not a matter of saving a few dollars in one department or another. Civic waste and extravagance are tokens of misgovernment, and misgovernment is something which profoundly concerns every citizen. The misgovernment of a city, the appro-

priation of public funds for private profits, or even the extravagant use of public funds may result in physical suffering and death through the waste of the city's resources. We pay the price in pestilence and crime. We pay it also in the lowering of the moral tone of the community, in the inevitable reaction upon the standards which prevail in private business, and in the loss of those high ideals which are essential to the permanence of democracy.

THE WAY TO HEALTH

SOME STOMACHS I HAVE KNOWN

BY

DR. EUGENE YATES JOHNSON

(LOUISVILLE MEDICAL EXAMINER OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE)

A LONG acquaintance with stomachs has shown me that they have individuality, just like people. They can be petted and "spoiled" like children; they can acquire bad habits like young men and women; and they become weak and decrepit like old people.

To me, therefore, a stomach is something more than a muscular pouch suspended in the left side of the abdomen just under the ribs — something more also than an intricate piece of plumbing. It is a living creature, with whims and caprices — and it is one of the most helpless and most abused creatures in the world. I can close my eyes and recall one after another as distinctly as a "settlement" worker recalls the children of the slums.

Some years ago I was called to see a baby six months old and weighing only seven pounds. It was a poor, wizened little mite with an ever-hungry look in its eyes, and it presented a most pitiful appearance. Somehow, looking at it, you felt as if you would do anything to help it. I learned that it had been a fine, healthy child until it was about four

months old. The mother said that it then began to spit up all its food. She impressed it upon me that the baby didn't seem sick at the stomach at all; it just spit up its food and gradually lost weight. She told me that she had tried everything in the way of food without being able to find anything that could be retained. She went over the list of what she had tried, a list which included every known patent-food in addition to bread, gravy, potatoes, eggs, chicken, and so on. The child was literally starving; it would seize upon any sort of food with the greatest eagerness, but the stomach was so irritated and hurt by bad feeding that it rejected everything at once.

I explained to the mother that an infant's stomach was not like a grown person's; that it will not digest food that would be perfectly good for even an older child, for it is not provided with complete digestive glands and juices; that as it grew older these would develop — provided they were not overworked while the little stomach was still in an undeveloped state. I told her that the stomach of an infant is not placed in the

same position that it occupies in later life, being more nearly upright, and that when it gets full it simply runs over as a bottle would, which accounted for the fact that the baby did not seem sick when it spit up its food.

Then followed a long, hard fight for the baby's life. It was hard to convince the mother that the baby wouldn't starve if it didn't get everything that it wanted to eat; that the stomach can do only a certain amount of work; and that when overworked even by too much good food it rises in revolt. Finally, I explained that if overfeeding is persisted in, there comes a time when nothing can be digested. The glands which should develop and pour out the digestive juice stop from overwork, and the child dies from starvation. In this case the damage had already been done; in spite of the most devoted treatment, the child died.

The well-meaning friend or relative who thinks that "the poor little thing is starving and should be fed more" often does an amount of harm which nothing can correct. No matter how simple the food an infant may be getting, or how little, if the child looks well and is contented and is gaining weight, that food is sufficient.

I was called to see another child about two years old which had developed a persistent fever. The mother had tried quinine and all the household remedies that she could hear of, yet the child grew gradually weaker, paler, and thinner, and had a constant fever. I found it fretful and peevish. It cried on all occasions. Nothing pleased or interested it. The stools were full of mucus, and it seemed to be in constant pain. The mother, who was very intelligent, insisted that the diet was all right, but I was equally sure there had been an error somewhere. By treatment and rigid diet the condition improved somewhat, but the child did not get well. After a week or two I happened to be present one day when an aunt who lived in the house came in and offered the child two or three chocolate drops. I asked her if she had been in the habit of giving the child candy. She said, "Why, yes, I give her chocolate drops nearly every day." When I told her that in all probability

her kindness was responsible for the child's condition, she was indignant; but after I had insisted that she discontinue it the baby rapidly recovered its usual health.

Very often these children recover and grow up to be weak and sickly men and women who have chronic dyspepsia and indigestion. I have under my care now a man who has had indigestion all his life. His pleasures of eating are paid for with interest, for he never eats heartily without suffering afterward. The glands of his stomach have never fully developed, and he cannot digest properly. Added to this, and caused by it, is a tendency to faint on the slightest provocation. He says that he "inherited stomach-trouble"; as a matter of fact it was forced on him when a child by a fond but foolish parent.

Many of the stomachs I have known have summoned me to their aid on "the morning after a night out." In order to understand what has happened in such cases it is necessary to remember that the stomach is lined with a delicate membrane which is full of glands; these glands manufacture what we call "gastric juice" — chiefly hydrochloric acid and pepsin with water. When food enters the stomach this juice is poured out to dissolve or digest the food. When alcohol in any form is taken into the stomach it acts in the same way but much more quickly than food. After taking a drink or two, a man becomes hungry and thirsty; eating and drinking to excess, he soon fills his stomach, and the stomach stops like a clock. The contents ferment and produce a large amount of poisonous gas. This, added to the poison from the excess of alcohol, is absorbed and produces distressing results. Even the action of the heart may be interfered with by the pressure of a stomach distended with gas. If the dose is large, the stomach rejects it at once — which is the reason why so many become sick after drinking heavily. If the amount of poison absorbed be not too large, the man falls into a stupor from which he awakes with all the symptoms of the "morning after." There has been sufficient time for him to absorb a large amount of poison, giving him a wretched

headache, a sick stomach, and a "dark-brown" taste. Men who seldom drink are the greatest sufferers in this way; habitual drinkers become more or less accustomed to these poisons.

Here are two cases which show what happens when the stomach suddenly goes on a strike: Some time ago I was called to see a young lady whose friends thought that she was dying. She had complained of feeling ill at a neighbor's, and had started home, falling in her doorway. I found her heart very weak, and she was in great pain. She was just able to tell me that she had eaten a saucer of strawberries at lunch and had afterward drunk a glass of ice-water. The result was a complete stoppage of digestion, with a congestion of the stomach. After emptying her stomach the worst symptoms were relieved. Evidently she had not eaten too much, but the sudden chill of the ice-water was sufficient to stop the action of the stomach.

A man past fifty who had some stomach trouble became overheated one afternoon. He cooled off rather suddenly under a fan and went to his evening meal and ate heartily. Immediately after eating he drank a large glass of very cold water. In less than five minutes he had an acute pain in the region of his stomach. A doctor was hurriedly summoned and he found the man suffering greatly, very weak, and nauseated. In spite of all efforts to save him, he died of heart-failure in a few hours.

I often find it necessary to go to the relief of a stomach that has not enough acid to enable it to digest the food. When the food enters the stomach, the gastric juice pours out as usual, but it contains so little acid that the pepsin cannot act. The result is that the man has a feeling of heaviness as if he had swallowed a hard-boiled egg and it had lodged somewhere and would go neither up nor down. This is often accompanied by sour belching and by heartburn. Nature has made a wise provision in this instance. The air is full of germs that cause fermentation like yeast-germs, and our food contains many of them. In health, the acid of the stomach kills them; but if the acid is weak,

they increase and ferment, making an acid which partially serves the purpose of causing the pepsin to act. The fermentation is what causes the belching and heartburn, but as soon as the acid is formed, the digestion proceeds, and the man feels all right till the next meal. Because of this partial digestion, these people often look well and retain their weight for a considerable time, or until this artificial acid (which is an irritant) influences the stomach so that it will not act at all.

Too much acid is exactly the opposite condition. When the food goes into the stomach the gastric juice is poured out as usual, but it does not stop when the food is digested. Apparently the stomach has lost the power of knowing when enough acid has been made. The excess of acid irritates the lining of the stomach and makes it sore. The stomach, being irritated, does the only thing that it knows — it calls for food. When more food is eaten, it mixes with the acid and weakens it. For a time the hunger-pain passes off, but it returns as soon as the stomach is again empty — and so it goes on causing the sufferer to keep the stomach full all the time. The symptoms are a burning pain about the end of the breast-bone or "pit of the stomach," and frequently great tenderness. Many women cannot wear corsets that press on this spot for this reason. Then follow the hunger-pain and a feeling of emptiness — the "all-gone" feeling.

This condition may go on to a worse one — ulcer of the stomach. The sufferer may eat food containing rough particles, and when the churning or mixing motion of the stomach occurs these rough particles may scratch the lining. It may be a tiny scratch, so small that it could not be seen by the naked eye, yet the acid makes it sore. It gets larger and sorer all the time, just as a scratch on your finger would be affected if you should put strong vinegar on it daily and rub it in. Finally an ulcer forms and begins to bleed; the man may spit up blood and think that he has consumption. Sometimes there is only a slight pain, and no attention is paid to it until it suddenly becomes serious. Let me illustrate what I mean.

I was called to see a young lady at night. She had violent pain in the abdomen and was "all doubled up." After relieving her temporarily, I found that the symptoms were very much like those of appendicitis. A surgeon was called and an immediate operation was agreed upon. The appendix, however, was found to be perfectly normal. Looking further, we found a hole in the stomach about the size of a lead-pencil — a clean-cut, round hole, as if a bullet had passed through. It was an ulcer of the stomach, which had eaten through the wall. Up to that time there had been no pain nor other evidence of disease.

Another young woman, who had always been stout and healthy, was taken suddenly with a violent pain in her stomach. Ordinary means failed to relieve it. On the second day I noticed a hard lump or swelling at the pit of the stomach. I called in a surgeon and he advised an exploratory operation. We found a tumor enclosing the end of the stomach and an ulcer which had made a pinhole perforation that allowed just a small amount of the stomach contents to escape. Nature, in an effort to protect the rest of the abdomen, had thrown up this wall (the tumor) and effectually shut in the escaping material.

Another case was that of a man who was the picture of health. He consulted me about rheumatism and did not say a word about his stomach. He showed me where the pain was — in his back and on the left side, a place about as big as a silver dollar. He had rubbed liniments on it till he was nearly blistered, and had exhausted the list of patent rheumatic cures. Eventually it was found that he had an ulcer on the back part of his stomach, and his pain disappeared after appropriate treatment.

This condition comes to those who are very nervous from any cause — shock, worry, grief, dissipation; from eating food too highly seasoned; and from excessive smoking or drinking. Nervous indigestion is most peculiar. The man who has it cannot eat without trouble. Sometimes he has too much acid, and sometimes not enough. Some days a meal will agree perfectly with him, and the next day

the same kind of food will disagree. In desperation he leaves off one article of food after another until nothing is left; then he gets thin and cross and looks at life through dark glasses. Once in a while he throws caution to the winds and eats anything that he likes, and is much surprised to find that it does not hurt him. Then he jumps at the conclusion that the last tablet or powder that he bought has cured him; he repeats the meal next day, and is dejected when he finds that he suffers as much as ever. Cases like this are a never-failing source of revenue for the patent-medicine maker, who puts up attractive signs in the street-cars and says that you can eat all you want and when you want if you will only take his pills afterward.

This is one of the hardest forms of stomach trouble to cure, and it taxes the most skillful physician to relieve it. It is caused by anything that weakens the body or lowers its vitality.

It is of course impossible to describe in one article all of the different kinds of troubled stomachs, but it may be worth while to mention a curious condition due to swallowing air. I saw a case of a young man who was annoyed exceedingly by excessive and persistent belching. He tried all kinds of remedies without result. I found that he chewed his food with his lips open, and drank a large quantity of water with his meals. He ate and drank rapidly, with the result that he swallowed more air than food. By regulating his eating, the belching stopped — and a source of revenue of patent digestives was cut off. Bicycle riders and automobilists who are exposed to strong drafts of air are extremely liable to have this condition unless they keep the mouth closed and breathe through the nose.

When a man's stomach begins to go wrong, he starts on the down grade. If it were his watch or his automobile or his typewriter, he would at once call in a man who has spent his life mainly in repairing that particular kind of mechanism — and not an ordinary blacksmith. Strange that the same man will allow almost any kind of a doctor to tinker with his stomach!

GIVING THE CONVICT A CHANCE

HALF OF COLORADO'S PRISONERS TAKEN OUT OF STRIPES AND TREATED AS MEN —
MOUNTAIN CAMPS OF CONVICTS THAT REQUIRE NO ARMED GUARDS

BY

EUGENE L. BERTRAND

IS THE penal system of the whole world wrong? The experience of Mr. Thomas J. Tynan, warden of the Colorado State Penitentiary at Cañon City, leaves that impression.

Mr. Tynan believes that the greater number of convicts in his prison are not habitual criminals from choice. He blames drink for 90 per cent. of the crime committed by the prisoners in his care.

Primarily, the warden's idea is that outdoor work is a panacea for moral ills. Then there is a well-grounded belief that much can be done with a prisoner if he is trusted and given "a square deal." Putting these two ideas together, Mr. Tynan has worked out a comprehensive scheme of prison reform: He has established three camps of convicts in the mountains. Every day, except Sunday, for eight hours, the men work at road-building for the state. Every man is put on his honor not to try to escape. There are no armed guards to shoot down these "trusties." If they chose to do so, every one of them could lay down his pick and shovel and run for freedom. By day an *unarmed* overseer superintends the work of road construction; by night a convict, selected for the purpose, patrols the tented camp — more to keep marauders out than to keep the convicts in. He carries a rifle, the only one in the camp. As he sleeps all day, it would be easy for mutinous convicts to get possession of the weapon and slay the overseer, who occupies a little tent of his own. But nothing of the kind happens.

Thanks to a law recently passed by the Legislature, these outdoor "trusties" earn ten days off their sentence in every thirty days served in this outdoor work —

this in addition to the usual time allowed off for good behavior. A man serving a ten-year sentence can, by good behavior, earn his freedom in five years, two months, and seven days of sentence.

But that is not all. Prison rules are relaxed. The men may talk to each other the same as any workmen. When the day's work is done, they troop down to the camp for their meal. Then they may play baseball, fish for trout in the mountain stream, or do anything they like until nine o'clock, when they must return to camp, be accounted for, and go to bed. There are many mines and factories where free labor must observe more rigorous rules.

"Through the confidence we repose in prisoners," says Warden Tynan, "we have redeemed all classes of men. Among our 'trusties' to-day are several life-prisoners and some who only a few years ago were known as 'border terrors,' and yet we are working these men on the highways without guards, and all are 'making good.'"

"Under this system we have found the moral effect upon the prisoners to be of the very best. For one reason we are now pardoning most of the prisoners from the camps instead of from the prison, as heretofore. The man who goes out into the world after serving his sentence at one of the camps is in better condition mentally, morally, and physically than the man who leaves from the prison. He is better equipped to mingle with the public.

"Then we teach responsibility. Very often, when we place a man on his honor, it is the first time in his life that any human being ever placed any trust in him. He swells up with the newly discovered sense of



responsibility imposed on him and he would die rather than break his word. It's human nature, that's all. He has something to live for — to 'make good' and ultimately take his place among men. It's a new sensation and it counts.

"The purely physical advantages of this outdoor work are not lost on the men. We furnish them with better clothes and a better grade of food than at the prison, and the road work is the one hope of every prisoner in the institution; but we make them appreciate and earn the privilege.

"The moral effect, of course, is the important thing. The man who goes out from the prison to road work and keeps his pledge to me has taken a long step toward reformation. He finds it pays to be faithful to a trust and to keep his promises, and this makes it easier for him to keep faith with any employer he may have in the future."

The privilege is not granted indiscriminately. From the moment a prisoner enters the penitentiary he is carefully watched. If he is tractable and obeys the rules, he is, at the end of six months or less, taken out of stripes and put into khaki — an olive shade, different from that of the army. Then the warden talks to him: "Now," he says, "if you will give me a square deal, I'll give you one. Be honest with me and yourself and I'll put you in a road camp where you can earn increased time off."

The prisoner naturally promises, and then the warden asks him about his family and his former life. Full notes are taken of the prisoner's replies, which are then investigated by correspondence. If the prisoner is found truthful, he goes to a camp; if not, he remains an object of suspicion until he proves a change of heart.

When a man has given indication of reformation by faithfulness at the camp and earned the right to ask for still greater freedom, he becomes a subject for parole. Here the warden gives further evidence of his personal interest in the men consigned to his care. The paroled prisoners may take up again their life in the world, but they must observe certain rules, one of the most important of which is to communicate with the warden once a month. The letters from the paroled men come in regularly, and the warden reads and answers every one

of them. Here are sample letters from two paroled men:

Iowa, March 30, 1910.

DEAR SIR:

I am glad to tell you I am at work at last. Thank God for it, and my arm and shoulder are almost as good as ever, although my head pains me a good deal yet, but I hope to get over that also and soon be myself again. Well, sir, I was very grateful for your last letter to me and it lets me see I have a friend in you. You know you told me when I saw you last that anything I asked from you, if it was possible for you to do it, you would do so willingly if I kept my promise to be a man and do right. Well, sir, by God's help, I have tried my level best to do so and not disappoint you or Mr. — or any of my friends, and I think it is really the only thing to do. Oh, if I only had this parole off my mind, sir, I should be a happy man, and all I ask of you is to try and help me out and I will never forget it to you as long as I live. Well, sir, I have spent a bit of money and put it to good use, such as:

Khaki suit of working clothes	\$3.00
Working shoes	3.00
Hat	1.00
Tobacco	70
5 pairs of socks	65
Total	\$8.35

Let me hear from you as soon as possible, and oblige,
Yours humbly,

And this was the warden's answer:

MY DEAR B—

I am very glad to learn that you are at last able to do a little something, at least enough to get exercise, and I hope that the pain in the head that you speak of will soon pass away and leave you well and sound again. Your time will be up in July; and while the waiting may be a little grinding, I am sure you have the nerve to stick it out — so just take a fresh hitch in your belt and go right along with the feeling that you will soon be free and that I will be very glad to send you your release just as soon as I can do so.

SEATTLE, April 1, 1910.

TO WARDEN TYNAN:

Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in being able to inform you that I am getting along nicely here and I wish to thank you for the encouraging letter which I received from you. I am living at home with my mother, and you can believe me she is the best friend on earth

to me. I thank you for your consent to write to _____ (a convict still serving out his sentence) and will address his letter in your care.

The warden's reply :

April 6th, 1910.

DEAR SIR:

I have read your letter with a great deal of interest, as it only confirms my opinion that I did the right thing when I put confidence in you. You hit a bull's eye when you say your mother is the best friend you have. I think you will always find a mother the most unselfish of friends, and as long as you think as you do now I'll stick up for you to the end.

The correspondence made necessary at first by law and prison rules grows into a habit; the former convict's life would be incomplete without that monthly encouraging word from the warden. So the exchange of letters continues and "the Tynan idea" spreads and takes deeper root. When requested, the warden writes letters of recommendation to employers of a former convict, with an appeal to "give the man a chance." Extreme care is taken in the correspondence to give the outside world no hint of the antecedents or history of the "ticket-of-leave man" or former convict. The warden's letters are not written on printed letter-heads, and the envelopes are plain. Nothing is done to cause embarrassment to the newly freed man, or to put the police on his track.

Mr. Tynan's opinion of police is radical. "The position of warden of a penitentiary," he says, "is the last one in the world for a policeman. The policeman's education is all wrong. He thinks only of running down criminals and obtaining convictions. He sees only the bad in the man, never the good. To punish is his only thought. In the prison a policeman-warden would keep the 'cooler' or black-hole full; he would wear out the cat-o'-nine-tails; he would use the mischievous and pernicious 'stool-pigeon' and spy system; he would do everything to degrade and humiliate the men placed in his charge and nothing to uplift them. Sometimes I think that whatever degree of success I have attained here is due entirely to the fact that I had never been inside a penitentiary door before the day, a year ago, when I came here as warden. I knew nothing of criminology or penology

and had faith in humankind. I will never let anything destroy that faith. What's the use of living if you are continually haunted by the belief that every man you meet is a thief and the enemy of society?"

This philosophy comes from a man thirty-five years old. Born in Niles, Mich., he became a traveling salesman early in life and gravitated to Chicago. Symptoms of tuberculosis sent him to Colorado. Five feet ten and weighing 180 pounds, he is now as rosy-checked as a boy, with a clear blue eye and a square jaw that hasn't a curve in it.

The first thing that Warden Tynan noted in taking charge of the prison was that there were 500 idle men within its walls. In the "insane ward" were seventeen men; discontent that might at any time break forth into murderous revolt lurked in many hearts.

He learned that his predecessor had worked about fifty men on the public roads with excellent results. He determined to put many more than that number out into the sunshine, and gradually the "honor" system now in vogue formed itself in his mind. A law enabling the convicts to earn more "time off" by proving their trustworthiness, and another law permitting the employment of the men on public roads, were passed. Camps were established within a few weeks, and there has not been a new case of insanity in the penitentiary since. When the new idea in the treatment of prisoners became understood by the men, fresh hope sprang up in their breasts; there was something to live for, after all.

The number of men in the camps steadily increased, and the number in the hospitals and in the solitary cells decreased. Now, only little more than a year from the time when Mr. Tynan began work, about half of the prison's population is working outdoors. Inside the prison there is a new régime, too. Guards who drink and are brutal are discharged; swearing at the prisoners is positively prohibited, no matter what the provocation; the spy system has disappeared; the whip is hung up on the wall as a relic; and the "cooler," or solitary "black-hole," is used only in the last extremity.

Every Sunday the warden gives audience to any convict who wants to talk to him. In these talks he learns more of the character of his charges than he could possibly

learn in any other way. He always encourages the man in the hope that he will be able to earn a place outside the prison walls. If the applicant for camp work has a bad record, he will be bluntly told that he must mend his ways. But the door of hope is never shut in his face.

Life in the road camps is not a trying ordeal. The food and clothing are better than within the prison. Six men to a tent is the rule. The overseers have tents of their own. A feature of each camp is a corrugated-iron bath-house; water is pumped from the spring or stream near which the camp is located, boilers heat it, and the men take turns in the big bathtubs.

Each camp has a baseball nine. The warden furnishes balls, bats, and other paraphernalia. Sometimes a game is arranged with near-by clubs, and the convicts forget their status in the excitement of the sport.

"I have had experience as foreman in grading and construction camps," said one of the overseers, "and I am free to say that I get more and better work out of these convicts than I ever did out of free labor. My men here are always on time and they work steadily through the whole day. There is no lagging and no shirking. They are so glad of the opportunity of getting out here in the sun, and they are so jealous of the little pleasures they have that they will take no chances of being sent back to the prison and to stripes. We have less trouble with these convicts than the contractors have with free labor. The secret of it is that there is no whiskey in the camp."

It is a fact that since the camps have been established not one complaint of a crime or misdemeanor committed by the "honor" convicts has been reported to Warden Tynan. They respect the property of the surrounding ranchers and miners, and in return the ranchers and miners welcome them to their neighborhoods. The warden is proud of the fact that the attempts to escape are growing more and more infrequent. During the first year of the camps the attempts amounted to less than one-half of one per cent. of the men put on their honor.

The contrast between free and convict labor was sharply drawn, recently, when

a railroad contractor established a grading outfit near one of Mr. Tynan's road camps. The convicts beat the free men at baseball and at work. There was always a full force on the road work, but the complement of laborers on the grade was sometimes reduced by one-half. One day the contractor called on the warden and said: "Tynan, you have all the best of it; you get along with one gang of men while I have to employ four — one at work, one going down the road to town, one coming back, and one drunk."

There is another phase of the subject which is of interest to Colorado. The state has always maintained that the picturesqueness of the Rocky Mountains within its borders is equal to that of the Alps, but somehow the American globe-trotter and the tourist could not be made to see it. The secret of his preference for the Swiss and Italian Alps is that there good roads exist; in Colorado the mountain roads are a huge, rocky joke. Automobiling is out of the question except in a few favored spots. To remedy this deficiency the work done by the convicts is on stretches of road that will be joined together in one great state-spanning highway. This convict-built boulevard will extend from Raton, N. M., on the south to Cheyenne, Wyo., on the north, skirting the eastern foothills of the Rockies all the way up and passing through Pueblo, Colorado Springs, and Denver. From Pueblo a road will diverge to the west and north across four mountain-ranges, extending as far as Grand Junction, near the Utah line.

This great enterprise could not be carried out with free labor because there is no money in the treasury with which to pay for the work. Every foot of road built is a permanent benefit to the state, for the convicts are making good, smooth roads. The counties in which the work is being done pay for the food of the men and the overseers. That is all the expense.

Thus far three camps have been established. The largest, which contains an average of ninety men, is at Dead Man's Cañon, about sixteen miles from Colorado Springs. This outfit is building a stretch of road about fifty miles in length from Colorado Springs to Cañon City. Camp

No. 2 is north of Trinidad, building the road from Trinidad to Pueblo, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Here the force averages thirty. Camp No. 3 is only a few miles from the penitentiary at Cañon City and is blasting a roadway out of the sides of the hills leading to the top of the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, seven miles away. Forty men is the average here. The road they are building will end at a point directly overlooking the famous "hanging bridge" of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. The sightseer will be able to peer over into the great gash in the mountains and see the bridge nearly 3,000 feet below.

This road to the Gorge, built on an easy grade, is a continuation of the noted Sky-Line Drive, the first state highway built by convicts; the work was done while Mr. J. C. Cleghorn was warden of the penitentiary. It is a masterpiece of construction, chiseled out of the rock of a mighty "hog-back" that rises just back of the penitentiary town. Make a path along the vertebrae of a dinosaur and you have an idea of what this road is like. The view is unsurpassed. Not more than twenty-five feet wide at some points, the road occupies all the available space on the ridge's backbone. The

descent on either side is sheer, abrupt, for nearly a thousand feet. On one side lies Cañon City, in a nest of vivid green made by the fruit orchards of the Arkansas Valley; on the other side is the bright red "blood of Christ" rock formation which gave the Sangre de Cristo range, not far away, its name. As a sample of what the Colorado roads will be like when the convicts have finished them, the Sky-Line Drive is a fine advertisement for the scenic attractions of the state, made possible by convict labor.

Mr. Tynan's plans for outdoor work do not halt at the road camps. The state owns several hundred acres of land in the neighborhood of the penitentiary, and this the warden is cultivating. In addition, he is renting several small ranches, and it is his aim to make the penitentiary self-supporting. The farm now raises all the cabbages, potatoes, beets, and other vegetables used in the penitentiary, besides hay and alfalfa for the live-stock.

In the summer-time these ranches employ about 200 convicts. In the road camps the average population is 160, making 360 men doing outdoor work. There are at this time about 720 convicts in the prison, of whom 25 are women and 10 are insane.

CALDER — A "VARIOUS" SCULPTOR

A MAN OF CRAFTSMANSHIP AND BRAINS

BY

ARTHUR HOEBER

WITH a mild oath one of his confrères said of dear old Sir Joshua Reynolds: "Dash him, he is so d — d various!" But there are few men in the history of art who have amounted to anything who have not been various. Being various simply means having a broad vision, coupled with a serious academic training that enables an artist to do whatever he desires. There never was a really great artist who was not at

bottom a thoroughly trained craftsman. Among some of the younger element, I am aware that technique as such is frowned upon to-day. Many, alas, seek the shortcut but too frequently; and often, if some plausible sort of result is obtained, much is forgiven; but the old nobility of art, the princes of painting and sculpture, did not thus obtain the recognition of the ages. From Praxiteles to Rodin, from the van Eycks to Manet, they all knew their trade,

being craftsmen first and foremost. Thus, when it pleased them to simplify and generalize, they never left you with any doubt of their underlying knowledge, for it is upon a firm foundation of facts that their superstructure rests with convincing and satisfying solidity.

One of the younger of the American sculptors, Alexander Stirling Calder, has the quality of "variousness," and he has passed along the unpaved route wherein trials and tribulations have beset his feet. Yet, as precious metals need fire to refine them, perhaps it is more than well that the artist should have to fight his way at the beginning at least; and the spur of necessity, if it be not too sharp-pointed, never yet kept back that racehorse, Success. Mr. Calder's training was of the best, for after a course at the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, he went to Paris in 1890, to study with Chapu, the distinguished French sculptor, with whom he remained a year only, for the master died. Then he went to work under Falguière at the École des Beaux Arts. Whatever may be said against the academic training of the French government schools of fine arts, at least they turn out men who know their trade. Heaven may have endowed one with little intellectual equipment, and when you have learned to draw and model it may be that you will have little to give out to the world. That, however, is not the fault of the French school. Happily, Mr. Calder was not built along such lines, for he has demonstrated his unmistakable call to the arts, and from the first has used his craftsmanship to express his mental gifts.

To a brother practitioner in the arts, at least, that man begins well who unmistakably discloses technical equipment. With that as a starter, if his mental powers permit, he may go as far as he likes. The modern world, despite its strong commerciality, has learned to know something of sculpture—almost more. I am inclined to believe, than it knows of the sister art of painting; for, though color on canvas may entertain the average man and woman more than the less impressionable marble or stone, still the populace has had sculpture thrust before it more or less continuously—meets it in the street, in the public

squares, and on municipal and private buildings. A familiarity with it has bred something of understanding. I am certain one cannot daily pass St. Gaudens's "Sherman" at the entrance to Central Park without pausing now and then to give more than a perfunctory glance, which ends finally by the group becoming impressed on the brain. Nor may the citizen go by the "Nathan Hale" of MacMonnies, in the City Hall Park, on his way to and from his office, without finally a certain sense of recognition; and were either statue to be displaced, I believe, that even to the person with no art instincts there would be a disagreeable void as of an old friend being taken away. Not so with pictures, for it is a lamentable fact that only few visit the galleries, while fewer still make any remembered note of the transient canvas in the shop windows. The accumulation of easel work is left to the very rich who entertain themselves with paying foolish prices for indifferent examples of such schools as happen to be the fashion. They purchase, regardless of the artistic merit of the performance, for prices are regulated largely by the fact that the multimillionaire of New York or Pittsburg, accumulating that sort of thing, has cornered the market, while good contemporary art languishes, and the painter has to die to come into his proper recognition.

Robert Louis Stevenson, genuine artist as he was, sums it all up in his letter to a young gentleman who proposes to embrace the career of art:

"If a man love the labor of any trade (says Stevenson) apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him. He may have the general vocation, too, and I think he often has; but the mark of his calling is this laborious partiality for one, this inextinguishable zest in its technical success, and (perhaps above all) a certain candor of mind, to take his very trifling enterprise with a gravity that would befit the cares of empire, and to think the smallest improvement worth accomplishing at any expense of time and industry. The book, the statue, the sonata, must be gone upon with the unreasoning good faith and the unflagging spirit of children at their play. *Is it worth doing?*—when it shall have occurred to any artist to ask himself that question, it is implicitly answered in the negative. It does



A STUDY BY MR. A. STIRLING CALDER

Whose "various" work ranges from the friendly study of a child's head to monumental archways



"THE MAN-CUB"
A portrait study of the sculptor's little son

not occur to the child as he plays at being a pirate on the dining-room sofa, nor to the hunter as he pursues his quarry; and the candor of the one and the ardor of the other should be united in the bosom of the artist."

Perhaps one may not better show the deep seriousness of A. Stirling Calder than by calling attention to his last and best



MR. CALDER'S STATUE OF "REV. SAMUEL DAVIES"
Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia

effort, a series of monumental archways that he has completed for the Throop Polytechnic Institute at Pasadena, California, where there has been made an attempt—and a most successful one—to give plastic utterance to the aims and scope of the school. The motives for this expression, conceived in a free treatment of Spanish Renaissance, have broadly covered the whole field of human endeavor and intel-



A BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF A. STIRLING CALDER
by himself

ligence under the heads of Nature, Art, Energy, Science, Imagination, and the Law. Beginning with a spandrel on the left is Nature in the guise of Pan piping his gentle



Copyright by A. S. Calder

A MARBLE SUN-DIAL

In the Sunken Garden, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia



A CHILD'S PORTRAIT BUST

Which shows Mr. Calder's technical skill as well as his appreciation of the subject

joy of life. Flanking this is Art; the poet, seated by the Sphinx, inscribes his solution of the riddle of life. Then comes pure Energy exerting his strength somewhat blindly but unmistakably, for the figure is wonderfully and strangely powerful, the embodiment of virility; while opposite, gazing at him, sits Science lighting his torch at the sun, which forms the central cartouche over the archway. Then we have a winged Imagination, exulting in yet unexplored possibilities, a figure full of much thought; and to the right is the Law, with watchful preparedness, guarding the statutes on the tablets. If these are themes that have received sculptors' attention before this, at least they are treated here with engaging originality, with simplicity, with directness, and with competence. But there are pilaster decorations between the arches, no less full of intention; terminal busts of Minerva, protectress of the Arts; Mercury presiding over Science; and, on the right, the fasces of the Law.

Of this work Mr. Calder says:

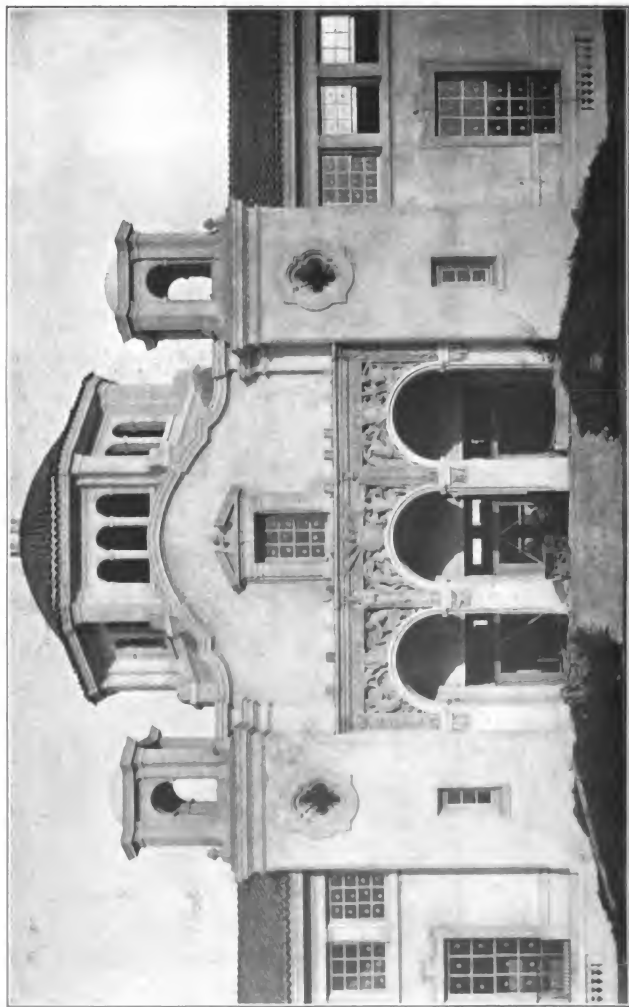
"The desire for outward manifestations in the Arts of our cherished and hidden hopes is inherently and healthily human. The great expressions that this has had in the past have formed a happy middle ground between the slavish confinements of poverty and the riotous waste of wealth. For true art is not ostentatious; it is not for the merely wealthy, any more than it is for the very poor. It is sternly true — the fruit of our expression in subject, and the accumulations of our longing for a fuller existence in expression. It is with this confident belief in the dignity and purpose of sculpture that the author would protest against the tendency to regard such work as merely ornamental — not useful. It is supremely useful, as the bread you eat, or else all the great art of the world has been in vain. But it has not been so. It has gladdened, inspired, expanded, and enriched the world. Without it we should not now exist. Without one vision of the irrepressible optimism of art, humanity must have perished from the earth."

In a sunken garden in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, there is a unique sun-dial



MLLE. M —

"The desire for outward manifestations in the Arts is inherently and healthily human"



THE ENTRANCE TO THE THROOP POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Where Mr. Calder has shown in, symbolical figures, Nature, Art, Energy, Science, and Imagination, and exhibited them all at work under the Sun placed over the central arch



THE ROMANCE OF NEW FRANCE

Mr. Calder's statue of Philippe François Renault, the French explorer, made for the World's Fair at St. Louis

from Mr. Calder's hands, a lovely design held up by four caryatids representing the seasons — four graceful figures of women with diaphanous garments falling from off their lovely shoulders. They are joined at the top by branches and blossoms fitting the different times of the year. On the circle above that holds the dial, are the signs of the Zodiac, the whole forming an appropriate setting, a decorative arrangement to please the eye and mind. From this to his "Hercules Dozing" is a distinct change. Here is the embodiment of

strength relaxed, the nude figure of a great, powerful male, wherein the muscles stand out in relief, where everything discloses virility and gracelessness, a man's conception of his kind, a vigorous interpretation of the theme. Something of the same order is the "Dancing Indian," another nude, leaning forward to catch the rhythmic movement of the primitive step, the head slightly uplifted and of the soil, *sui generis*. Very modern is "The Miner," seated with his pick-ax, wearing the cap and lamp, the upper half of the body quite naked. There is power here as well, and the type is of our own time. For the romantic, we have the statue of Philippe François Renault that Mr. Calder did for the World's Fair at St. Louis, a virile presentation of



"THE SPIRIT OF THE FAR WEST"

Marcus Whitman, famous in the struggle for Oregon. Statue made for the Seattle Exposition



Copyright by A. S. Calder

THE CELTIC CROSS MEMORIAL TO GENERAL WILLIAM JOYCE SEWELL OF NEW JERSEY



IN MR. CALDER'S LIGHTER MOOD
A model for a hanging drinking-cup



"AN INDIAN DREAMER"

the exploring Frenchman in picturesque attitude and garb, modeled with engaging simplicity. We turn to the portrait bust of a young child, a baby girl whose subtlety the sculptor has caught with astonishing fidelity, lingering with loving attention



A DANCING SIOUX

over elusive forms, over dainty bits of features, and giving forth the embodiment of adolescence.

Surely all this achievement presupposes adequate training that has permitted the man to wander over the entire field of sculptural activity, always with an adequate result. In Washington there is a statue of

heroic size before the Army Medical Museum. It is of the great surgeon, Samuel D. Gross; and though all the elements of modernity were against the sculptor—the unpicturesque frock coat, the unresponsive trousers, the stiff necktie—Mr. Calder has succeeded in making an impressive figure that holds attention, that somehow creates admiration. So, too, Mr. Calder, at a leap, jumps into the poetic, as witness his "Indian Dreamer," with the suggestive figure seated, his blanket drawn over his body and up to his face—a figure full of mystery, of suggestiveness, almost of awe.

Mr. Calder maintains that the massive grandeur of the sculptures of Egypt, the keen beauty of the Greek, the fervor of the Tuscan work, though still potent, yet leave us unsatisfied, for they can never mean all to us that they did to their own age; and though it has been said that there is nothing more for the sculptor to do, there is the same to do that there always has been and always will be so long as there are shapes and eyes and thoughts and hands in being, since Art springs from the inherent desire for the glorification of what is and what we would but have not. The subject-matter



JOHN RUSKIN AND ONE OF HIS BELIEFS

The note of pathos is in his "Tragedy of Wealth and Poverty," two figures, the goddess of riches spurning the figure of distress which clings to her. As Mr. Calder himself has written:

"All men desire her—few possess—and they but for a day.

Born on restless wings she vigil keeps,
Unceasing toil of toil she ever reaps,
And in herself both sweet and bitter dwell."

It is a bold and vigorous conception, this group, and well wrought out. The attitude of Poverty tells the story with wonderful straightforwardness.

is always the same—only the point of view or style constantly changes. And thus Art is never done. The influence of sculpture is far-reaching. The mind that loves this Art and understands its language will more and more insist on a certain order and decorum in visual life. It opens an avenue for the expression of æsthetic enjoyment somewhere between poetry and music and akin to drama. All life is irritation—humanity groaning beneath the necessity of toil yearns for respite from the driving cares of time which knows no rest, unless by gentle Art beguiled to make believe that what we wish is true.



HOW TO LEARN TO FLY

THE DIFFERENT MACHINES AND WHAT THEY COST

BY

AUGUSTUS POST

WHERE can I buy an aeroplane, and what will it cost me?" This question is in many minds at this moment. The answer is: You will have to buy in Europe if you want to buy in the open market, although you might be able to secure one from the Curtiss or Wright companies with the understanding or contract that it will not be used in exhibitions. But, even though you place your order abroad, for most types and makes you will probably have to wait some time before you secure the machine you order. Still, if you really want to fly, you can buy a machine of any one of a dozen different types and half a dozen different makes. You can even buy second-hand machines if you wish.

New machines cost from \$5,000 to \$7,500, although the Santos Dumont Demoiselle can be bought for \$1,200. In importing machines into this country there are extra charges, duty, freight, etc., which amount to 50 per cent. of the original cost. So much for the machine.

There are, however, other expenses necessary before flight is possible. The machine must be housed in an aeroplane shed, or *hangar* as the French call it. There must be proper grounds to practise on. These grounds should be as large as possible. A square mile of clear, level country such as a light automobile could run over will not be too large for learning. It will be advisable to have a skilled mechanic to take care of the engine, and a helper to assist in bringing it out and setting it up, to look after the woodwork and wires, and to clean the machine and fill the gasoline and oil tanks. It will be necessary to provide tools and machinery for quick repairs, and it is almost necessary to have an automobile to follow cross-country flights and assist in case of an accidental landing where supplies cannot be obtained.

But that is not all. You must be prepared to take lessons in flying and spend as much time as may be necessary to



THE BLERIOT MONOPLANE

With its wings folded

become proficient. Mr. Farman has said that the aeroplane breakage made by the average man in learning to fly amounts to nearly \$2,000, and that to avoid dangers and to prevent accidents a man should have at least sixty trips in the air under the instruction of a competent teacher before he himself takes control of the machine.

Regular schools have been established abroad at Châlons, Pau, Buc, Étampes, Mourmelon, Lyons, Juvisy, Issy, and Mouton. Hundreds of flights are being made every week.

There are more than a hundred aviators with pilots' licenses issued by the Aero Club of France. The qualifications for a pilot's license require three trips of five kilometres (about three miles) each, not necessarily on the same day, to be made in the presence of a committee of representatives of the Aero Club.

This is the European way of learning. Most of the fliers in this country have

learned in a typically American way—that is, they just got in and flew, trusting to Providence, their own quick wits, and the luck of the American eagle to keep them from breaking their necks. The aviators of the Wright company have been carefully taught, but Hamilton, Mars, Willard, Baldwin (although fifty-six years old), and McCurdy just got in and flew.

The more careful method, however, will save the usual beginner much "breakage money," and maybe a hospital bill.

Speaking of this, Mr. Clifford B. Harmon,



Photograph from Edwin Levick

MAKING A TURN

the Chairman of the National Council of the Aero Club of America, remarked:

"After studying the machine, you come to the conclusion that when the aeroplane is turned over to you the first thing to do is to go into the air. Now that, in my opinion, is just the thing not to do. It does not require so much nerve to go into the air as it does to keep on the ground, especially when your many friends and associates congregate around you to see you fly. Should you follow your first impulse and go into the air, you are very fortunate if you reach the ground again in safety, since, no matter how short the flight may be, the least turn in the wrong direction will swerve your planes so that they hit unevenly and the frail structure will almost surely be broken. Then there is an aggravating wait until it is repaired. You start again, repeat the same performance,



A TURN TOO NEAR THE GROUND

Mr. Farman estimates that the ordinary man will have to spend \$2,000 for "breakages" in learning to fly

and just so often as you do, just so often do you meet with disaster. The way to learn to fly properly is to make haste slowly. I have found this out from my own experience and from that of many others. I have always given advice to those who have asked it, and often to those who have not — and the advice is never followed. Only a few days ago I talked with a noted automobile driver who has had experience with racing cars, and had studied his flying-machine. I told him just what to do. He did just the opposite, and escaped death by a narrow margin. He is now re-



AEROPLANE SHEDS

One of the incidental expenses of the flying-machine owner



AT WORK ON THE WINGS OF AN 'ANTOINETTE'

The most highly finished of all the aeroplanes on the market

building his machine, which will take some weeks to complete.

"In short, the thing to do is to get into your machine and spend many hours learning to manipulate the engine and the control before the machine is even let loose. This will get you used to the noise of the engine and to doing the things you should do when you want to start or stop. After you think you have become proficient at this, roll down the field, which must be a long, smooth one, stop at the farther end of the field, get out, examine your wires, examine your wheels, and look over your machine very carefully; have it started again as before, repeating this performance

time after time. Before an aeroplane is under any rudder control, it must be going at least twenty miles an hour. Should you run back and forth over the field without examining your wires, one may become loosened, which will put a double strain on the second one. The second may become loosened in the next roll and one after another break until your machine drops apart, which invariably breaks your propeller.

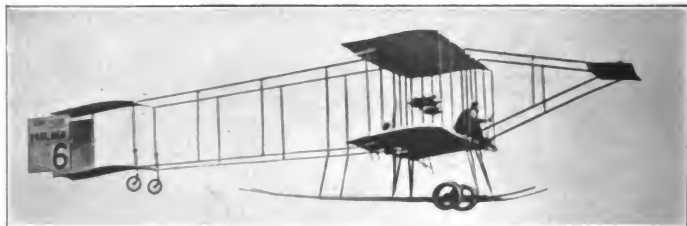
"After doing this for many times — I should say at least fifty times — then you are prepared to take your first little jump, but do not go off the ground more than a few feet. Continue these jumps for at least fifty times more, making them longer and longer until the time comes to make your turn in the air. At the time of making the turn you must be at a sufficient height, say twenty feet, in order to get a bank of air that will assist the rudder to effect the turn.

"This advice is obtained from the experience of the best experts and from my own. One must become accustomed to being in the air so that, should anything go wrong, one can



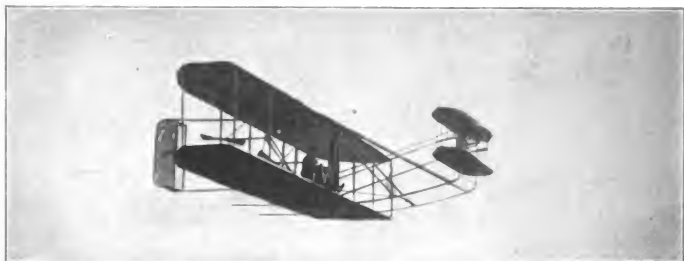
A HUNDRED HORSE-POWER IN 300 LBS

The 16-cylinder engine. It weighs about 24 pounds per horse-power. The lightest motors constructed



THE FARMAN BIPLANE

Distinguishable by the box-tail rudder and the movable tips on the main supporting planes and by the combination of skids and wheels underneath



THE WRIGHT MACHINE

The largest type in this country and the only one with two propellers and without wheels; distinguishable by its method of warping the wings and by the absence of balancing planes or wing-tips



THE CURTISS MACHINE

smallest biplane, distinguishable by the small balancing planes between the main supporting surfaces



THE BLERIOT PASSENGER MONOPLANE

In which the aviator sits under the main plane



THE FARMAN MONOPLANE

Driven from a seat on the framework back of the main plane



THE ANTOINETTE MONOPLANE

In which the aviator sits in a wooden body like a racing shell



A WOMAN PASSENGER BOARDING THE "DEUTSCHLAND." The flier seems as solid as a railroad car



THE FIRST PASSENGER AIR-SHIP
Just before its first trip

come to the ground at a second's notice. Never fly over obstacles or places where it is impossible to land immediately in safety, unless you are at a sufficient height to glide over them should anything happen to retard the speed of your motor or stop it.

"If this advice is followed — and I am quite sure it will not be — you will learn to operate a machine much more quickly than he who starts out trying to get off the ground the first

time, and it will be far less expensive. I have been much more fortunate in my breakage, as I have tried to follow the advice of the best experts, than I should have been had I followed my own inclinations."

My own experience exactly coincides with Mr. Harmon's. Learning to fly is like studying any other art, and skill comes only with practice. The movements must become habitual and must be made without effort. Some learn more quickly than others. Mr. Hamilton says that if machines were thrown open for every one there would be only a few who would be especially skilful; and Mr. Wright says that if a perfect machine were sent down from Mars it would not be possible for any one to run it without first studying it.

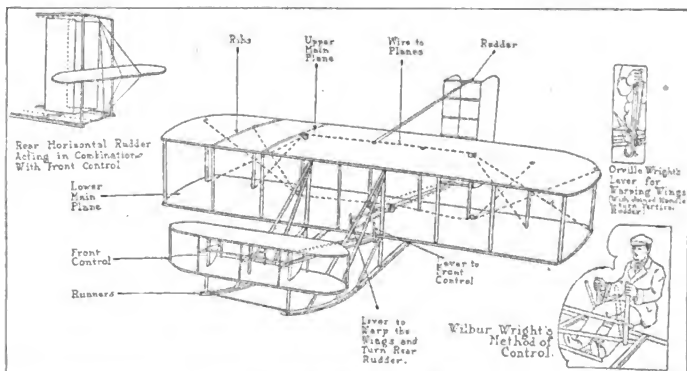
The only way to know how to fly is to



THE PASSAGE OVER THE RHINE
From the cabin of the *Deutschland*



IN THE "DEUTSCHLAND" CABIN
The first regular passenger airship

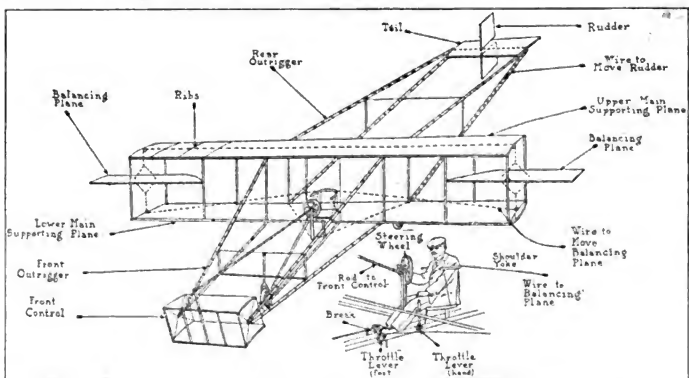


THE WRIGHT MACHINE

Showing the arrangement of the wires which warp the wings and move the rudder from one lever, and the front control operated by the other lever

have the idea of flying so thoroughly worked out in your mind that when the opportunity comes you will know exactly *what* to do, and it will not take long for you to know *how* to do it. You must understand the working of every part of the machine. Ex-

perience gained through a thorough mastery of the automobile will give a good basis for the mechanical knowledge necessary to understand the engine of a flying-machine, and experience gained in ballooning will give confidence and enable you to feel



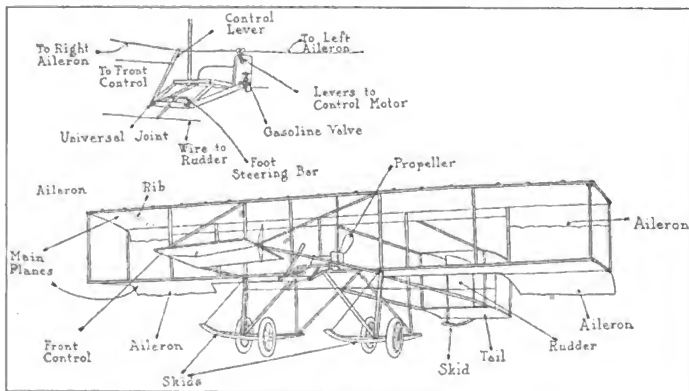
THE CURTISS MACHINE

Showing the wires from the shoulder yoke by which the balancing planes are moved, the wheel which controls the front control, and the wires from the steering post which govern the movements of the rudder

accustomed to being in the air. A practical knowledge of the weather and the ability to tell when it will be calm and suitable for flying are necessary, for the air is in constant motion, drifting or flowing as a mass in one direction when the wind is steady, or turbulent and swirling about when the wind is gusty. Watch the smoke from a tall chimney and you can see just what is taking place. The smoke either rises straight up or bends slightly in one direction, or it is beaten down and tumbles over and over as the smoke from a locomotive, broken up and disturbed by the rush of air

But, on the other hand, in gusty weather it is often possible to fly near the ground, where the air is somewhat compressed, forming a kind of cushion less susceptible to disturbance than the lighter air above. This is a particular advantage over the water, where the surface is smooth.

Sometimes the flier can feel himself borne up by the rising currents, or his machine may drop out from under him, as Mr. Curtiss's machine did while rounding "Storm King" on the way from Albany to New York. One wing may be caught in one current and the other in an opposite



THE FARMAN BIPLANE.

The detailed drawing shows the method by which Mr. Farman controls the ailerons or wing tips, the elevating planes or front control, and the rudder, all with one lever

made by the speed of the train. In flying over trees, buildings, and obstructions at a low altitude, you can feel the machine dip and pitch as it passes through these places where the air is boiling. The air near the surface of the ground is like the water of a brook which flows over rocks and stones. As you rise higher it becomes more even and the inequalities of the surface have less effect.

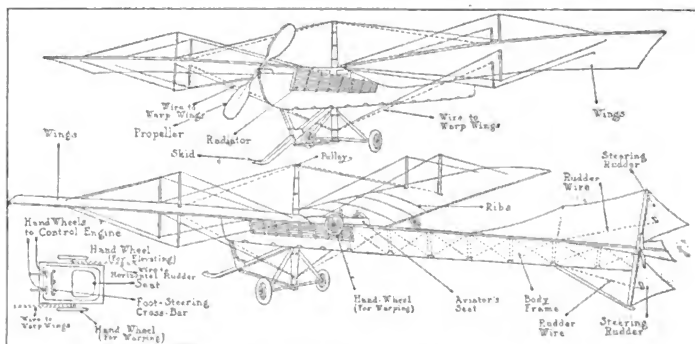
Higher up, too, the aviator has room to gain speed by pitching down sharply, thereby causing the balancing-planes to act more powerfully — and this manœuvre is often of great assistance.

one, and quick action will be necessary to prevent being upset.

Mr. Wilbur Wright told me that when he flew up the Hudson River he could feel the drafts of air as they came between the tall buildings of lower New York. His brother, when descending from a flight at Birmingham, Ala., encountered a rising current of air, and for five minutes he could hardly get down. Birds use these ascending currents for soaring. Mr. Wright thinks we shall be able in time to soar with a flying machine, and hover and sail round and round on these columns of air and over the crests of hills with the motor shut off.

The Wrights' method of teaching is to take a man up in the machine as a passenger, and, after he becomes thoroughly accustomed to being in the machine, to allow him to operate a duplicate set of levers so that he can feel their movements. He can then tell how delicately the elevating plane in front is manipulated to meet the constantly changing angle of the machine and to correct the dipping and rising occasioned by the uneven conditions of the air. These movements become almost instinctive, and with experience in the handling of the machine a skilful operator can almost anticipate the movements that he

slide and not break. Learning by yourself in this way is very much like being thrown from the end of a dock and told to swim. The motor is started. You feel the push as the machine starts under you. It gathers speed. You do not feel any jar, but you run over the ice and steer to right and to left, and soon you become accustomed to the roar of the motor and the rush of the wind, and you find yourself suddenly at the opposite end of the course. The machine is turned around. This time you hold the front control steady at a slight angle, and as you gain speed it is a curious sensation to see the front wheel of the



THE ANTOINETTE MONOPLANE

A front view (above), a side view (below), and a detail of the aviator's seat from above (in the lower left-hand corner). On the left hand of the aviator is a wheel with which he can warp the wings of the machine. On his right hand is a wheel which controls the elevating planes, which are on the tail behind instead of in front as on a biplane. Steering is done by the feet

must make. Flights of about ten minutes' duration are made so that the pupil will be fresh and not get nervous; later, when more accustomed to the sensations, he may stay up longer.

In learning to fly in other machines, like the Curtiss, where the beginner makes his first trip alone, there must be plenty of room. There seems to be an uncontrollable desire to run into anything that is in the way, and your imagination magnifies it until a bush is as big as a tree. The ideal place to learn is over the ice, where even if you land sideways the wheels will

machine rise off the ground. You may become frightened and let it come down. It bounces up. You then hold the front control steady and fly clear of the ground for a little way.

You have a feeling of elation — the air is so soft, not a jounce or a jar. The next thing you know the machine begins to tip over to one side and you instinctively lean the other way, moving the shoulder-piece (in the Curtiss machine) which turns the balancing planes. Immediately the machine responds and comes back to an even keel.

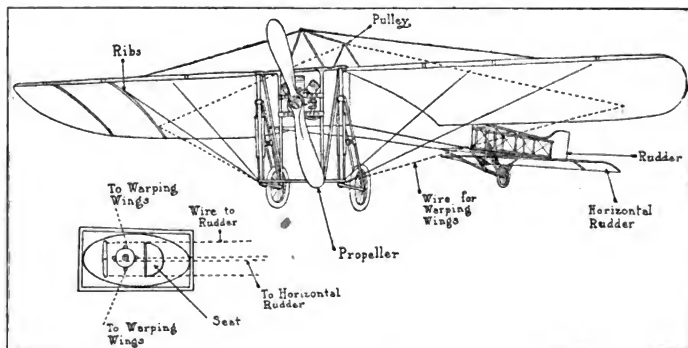
This is a novel sensation, unlike anything else you have felt, but you go a little too far and then you lean in the other direction. All the movements are very slight, and hardly noticeable from the ground.

This sense of mastery, of response to your will, is the greatest pleasure one can have. At the end of the course you turn down the front control slightly and with great care and shut off the motor as the wheels come near the ground. Now they are rolling, and you put on the brake.

But this is only the first step. The next is to make a turn in the air. You turn the rudder; the machine "banks" naturally, but

The machines of to-day are practically the same as those of three years ago. The Wright machine has not changed in principle, and the machine Mr. Curtiss used at Rheims is practically the same machine that he used in flying from Albany to New York. It is the man that has grown.

Aside from the differences between a monoplane and a biplane, the various machines differ in the methods and mechanical contrivances used for balancing and steering. The Wright machine (biplane), as used by Mr. Wilbur Wright, is fitted with two levers—one on the left of the aviator,



THE BLÉRIOT MONOPLANE

From in front, and a detail of the aviator's seat from above. Warping and elevating are both done by different movements of one steering-wheel

you must prevent it from tipping up too much or you will slide down sideways until you strike the ground—and then the chances are that you will break a wing.

After learning to balance and to turn, progress seems slow. It takes long practice to become so used to the machine that one can relax in the seat, or even take the hands off the levers or wheel when conditions are favorable, and so make long flights without fatigue. In flying an aeroplane, the human element might be estimated at 75 per cent. of the performance and the machine at 25 per cent. In an automobile the excellence of the machine counts for much more.

connected by a rod with the horizontal planes in front, for controlling the ascent and descent; and one on the right side connected with the wires which control the warping of the main planes and the vertical planes in the rear, usually spoken of as the rudder. In the proper sense of the word, it is not a rudder, however. In turning, it is moved in the opposite direction from that of a ship's rudder. Turning the machine is accomplished by the combined action of the warping wings and this rudder. A delicate adjustment between these two enables the machine to be accurately handled, no matter how swiftly it is flying or how short the turn.

I asked Mr. Wright how he could remember which way to move his lever for steering, and he said that he kept one side of the machine in mind, and if he wanted to turn

to the left he threw his lever forward and drew it a little toward him, which caused the left side to advance faster than the other.

	FARMAN	WRIGHT	CURTISS	BLÉRIOT	ANTOINETTE
<i>Inventor.....</i>	Henri Farman (France)	Wright Bros. (U. S.)	Glenn Curtiss (U. S.)	Louis Blériot (France)	Léon Levasseur (France)
<i>Maximum length</i>	30 ft.	40 ft.	33 ft. 6 in.	25 ft.	40 ft.
<i>Maximum span</i>	32 ft. 6 in.	41 ft.	29 ft.	28 ft.	46 ft.
<i>Maximum height</i>	11 ft. 4 in.	7 ft. 6 in.	10 ft. 6 in.	.. .	6 ft. 9 in.
<i>Weight.....</i>	Without engine, carburetor, etc., 1,047 lbs.	With engine and all fittings, 968 lbs.	Without engine, etc., 358 lbs.	Without engine, etc., 361 lbs.	Without engine, etc., 800 lbs.
<i>Supporting surface</i>	476 sq. ft.	606 sq. ft.	326 sq. ft.	180 sq. ft.	385 sq. ft.
<i>Control.....</i>	Universal lever for right hand; pivoted lever for feet.	Left hand lever for elevating; right hand for steering and warping planes.	Wheel (Voisin type) and pivoted lever to back of pilot's seat. Pilot sways body to operate.	Universal lever for hands; pivoted lever for feet.	Two hand-wheels and pivoted foot-lever.
<i>Steering.....</i>	Two vertical rudders at rear, controlled by feet.	Two vertical rudders at rear, assisted by two pivoted vertical planes between elevators in front.	Vertical rudder (rear) and adjusting ailerons.	Vertical rudder at rear, operated by feet.	Two vertical rudders at rear, operated by feet.
<i>Elevating.....</i>	Front plane (in three sections); hand control.	Two planes forward.	Biplane-type: elevator at front.	Two small horizontal planes at rear (hand control).	Horizontal divided plane at rear (right-hand wheel control).
<i>Means of obtaining stability.....</i>	Four hinged flaps, one at each rear end of main plane. Hand control.	Warping main planes.	Adjusting ailerons. A fixed vertical panel in front and fixed horizontal plane in rear for steadying.	Warping wings and rear planes (hand control).	Warping main planes (left-hand wheel control). Ailerons are sometimes fitted.
<i>Starting.....</i>	Own propeller power on four wheels.	Weights, starting rail, and pylon. Lately with wheels successfully.	Own propeller power; three wheels.	Own propeller power; three wheels.	Own propeller power; two wheels.
<i>Alighting.....</i>	On spring wheels. Excessive shock absorbed by two skids.	Runners or spring wheels.	Spring Wheels and two skids.	On spring wheels.	On wheels and skids.
<i>Propeller.....</i>	At rear; of wood. Two blades, 8 ft. 6 in.	Two (each has two blades); wood; 8 ft. 3 in. each.	Rear; two blades. Diameter 6 ft.; wood.	One, 6 ft. 8 in.; wood. Two blades.	Two-bladed, steel and aluminum; 6 ft. 10 in.
<i>Drive.....</i>	Direct.	Chain.	Direct.	Direct.	Direct.
<i>Speed.....</i>	About 60 miles per hour.	About 55 miles per hour.	55 miles per hour.	45 miles per hour.	60 miles per hour.
<i>Accommodation..</i>	Two or three persons.	Two persons.	One person.	One person.	One person.
<i>Frame.....</i>	Ash and other woods.	Hickory and American spruce.	Oregon spruce; tail of bamboo.	Wood.	Canoe-shaped body of lattice girder.
<i>Planes.....</i>	Two. 32 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 4 in. Covered fabric; single surface.	41 ft. x 6 ft. 6 in. Covered rubber cloth; double surface.	Two; each 4 ft. 6 in. x 20 ft.; covered Baldwin fabric; single surface.	Wings: Covered Continental fabric; double surface. 14 ft. x 6 ft.	21 ft. x 6 ft. 8 in. Covered fabric; double surface.
<i>Seat.....</i>	Centre and over front edge of lower plane.	Two. Centre of front edge of lower plane. Pilot at right side.	Centre and over front edge of lower plane.	Above and between rear edge of wings.	In body, above rear edge of wings.
<i>Price.....</i>	With 50 horse-power Gnome engine, \$5,000.	With 30 horse-power Wright engine, \$6,000.	\$4,000.	With 25 horse-power Anzani, \$2,400.	\$5,000.
<i>Lowest price, complete.....</i>	\$3,200.	\$5,500.	\$3,800.	\$2,400.	—
<i>Guarantee.....</i>	10-mile flight.	20-min. flight, with passenger, in enclosed circuit.	5-mile flight.	5-mile flight.	10-mile flight.
<i>Users.....</i>	Farman, Paulhan, Sommer, Cockburn.	Wright Bros., LeFebvre, Tissandier, De Lambert, et al.	Curtiss, Herring, et al.	Blériot, Delagrangé, Le Blon.	Latham, et al.

While the guiding of an aeroplane requires undivided attention and great concentration of mind, it is not so tiring as it sounds; Mr. Wright, at least, with his great experience and practice, can relax and take his hand from the balancing lever once in a while, when it becomes necessary to adjust the motor, but even this cannot be done with the front control.

Mr. Orville Wright has a system of control somewhat different from that of his brother Wilbur. He warps the main planes of his machine and turns the vertical planes in the rear with one lever, with a jointed hand-piece, so that both operations are accomplished simultaneously. Wilbur has a single lever arranged so that it may be moved in two directions at the same time to accomplish the same result.

The Wright machine is driven by two wooden propellers connected by chains with its thirty-horse-power motor. The machine will fly about forty miles an hour. Abroad it costs \$7,500, and it will probably be sold at about that price when put on the market in this country.

THE CURTISS BIPLANE

The Curtiss machine, like the Wright, is a biplane, but instead of warping the main planes for balancing purposes, it has between the main planes small, movable, balancing planes which are worked by wires attached to a yoke sitting around the shoulders of the aviator. The Curtiss machine is turned by its rear rudder, and the balancing planes are used to tip the machine in rounding a curve to prevent it from sheering sideways. The rear rudder is turned by means of two wires connected to the steering-wheel in front of the aviator. A bamboo pole runs forward from this wheel to the horizontal planes forward. The driver of the Curtiss machine has a foot-pedal to govern the acceleration of the engine and a brake to operate after landing; and he has both hands on a steering-wheel directly in front of him, as with an automobile, while the swaying of his body moves the balancing planes. The Curtiss motor weighs about the same as the Wright motor, but it gives 50 instead of 30 horse-

power. The price of the whole machine is quoted at \$4,000.

THE FARMAN BIPLANE

The Farman biplane has, instead of the balancing planes, *ailerons* or movable additions to the main planes. These and the horizontal plane in front are controlled by one lever, which moves forward and backward as the aviator wishes to go down or up; and left and right, if he wishes to get more lift on the right or on the left side. Steering is done by the feet on a crosspiece connected by wires with the rudder in the rear. With a fifty-horse-power Gnome motor, this machine costs about \$5,600 in Europe.

THE FARMAN MONOPLANE

Mr. Farman has recently built a monoplane which bears a strong resemblance to his biplane, and which he hopes will develop great speed.

THE ANTOINETTE MONOPLANE

The Antoinette monoplane, the most picturesque of all flying craft, is built by the Société Antoinette, in France, under the direction of M. Léon Levasseur. It is one of the most beautiful and carefully made machines that have been designed. Its mahogany hull, built like a racing shell, is gracefully formed, and its skeleton frame in the rear is as finely shaped as the tail of a fish. Its wings stretch on each side with their silken covering like the wings of a bird. The propeller has two aluminum blades of the shape of a spoon. A comfortable seat is provided for the aviator in the middle of the body, where he can look out over his machine; when a passenger is carried, the passenger sits directly in line with the aviator. The motor is mounted in front in the prow of the boat-shaped body. A mast rises in the centre of the machine, from which wire guys run to each wing. These wires run over pulleys, and, by means of a hand-wheel at the side of the operator, he can pull the wires and warp one wing or the other as he wishes. Another hand-wheel controls the horizontal rudders which, contrary to biplane construction, are in the rear, on the tail. Some of the Antoinettes are equipped with *ailerons*, or auxiliary wing-tips,

hinged to the outer rear edge of the wings, by which the same result as warping the wing itself is accomplished. The steering rudder is moved by the feet resting against a pivoted crosspiece like the arrangement in a single shell (for rowing).

Antoinette single machines cost about \$5,000, fitted with a 50 horse-power motor, and about \$8,000 for two-seated machines with 100 horse-power motor; this includes tuition at Paris or London. The Antoinette will make a speed of about 60 miles an hour.

THE BLÉRIOT MONOPLANE

The Blériot monoplane is perhaps the most famous machine of this type, having been the first machine to fly across the English Channel. The large Blériot has one large plane, directly under which is the motor and the seat for the aviator. The propeller is just in front of the front edge of the plane; a framework extends to the rear, carrying the horizontal and vertical rudders. Two wheels, which carry the motor, are placed under the framework, and a third wheel supports the tail.

The Blériot has a very ingenious device for controlling the steering and balancing. This is a bell-shaped piece of metal, with an upright post, on the top of which is a little hand-wheel. This is mounted on a universal joint, so that it can be rocked in any direction. Wires are attached to the circumference of this bell and run to the rear horizontal rudder for elevating and depressing, and to the balancing device for warping the main wing. If the machine rears up in front, the wheel is pushed forward; if one side rises, the wheel is pushed in that direction and the machine is brought back to an even keel. The aviator can control the balance of his whole machine with the one wheel.

A smaller-sized Blériot is built — the cross-Channel model — in which the aviator sits in the framework which supports the wings. This brings the centre of gravity and the centre of support closer together, which is one of the elemental points about which there is much discussion among monoplane builders — that is, whether the weight should be hung under the centre of support (as in the large Blériot) to get the pendulum effect, or whether they should be concentric

(as in the small Blériot and the Antoinette) for greater ease of balance.

The large Blériot costs more, of course, but the cross-Channel type is one of the cheapest machines — \$2,400, with a 25 horse-power Anzani motor. Several of these have been brought to this country.

All the machines except the Wrights' start on wheels, under their own power, as do also some of the foreign-built Wright machines. The American Wright machines start on a movable track.

It is impossible to say which is the best machine. Even those who know most about air navigation cannot agree which is the better type — monoplane or biplane. The monoplane seems capable of greater speed. It can be constructed to offer the minimum resistance to the air and to present a small area of surface in relation to its weight, and it is more dependent upon its motor. Biplanes, on the other hand, are slower-flying and seem to depend more upon their balancing devices for maintaining equilibrium. The biplane is, as a rule, larger, and is more suited to carrying passengers. The Sommer machine has carried as many as five passengers at a time. In France an aviator took up twenty passengers, one after another, during one afternoon.

Until now, both here and abroad, the biplane has been by far the more popular machine, but the speed of the monoplane in the Rheims meet of this year may gain more adherence for this type. Certainly the monoplane will be better known in this country after the great international meet at Garden City in September. Perhaps, too, by 1911 the sport and business of flying will have reached the same condition in this country as it has abroad, where machines are for sale to anyone who wishes to fly.

In this country there are at present two companies manufacturing flying-machines which are making flights before the public — the Wrights and Curtiss.

Neither of these companies has devoted its attention to selling machines because the demand for exhibitions is so great and the amount of money to be made by public flights is so large that they have not desired to sell machines to other people who might enter into competition with themselves.

Mr. Wright received \$15,000 for flights made during the Hudson-Fulton celebration; Mr. Curtiss won \$10,000 for two and a half hours' work in the air, flying from Albany to New York; and very large sums are guaranteed for flights by organizers of future meets. It was rumored that Paulhan received \$50,000 at Los Angeles last winter. The holding of the Gordon-Bennett meet at Garden City this fall alone will cost more than \$200,000, and provision is being made on the grounds for the accommodation of 100,000 people a day. The Long Island Railroad is preparing to haul 50,000 people, and stalls are being prepared for automobiles which will bring probably 25,000 more.

THE DIRIGIBLE AIRSHIP

The interest and excitement over aeroplane records and the accident to the Zeppelin airship have obscured the possibilities of the dirigible. The German Airship Stock Company, of which the great Hamburg-American Steamship Company and the Zeppelin Airship Company are the largest stockholders, equipped the A. S. (airship) *Deutschland* for passenger service between their airship dock at Friedrichshafen and Dusseldorf, a run of 65 miles. The Hamburg-American Packet Company sent its representative to Friedrichshafen to take charge of handling the passengers at this station. Tickets were sold at \$50 for the round trip, and accommodations were provided for 36 passengers. This ship was

fitted with carpeted cabins of mahogany inlaid with pearl, and had on board a buffet service for the convenience of passengers. It was 485 feet long, was equipped with motors aggregating 330 horse-power, and could make a speed of 45 miles an hour. Carrying 20 passengers, it sailed more than three hundred miles in nine hours on its initial voyage, half the trip in the teeth of a stiff wind. In spite of the accident which wrecked this ship, the line will be extended to Baden-Baden, and already plans are made for a similar line to run between Hamburg and Berlin, and, later, from Hamburg to London.

Mr. Ballin, the general manager of the Hamburg-American Line, is very enthusiastic over the future of this method of travel, and there are some who believe that the ocean will be crossed inside of two years.

Plans are now being carried out for an expedition to the Arctic regions next year with two Zeppelin airships. The S. S. *Mainz* has already sailed for Spitzbergen to establish a base of supplies.

While it is true that the A. S. *Deutschland* was wrecked, her successful trip with passengers marks the beginning of an era of airship navigation, and there is no more reason to doubt its future than there was to doubt the future of the steamboat because the English tugs which preceded Fulton's *Clermont* by six years never made more than one trip, or that the unfortunate accident to Hon. C. S. Rolls proves the impracticability of the aeroplane.

THE EVERLASTING POWER

THERE are thousands and thousands of square miles in the United States which, except for the power of falling water, would suffer the pinch of industrial depression within the next fifty years. There are many other regions where only the development of water-power can bring thick settlement. In the West it means the building up of the country. East of the Mississippi, where eight-tenths of the people live and nine-tenths of the manufacturing is done, it is more important. It

means in many districts the continuance of prosperity.

For the public welfare it is imperative that the power of the water as it descends from the hills be turned to man's use. Moreover, from the natural condition it is almost necessary that it be developed as a monopoly, at least so far as each district is concerned.

It seems, therefore, that for the public good it would be wise to recognize the monopoly feature, and in the beginning to devise means for controlling its power over

the business and fortunes of the people whom it serves.

What water-power may mean to a state is exemplified by the possible developments in Georgia. If a layer of coal that would yield millions of tons a year were discovered in north Georgia, every train moving South would be filled with men hurrying to the scene; a stream of gold would flow toward its development; steamship lines would again be running into Charleston, Brunswick, and Savannah, carrying immigrants to loose the stored-up power.

Mr. George M. Chapin of Atlanta has investigated for THE WORLD'S WORK the situation and its possibilities.

Georgia is crossed by a series of ridges spreading fan-shaped from the northeastern part of the state in a southerly direction, dividing it into six great basins. Crossing the state almost as the crow flies, from Augusta to Columbus runs what may be called the southern fall-line. Between it and the mountains to the north is the larger part of the water-power of Georgia—almost 550,000 horse-power at the minimum flow of the streams as they now run.

THE HORSE-POWER OF SIX GREAT BASINS

Name of Basin	Min. H. P.	Min. H. P. for Six High-water Months
Savannah	175,462	269,184
Ogeechee	3,895	9,730
Altamaha	47,088	78,272
Appalachicola	173,786	281,550
Mobile	57,524	95,804
Tennessee	33,895	65,333

Total for six basins . 491,650 799,873

To this must be added the power of many small streams, which brings the total of the minimum flow to 548,000 horse-power for twenty-four hours in the day.

At one end of the fall-line is Augusta. It was made a manufacturing city by the power of the Savannah River. Sixty-five years ago the canals were built which are now supplying the 12,800 horse-power which lights the city, runs its street-car lines, and is sold to the mills for \$5.50 per horse-power for a sixteen-hour day.

At the other end of the fall-line is Columbus. Within thirty-four miles of the city the Chattahoochee falls 370 feet, which

will make possible the development of 125,000 horse-power. Ten thousand horse-power is now at work.

In the rest of Georgia 144,000 horse-power is now harnessed; but this, according to Mr. M. R. Hall, of the United States Geological Survey, represents only about 80,000 horse-power in the table printed above, because it is not based upon a 24-hour day but upon various systems of development—"some plants use the actual flow only, others storing half of the time and using twenty-four hours' flow in twelve hours;



THE DRAINAGE BASINS OF GEORGIA

Between the western and southern fall-lines are most of the water-power and practically all of the manufacturing cities

and others still, as is the case with most of the modern hydro-electric plants, being capable of producing for a portion of each day three or four times as much power as could be produced continuously twenty-four hours a day."

With one-sixth of the power of the minimum flow of its rivers in use, Georgia (like most of the Atlantic States) is awaiting development—and development is coming. Rights on the headwaters of the Chattahoochee, the Chestate, and the Etowah Rivers are held by interests affiliated with the Westinghouse Company. An Atlanta company proposes to dam the Tugelo for 18,000 horse-power. There are plans for the further use of the Savannah

River, and on the Broad River a 40,000 horse-power plant is planned — and there are many other smaller enterprises on foot, enough perhaps to double the use now made of the rivers.

The real significance of it all lies in the relation of the cost of this power to the cost of power generated by coal. The minimum cost of steam power in Atlanta is \$35, ranging upward according to the efficiency of the plant. The insufficient supply of electric power which reaches Atlanta now is sold at \$34.40. At Augusta the price is \$5.50. The Southern Power Company in the Carolinas charges large consumers a minimum of \$22.

What is the need of regulation? There is a little town in the West where the people live by pumping water from driven wells to

irrigate their orchards. The pumps are run by electricity furnished by a company owning the only water-power in the vicinity. There is no other electric power to be had, and the price of coal is prohibitive. The company now follows the enlightened policy of charging a reasonable rate, and the orchardists prosper. But if it should change hands and adopt a more narrow-minded policy, it could take for the use of its power nearly all the profits of the orchards. It could, if it wished, by following further this method, finally get control of the land itself. Perhaps this may seem a remote danger, and yet men who would lend money on irrigated land elsewhere would hardly lend money on these orchards—unless a contract for a certain rate on the power was made to cover the term of the mortgage.

THE CONTROL OF WATER-POWER

BY

HENRY L. HIGGINSON

THE National Conservation Association has proposed that four provisions be incorporated into all future grants of water-power rights by state or nation. THE WORLD'S WORK presented these recommendations to Major Henry L. Higginson, of Boston, whose banking-house has made possible many water-power developments. He made the following comments:

"I think the United States, or a state which grants the use of its water-power, may fairly ask for a royalty if it seems worth while to do so. In many cases the builders of dams or the users of water cannot afford to pay anything for this right. In many cases the enterprisers have found that the cost of dams, canals, etc., was too great to allow profitable use of capital even when no such royalty was paid. I know of three water-powers, two of which may pay some day but which will not now pay even a fair return on their cost. I know a third which will pay interest on the cost of the work, though at only a moderate rate. Probably in each case these water-powers will do

better in the future than at present, else they certainly would not be worth touching.

"(a) 'Prompt development, on pain of forfeiture of the grant.' Sometimes the enterpriser can develop promptly, and sometimes not. Physical difficulties, which are entirely unforeseen, arise; financial difficulties arise in the same way. I know of one fine water-power where much more money was needed than was anticipated (the estimates had been made by several first-rate engineers of wide experience), and the call for more money came in the fall of 1907. Many of the investors could not put up more money without serious loss or inconvenience. It would have been unjust to make them forfeit what they had already put in.

"(b) 'Payment of reasonable compensation for the benefits granted by the people, with periodic readjustment of the rate of compensation, so as to insure justice both to the investor and to the public.' This clause appears just, and may be so. One must depend upon the judges. Usually United States officers or state officers regard but one side

and are hard on the enterprisers. They do not know the difficulties, and are apt to conceive that the enterprisers are not honest.

"(c) 'The limitation of all such grants to periods not exceeding fifty years, and reservation of the right to terminate and reconvey the grant for proper cause and upon equitable compensation; together with proper inspection and publicity of records and accounts.' If an enterpriser builds a water-power under these conditions, he must get back all his money with a handsome rate of interest in fifty years, else he would be a fool to touch the enterprise. If the government reserves the right to terminate the grant at any time, he would be a fool to touch it at all. Proper inspection and publicity of records and accounts are wise and fair.

"(d) 'Recognition of the right of appropriate public authorities to make reasonable regulations as to rates of service.' Here, again, it depends upon the public officers, as they decide whether the regulations are reasonable or not. It is much easier to do business with private individuals or corporations than with legislators or Congress, and also much fairer. An individual or corporation can be taken into court and treated according to law. No such right exists in regard to the United States, or with a state. In this I may be mistaken,

but it is at least difficult to sue the state. Further, contracts with the United States or with legislators are liable to attack and change by these legislators, who often do not understand business and are not experienced in enterprises.

"A fair number of water-powers have been developed by corporations consisting of small investors, and if this investing public is chilled by adverse legislation, the money for new enterprises will not be forthcoming. The experience of the public, so far as I know, has not increased its confidence in water-power enterprises.

"It has to be remembered that sagacious people do not take up these enterprises for 5 or 6 per cent. interest. Why should they, when they can let their money at 5 per cent. interest and think no more about it?

"Guard natural resources; put this business into hands of experienced men who are strictly fair in their dealings; let them receive the enterprisers not as enemies but as friends in whom they trust. If the majority of the human race were not (on the whole) honest, the business world would have been smashed long ago. Let the Government pay promptly its dues, arrange matters so that the legislatures or Congress cannot interfere with a bargain once made, and perhaps people will be willing to deal with the Government."

A COÖPERATIVE KITCHEN THAT WORKS

HOW FIFTY PEOPLE IN CARTHAGE, MO., HAVE REDUCED THE COST OF LIVING AND
ELIMINATED MANY HOUSEHOLD WORRIES

BY

E. BLAIR WALL

WE'VE a new auto, but my wife cannot go out with me or learn to run it. She is always cooking, or has just cooked, or is just going to cook, or is too tired from cooking. If

there's a way out of this, with something to eat still in sight, for Heaven's sake, tell us!"

This wail of our ex-Senator was interrupted by a suffering and skeptical mine-

operator: "Never to hear a word about the servants that have just left, or are here, or are coming to-morrow — perhaps! If you've got something, you'll have to show us. We're *in* Missouri, and we're ready for anything!"

The women were slower — maybe the dream was too beautiful. But they called a meeting of the interested people and organized a Coöperative Kitchen. The men took charge. The Kitchen was started with a membership of sixty people.

The house we rented is nearly a mile from the business section, but street-cars run within a couple of blocks. The house is a fine old residence, with wide porches and a big lawn. The first floor had a long music-room on one side of a deep hall, while on the other side the library and dining-room could be thrown together, thus giving two large dining-rooms. The table spot for each family was determined by lot. Sufficient space was left between tables to insure privacy.

In the beginning, each family provided and equipped its own table. Dishes and silver were brought as needed, each lady attending to her own table-linen. It was agreed that extras — canned fruit, jellies, etc. — should be provided by each table for its own use, and that occasional assessments of five cents per capita should be made for breakage of glassware.

Our manager has entire charge and receives \$35 per month, plus rooms and board for her family. The second floor is the family home, though two extra rooms are rented and the income is added to the finances of the Kitchen. The third floor provides rooms for the servants.

An advisory committee of three audits the books and determines all matters of general interest. In case a member wishes to withdraw during the period for which he has pledged himself, it is expected that he will fill the vacancy he creates. His substitute must be approved by this committee.

Two cooks, two waitresses, and a dishwasher constitute the working force, but an extra waitress is necessary in serving dinner. Oddly enough, the dishwasher is the most difficult to keep. Our dishwashers, with most discouraging unanimity, "gave notice" on the second day. A sub-

stantial increase in wages finally solved the problem. All the servants have two hours off every afternoon, and this goes far toward reconciling them to long days. They say, too, that it is much pleasanter to work in the Kitchen than in a kitchen. There are enough of them together to prevent the isolation necessary in a one-family home. Their relations with the members are more nearly those of a stenographer with her employer. One absolute rule of the Kitchen is, *no tips*. On alternate Sunday nights the waitresses are off duty. The children of the Kitchen help serve that night, and it is an evening looked forward to by them.

The Kitchen started as a three months' experiment at \$3 per adult member per week. After the first quarter it was decided that by increasing the price and reducing the membership to fifty, a reading-room could be provided. The coöperative spirit still held. The room was artistically furnished by voluntary contributions; books and magazines appeared without waiting to be called for; and a spot was ready for the guest of any member awaiting a hostess.

The initiation fee is now \$3.50 per adult, and half-price for children under seven and over two years of age. Servants or nursemaids are on a two-third rate, if they are not served by the waitresses. Guests for single meals, ordinarily twenty-five cents. On Wednesday night, "Guest Night," the charge is thirty-five cents per guest. The initiation fee carries with it a life membership. Come back when you will, your place is there — if there is a vacancy! When a member has a guest for the period of one full week or more, the rate is that of a member. The hostess sees, too, that the table is fitted for an extra.

The menus planned by the manager are surprising for the price. She buys in quantities, of course, so is able to command wholesale rates. Even that fact, though, in this reign of high prices hardly explains the Kitchen bills-of-fare. For instance, this is what we had yesterday:

Breakfast: Cereals, Tea, Cocoa, Coffee, Hot Cakes, Delicious Broiled Ham, Lyonnaise Potatoes. (Children may have eggs, milk, or cereals at any meal. Eggs and bacon are frequently served for breakfast.)

Luncheon: Chicken Salad, Macaroni and Cheese, Hot Biscuits, Apple Sauce and Gingerbread, Tea, Chocolate, Coffee. (As a rule, luncheon is planned with particular thought for the children. Dessert is rarely served at luncheon.)

Dinner: Broiled Porterhouse Steak, Stuffed Baked Potatoes, Home-made Boston Baked Beans, Home-made Boston Brown Bread, Lettuce, French Dressing, Blanc-mange, Orange Sauce, Coffee.

We have, of course, the Southern habit of warm bread three times a day. Light bread, raisin bread, nut bread, and rolls are made at the Kitchen, and salt-rising is made for the Kitchen twice each week.

Our manager has made a study of the nutritive quality and combinations of meals to be served. Economical managing of what might otherwise be food-waste has had full consideration.

The financial side of the Kitchen is, of course, the vital one for those who would go and do likewise. January was our hardest month:

INCOME AND EXPENSES, JANUARY

Servants	\$134.00
Manager's salary	35.00
Rent	40.00
Light, heat, ice	38.00
Two telephones	3.50
Meat	163.00
Milk and cream	64.00
Groceries	307.50
Incidentals	5.75
Cash on hand February 1st	4.25

\$795.00

Membership dues	\$700.00
Rent from two rooms	15.00
Guests	80.00

\$795.00

The two cooks are paid \$7.50 per week each. The waitresses receive \$5 per week. Under the item of incidentals are included the extra waitress, work of a woman scrubbing the verandas, and laundry for the rented rooms.

Much of the success of our Coöperative Kitchen is due to our manager, a lady of personal charm, business ability, and a trained mind to bear on the problems of the Kitchen. Many duties fall to her that were not nominated in the bond—for

instance, the oversight of the bachelors' tables. The extra bills are gladly paid by the bachelors.

Another large factor of our success is the true spirit of coöperation that prevails. If a light or a grate-fire is burning uselessly, a member turns it off with never a thought that such leaks should be watched by somebody. In the matter of meals it is accepted that the food requirements of the greatest number must control; yet the personal "notions" are regarded to an extent that would be impossible except under the most home-like conditions.

One perplexing problem was that of the man whose business takes him away from home periodically, and for a week or more. He pays his initiation fee, then pays a slightly increased rate for the meals he takes in the Kitchen. The problem has not yet found a satisfactory solution. It is bigger than the first glance suggests. We prefer the stay-at-home members.

Our social evenings are impromptu, as a rule. A dance for the children of the Kitchen and their little friends was one of our record events. Birthday dinners are celebrated, and evenings for friends promise to grow more frequent in the future.

One Carthaginian turned the light of his wit and his keen power of sarcasm on the Kitchen while it was a mere toddling, stumbling thing in its infancy. With an emphasis quite indescribable, he christened it "The Home of the Help-less." But at the beginning of the last quarter this gentleman applied for memberships for himself and wife. Last night he was heard to say, with a depth of meaning not to be limited:

"Think of it! *Think of it!* I haven't heard a word about the servants—we couldn't get for *three, long, l-o-v-e-l-y months!*" He tipped back on the wide veranda and bit off a cigar emphatically: "I'm down as a life-member, let me tell you right now! The meals may be plain, but they are balanced. The quality makes up for any amount of frills and trimming. Besides, they keep a man in shape. He forgets what he has eaten when it leaves him comfortable. You couldn't get me out of this thing! No more caressing the stomach for mine!"

GOOD TENEMENTS FOR A MILLION PEOPLE

THE STORY OF NEW YORK'S SUCCESSFUL FIGHT FOR BETTER HOUSING

BY

EMILY WAYLAND DINWIDDIE

THE dispassionate, statistical report of the New York City Tenement House Department says that at the close of 1909 there were in the city ninety-six thousand windowless rooms—the "black holes" of New York. But their number is not increasing, and one-fourth of the population of the city lives in tenements with light and air—tenements built under the present advanced law.

It is a curious fact that that invention of evil known as the "double-decker dumb-bell" tenement, our most recent type of tenement building with dark rooms, was introduced as a prize plan in the first tenement-house competition, though it was condemned by discriminating judges even at that time.

These tall houses with dark halls and dark rooms and as many as one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons in one building are the peculiar property of New York and a few neighboring cities which have copied them.

But in spite of these houses the story of New York is a story of progress.

The city is rid of many of the worst of the old slums. It is a far cry from the days of the fever centres and the times when a tenement house was reformed by having the number of pigs about it "reduced to that allowed by law!"

This sounds almost as remote to-day as a description of the filth in China or India. The Board of Health tore down some of the worst of the fever-infected houses long ago, and advancing sanitary standards have now wiped out in the city as a whole both typhus and cholera, old dreaded plagues of New

York; and better sanitation and vaccination together have practically eliminated small-pox as well.

Gotham Court, in which a sanitary inspector found that, of the 504 inmates, 146 were suffering from diseases of various kinds—including four cases of smallpox, eight of typhus fever, seven of scarlet fever, twenty-seven of infantile marasmus, twelve of consumption, five of dysentery, and a large number of cases of diarrhoeal and skin diseases—is now a thing of the past. In giving the infant mortality statistics for this house it was reported that: "30 per cent. of those born here do not survive a twelve-month."

This was a building to which one might apply Jacob Riis's phrase and say that children were "damned, not born into it." But Gotham Court has finally been torn down.

As Gotham Court has gone its way, so, too, have the Baptist Church Tenement—one of the worst of its type—and Five Points and the infamous Mulberry Bend, the joint-site of which is now a tenement park where black-eyed Italian babies play and Italian fathers and mothers crowd the benches and no thought of danger need enter one's mind.

Just as notable progress has been made in New York in the erection of model tenements as in the destruction of old slum centres. The early efforts in this direction have well stood the test of time.

Mr. Alfred T. White, the pioneer in America in model-tenement erection, began thirty years ago the building of well-constructed block dwellings and cottages

in Brooklyn, giving a practical object lesson showing that good, healthful, safe houses could be built and made to pay, and that tenants liked to live in them.

The Improved Dwellings Association houses in Manhattan and the Astral Apartments in Brooklyn followed Mr. White's builds.

Years ago Miss Ellen Collins bought a house at 325-329 Water Street, which had been "a haunt of thieves and prostitutes and had been the scene of several bloody fights. The neighborhood had a peculiarly evil reputation. The halls, stairs, and interior rooms were almost wholly dark, day and night, and were a favorite hiding-place for criminals when chased by the police." The rents had dwindled to almost nothing.

Yet within a very short time a total transformation was brought about without change in the class of tenants—peddlers, longshoremen, ragpickers, and the like, the poorest of the poor. Rents were paid regularly, giving an income of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year over all expenses. "Arrests suddenly diminished in number, the dirt and filth in the halls and apartments disappeared; the empty apartments quickly filled; the children withdrew from the streets to the yard in the rear, where they found a better playground. The tenants began to regard their rooms as 'home' instead of living-places; the collection of rents became easier; fighting, which had been the rule, became the rare exception, and the general condition of financial, moral, and physical health among the tenants improved." So reported the Gilder Tenement House Commission.

What had Miss Collins done to bring all this about? She had simply put into practice the old saying—to reform tenants you must begin with the landlord. She made extensive improvements in the building. She enlarged the backyards by tearing down a rear wall and by cutting off one room on each floor. She had a light-well put in and windows cut from the dark halls.

To the very laths the house was renovated; a capable resident-agent was placed in charge; rules for the tenants were put into effect, and, it may be added, were observed

uncomplainingly. Liquor-selling in the house was stopped and a little creamery was started by the janitor for selling dairy drinks, from which the building took its neighborhood name, the Buttermilk House.

Later Miss Collins added new buildings to the group under her control, and for twenty-three years conducted the work, until on account of age and failing health she was obliged to give it up a few years ago. In selling the houses finally, the rules she had made for the tenants were included as a part of the title, and a proviso was added that the property should revert to Miss Collins or her heirs if it ever sheltered a saloon, a lottery, or a disorderly house.

In 1896, following a series of conferences called by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, was formed a new model tenement association, now the largest in the city—the City and Suburban Homes Company. Dr. E. R. L. Gould, the president of the company, tells the story that one of his friends said to him when he was starting the work:

"Gould, why do you waste your life on an unpractical scheme like this? It will never give any results."

Yet, according to its report of last year, the company now owns five large groups of tenement buildings and one of cottages, in various parts of the city—one group alone shelters eight hundred and sixty-one families—and the properties pay continuously four per cent. or more.

In 1898 Mr. Lawrence Veiller presented to the Charity Organization Society a plan for a permanent association to work for better tenements. Acting upon his suggestion, the Tenement House Committee of the society was formed and has been continuously active ever since.

In 1900 Mr. Veiller prepared the first tenement-house exhibition ever held. In the same year the legislature authorized the appointment of the Tenement House Commission. Under the chairmanship of Mr. Robert W. de Forest, the Tenement House Law of 1901 and amendments to the city charter were drafted, creating a Tenement House Department, a new branch of municipal government.

That law has revolutionized the type of new buildings going up. Instead of the

halls and ten out of fourteen rooms being dark on the stories below the top floor, all halls and rooms in new houses now have light and air. Instead of twenty-eight-inch-wide air-shafts, giving almost no light below the highest story, there are now inner courts, twelve and a half by twenty-five feet, with a tunnel at the bottom extending out to the street or yard to give a constant current of fresh air. Privacy is secured by requiring individual sanitary accommodations for each family. Cellar walls and floors are now made waterproof instead of frequently not being properly protected against dampness.

Mr. de Forest reported that in the early years after the passage of the law it was a Sunday diversion on the East Side to take relatives and friends to see the new buildings and admire the light rooms and other improvements.

The Tenement House Law of 1901, moreover, not only regulated new construction, but required improvements in existing houses. This was much more difficult. The eighty thousand and more old tenement-houses could not be destroyed. All that could be done was to compel them to be improved as far as possible without complete rebuilding. The law required that dark, interior rooms must be lighted and ventilated, at least by large windows to adjoining rooms; dark halls must have skylights and glass panels or windows cut in, until they were made light; every family must have a proper fire-escape and decent sanitary accommodations; and the houses must be kept clean and in good repair. And to see that these things were done the new Tenement House Department assumed full charge of the tenement-houses — doing away with the old divided responsibility among the Board of Health, Building Department, Fire Department, and Police Department, resulting in everybody's business becoming nobody's business.

During the eight years of its existence the Department, as one item of its work, has compelled the lighting of sixty-four thousand dark rooms in the city, including twenty-five thousand in the last year alone.

But even more remarkable are the new buildings. To-day, nine years after the passage of our present comprehensive tenement

law and eight years after the creation of the Tenement House Department, we have one million people, one-fourth of the entire population of the city, living in new houses erected by commercial builders under the law, which give an amount of light and air, sanitary equipment, and protection against fire undreamed of in the "dumb-bell" period except in the few houses built by charitable enterprise.

In the meanwhile, philanthropic effort, instead of being checked, has been stimulated. Witness the following notable examples within little more than a decade:

The houses of the New York Fireproof Tenement Company have been erected.

The D. O. Mills Model Tenements have been built.

The Foote Tri-Court Tenement has been opened.

Mrs. Frederic S. Lee's buildings have been constructed.

The Misses Stone's houses have been in successful operation.

Phipps's houses Nos. 1 and 2 have been added to the list of new model buildings.

The City and Suburban Homes Company is not only building new houses but is also taking over Miss Ellen Collins's line of work by adding (to the care of the estates built by the company) model management of houses built by others.

The Vanderbilt sanitary tenements, with special open-air features such as outside stairways and open loggias, designed for families in which there is tuberculosis, are already under construction.

Model cottages to be erected with funds supplied by Mrs. Russell Sage are planned for the Forest Hills suburb of the city.

The Bush Terminal Company has been building model tenements for employees.

Trinity Church, a large owner of old residence property in New York City, is carrying out an extensive policy of improvement in the houses which have come into its hands on the expiration of leases.

A new Brooklyn Tenement House Committee in connection with the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities has been organized to work on the other side of the East River for the same objects as those for which the Tenement House Committee of the New York Charity Organization Society is



ONE OF THE 96,000 "BLACK HOLES" OF NEW YORK

Its one window blockaded by a "Sunny Jim" sign



ONE OF THE MANY THOUSAND GOOD TENEMENT HOMES IN NEW YORK



A RELIC OF THE PAST

"When a tenement-house was reformed by having the number of pigs about it reduced to that allowed by law"

striving. Last and most fundamental of all, we are gaining in two things: education and the rousing of the moral sentiment of the

community. Tenement-dwellers are beginning to demand something better than homes that are unfit for human beings, and are showing a willingness to do their part to get it. The well-housed, comfortable members of the community are learning how the others live and are showing a stronger sense of responsibility, a feeling that the responsibility rests not only on individual negligence or avaricious landlords, but on every member of the community that permits overcrowded, rotting, disease and vice-breeding tenements to continue. There is an increasing feeling that allowing children to grow up in dark rooms, breathing the sewage from other people's lungs, allowing young girls and boys to live in surroundings where the development of decency and morality are made very difficult, and allowing men and women in the prime of life to die of tuberculosis from mere lack of sunlight—that these are crimes against humanity.

One bright summer day I stumbled up through a hallway in one of these houses



A NEW YORK TENEMENT HALLWAY
Before the Tenement House Law of 1901



THE SAME HALLWAY
After the creation of the Tenement-House Commission

to a second-story-front apartment on Mulberry Street. My hostess, an Irish-American (though in the Italian quarter), was doing her family washing in the kitchen, the second room back from the street. The gas was burning at midday, and I remarked: "You don't have much light here, do you?"

She pushed her wet hair back from her hot face and said in an apathetic voice:

"Oh! it's hell. I am so tired of it I don't know what to do."

She threw open the window on the dark slit of an air shaft and added:

"What's that for light? And the smell is fierce. I have to keep the window shut. They don't care how you live, just so they get the money."

For twenty years the "dumb-bell" was practically the only type of tenement build-



THE OLD BAPTIST TENEMENT

A slum stronghold which has been cleaned up



Photograph by Paul Thompson

325-329 WATER STREET, NEW YORK

Changed from a den of disease and vice to a decent place to live in, by a model landlord, Miss Ellen Collins. The house yields 5 per cent. income

ing constructed on Manhattan Island. There are in existence to-day more than ten thousand of these houses. They are ordinarily five, six, or seven stories high. On the entrance-floor are frequently two shops with three-room apartments in the back. In the centre is a long, dark, very narrow entrance-hall. On the upper stories are four families to a floor. Here on each side of every hall are seven rooms, extending back from the street to the yard. The families in the front usually have four rooms each; families in the rear have three. A front apartment has one room opening on the street; back of this are three rooms with windows on an air-shaft twenty-eight inches wide. The rear apartments have one room opening on a yard ten feet deep, and two rooms on the twenty-eight-inch-wide air-shaft. Needless to say, the air-shaft rooms, front and back, are dark except on the top floor. The shafts are "stagnant wells of foul air," "conveyers of noise, odors, and disease, and when fire breaks out serve as inflammable flues."

I know of no more diabolical contrivance than the New York air-shaft of the "dumb-bell" or of the earlier types of apartment houses.



THE COURT-YARD OF A NEW TENEMENT-HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY

Which takes the place of the "dumb-bell" air-shaft

In one Italian house they pointed out to me a nailed-up window on a one-brick-deep air-shaft.

"We 'bliga nail him up — no standa smell," they said, beaming cheerfully upon me. Yet this air-shaft was supposed to furnish the light and ventilation for the room. The very words *light* and *air* seem a mockery in some of the houses.

But if light and fresh air are lacking for the tenement population of New York City, so also is space. In 1900 the census records showed thirteen blocks in the city with more than three thousand persons to the single block, twenty-seven blocks with more than one thousand to the acre, and a small portion of Manhattan Island south of Fourteenth Street and east of the Bowery housing a population of more than half a million — more than that of Arizona, Delaware, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Utah, Vermont, or Wyoming, almost as large as that of North Dakota, and denser than the densest parts of Calcutta or Bombay.

I was once on a surface car passing through a crowded tenement street, when a child of three fell and rolled directly in front of us. The motorman stopped the car barely in time and, with the sweat rolling off his face, turned and said:

"It's the kids that give us hell!"

It was the first time I had realized the strain involved in avoiding accidents in the swarming streets.

No quiet, no rest, and no privacy is the accepted situation in our congested districts. The nervous tension produced by the endless friction of life on life is evident in the women especially. I have seen a worn-out mother turn and slap her crying child because the noise was more than she could bear. And to this life of the tenements there is the possibility of an ending in the inferno of a tenement fire.

Far over on the West Side, near the Hudson River and not quite so far north as "Little Italy," is the San Juan Hill district in which the Negroes are duplicating up-town the crowding in the Ghetto and the old Italian quarter downtown. The state



THE TOP OF A "DUMB-BELL" OPENING

One foot wide by six feet long, the sole source of light and air for sixteen rooms where thirty or forty people sleep

census of 1905 recorded a single block here with a population of more than six thousand persons.

Higher up on the West Side, but not so far west, is a group of houses known as "Bloody Shirt Row," from the murders committed in them. Far up and on the very edge of the Hudson River is the "Old Hotel," once a fashionable, out-of-town summer hotel, now the abiding place of worn-out wrecks of humanity, families who have gone down in the world till a tenement apartment is beyond their means and they can only rent rooms in this ramshackle old building, where the water almost laps the wooden walls.

To the north-east of uptown's "Little Italy" has grown up a small tenement section close to the river, known in the vicinity as the "Devil's Pan Handle." I had an urgent call to go there one evening to see a sick woman. An acquaintance close by said to me:

"Sure, loidy, you better go before dark. They sez a praste, a doctor, a noirse, and a charity visitor kin go innnywheres, but I wouldn' trust that Pan Handle. They tills me they trew the praste down the steps last wake."

West and south of the "Devil's Pan Handle," in an area of small, furnished-room houses is a particularly unsavory building, bearing the well deserved name of "Sing Sing Flats," given it from the character of its occupants.

In still another section of Harlem, in a region of old houses, is a queer resort of fraudulent beggars. A couple here with a small fixed income, sent them by quarterly remittances from abroad, successfully "worked" the Harlem missions for some time. The able-bodied husband would keep out of the way during operations. The wife, plainly dressed in black, would attend a service at a church or mission



THE BOTTOM OF THE AIR-SHAFT

selected for her by her husband. On coming out she would fall in a faint at the door, and sympathizing bystanders would extract from her the confession that she had had no food for two days. Instant contributions and a period of luxury for husband and wife would be the result. Mrs. M. lived here, too, and supported four grown sons and three daughters-in-law by basket begging.

But already we begin to look for the day when the tenement blight will be swept away. Surely the progress of the past is only an earnest of what we may hope for. There is abundant room for action yet, and in the more progressive part of the community a growing public sentiment to support it. When all our dark rooms are done away with, when our congestion problems are solved, when our new houses are not only an immense improvement over the "dumb-bell" but are as ideal in point of light and ventilation as they are now in protection against fire, we shall be near

the point when we can rest satisfied with the state of affairs.

A resistless onward progress is evident. One by one the strongholds of the slums are being carried. Even the old "Lung Block," which has deserved its title almost to the present day, has now redeemed its reputation.

Only a short time ago I visited the "Ink Pot" and many of the other well-known tenement-houses, and found them so changed as to be scarcely recognizable. Damp cellar-floors found in thirty-four of the fifty-eight houses have been made waterproof. In twenty-seven houses where legal fire-escapes had formerly not been provided, this defect has now been remedied. The number of unlighted interior rooms in the block has been reduced from four hundred and forty-nine to twelve. The ninety-two dark halls have all been lighted.

The reactionists — the praisers of the "good old days" when there was no bother



Photograph by Jessie Tarton Beale

THE "SUN PARLOR" OF A NEW TENEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY

That keeps the children off the street



THE REAR OF THE "TRINITY" TENEMENTS, Nos. 7-9-11 DOMINICK STREET, NEW YORK

This open space in the foreground was formerly covered with sheds and out-buildings



WHERE A "TRINITY" TENEMENT WAS TORN DOWN TO LET IN LIGHT AND AIR



Photographs by Paul Thompson.

THE BUSH TERMINAL COMPANY'S MODEL TENEMENTS FOR ITS EMPLOYEES, BROOKLYN

with tenement and sanitary laws, but when also six thousand people in the city died of cholera and related intestinal diseases in five months * and nearly one hundred cases of typhus and typhoid occurred in a single

* "Report on Cholera in New York." Board of Health, 1849.

tenement-house in one year † — these reactionists are making a fight still, but they have the whole weight of public opinion against them. The upward force is too strong for their efforts to stop it.

† Report of the Council of Hygiene, 1866.



A LOW-PRICED MODEL TENEMENT THAT YIELDS A PROFIT

Where the poor save a large percentage of their fuel bill by purchasing their coal by the ton collectively instead of individually by the basket. It is on East Thirty-first Street, New York

THE RAILROAD INQUISITORS

The Interstate Commerce Commission, the buffer between the railroads and the people, is to be reinforced by a Commerce Court, to act as a buffer between the railroads and the Commission



Clark Cockrell Secretary Mosley Clements Chairman Knapp Proctor Lane Harlan

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THE RAILROAD FIGHT FOR LIFE

I

SHIPPERS DECLARE THEY CANNOT PAY HIGHER RATES ON FREIGHT—RAILROADS
MAINTAIN THEY CANNOT LIVE ON PRESENT RATES—THE GOVERNMENT AS A
BUFFER—A HARD AND DANGEROUS PROBLEM OF ADJUSTMENT

BY

C. M. KEYS

ONE day in June, a group of men gathered together in Chicago to do a thing that seemed impossible. On the one side, there was a delegation of officers from the traffic departments of the big railroads that run from Chicago to the Atlantic Ocean. On the other was a small collection of officials from the big packing-houses—Armour & Company, Swift & Company, and others. Between them, quite an outsider so far as the immediate question at issue was concerned, stood a New York banker, a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.—Mr. George W. Perkins.

Railroad rates was the subject under discussion. That meetings were going on, the public knew; but the public had not been taken into the confidence of either side. Nobody knew what the railroads wanted; and nobody knew whether the packers were hostile, friendly, or lukewarm. Mr. Perkins's position was a matter of guesswork only.

The mystery cleared suddenly. It was given out to the newspapers that the pack-

ers had agreed upon an advance of 11 per cent., on an average, in the rates on packing-house products from Chicago to the sea. Dressed meat rises from 45 to 50 cents a hundred pounds; provisions from 30 to 33 cents; cattle from 28 to 31 cents; hogs and sheep from 30 to 33 cents.

In itself, this item is not of very much importance. It merely means an additional \$1,800,000 or so of net railroad revenue.

As a matter of fact, however, it points the way quite clearly to the ultimate solution of the big railroad question of the day. It is the beginning of a process that must, in time, not only provide the railroads with the net revenue they need, but that will also, in time, pave the way for the general advance in railroad rates that is inevitable.

The first serious attempt by the railroads to raise the general rates seems now, in the light of facts, a foolish proceeding. Even the railroad chiefs are beginning to recognize the fact that the people of the country cannot be handled under arbitrary decrees.



Closed for the train to pass



Open for the public traffic

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY CROSSING

A sudden, peremptory, and sweeping order for increased rates—even though the shippers would probably have met the new rates without such trouble—was met by a storm of indignant, well-directed, and carefully formulated protest. Powerful commercial guilds and clubs thundered against it. City councils and state associations joined in the clamor. Every important shipping centre of the West rushed its representatives to Washington. The railroads faced not a mob of individual shippers, each serving a selfish aim, but an army of business men, provisioned and full of fight.

The railroads retreated. The sentiment of despair with which the railroad chiefs announced their rout would have been comic but for the fact that they really did express the true sentiments of most of the speakers. Many of the railroad chiefs began to believe that the end of the railroad world was in sight.

That rout was, in fact, the beginning of victory. To-day, within so very short a time of that supposed disaster, the same railroad chiefs are working intelligently, under guidance, toward their end.

The railroads realize that in the process



Photograph by Brown Bros.

RAILROAD CROSSINGS IN AN AMERICAN TOWN

Four grade crossings on the Pennsylvania Railroad in Rahway, N. J., a city of 8,000 inhabitants



ON "DEATH AVENUE"

Where the Vanderbilt system operates freight trains at grade across the busy streets of New York City.
One of the most glaring railroad anachronisms in the world

of rate revision they must begin with the big shipper, rather than with the little shipper. If the rates paid by John Jones, who ships ten carloads of machinery a year from St. Louis to the Dakotas, are too low, it is perfectly clear, to John Jones at least, that the very big machinery shippers of

Chicago, Cincinnati, and Cleveland must also be getting rates that are too low. In effect, his comment upon the raise in rates amounts to this:

"You make these big fellows pay you more, and I will pay you more. I don't ask for any favors; but I will not pay for a



A TRAIN OF A HUNDRED LOADED CARS (7,580 TONS)

Which made the run from Victoria to Sewall's Point, on the Virginian Railway, at an average speed of 14 miles an hour. The heaviest train on record, for one engine, ran over this road December 19, 1900. It was 120 cars of coal, 9,120 tons between tender and caboose. The standard train is 80 cars, 6,000 tons



Courtesy of the Technical World Magazine

A POWERFUL AGENT OF COMMERCE

A double-track, rock-ballasted, thoroughly modern railroad of the Middle West, handling the raw material for several manufacturing areas, the products of a dairy country, and the necessities of life for dozens of prosperous cities. Only fifteen years ago it was a dirt-ballasted single track, and there was no engine on it that could have hauled this train over this grade, and it would have taken sixteen more cars to load the freight carried in this train

railroad so that these other bigger men may use it and pile up their profits at my expense. Go talk with the International Harvester Company, Allis-Chalmers, and the like."

And the railroads are doing it. Because they were afraid to do it alone, they called to conference the bankers of Wall Street, in the person of Mr. Perkins; and they tackled, first of all, one of the biggest industries—but not the biggest. Here is a sentence



A TRUNK-LINE TRAFFIC-MAN

Mr. C. F. Daly, in charge of traffic on the New York Central. Mr. Brown, his president, is one of the leading propagandists for higher rates. Mr. Daly has the expert knowledge required to back his arguments.

that came officially to the public within a week of the packing-house settlement:

"One hundred and fifty roads in the Central Traffic Association, embracing territory south from the Lakes to the Ohio River, west to Chicago, and east to the seaboard, will on August 1 advance all freight rates, *except those on iron and steel*, from 1 to 16 per cent."

The little shipper, who pays the higher rates, naturally wants to know why the rates on iron and steel are excepted. What is the answer? Dodge it as they may, talk as they please of foreign trade, of scanty



A COAL-ROAD TRAFFIC-CHIEF

Mr. B. D. Caldwell, vice-president of the D. L. & W., in charge of traffic. He is recognized as a broad-gauge official of the modern type.



A "GRANGER" TRAFFIC-BOSS

Mr. W. B. Biddle, vice-president in charge of traffic on the Frisco System. An officer who stands between the shipping public and its transportation servant, the railroad.



THE MAN WITH THE PICK

A trackman coming home. His day's wages in 1897 were \$1.16; in 1900, they were \$1.38



Photographs by Brown Bros.

AN EMERGENCY GANG AT WORK

The foreman of a section-gang earned \$1.70 in 1897; he received \$1.96 in 1900



RAIL-HEAD IN THE DESERT

In building the Western Pacific and the new Milwaukee line, the contractors paid as high as \$3.50 a day for such workmen as are shown here. Most of the older roads got this class of labor for \$1.10 to \$1.50 per day

margins of profit, of the great danger of striking any blow at the steel trade, the answer in the end comes down to the simple fact that the shippers of iron and steel are very big shippers, so big that they can talk back to a railroad, or to a hundred and fifty railroads, in language that the railroads dare not disregard.

In the end this element must be eliminated. The real railroad-rate adjustment lies between the railroads and such corporations as the United States Steel Company, International Harvester, Armour & Company, Swift & Company, Standard Oil, American Sugar and Refining, the Temple Iron Company (the Coal Trust)—all the big shippers in bulk. The men that manage these great corporations are business men. If the railroads really have a right to increase rates they can prove it to the men who manage these industrial shippers. After that, the general advance will come of its own accord.

It is well to state the problem that lies before the country. The gist of it undoubtedly is the preservation of the standard of American railroad-service. The shippers of the country — manufacturers, merchants, and farmers — at once producers and con-



THE MAN AT THE THROTTLE

An engineer in 1897 earned \$3.65 per day; in 1909, \$4.46

sumers of railroad freight, insist upon it that the service must be maintained at a standard as high as at the best period of the commercial history of the country. They say that all industry, all trade, and



THE VERSATILE STATION-AGENT

Traffic-man, train-despatcher, telegraph-operator, and signal-man. His average wage in 1897 was about \$1.90 a day; in 1909 it was \$2.40.



THE BRAKEMAN "ON THE JOB"

In 1897, he earned an average of \$1.90 a day; in 1909, \$2.60

all agriculture are founded on an assumption of such service, and that any failure to furnish such service is a direct violation of the unwritten contract between the railroads and its clients, the shippers.

The railroads complain that the maintenance of railroad service on the American model demands more money than the freight rates provide. Their argument is based upon two items: First, that all the factors of railroad service have risen rapidly in cost within the last thirteen years; and, second, that the payment for such service has not risen at all.

The Government has proclaimed itself an arbiter between these two — the demand of the public and the excuse of the railroads. Acting as the appointed representative of the people, the Government has demanded that, before the railroad makes any move to lower the standard of its service or to increase its cost, it must show cause for such change. Hence the injunction-suit in May; and hence, also, the Congressional legislation to establish new means of direct control over railroad operations.

Such problems are not settled by legislation, but by a process of economic evolution. No problem so serious as this

has ever been finally settled in this country, either by legislation or by compromise. Facts, and facts alone, will finally work out an end to the trouble, but not without widespread disturbance of existing business conditions.

Let us marshal some facts that are self-evident and taken from records and statistics rather than from interested parties.

That the cost of railroad service has increased largely may not be gainsaid. To secure the same number of hours of railroad labor of the average quality to-day, the railroad must pay \$124 against \$100 in 1897; and that is a fair year to make comparison with. For coal, the price is more than \$150 against \$100. The car-builders require \$130 to build equipment that will furnish the same space furnished for \$100 in 1897. The same rise holds in the cost of engines. In general, the cost of other railroad-supplies — lumber, steel rails, ties, etc. — has gone up about 25 per cent.

That the rates paid by the public for this service have remained about the same as in 1897 may also be proved. I do not believe that for the same average service the railroads receive less money than they



THE RESPONSIBLE MAN

All conductors, passenger and freight, averaged \$3.07 a day in 1897 and \$3.70 in 1909

received in 1897. One of the claims that railroad managers make is that they do receive less; but they attempt to prove it by citing particular instances, or by quoting the figure that shows the average rates for one ton of freight one mile in 1897 and in 1908 or 1909.

Such figures, of course, prove little or nothing. One might take, for instance, a small town in the West. In 1897 it bought Eastern goods only for local demand—its freight rate was a local proposition. Most of the goods came in small lots, less than a carload at a time. To-day that town is the centre of an extensive wholesale trade. Its merchants order goods in carload lots. Its shippers send out their products in train-loads. Obviously the statement that rates to and from that town average lower to-day than thirteen years ago will not stand as proof that similar service is sold by the railroad for lower prices; for the service is in no sense a similar service.

So, too, with the "average rate per ton per mile," so often cited by the railroad presidents when they begin to "whistle," as one of them puts it. They tell the public that the average rate per ton per mile in 1897 was 7.97 mills, while in 1908 it had dropped to 7.65 mills. That is true. What they do not tell the public at the same time is that the average distance they hauled each average ton in 1897 was 124 miles, while in 1908 it was 142 miles; and any shipping clerk could add that the rate per ton per mile decreases as the distance increases.

The average rate charged for a similar service is about the same, perhaps higher. I think it is higher, but to prove this would require an analysis that not even the railroad statisticians have thought it worth while to make. Even if one were to take the tonnage of the country and show just

1897

1910

THE RELATIVE AMOUNT OF COAL THAT \$100 WILL BUY

what classes of freight have decreased and what increased, and how far every ton was carried and how much was made out of it, I doubt whether the conclusion would be final. The truth could be reached by an examination of the tariffs, of course; but the mere printing of these separate rates would take 4,000 volumes of 1,000 pages each for each of the two years under comparison; and nobody cares to attempt it.

Let us take it for granted, on the railroad side, that the rate for similar service is the same, while the actual cost of rendering that service, so far as wages, equipment, and material are concerned, has increased 25 per cent. This is the case for the railroads. On its face it looks like a perfectly good case, and it certainly affords lots of things for the railroad officers to talk about.

The shippers also have a strong case. That the present rate-schedule is a fair, consistent, equitable, and non-discriminatory schedule from the first item in it to the last, no intelligent railroad man will claim. It is, as a matter of fact, full of inequalities, injustice, inconsistencies, and discriminations.

These errors are seldom, if ever, deliberately attempted on the part of railroads to do injustice. On the contrary, they arise out of the coöperation of railroads and shippers to accomplish ends desired by both. For instance, a group of coal-mine owners in eastern Pennsylvania, just about where the natural dividing-line comes at which tonnage of this sort flows partly east to the Atlantic and partly west to the Lakes, find themselves unable to compete with newly-discovered coal-fields in West

1897



1910



THE MONEY THAT WOULD BUY FOUR CARS IN 1897 WILL BUY ONLY THREE IN 1910

Virginia. They get together and analyze the markets. They determine that they must swing their business from the Atlantic to the Lake region. They come to the railroads that run to the West. They put their proposition fairly before the railroads and ask for new rates westbound. The railroads look over the situation and realize that if the prayer is not granted these shippers will be driven out of business.

Let us say that, in the end, new rates for coal westbound out of that district are made, low enough to put this coal into Detroit, Chicago, and the West in competition with coal from southern Illinois and Indiana.

Presently the shippers of those two affected districts find out that there is new competition. They trace it down, and find the new rate-schedule. They immediately rush to railroad offices and complain that these Eastern shippers are cutting into the market. They show that they put their money into their business, perhaps twenty years ago, on the understanding that the railroads would make the rates low enough to protect them in their markets. They point out that the Eastern road is making rates, for a distance twice as great, that bring the new coal in on an equality with the nearer coal. Here, they say, is rank discrimination. Here is rank inequality of rates. They call upon their own roads to meet the new competition by lowering their own rates.

Sometimes the railroads will accede to such a demand. If they do, the shippers of eastern Pennsylvania have to get other concessions from their railroads. If they cannot do that, they are forced out of business — and they immediately become martyrs to railroad tyranny.

Such inequalities exist in every state, in every class of commodity-rates, in the transportation of almost every product that moves upon the railroads, and in the schedules of every railroad in the United States. If they did not so exist, there would be few centres of trade and manufacture in this country. Discriminations of this sort — utterly unjust on the face of them, and arbitrary to a degree — are the foundation upon which American industry and commerce rest.

It is the little shipper that is squeezed. That, too, may be taken for granted. The bigger a manufacturer or forwarder of products, the more likely it is that the commodity-schedules will favor the town in which he does business. They will not directly favor him — heaven forbid! for that would be illegal. But they will simply see to it that he can reach enough of the country to absorb whatever he has to sell — and the Devil take the little shipper who tries to get in the way! The little manufacturer of shoes in a little Iowa town pays 60 cents a hundred pounds on his consignments in his own state a few miles away; but from St. Louis or Chicago the big shipper can reach the same point for 21 cents. The reason is that he is a big shipper. The railroad does not say this in so many words, of course, but it says so just the same.

And such discrimination, from the nation's point of view, is right; for the nation needs shoes, and the railroads must make rates that will let the nation have them at the lowest possible cost. Therefore it makes the lowest possible rates from the place where shoes grow, so to speak. Perhaps it helps to make them grow in certain particular places — but that is another story.

Of course, with a rate-schedule founded upon the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, it is perfectly obvious that there must be an enormous army of business men in this country who are in a state of chronic dissatisfaction with the rates they get. A man who mines coal may know perfectly well that his coal-mine is so situated with regard to the markets that there are a dozen other districts better entitled to feed those markets than he is; but that does not make him any more resigned to his fate. Instead, it stirs him up. He spends his nights figuring out the fortune that he could make if he could only get rates into Chicago that would leave him a profit; and he spends his days demanding those rates. It is no comfort to him to be told that there are several billion tons of soft coal in Virginia, Alabama, and Georgia that is not worth one cent a ton because there is no market for it. It merely makes him mad.

Within the last few months I have read over again the reports of all the state railroad commissions and of the Interstate Commerce Commission for five years past. Without compiling figures on the matter, I believe it safe to say that, of the complaints arising out of rate-schedules, more than seven out of ten are attempts to break into established trade-routes, or to get an adjustment to meet some disturbance arising out of a similar and successful attempt on some other man's part.

No man who studies the rate situation can believe that there will ever be anything like a perfect rate-schedule in this country under the present system of making rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission, the new Commerce Court, and the intelligent commissions of such a state as Wisconsin, by providing quick and correct adjustments of blatant inconsistencies, can do a good deal. To hope that they can really bring equality or general satisfaction is purely a Utopian dream.

Between the mass of dissatisfied or ambitious shippers and the dissatisfied and frightened railroads the Government intervenes. One may only wish it joy of the task. That it will satisfy either the one or the other is impossible. That various persons will gain much in their own communities in the process of "adjustment" may be taken for granted.

The unhappy fact remains that the public is thoroughly distrustful and suspicious of the railroad managers, and that the railroad managers are utterly at sea about the problem of removing this distrust and suspicion and getting their case before the people. They have spent a great deal of money and a great deal of honest energy in the last twelve months in a so-called "campaign of education." It has failed. They have not talked the language of the people, and the people have not cared to be bothered to translate their jargon.

"Seated on the small of my back with my feet on the desk, I sometimes think I am thinking, but when I get before an audience I am like the little steamer plying on the Sangamon River that had a 10-foot boiler and a 12-foot whistle—when she whistled she stopped!" Thus Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Atchison,

Topeka, & Santa Fé Railroad Company, began a speech last winter before a railroad gathering in New York.

The experience of the last six months or so, covering the effort of the railroads to raise the freight and passenger rates North, East, South, and West, would seem to indicate that there are many other railroad presidents in the United States who try to operate a 12-foot whistle on a 10-foot boiler. It seems quite safe to say that the public has never before listened to so much childish argument, empty sophistry, and self-interested casuistry as it has received from railroad officers in general in the important matter of increases in freight and passenger rates.

There are just two stock arguments that one hears at all times and in all places where railroad men are gathered together to talk or to make speeches. The first is that the rates here are infinitely lower than they are in England, Germany, or France. The second is that the proposed advance will not increase the real cost to the consumer of the products on which freight rates are raised. For instance, says the railroad man, the increase in the rate on shoes will not add more than one-quarter of a cent a pair to the cost of the shoes to the retailer. If he should raise the price of those shoes one cent a pair, he would make three cents extra profit for every one cent of extra freight. Therefore, of course, all this agitation is nonsense.

These two items are the mainstay of the railroad arguments. The public has heard the first a great many times. It does not believe it. No railroad man has as yet proved that for "similar service" the charge here is less than the charge in England, France, or Germany. On examination, most of the railroad men who have given currency to this comparison are found to have adopted it without much examination. They take the old familiar "per ton per mile" fallacy and swallow it whole.

For instance, one railroad president has been quoted recently as stating that the rates on English railroads are "more than twice the rates on American railroads." This he told the public as a reason for advancing railroad-rates. He probably had in his mind the figure 2.10 cents as

the rate per ton per mile on English railroads and .765 cent as the average rate on American railroads.

Let us see how nearly he was right. According to Mr. Slason Thompson, a railroad publicist of excellent reputation and skill, the average distance the English railroads hauled freight was 24.86 miles — let us say 25 miles. The average distance on the American roads was 140 miles, roughly.

What is called "fifth-class freight" includes many of the commodities that make up the bulk of railroad traffic, and may be used as a criterion. Now, according to the table, fifth-class freight on American roads in the Central Freight Association takes a rate per ton per mile of 4.40 cents for a haul of 25 miles, and a rate of 1.45 cents for a haul of 140 miles. Quite obviously, the railroad president who made a comparison ignoring the distance the freight of the two countries was hauled, was either talking about things he did not know or was trying to fool somebody. As a matter of fact, reduced to the standard of "similar service," even in the single matter of distance hauled, there is no such discrepancy in favor of the American shipper as is alleged.

A real study of the German rates, also, reveals the fact that for "similar service" the American charge is a full 50 per cent. higher than the German. This makes allowances for distance, express service, and all other items of the service.

Again, let us look for an instant at the argument illustrated in the case of shoes. It looks sound on its surface. Examination reveals the fact that a few more or less important items are left out of consideration. The actual rate of increase in freight on one pair of shoes from Lynn, Mass., to Spokane, Wash., may be one-quarter of a cent. Let us take it for granted that it is. But shoes are not the only commodity upon which the railroads desire to advance rates. They contemplate a general advance. Now consider that pair of shoes.

Originally it grew on a steer. The freight on that steer is to be increased. When he is killed, the freight on his hide will be increased. When it is tanned, the freight on the leather will be increased. The

freight on the clothes, the food, and the household articles of every man who handles the steer, the hide, or the leather will be increased. The machinery that will make the shoes, the boxes in which they are packed, the thread with which they are sewed, the chemicals with which they are treated, the walls within which they become a pair of shoes, the counter over which they are sold, the showcase in which they are displayed — all these and many other items that enter into their manufacture, transportation, and sale will have paid higher rates of freight — will have cost more.

Of course a little fallacy like this may be expected to pass unnoticed when a railroad president talks to the public.

Here we may put a finger on one of the main difficulties with which the railroads are face to face. Railroad managers as a class, from the beginning of time, have reckoned that the public knows very little. It is time they learned differently. The main reason for the public distrust of railroad utterances is that the same kind of ignorance or casuistry that distinguishes these two arguments is a common characteristic of railroad arguments.

Nowadays, when any railroad agitation springs up in any city, it is not the old-fashioned sort of an agitation to which the railroad men became accustomed. It is not led by long-haired orators, or demagogues of any sort. In nine cases out of ten, some commercial club or merchants' association or something like that is at the bottom of it. Each of these clubs almost always has an officer who thinks he knows the railroad business quite a bit better than the managers of the roads that serve his town. He does know the truth about local rates and service better than the aforesaid managers. He talks a good deal, and he writes more. He is known and trusted by every newspaper in town. If the town is big enough to be important in the county, he reaches every newspaper in the county. What he says goes for the truth. What the railroad says is immediately stamped as a lie, unless it corresponds with what he says.

In the West, such men as these reach far beyond their own communities. Practically they are the purveyors of railroad

views for whole states at a time. They are paid to study traffic problems, and most of them do it honestly. Of course, their views are local; and a 10 per cent. gain in the volume of business for their own towns looks bigger than a 10 per cent. loss for all the rest of the country.

These men constitute one of the main reasons why the railroads are frightened. They have come to realize, quite suddenly, that the public has its rallying points. When a dozen individual shippers get together and persuade the chamber of commerce to become a litigant against the railroad, the railroad "sits up and takes notice."

The difficulty of trying to arrive at any conclusion with regard to the big dispute between railroads and the public is clear enough from the facts so far adduced. That there is room for adjustment there is no reasonable ground for doubt. That the railroads must sooner or later increase rates on many commodities may be taken for granted. They have balanced the increased cost of material and men, so far, by using larger cars, better engines, more perfect grades — calling on capital to supply the money in most instances. In this direction they cannot go farther. The limit of train-load is within sight. It has risen from 196 tons to 370 tons within the

period used for comparison. The limit of engine-power is probably reached in the articulated engines now in use on some lines. The limit of grade-reduction in the West was probably reached under Mr. Harriman's driving; and in the East, on the Pennsylvania among the trunk-lines and on the Tidewater in the soft-coal field.

And — most potent of all — capital is near its limit of confidence also. The average rate of interest on all railroad debts in 1908 was 3.88 per cent. On the new capital of this year it will be more than 5 per cent. Had it not been for the strange confidence of the French and the English in the ultimate future of this country's commerce, there would have been a famine in 1910 among those who call upon the world of capital for funds to build or to improve or to equip the railroads of America.

It is time to strike out a new policy. It is full time that the railroads dropped casuistry, quibbling, legal subterfuge, and empty phrases and began to talk to the people straight, and in language they can understand. And it is time, too, that this most important of all our public questions — not excepting the tariff — be taken up by the public as a national question, and not as a matter of local politics, private profit, and narrow self-interest.

ARE THE COLLEGES DOING THEIR JOB?

EXAMPLES OF GOOD TEACHING AND OF BAD AT HARVARD AND AT PRINCETON — ABOUT THE CHOOSING OF PROFESSORS

BY

ARTHUR W. PAGE

THE first and fundamental task of any college is to teach — to teach so well that the students shall take their work seriously and that scholarship shall be held in high regard. Now scholarship is not, as a rule, held in high esteem

among undergraduates, at least of many of the larger Eastern colleges.

To be specific, it is fair to say that a few years ago, at both Harvard and Princeton, public opinion among undergraduates as a body did not rate scholarship as the most

desirable thing. There were students who did so rate it, but they were in a minority.

For such a state of opinion the students were, of course, themselves to blame. That is obvious. But that is not the whole story. For the public opinion and the intellectual attitude and habits of any group of students are, in the last analysis, traceable to the spirit and habits of the teaching faculty. The ultimate question is: Is the teaching good? Is it interesting? Is it effective? And are the members of the faculty chosen and kept because they are good and effective teachers or for some other reason—because, for instance, they are distinguished scholars or the authors of learned books?

I made a visit to Harvard to recall previous experiences and to get a fresh view of the effectiveness of the teaching in some of the classes, and I went to Princeton to find out what I could of the tutorial system. President Lowell of Harvard and President Wilson of Princeton have plans to raise college-work to the place of first importance among the undergraduates and to establish good scholarships as their chief aim. I went to see them both. I talked with professors and students at both colleges to see what these plans are meant to accomplish and what they have accomplished so far. If Harvard or Princeton should develop a faculty in which every man is a real teacher or should develop a system under which all the faculty are obliged to teach effectively, it would be a national, not a local achievement.

Some teachers introduce their subjects with a generous enthusiasm that at least convinces the boy that they believe in them. Others make the introduction so casual that the undergraduate feels that it is not a matter of great importance, and does not pursue them. Still others, of a niggardly nature, monopolize the subjects themselves, acquire knowledge without end, but allow very little to escape for the benefit of their classes.

The millions of dollars invested in endowments, libraries, laboratories, and lecture-rooms are productive only if the teachers in charge of them use them well. If the teachers are ineffective, the money is wasted. The power of the college "plant" is applied through the teachers. If they are efficient, even a little learning will go a long way. The main question is not so much what is

taught, nor by what method it is taught, but whether or not the teaching strikes home, whether or not the men in the faculties are really teachers.

It is a curious fact that as a rule a teacher gets a position on a college faculty not because he can teach, but by demonstrating that he has been taught. As often as not he wins promotion, not by success in teaching, but by evidence of additional learning. Many such men pursue the even tenor of their lives untrammelled by any tests of the efficiency of their work. The public which patronizes the college knows nothing about the quality of their teaching-work; for they stand before the public only as men of learning. At the same time they may be literally discouraging the boys' intellectual life.

As Professor Palmer, of Harvard, says:

"While no doubt it is well for a teacher to be a fair scholar (I have known several such), that is not the main thing. What constitutes the teacher is the passion to make scholars; and again and again it happens that the great scholar has no such passion whatever."

Here are definite examples of this difference at Harvard:

Assistant Professor Charles T. Copeland is a teacher. In one of his classes he has about thirty undergraduates. Their attendance is compulsory, their attention voluntary. They have come to know that what he says will be pertinent and interesting; that it will be new to them; and that they cannot find it just as well in a book after class. The same lectures which he delivers to the boys in college invariably draw full audiences when he delivers them in Boston. Not every professor could hold a public audience with his college lectures. Some cannot interest such an audience with any lecture they can prepare.

The main work in this course of Mr. Copeland's is the writing of themes. These themes are not perfunctory efforts that serve only as a kind of attendance-mark. The boys write the best they can, both because they are interested and for another reason. I was talking to one about the long time that he was spending on a theme for this course.

"You would, too," was his reply, "if you had to read it aloud to him."

The boys go to Mr. Copeland's room

and read their work for his criticism. This is teaching at close range, and it is most effective. Of course it is hard work and it takes time, but Mr. Copeland enjoys it. He takes a pride in that class.

Mr. Copeland is not a great scholar in the sense that he has made permanent the record of his scholarship in a long list of learned works bearing his name. He is primarily a teacher—an inspirer, not a collector of learning. His works are scattered all over the land—friends, former pupils who gather by the score to greet him whenever he gets away from Cambridge.

To another class, presided over by a man who has the reputation of a great scholar, these same boys are forehanded enough to take a collapsible paper checkerboard to while away the time. The scholar does not seem to be much interested in what he is saying. It is quite natural, too, because he has said these same things, in the same way, on the same day in the year for many years. The class displays about the same enthusiasm that he displays. They suspect that he looks upon the lectures as a necessary evil, and certainly they so regard them. Most of them attend only to keep out of trouble with the college office. When the days of reckoning come they "cram" up on printed notes sold by private tutors at \$5 a set, or throw themselves unreservedly into the hands of the private tutors at \$2.50 an hour, to be pumped full of the information which they had successfully escaped at the hands of the scholar who is paid by the college to teach them. The undergraduate has eluded one bad variety of teaching to fall a victim to another. The scholar does little work at teaching and he inspires his class to do none. The tutor does all the work possible and gets the necessary facts into the undergraduates' heads for a day or two, with the least possible inconvenience to them. That is worth \$2.50 or \$3 an hour. Neither the scholar nor the tutor provokes any desire for learning on the part of the students. In one case neither the teacher nor the student works, and nothing is accomplished. In the other case the teacher does a great deal of work and the student a very little. The results of this combination are rather meagre, and wholly temporary.

As a fact-peddler there is no doubt that

the tutor is without a peer, but in the true sense of the word he is not a teacher. An undergraduate verse gives a fair idea of "Widow" Nolen, the most famous of the private tutors in Cambridge:

"A man of wealth immense
Yet lacking all pretense
He makes the Cyclopædia resemble thirty cents.
He can give the whole of Mill
In one concentrated pill,
Or discourse at moment's notice on the Freedom of the Will;
He will translate Voltaire
With the greatest *savoir faire*,
And will read Indo-Iranian and never turn a hair.
Dead or dreaming, drunk or sleeping,
Nolen puts you through,
But gratitude takes early wing when Nolen's bill is due."

Again, a scholarly member of the faculty, whose subject is economics, wrote a book which covers the work of one of his courses. Then he ceased his labors as far as that course was concerned. He repeats in the lectures just what he had said in his book. Several years ago one undergraduate ceased to attend because he found that another student was sitting in his seat. But before the examination he purchased the instructor's book and learned it thoroughly. To fix it in his mind he tutored two other men. This took four days. He passed so good an examination that he received an "A" in the course. He had learned a book full of facts, but he had never thought at all.

In contrast to this, there is a course in the history of colonization, given by Professor A. C. Coolidge. He does not attempt to give the class a body of facts. He himself lectures only occasionally. The students do the rest of the talking. Sometimes travelers or foreign officials talk for an hour, explaining conditions which they know at first hand. Nearly all the students who take this course acquire a permanent interest in the subjects which it covers.

I happened to be at dinner with four men who had studied the colonization of Africa in this course four years ago. They were discussing African conditions with a man who had spent ten years or more in the British service there. He was able to talk freely, without much explanation, for they

knew something of the problems, the country, its geography, and enough of the German and English methods of administration to make explanations unnecessary. They had a keen interest, born of understanding and stimulated by the teaching they had received four or five years before. This would be a hard test to apply to most college courses.

Professor Coolidge is what might be called an active scholar. He not only keeps up with his subject by reading, but by travel as well. His knowledge is a growing, changing knowledge in which there is no dry rot. There are many other real teachers in Harvard; and there are also others who are "dummy directors," lending their names and reputations to classes that never get taught.

Not long ago an undergraduate was summoned to the college office to answer for his many absences. He had "cut" indiscriminately except one course. He was asked why he made this exception.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of cutting that," he said, "I want to hear him."

The "him" was Dr. Prothero, the English historian who lectured for a winter at Harvard, and who lectured so well that boys who listen for three or four hours a day as a business spontaneously applauded him. He, on his part, returned their interest. He gave the college authorities a list of students in his classes, asking for information that would help him to get into closer and more individual touch with them. Dr. Prothero has an international reputation as a scholar. He is also a real teacher. The point is that because a man studied long enough to get a Ph.D., or to write a book, or to dig up Greek roots, it does not necessarily mean that he can teach, in spite of the fact that many and many a man does these things because he knows that they will go a long way toward securing a teaching position for him.

The assumption that a good scholar is necessarily a good teacher is just as detrimental to thorough scholarship as it is to good teaching. To burden a man who has a passion for learning with the care of half a dozen classes of boys is the poorest method of encouraging his researches. In the medical profession they have a better system.

Up on the west side of Manhattan Island is a liberally-endowed institution for medical scholars. They are searching for new cures, for more knowledge. They ceaselessly carry on investigations. They do not practise medicine, nor do they teach. Yet when they make a great discovery every good practitioner must understand it. In the English universities there are fellowships for scholars who are required to learn, but not to teach. The distinction between the two is made.

Similarly here, in history, art, Greek, or in any of the other subjects taught in our colleges, it is necessary that there be men doing research work and investigating, but their work should not be confounded with teaching, nor its importance magnified at the expense of teaching. A eulogist of the late Dean Ames of the Harvard Law School said: "He never took time from teaching to do serious work," meaning by "serious work" the writing of a book. Yet the same writer told that he had taught 8,000 men to think. Dean Ames was a man who knew that teaching 8,000 men to think was a more serious and important work than writing a book — unless the book could have accomplished the same end. Perhaps a book by Dean Ames might have done this. Most college professors' books do not.

Dean Ames's methods and the results he obtained are a refutation of Mr. Dooley's witty sally that "you can lead a man to college, but you can't make him think." Dean Ames never laid down the law to his classes. Every man looked up endless cases, judged for himself what was relevant and what was not, and then defended his conclusions against his classmates and the teacher. If the teacher advanced a line of argument, he, too, had to defend it, not by the authority of his position, but by the strength of his reasoning. If this was upset, as it sometimes was, he was the first to admit it. It is the direct antithesis of the methods of the professor of economics who gave his book to his pupils as a kind of creed. In effect he said:

"Here are the facts, and the opinions to be deduced from them. Memorize them and you shall be saved." That ended the matter. The subject was closed. There could be no further interest in it. There was no further room for thought.

It was from such teaching that the young man had emerged who asked one of Dean Ames's associates what the law on a certain subject was. "What is the price of apples?" was the rejoinder. "They are worth 2½ cents apiece in Boston, half a cent apiece in western New York, and they are not worth picking in New Hampshire. It depends." The young man ceased to look for "canned facts and opinions," and learned to seek live ones. He began to think.

It is true that it is easier to teach men in the law school than it is to teach undergraduates, for the law-school men are older and more in earnest. It is equally true, however, that history, economics, fine arts, music, and the hundred other subjects taught in the colleges are just as alive as the law, and should be taught as living subjects and not forced on the boy's memory by the dead weight of authority.

Professor Ford, who teaches politics at Princeton, has adopted such a system, and the manner in which he evolved it sheds much light upon the problem. At one time he was lecturing to a class in the University of Pennsylvania in which there were two young women who paid strict attention, took voluminous notes, and upon examination answered every question with deadly accuracy.

"Those young women worried me," said Professor Ford. "They remembered everything I said, and in their answers I could almost recognize my own phraseology. Yet I could see no signs of either of them having done any thinking upon the subject. They preserved the little packages of information which I doled out to them. When I asked on examination for what they knew, I got these little packages back intact. The seal was not even broken. They had memorized a great deal and learned nothing."

"When I came here (to Princeton) I determined to make it hard for the pack-horse kind of scholar who will accept any sort of a load of facts and carry it docilely along without any question of why or wherefore."

Professor Ford was told that "printed notes" were common in the big course on politics which he was to have. His reply to this was an announcement to the boys that he would supply them with a syllabus himself at the cost of printing, which would be

about ten cents a copy, and therefore it would not be necessary for them to pay five or six dollars for printed notes. The next announcement was even more radical—that it made no difference to him whether his students took notes or not, because in his lectures he did not intend to supply the facts, but only to help them in the understanding of the facts. Many a teacher has tried this purely illuminating method of lecturing before, and had it fail because there was nothing in a student's mind to illumine.

Professor Ford happily fell upon more favorable conditions. Once a week the students, in groups of four or five, spent an hour with him or with an assistant, informally discussing the prescribed reading. In such meetings, where a boy cannot hope to hide his ignorance in the numbers of the class, the teachers can find out who is and who is not doing work. And beyond merely finding out at stated periods whether or not the boys have studied, these conferences give an opportunity for first-hand teaching.

Professor Ford's examination also is novel. Half of it is the regulation categorical list of questions, a test of whether or not a boy has enough material on which to form a judgment. The pack-horse scholar shines in this test.

The other half of the examination is a thesis. The subjects are given out, and the boys are told to go off wherever they please and write them. They are allowed to consult any book they wish, talk to anybody, in short to get any help they choose in any way they choose. This may sound as if it were the usual thesis that is common in many courses in many colleges. It has one fundamental difference. The subject assigned makes it impossible to write the thesis by paraphrasing excerpts from books. For example, a boy can write a good thesis on "The Government of Switzerland" from Professor Lowell's "The Governments of Continental Europe," without spending any thought of his own upon the subject at all. There is no such short-cut in answering such a question as this:

"In all English-speaking commonwealths (except the United States), as also in Switzerland, the executive department prepares public business for the consideration of the legislature. In the United States the legislature prepares

business by a system of standing committees. Discuss the consequences of this difference, particularly as regards opportunities afforded to public opinion to secure the presentation of issues that can be passed upon and decided at elections."

Such a question gives a creative, vigorous-minded boy the advantage to which he is entitled over the docile and receptive collector of facts. Wherever those who are recognized among their fellows as the more capable men excel in scholarship, there scholarship is held in high repute. Wherever the "weak sister" with long memory can stand at the head of the class, scholarship is held in but scant respect.

By a large proportion of the undergraduates in this country, certainly in the Eastern colleges, learning is not held to be the thing best worth striving for; and because it is not, other gods are set up and worshiped in its temple.

At the time that Professor Brackett started the electrical school at Princeton, the football craze was at its height. The college may have been an institution of learning, but certainly it was not an institution of teaching. There was a thick wall of indifference between the faculty and the undergraduates. But Professor Brackett was in deadly earnest about teaching electricity. He ruthlessly made a breach in the wall and laid violent hands upon his class. He told them that they could not play football or do anything else so engrossing as to make them neglect the business in hand, and if they did he would put them out of the course. He held the fifteen men in the course, and really taught them. His methods were heroic, perhaps over-rigorous, perhaps unwise; but he was going to teach, no matter what got in his way — even such great things as undergraduate prejudice and college tradition. If the class had been 150 instead of 15, it would have been harder. But the same spirit can meet even this problem. Mr. Abraham Flexner, in "The American College," tells of a professor who considered it his duty not only to give courses, but to teach:

"His predecessor in the chair had lectured; unofficial quiz-masters did the rest at ten dollars per head. The new appointee declared war on the system; he frankly stated that he would

put the knife into every examination paper that smacked of eleventh-hour cram. He proposed to do his own quizzing; twice weekly he would meet any students who cared to come for the purpose. The consternation of the first moments gave way to concurrent and energetic preparation. In time practically every member of the class took part in the optional quiz. A genuine outburst of energy and productivity contrasted sharply with the previous sterility of the department."

When Dr. Woodrow Wilson became president of Princeton, he decided to wage war on a large scale on the system of long-distance transmission of learning. Every lecturer was to meet a certain number of the men in his course, in groups of four or five, at least once a week. The other students who were not in the lecturers' sections met preceptors who had charge of them in three out of their five courses. Every boy went three times a week to an informal conference with his preceptor — his particular teacher — and twice a week to conferences with lecturers.

At first there was some opposition to this scheme by the lecturers, but it has died out, for they find that the conferences are as helpful to them as to the boys. The lecturers can tell from their conferences whether or not the lectures or the reading have taken hold of their classes. President Wilson told me of his own course in jurisprudence that, when he first began to lecture, seventeen years ago, he talked on the assumption that the boys had done enough of the reading he assigned to understand the A B C of the subject. He soon came to the conclusion that this was an unwarranted assumption. He was obliged to explain every new point, even every term. This laborious process did not leave a great deal of time for the more significant and broader aspects of the subject. Now he is again lecturing on the assumption with which he began. But now it is founded on fact — at least somewhat on fact. These informal conferences — the preceptorial system — constitute his first attack upon the old condition. He allows the corporals of the teaching army to handle a few men at a time, and if they are good corporals they can do this as well as the generals, and the generals are given much more intelligent troops to lead in the larger intellectual manœuvres.

The preceptorial conferences have nothing of the classroom stiffness about them. The boys sit around comfortably. They can smoke if they wish. The discussion is without restraint. They talk about economics, if it be an economics course conference, as people do elsewhere who are interested in economics. If the preceptor dominates the discussion, it is because of his ability, not because of his position. Questions which no boy would ask in the formality of a classroom are brought forward and cleared up. The men are unembarrassed, at ease, and comfortable. They are not even required to attend, but they do so, because without the preceptor's approval they cannot take the examinations for the course. Some of the preceptors have established such relations with their men that when one is absent he will explain later his non-appearance as if he had missed a dinner engagement. There is no longer a gulf between the faculty and the undergraduates. The preceptors in particular know their men, and know them well, for they meet the same men three times a week. Some of the preceptors have been elected honorary members of the undergraduate clubs, and it is not an uncommon sight to see preceptors and students dining together.

Among the faculty at Princeton there is now little difference of opinion about the value of the preceptorial system—that at least it gives a fair opportunity for men who really wish to teach.

President Wilson says that from the pleasantest country-club in the country Princeton has become a place where the undergraduates do a fair amount of good, intelligent work—"but nothing to get excited about," he added with a smile.

Judged by what he still hopes to accomplish, perhaps this is "nothing to get excited about," but it is a great accomplishment. Every teacher now has an opportunity to give the best that is in him. Every student has a chance of being taught in all his courses. The change is bringing a new point of view to the undergraduates. At least they know who are "first-group" and who are "second-group" men. Undergraduate scholarship is coming to be held in respect.

President Hyde of Bowdoin, who also has

adopted the preceptorial system, speaks more enthusiastically of its effects:

"I have called this not a new education but a new standard of education. No institution is rich enough to put all its teaching on this individual, intimate, vital basis. Having some other things to do besides teaching, I cannot afford to teach my own class of sixty in this way. But I can at least confess that my teaching as a result is not first-rate. All teaching that deals exclusively with men in large groups is second, third, or fourth-rate. If it is merely lectures from day to day with an occasional written examination, it is fourth-rate—'D' if we apply the scale by which we measure students' work. If it supplements the lecture by regular, frequent, written work in and out of the class, it would rank as third-rate, or 'C.' If, alternating with the lecture, or as an essential part of it, the teaching of a class includes a free exchange of questions and answers from both sides and a genuine discussion in which all thought of examination is lost sight of by both parties, it may rank as second-rate—what corresponds to 'B' work on the part of the student. But from now on the highest mark, or 'A', must include as an essential feature the costly personal work where teacher meets learner, man meets man, in groups so small that formal barriers are broken down; individuality is recognized; and teacher and learner touch each other through their common contact with the subject taught."

In that praise of first-hand teaching he has suggested another idea—the idea of judging the work of teachers.

At practically every American college, once a man receives a permanent appointment in the faculty there is no way of displacing him unless his inefficiency becomes scandalous. Once a professor, always a professor. Few resign—none of the inefficient, for there is nowhere else for them to go. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of civil-service principles. The only relief which the students may hope for is that the Carnegie Institution for the Advancement of Teaching will pension these non-conductors of learning.

What proportion of the teaching in American colleges comes in this class is a matter of personal judgment. Admittedly it is a serious matter, for every graduate school turns out Ph.D.'s in large numbers, and few colleges have any method of hiring teachers which makes it even reasonably

certain that they can teach. A man gets a Ph.D., and on the strength of this becomes an instructor—say in English. He continues the researches which earned him the Ph.D., and discovers some hitherto unknown or forgotten fact about an Arthurian legend. For this achievement he is made assistant professor. Another such achievement and he is a professor on the permanent list, and nobody knows whether he can teach or not.

As one member of the Princeton faculty said to me:

"Ph.D.'s are as thick as blackberries, and real teachers as scarce as they were two thousand years ago."

Perhaps one reason is that scholarship passes current throughout the college world—among the faculties, not among the undergraduates—while achievements in teaching often go unrecognized and unrewarded.

It is easy to discuss Harvard and Princeton because both President Lowell and President Wilson are educational "insurgents" with plans for reform and a desire for greater efficiency. The preceptorial innovation was the first step in President Wilson's plans. He next meant to introduce what he called the quadrangle system of dormitories, an attempt to minimize the exaggerated importance which the undergraduates attach to their social clubs. So far, as some Princeton wit expressed it, he has failed in the quad and got only the wrangle.

At Harvard a report upon methods for the improvement of instruction was made in 1904. The committee which made it (under the leadership of President Lowell, then professor of the science of government, and Dean LeBaron R. Briggs) investigated the workings of the college as a business systematizer investigates the workings of a factory. It found that neither the faculty nor any member of it had accurate knowledge of the efficiency of the instruction in the college. The amount of work done by the students, and the amount which the instructors supposed was done were widely at variance. The instructors seemed to think that each course should require about six hours a week outside of the three hours spent in the lecture-room. The average, as reported by the undergraduates, was less

than three and one-half hours a week. More than half of these reports came from highest-rank men. The poorer workers probably spent less than two and a half hours. As the committee reported, "The average amount of study was discreditably small."

Weekly quizzes were begun in almost every course. The office became stricter about absences. The screws were put on in an effort to force the undergraduates to work. But the elective system still offered the unawakened and shiftless student one escape. The large preliminary courses could not be made so exacting as the smaller courses which followed. The lazy, therefore, chose the preliminary courses in all kinds of unrelated subjects, from Indic philology to fine arts.

These measures have resulted in more work, but as President Wilson said of the work at Princeton, "not enough to get excited about."

A second investigation made in 1909 showed plainly enough the reason for the lack of intellectual enthusiasm in Harvard (and the evil is as prevalent in other institutions as in Harvard, though few have been so frank about admitting it). The following are the reasons given by students for not striving for scholarship honors or a degree with distinction:

UNDERGRADUATE REASONS AGAINST SCHOLARSHIP

<i>Reason</i>	<i>No. of Students</i>
Would interfere with other pursuits more worth while	47
Would require too much specializing	35
Did not think it is worth while	33
Did not think it worth the effort	28
Did not feel that they had enough natural ability to try	23
Did not know of it, or on account of not being started right in freshman year	20
No good for business	18
And a variety of other reasons showed a disbelief in the value of scholarship. Even a third of the candidates for honors answered "no" to the question: "Do you consider rank, or a degree with distinction, or a literary prize to be a trustworthy indication of ability?"	
The undergraduate feels that the by-products of his college-life are more important	

than the main business. Some even confess that they do not work lest they be considered "grinds," uninspired plodders in books, who take eight hours to do a four-hour job, or succeed through their memory alone. They feel that success in athletics or in the management of the college papers, a wide acquaintance, or anything which shows energy and ability, except study, is valuable. Their trust in a wide acquaintance does not recognize this fact — the larger the number of people that know a man to be incompetent, the worse off he is. I once heard a group of graduates speaking of a classmate who was looking for a job. Some one suggested that he should have no trouble, for he knew every one in college.

"That's just the trouble," was the answer. "Every one knows him."

But whatever other goals he seeks, the average undergraduate puts not his trust in scholarship, and the American college does not give to the country men who have been *taught* to train their minds.

"The important thing," as Mr. Abraham Flexner says, "is to realize that the American college is deficient, and unnecessarily deficient, alike in earnestness and pedagogical intelli-

gence; that in consequence our college students are (and, for the most part, emerge) flighty, superficial, and immature, lacking, as a class, concentration, seriousness, and thoroughness."

The men who have shown the way out of this dilemma are the men who teach, who number their works by men and not by books, men capable enough to inspire confidence and with enthusiasm enough to kindle in their students latent desires for learning; and no others should be entrusted with the handling of the most difficult raw-product in the world. If workmen in a steel mill did not make the most of the material given them, they would lose their jobs—even if they knew more about steel than Bessemer and Carnegie combined. A professor who does not make the most of the material given him and does not take a joy in the process ought to share the same fate, though he know more than an encyclopædia contains.

The colleges are public-service corporations, and the public — which supports them in one way or other — has a right to the best service that can be had. And it has a right also to know whether the teaching be good or be perfunctory.

THE TARIFF ON RUBBER

HOW SENATOR ALDRICH, ENTRUSTED WITH THE DUTY OF MAKING A TARIFF
FOR THE NATION, WROTE THE RUBBER SCHEDULES BY
WHICH HE AND HIS FRIENDS PROFIT

BY

SAMUEL M. EVANS

THE price of rubber boots and over-shoes went up about 10 per cent. last May. It had previously been increased in several jumps. Rubber boots and shoes are now selling for approximately 45 per cent. more than they sold for last year. There has been a corresponding increase in the price of rubber goods of all kinds. Electrical concerns

are confronted with higher prices for all insulation material made of rubber, and the price of insulated cables and wire has increased more than 20 per cent. during the last four months. Automobile owners everywhere in America are compelled to pay more for their tires this year than ever before. In some cases the prices have increased as much as 30 per cent. since last year.

America is the greatest consumer of rubber goods, especially automobile tires. This country is also the greatest manufacturer of rubber goods. The United States uses more than half the crude-rubber production of the world. In the calendar year 1909 the imports of unmanufactured rubber were worth more than 61 million dollars — 8 millions in the month of October alone. Last year the imports of manufactured rubber amounted to less than 2 million dollars, and the exports of manufactured rubber amounted to nearly 9 million dollars. Akron, Ohio, is the great rubber-manufacturing centre of the world. Tires made there can be seen on automobiles in nearly every quarter of the globe. Such is the importance of rubber in this country.

Crude rubber is admitted into the United States free of duty, but there is a tariff on articles made of rubber, and it is a high tariff. In order to understand why there is this tariff on rubber goods, why our automobile and bicycle tires, overshoes, boots, belting, etc., are all so high-priced, it is necessary to understand something of the control of the rubber-goods industry of the United States.

Under the Dingley Law the tariff on manufactured rubber was 30 per cent., and this protection was high enough, surely, to give American manufacturers a profitable advantage over foreign manufacturers. There were a good many of them at that time and practically all were prosperous. Anyway, between 1880 and 1908 the capital invested in the rubber-goods business in America increased from 6 million dollars to more than 100 millions.

But these were the times when the price of rubber was determined by the weather. If it rained hard in New England or if there were severe weather in the Northwest, the rubber trade became brisk because there sprang up a brisk demand for rubber boots and shoes. A dry season would depress the rubber market and leave large stocks of rubber overshoes on hand for the following season. Now more than half of the crude rubber that comes into the United States finds its way into automobile tires. Of the other half, not more than 50 per cent. is made into boots and shoes. The

rest goes into belting, packing, insulation, car springs, and the other uses that a complex civilization has found for rubber.

The enormous increase in the capitalization of the rubber industry in the United States is due to the popularity of the automobile and to the tariff. It was while the weather was the chief factor in the rubber market that the country ran into the era of consolidation and the United States Rubber Company was organized. The object of its promoters was to secure control of the rubber boot and shoe trade in America. It was incorporated in March, 1892, and at once secured control of the fifteen leading companies engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes in this country. This gave it, at the outset, control of one-third the output of rubber boots and shoes. In 1893 five other factories were added, and in September, 1898, shortly after the passage of the Dingley Tariff, the United States Company bought out the Boston Rubber Shoe Company, its biggest competitor. This gave it control of more than two-thirds of the output of rubber boots and shoes — and the tariff in a large measure protected it from foreign competition.

In January, 1899, a 50-million-dollar corporation, known as the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company, was organized by the consolidation of nearly all the rubber companies in the United States which were not engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes. The principal products of the factories taken in were rubber tires of all kinds, belting, packing, rubber hose, hard-rubber goods, and druggists' sundries.

A 75-MILLION-DOLLAR TRUST

The next step was the merging of these two companies. The Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company and the United States Rubber Company were merged in May, 1905. The United States Rubber Company secured control of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company by purchasing its stock through a syndicate organized for that purpose. Stockholders in the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company received stock in the United States Rubber Company, and the stock of the latter was increased at once to 75 millions. This included 40 millions first-preferred stock, and 10 millions second-preferred, 6 per

cent. stock. By 1905, therefore, the manufacture of rubber goods was dominated by one company, the United States Rubber Company, known as "the Rubber Trust." Shortly after this the trust organized the General Rubber Company with a capital of 3 millions, to purchase crude rubber for it and to carry on negotiations with competing companies. Mr. Samuel P. Colt (it is interesting that he, as well as the controllers of the cotton-cloth industry, comes from Providence, R. I., whence Senator Aldrich hails), president of the Rubber Trust, announced that the General Rubber Company would secure original sources of rubber for the trust. Agencies were established at Antwerp, London, and Lisbon, and a supply of crude rubber in Para, Brazil, was obtained.

ALDRICH BECOMES INTERESTED IN RUBBER

About this time Senator Aldrich became interested in the rubber industry. In 1904 it had been discovered that the guayule plant of Mexico, a weed that grows in great abundance on the plains, would produce rubber in commercial quantities. A corporation known as the Continental Rubber Company of New York was organized at Albany for the purpose of extracting rubber from this shrub. Among its incorporators were Mr. Thomas Ryan, Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, his son, Mr. E. B. Aldrich, and Simon Guggenheim, Senator from Colorado. A concession was obtained from the Mexican Government for the manufacture of rubber from the guayule shrub in the state of Coahuila, and a rubber-extracting plant was erected in 1904. In 1906 the same people incorporated the Continental Rubber Company of America under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital stock of 30 million dollars. This new company secured options on a large number of plants in Mexico, bought up conflicting patent-rights, and secured a monopoly of the guayule rubber industry of Mexico. It erected a plant at Torreon and began the manufacture of rubber on a large scale.

Rumors were afloat in Wall Street and sensational newspaper stories were printed to the effect that the new company was going to wage commercial war against the United

States Rubber Company. These rumors did not disturb Col. Colt. In June, 1906, he issued an authoritative denial of the stories and added significantly:

"Senator Aldrich is a close personal friend of Col. Colt, president of the United States Rubber Company, and the two companies will work in harmony."

In his annual report in June, 1907, Col. Colt said: "A suggested consolidation with the Continental Rubber Company was deemed by your directors to be non-advisable in the present development of the so-called mechanical process of grinding up the shrubs producing the gum, which is done extensively by the Continental Rubber Company. But that company and the General Rubber Company have now agreed upon the terms of an arrangement which insures complete harmony and coöperation hereafter between the United States Rubber Company and the Continental Rubber Company and between those connected with both companies."

In 1906 Senator Aldrich, Mr. Ryan, and Senator Guggenheim became interested in rubber on another continent, through Mr. Samuel Phillips Verner, of South Carolina, an explorer who had obtained some concessions in the Congo from King Leopold. With these concessions in his pocket, Mr. Verner met Mr. Ryan and Senator Aldrich in New York and interested them in his project. They were much impressed, and the American-Congo Company was formed for the purpose of exploiting the Verner concession. Mr. Verner turned his concessions over to the company.

In December of 1906, the Intercontinental Rubber Company was incorporated in Trenton, N. J. It was capitalized for 40 million dollars, and immediately became the holding company for the various companies that controlled the Mexican rubber and for the American-Congo Company. Senator Aldrich, Mr. Ryan, and Senator Guggenheim were among the incorporators of this company. Mr. Ryan had made a trip to Belgium that summer and obtained a confirmation of the Verner concessions in the name of the American-Congo Company, and in November of that year King Leopold issued a royal decree granting the Congo

concessions to the American syndicate. While he was in Belgium Mr. Ryan organized a Belgian company known as the *Société Forestière et Minière du Congo*.

Both in Africa and in Mexico the organization controlled by Senators Aldrich and Guggenheim and Mr. Ryan increased its holdings so that by the time the special session of Congress was called to revise the tariff, this organization dominated the crude-rubber trade in this country. The trade in manufactured rubber was dominated by the so-called "Rubber Trust" under the presidency of Senator Aldrich's friend, Col. Colt of Providence, R. I. Between these two there was an arrangement which insured complete harmony and cooperation.

A tariff, therefore, that protected manufactured rubber was an advantage to both of these companies.

THE TARIFF ON RUBBER

Such was the condition of the rubber manufacturing industry in the United States when the special session of Congress met to revise the tariff in 1909 — the United States Rubber Company, with assets valued at more than a hundred million dollars, and the Intercontinental Rubber Company, controlling the Mexican fields and reaching out for the control of the Congo and Brazilian fields. The two corporations were working in close harmony. Their only serious competitor was the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, a manufacturing concern akin to the United States Rubber Company, which had been formed by the consolidation of all the large rubber firms in Canada. The Canadian firm relied upon the United States for a large proportion of its market and, despite the 30 per cent. tax imposed by the Dingley Law, was sending to the United States a large proportion of the total imports of manufactured rubber made by this country. The few companies remaining outside the trust were making profits large enough to enable them to increase their capitalization several times out of their earnings.

When the Ways and Means Committee of the House met at Washington in the fall of 1908 to take testimony for a revision of the tariff "downward," most of the manufacturers who had been benefited by the

Dingley Law had lobbies in Washington to prevent any disturbance of their schedules. In some cases they actually secured increases. The Arkwright Club of Boston, for instance, sent to Washington the same men who had written the cotton-cloth schedules in the Dingley Law, and they secured increases in the cotton-cloth tariff. The woolen men decided that they did not want their schedule changed, and it was left as it was. The automobile men secured a little provision that puts a tariff of 45 per cent. on every bolt and screw that goes into the make-up of an automobile.

With the exception of some manufacturers of rubber sponges, who wanted absolutely to control the American market, no one appeared to ask for an increase in rubber. The rubber-sponge people asked for a duty of 40 per cent. on their article, and Mr. Payne, who prepared the Tariff Bill in the House of Representatives, obligingly gave it to them. Mr. Payne put in a few little increases in the places where rubber appears scattered throughout the Tariff Bill, but he left the duty of 30 per cent. on manufactures of rubber, just as it was in the Dingley Law.

The Payne Bill went over to the Senate for action. According to Senator Aldrich, no rubber manufacturer appeared before the Senate Committee on Finance to give testimony. The Committee held secret sessions for weeks, while the House was debating the Payne Bill. Two days after the House had finished with the bill, Senator Aldrich had his bill ready.

RUBBER ALL THROUGH THE ALDRICH BILL

The Dingley Bill and the Payne Bill provided for rubber in Paragraph 463 of Schedule N, entitled "Sundries," which contains everything from hides to buttons and from toothpicks to pianos. Before it got into Senator Aldrich's hands the paragraph read: "Manufactures of bone, chip, grass, horn, *india rubber*, palm-leaf, straw, weeds, or whale-bone, or of which these substances or any of them is the component material of chief value, not specially provided for, 30 per cent."

Though it is tucked away in the weeds and straw, rubber is the most important item in this paragraph. The manufactures of all the other substances enumerated in

Paragraph 463 will not amount to 1 per cent. of the value of the manufactures of rubber.

Rubber clothing was cared for under the various cloth-schedules, and rubber boots were taken care of under the wool schedule, which provided that any article that contained any wool should be taxed as wool. Mr. Payne did not change this in the House draft of the bill. He did not change the Dingley rate of 30 per cent. on rubber.

But when his bill came out of Senator Aldrich's hands, rubber was found sticking to nearly every schedule from the first cover to the last. Beginning with Schedule C, "Metals and Manufactures of," rubber was found tucked away in every nook and corner that would hold it. Senator Aldrich added a new paragraph — 135 — to the metal schedule. It taxes "telegraph, telephone, and other wires and cables composed of metal and rubber, and of metal, rubber, and other materials, at 45 per cent." The conference committee afterward cut this to 40 per cent.

At the suggestion of Senator Aldrich, Mr. Payne had added a paragraph to the metal schedule, taxing automobiles and parts thereof at 45 per cent. Inquiry in the Senate by Senator Dolliver showed that this would include tires. The Iowa Senator objected to this and declared that automobile tires should be assessed under the rubber schedule. Senator Aldrich was willing to allow the paragraph to be amended so as to read "not including tires." Senator Hale observed that this would "throw the matter into conference" and that it would be satisfactory. However, the amendment suggested by Senator Dolliver stuck throughout the conference.

In the metal schedule is a paragraph providing for card clothing, covering for carding machines. The Dingley Law taxed this at 20 cents per square foot. It is usually made of tempered steel wire or of plated wire. Senator Aldrich changed this paragraph by adding a new schedule providing that card clothing made of wool-face or rubber-face cloth containing wool should pay a duty of 55 cents per square foot.

Rubber is next found sticking to Schedule I, the cotton-cloth schedule. Paragraph 330 provides that linings for tires, "tire fabrics, or fabrics suitable for use in pneu-

matic tires," shall pay a duty of 45 per cent. These are Senator Aldrich's words. The Dingley Law had specified simply linings for bicycle tires, and, of course, Senator Aldrich wanted to include automobile tires. Payne and Aldrich added another section to this same paragraph, taxing belting for machinery, "where made of cotton and India rubber," at 30 per cent. It was taxed simply as cotton cloth under the Dingley Law.

Rubber is next found sticking to Schedule K, the "indefensible" wool-schedule. It was not necessary for Senator Aldrich to make any change here, for under the Dingley Law, left unchanged by Mr. Payne, all articles of clothing "composed wholly or in part of wool" are assessed as wool at 44 cents per pound and 60 per cent. additional. This includes rubber boots which are lined with wool, and had operated to stop the importation of rubber overshoes into the United States and to make possible the enormous profits of the United States Rubber Company. Paragraph 403 of the Tariff Law (which appears in the silk schedule — L) provides that all silk goods which contain rubber shall pay a duty of 50 per cent. if not otherwise provided for. Garters and suspenders are taxed at 45 per cent. if not embroidered, and at 60 per cent. if embroidered.

After these little provisions for rubber had been scattered throughout the tariff by Senator Aldrich — including cables, rubber clothing, fabrics for tires, beltings for machinery, and rubber boots and shoes — the Senator from Rhode Island, director in the intercontinental Rubber Company, raised the Dingley duty on "manufactures of rubber" found in Paragraph 403, Schedule N, from 30 to 35 per cent. Progressive Senators questioned him about the increase. He admitted that rubber clothing did not need any further protection, "but," he added, "there are rubber tires of automobiles." No specific information was brought forth to show that the American manufacturer needed this extra protection, but Senator Aldrich, tariff-maker and rubber director, had the votes and he secured the raise.

TWO IDEAS OF PUBLIC DUTY

That he was personally interested did not seem to occur to him as a reason for

refraining from voting. It did not occur to him as a reason why he should not make a new tariff on rubber favorable to his own private business, through his position of public trust.

While the Tariff Bill was under discussion in the Senate, and when the paragraph on lead ore was reached on May 7th, Senator La Follette from Wisconsin said:

"I am placed in a position where I shall withhold my vote upon this amendment and for this reason: Some years ago, when I was not in official life, I acquired an interest in land in Wisconsin which was believed to be and which has proved to be in part lead-bearing property. Some development has taken place upon it and one portion of it is at this time producing lead ore in small quantities and zinc ore as well. I make this statement now as covering both those products. If maintaining duties or increasing duties affects the price of those products, I cannot consistently and conscientiously vote upon this question as a member of this body, and therefore upon this roll-call I shall, for the reason stated, withhold my vote."

There was a sneer from the reactionary side of the Senate chamber when this statement was made by the Senator from Wisconsin. It was a very unusual thing. Senator Guggenheim (who is a member of "the Smelter Trust") voted on the lead and zinc amendments as well as on the rubber schedules. Senator Elkins voted and worked for a high duty on coal. Senator Aldrich wrote and voted for his special tariff on rubber. His idea of a public trust is different.

RUBBER DIVIDENDS SINCE THE TARIFF

The new Tariff Law became effective August 5, 1909. In September, 1909, the directors of the United States Rubber Company, of which Col. Colt is president, announced a perpendicular advance on all classes of rubber goods, and in November, 1909, it shut down its Millville plant to curtail the production of rubber boots. In March of this year the United States Rubber Company bought out the Revere Rubber Company of Boston at an estimated cost of 4 million dollars and announced another increase of 10 per cent. in the price of boots and shoes. Shortly thereafter it was announced that the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, deprived of its American

market through the increase in the tariff, had succumbed to the United States Rubber Company. Mr. Lorne McGibbon, president of the Canadian company, was elected a member of the board of directors of the United States Rubber Company at the last annual meeting of the directors of the Rubber Trust. In May, 1910, another increase was announced in the price of rubber shoes—this time of 14 per cent. The net profits of the United States Rubber Company for the year ending March 31, 1910, were \$5,535,163.15. The net profits of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company, controlled by the United States Rubber Company, were \$2,369,971. If the United States Rubber Company's share of the undivided profits of the companies in which it holds stock be added, it had a surplus of more than 7 million dollars on March 31, 1910, and a net profit of nearly 8 millions, after taking out three and a half millions for dividends. This was the progress of Col. Colt's company immediately after the "revised" tariff.

THE ALDRICH TARIFF AND THE ALDRICH CO.

Shortly after the Aldrich Tariff Law was passed, the Intercontinental Rubber Company was merged with the Continental Rubber Company of America, at Trenton, N. J. The merger was effected December 6, 1909, under the title of the Intercontinental Rubber Company. The authorized stock of the company is 40 million dollars. The directors of the company, according to the certificate of merger, are Nelson W. Aldrich, E. B. Aldrich, Herman Barruck, Henry A. Bingham, Daniel Guggenheim, S. R. Guggenheim, Paul Morton, Allan A. Ryan, and William Sproule. The amalgamated company took over all the holdings of the various Continental rubber companies, the Mexican companies, and the Belgian-Congo concerns.

The Intercontinental Rubber Company had paid no dividends on its preferred stock since the initial dividend of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in October, 1908. Since the passage of the Aldrich Tariff Law, the general increase in the price of rubber products has enabled the Aldrich Rubber Trust to pay off its accumulated dividends on \$4,200,000 that was outstanding of its 10 million dollars' worth of 7 per cent. preferred stock. On

January 10th of this year, about a month after the merger, the Aldrich Trust paid a dividend of 7 per cent. On February 10th it paid another dividend of 7 per cent. on its preferred stock, and on March 10th it paid 4.2 per cent. on the preferred. This makes a total of 18.2 per cent. within three months. Dividends of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. quarterly are now being paid on the preferred stock of the Intercontinental Rubber Company.

The main facts of this chapter of the tariff of special favors are:

(1) A company headed by Senator Aldrich's friend, Col. Colt, controls the manufacture of rubber goods, and this company works in harmony and coöperation with another monopolistic company which controls the importation of crude rubber, and in this second company Senator Aldrich is a large stockholder.

(2) A tariff, therefore, which would

raise the price of rubber manufactures would have a larger profit to be divided between the two companies. Senator Aldrich wrote such a tariff and had it passed.

(3) The price on rubber went up. The two companies have increased their dividends, and the public is paying the bill — paying for excessive profits made possible by a tariff written by a man in public office which benefits his own and his friends' private interests.

In the words of Senator Bristow, of Kansas:

"A further tribute is to be levied upon every family in this republic for the purpose of piling up additional millions in the coffers of the rubber syndicate, the controlling force of which is the man who shaped the tariff legislation. Has there ever been, in the history of civilized government, a more shameless prostitution of official power?"

THE FARM-BOY WHO WENT BACK

A FLIGHT FROM THE DRUDGERY OF MISMANAGEMENT—THE GRINDING TOIL OF THE BIG TOWN AND THE HAPPY RETURN TO THE SOIL

BY

H. GARD

JOHNNY WORTMAN hated the farm. He rose at half-past three or four o'clock every morning, fed and curried his team, and ran to the pasture for the cows. His bare feet stung, and he would warm them where the cows had lain. He turned the cows to the calves, milked, drove the cows back to the pasture, and breakfasted. By half-past five he was in the field to plow, to harrow, or to cut hay; or in the truck-patch to hoe, to pick berries, or to worm the cabbage; or in the potato patch with a brush to fight the beetles.

Then, on top of all this, his Sunday-school teacher pestered him to learn the names of all the books in the Bible, to memorize the Golden Text, or to read about "Bezalel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of

the tribe of Judah." "And with him was Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan," an engraver, and a cunning workman, and an embroiderer in blue and in purple and in scarlet and in fine linen. After the reading, the teacher would ask to what tribe did Bezalel belong? And so on down the parched and barren way. Johnny could not remember all those names and dates and what the fellows did. Every time he made a break, Artie Eely would thrust up his hand and arm like a goose's neck and nearly twist off his seat in his enthusiasm to let the teacher know that he could answer the question properly. Then the teacher would say: "Artie is the only smart boy in the class."

Johnny decided that he would run away,

so he tied up his clothes in an old shirt and left at midnight. He ran through the orchard and hopped the fence into the pasture. He ran over a calf, which scared him nearly to death. The night was darker than he thought it could be, so he started back to the house. In going through the yard he ran into "Shep," who was chasing a cat. In the scramble, his mother heard him.

She came downstairs, saw his bundle, and knew what was up. She closed the door and he felt "a scorcher" coming. She told him to tell her all about it, and he did.

She told him she knew that they had a hard life of it. It had been that way ever since they had bought the farm. There was the interest on the Modesitt note, the taxes, the mortgage, and many other smaller dribs. The hogs had died of the cholera; the best team had been sold to pay off a note that threatened trouble, so they had nothing left to work with but two old teams of skin and bones. She too longed for a different life, yet she found a silent joy in the stubborn work and in rearing her house of little ones. She said that his going away would make her very sad; besides, his little sisters would have no one to take them to school on the cold, winter mornings. He untied his little bundle.

Johnny's father wasn't a good manager. The mortgage lingered, and the Modesitt loan and other dribs had a way of growing by the compounding of interest. His father "went security," and some neighbors whose notes he indorsed used the borrowed money to buy things that he had to do without. Once in a while the sureties had to pay the notes.

His mother died — worked, worried, and tired to death. Johnny felt free. Surely the big, outside world couldn't be harder. He jumped on a freight train, helped the fireman shovel coal, and slept in the tender. He landed in New York and in two days was working on a tug-boat as roustabout, washing dishes, scrubbing, etc. It was a new sensation. A few weeks later he got a job on an excursion boat plying on the Hudson between New York and Newburgh. Clubs would charter the boat for a day or two. Johnny waited on the table, served the drinks, passed the cigars, and helped himself to whatever he wanted, for the

clubs footed the bills. It was like finding manna — board free, wages thrown in.

He quit the excursion boat for an ocean steamer sailing to Brazil and the Barbados. The outgoing vessel carried machinery and canned goods, while the incoming brought coffee, Brazil-nuts, and raw rubber in nuggets that looked like clods of earth. But Johnny tired of it and beat his way home again.

The farm was just as distasteful as ever, so he crawled under a New York Central sleeper bound for St. Louis. He rode on the trucks from St. Louis to Kansas City, thence to Denver, then to Colorado Springs, where he worked a few days, then on to Salt Lake City, San Pedro, Los Angeles, thence by boat as a stowaway to San Francisco. As he left the vessel the sailors yelled at him and called him "Dago." He cleaned brick; the pay was small, the hours long. He had to compete with Italians, Japanese, Chinese, consumptives, and many others in poor health who were willing enough to work for bare necessities.

He went on to Sacramento and thence by sleeper-trucks to Portland. He couldn't find a thing to do there. A man on one of the city jobs told him he could get work if he had money. Having no money, he boarded a train on the Oregon Short-Cut for Salt Lake City. He rode the trucks, in between the mail-cars, in the blinders, or on top of the coaches. In going through a tunnel, one foot piled on the other, a projecting rock struck his toe. It stung so that he nearly rolled off; he didn't ride on top any more.

At Salt Lake City he found work in a restaurant. He worked every day and Sunday from four in the morning until nine and ten at night, with never a vacation, never an hour off for more than a year. He planted \$250 in the bank during the time. Disgusted, he started home, using his truck and blinder pass. This was a hard life, too — full of cold fingers, sleepless nights, thirty-six to forty-eight hours at a stretch without food, many hours without drink. He was only a laborer. The great outside world had no more contentment than the old farm. So back to the farm.

He went at it with a vim. He rented a piece of land, and raised 618 bushels of

wheat. But he wasn't enraptured with the farm yet — too much hard work, no leisure, no regularity of prices, too much uncertainty. Then he became a school-teacher, but in teaching he found himself bound by precedent. Method was supreme — the Socratic Method, the teaching ideas of Plato, Aristotle, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Herbart, Hegel, applied psychology, history of education, Spencer's Philosophy, apperception, correlation, experimental psychology, lengthy treatises on how to make the idea shoot. Johnny couldn't harmonize with the system, so he quit.

He then decided that he would be a business man — learn the game and have a business of his own. Then he would have money, a coach, a box at the theatre, servants, a big mansion on a fashionable street, fine clothes, prestige, honor, the whole galaxy of luxuries. Back to New York he went. Men looked up from their desks and asked: "What can you do?" He was "up against it." Finally he ran across a gentleman who dictated his letters to a phonograph. Johnny told him, "Try me three weeks, three dollars a week." He rented an old machine and practised till three o'clock A.M. At the office the next morning he stuck the tubes in his ears and lit in. But the old typewriter ran like a log-wagon. Ten o'clock that night found him copying the letters of the day in the letter-book.

He had only fifty cents left and it was a week till pay-day. He told the landlady, but she said that she wouldn't trust anybody; so he slept in a delivery wagon, in an old boat, in a shed. He bought a loaf of bread and some bananas every day; water was free. Thursday he stranded. Could he stand it till Saturday evening? It was like pulling teeth. Saturday he got his \$3. He had to have hat and socks. That took \$1.15, leaving him \$1.85. He must eat, but he could get along without a bed. His old suit went off on a tear, so he had to buy at a pay-us-a-little-at-a-time house — \$7.50 for a suit, payable \$1.25 down and \$1.25 a week. He couldn't have butter on both sides of his bread and snore on eider for what he had left. So he stuck to the eatables and shifted for sleeping apartments. Anyway the nights were getting warm and the top of an old shed didn't go so bad. Worse things could happen.

In three months his pay was \$4.50 a week. In six months it had another jubilee and danced to the tune of \$6.00. He could see the promised land. In a year he was docketed for \$10 a week. After that the advances came just as often, but the increase was only \$1 each time till it got to \$20; then he got a \$5 raise every six months. He knew nearly everything about the plant and everybody from the manager to the fellow who stole junk. He worked from three in the morning till eight and nine at night. His salary was \$60 a week now, but where was this advantage over the farm? There was no time for recreation, no superabundance of fresh air, no cozy nooks, no inviting streams, no smoke-free sunshine. He beat the bushes for an easier position, worked for a millionaire, then for a multimillionaire, then took the speculation fever. He put in all; result: not only did he lose all his money, but his health was cracked. The doctors said "Tuberculosis."

Undaunted, he sailed in again. The soil called him back. There were glowing accounts of bumper crops in new sections of the country. The claims were writ big on billboards and in streets-cars, special letters, booklets — the very flower of the engraver's, printer's, and lithographer's arts: Italian climate, territory lavishly endowed in fruits, soil, forage, grasses, river and mountain scenery, mines, and timber.

Johnny dabbled a little and lost money. One day he saw an advertisement reading: "Railroad lands at \$2.50 an acre. You can buy 160 acres, no more. The tracts are heavily timbered, scoring from 5 to 16 millions of feet of lumber a quarter section. Finest agriculture and fruit region in the country."

The land was in litigation. The Government was trying to compel the railroad company to sell the land. The agent said the land would have to be sold and he was representing the attorney for the railroad company, registering applications for the land.

"You see, it's this way," he said. "Only one application will be registered for each quarter section. You select your plot, pay me \$75, and that pays all fees — the registering of the application, the filing of the deed, attorneys' fees, etc. Then you pay no more until the

land is deeded to you. Decide the matter at once, for next week I am going to Chicago to open an office there."

Johnny didn't "bite," but wrote to the clerk of the county in which the land was situated. The clerk replied: "There are enough applications on file to cover all the railroad lands three or four times. It is a scheme of locaters who are making money out of it."

Johnny's chase for the Holy Grail wound up with a nugget of wisdom and a determination to go back to the soil. From it he had been driven by drudgery, the long hours, the lack of social uplift, and the barrenness of inspiration. The farmers were the underdogs, throttled by the stock gamblers, fleeced by the merchants; the city lured with its higher wages, shorter hours, its paved streets, water, gas, and electrical systems, its theatres, moving-picture shows, parks, scenic railways, trolley-rides, music, churches, and the weekly pay-day with half-holiday on Saturday. There you wore better clothes, saw things happening, and could see promotion after promotion to him who proved worthy of the laurels. Advertisements lent a charm: "Learn Proof-Reading — \$25 to \$50 a week; demand exceeds the supply! \$25 to \$50 (even \$100) a week for advertisement writers! \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year sure if you master Softie's course in salesmanship; hundreds of positions open for the spring rush; send for free booklet! Be a Harri-man, a Hill, a Burke, a Choate, or land on the Supreme bench by Spare-Time Study." Pictures just as glowing might be painted about the farm, pictures that would make you drunk with enchantment.

Toil and brains applied to the soil would bring wonderful results. Hadn't Mr. Burbank proved it? Drunk with this idea, Johnny went back to the farm with the determination to study and to understand. He started with geese. He became a regular goose about goslings and ferreted out the goose law so that he could raise every gosling hatched. He knew the difference between the African, the Emden, the Toulouse, the wild, and the Chinese. The dewlapped African is prolific, early, and fine-flavored, but pugnacious and quarrelsome. The Emden lays only about twenty eggs a

year, while the coarse and flabby Toulouse brings the record up to forty a year. The wild goose lays only five to eight eggs a season, but the eggs are invariably fertile and bring forth strong, vigorous goslings. Johnny combined strains till he had not an African nor an Emden, nor a wild, but a goose — a top-notch for flavor, earliness, size, tenderness, fecundity, feathers, profit. He shortened the fattening record a fourth by a judicious mixture of grass, grain, roots, cabbage, beef scrap, and pure water, so that he could market at flood-tide. He was becoming a creator; the joy of achievement filled his sails; no drudgery now, no city-lure distracted, no reports of fabulous profits uprooted him. It would take a standing army to drive him from the farm.

Then he turned to seed-corn. He read, experimented, selected, combined, and eliminated till he struck thirteen on the how to go at it, very high touching perfection, but never quite reaching it. Watch him pick out the stalks that look thriftiest, hardiest, greenest, and those that have large, spreading tentacles at the roots. He ties a string to those stalks. In a few days he detassels them before the pollen forms, to prevent self-fertilization. The next year he plants these selected ears in rows to themselves, one ear to a row, three grains to the hill. If only two of the grains grow he will not select seed from that hill, because of the low vitality. Summer comes; he selects the strongest plants, detassles some for mother plants, and leaves others for father plants. He ties a paper bag over the mother ears so that pollen from weak and promiscuous stalks may not fertilize his seed-ears. When the pollen on the father stalks ripens, he hand-fertilizes the mother ears, then ties the paper bags on again. For his seed he selects only the very best ears from the mother stalks. Each year he gets a finer strain, more uniform, more productive. Each year a little better, but never quite perfect — see? When the ears begin to ripen, he gathers the seed. It is carefully, thoroughly dried and is kept in an even temperature through the long winter, for constant freezing and thawing play havoc with delicate corn-germs the same as with tender toes and fingers. He gleans more gold from his corn-fields than the farmers of the drudgery school. They

come a-running to Johnny to see what he is doing and pay a premium for his corn.

Next, he got the tiling fever. Wiseheims told him that tiling would drain the land so quickly and so thoroughly that in dry times his crops would suffer. But Cornell Bailey put a bug into his ear. He told him to tile his clay and other soils that were not porous and naturally well-drained. It enables the surplus water to run off, leaves the soil friable, so that you may break it earlier and plant earlier. The roots of plants do not grow down below the line of standing-water in the soil. In the spring the water stands only a few inches from the surface in untilled land. The roots grow down to this standing-water and stop, for they cannot stand wet feet and cannot grow where there is no air. Since the roots cannot grow down, they spread out close to the surface. Tile the land, and the water-level sinks down three or four feet. The plant roots keep delving and digging and stretching till they reach it. The plants have such enormous root-systems and grow so fast that they choke out the weeds. Corn roots will grow down three to five feet if you give them half a chance. If drouth comes, it takes it a long time to evaporate all the moisture down three or four feet below the surface, but down there is where the roots are growing on tiled land.

Johnny spent every dollar that he could spare on tiling his land. His crops increased in yield as the land became honeycombed with percolating channels to the tile below. His land became more fertile, full of nitrogen and oxygen; he planted his crops earlier; they ripened earlier; they grew so rapidly that weeds were choked and quality was high. His acres smiled and laughed bumper crops, and their master basked in the joys of discovery and achievement.

He learned also to grow alfalfa on his clay soil. Alfalfa is a mortgage-lifter, a matchless fertilizer, unequalled for stock, making the horses sleek and the hogs fat as butter-balls. It fills the egg basket and the milk pails; pigs squeal for it; colts whinny for it; and it knocks chicken-lice seven ways for Sunday. It is a marvelous grower, giving three to nine crops of sweet hay a year. It works all the time, Saturday afternoon, and Sunday in triple shifts. Its

stems and leaves and nodules gather from air and sunshine loads of warmth and nitrogen and store them in the soil. The roots go down into hard-pan many feet, making a million channels through the soil so it may become thoroughly aerated and drained.

His Cheviot sheep told of the days when they browsed the Cheviot Hills, which disserve England from Scotland, and how they got their sharp noses from picking the grass from between the rocks. Those with the sharpest and longest noses could get the most grass, hence thrived better than the others; and so, long, sharp noses got to be the only style. His Shropshires came from the shire of Shrop in merry England. Their fleece is dull white with a fringe of brown.

Everything on Johnny's farm is alive with interest and history. He loves the farm; it is his life. No heaps of manure pile up at the rear of his barns to seep away in waste. He uses something or other to retain the nitrogen and hauls it to the fields where it may make humus and liberate new plant foods. He is intensifying. He makes as much from forty acres as others make from 240. His land is fertile, well-tiled, requires less labor, fewer steps, less up-keep, less machinery.

He saves the waste in other ways. From ten to twenty per cent. of the egg-crop rots every year. Kansas loses 10,000,000 eggs a year, a loss of \$1,500,000. An hour of hot sunshine on an egg ruins it. Eggshells are porous, evaporate with age, and drink in rank poisons. A fertilized egg will spoil quicker than a sterile one; a little heat causes the germ to develop. Johnny gathers his eggs twice to three times a day; he markets them two to three times a week. They go to the consumer fresh, nourishing, unevaporated, contagious with health. None of his eggs go to storage.

Johnny left the farm to get away from drudgery only to find that the city, too, belongs to the great work-a-day world. He came back to the farm prepared for contentment. A new dispensation is coming. The fields are beginning to feel a new fertility because a loving hand tills them; the birds bask in the fervor of a new appreciation; the song of the reaper is set to new tunes. The new farm means a new city, larger, cleaner, better fed.

MEN IN ACTION

THIS is a meagre story of a country church, which shows ways by which a man who loves his fellows is serving them. He is the Reverend Matthew B. McNutt, pastor of the Du Page Presbyterian Church, on Rural Free Delivery Route No. 1 from Plainfield, Ill. — six miles from Naperville, which is the nearest village and railroad station. There is no trolley-line nearer than eight miles. The church is really in the country; but it is an old one and it celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary last year by dedicating a new building, free of debt, which cost \$10,000.

Nine years ago Mr. McNutt was the only member of his class in the theological seminary who would accept a country charge. The Du Page church then had eight members, and it collected about \$200 a year for all church purposes. The membership has been increased to about 200 members, and the Sunday-school has 200 pupils. It is an "institutional" church, with a building adapted to "institutional" needs.

There is a young men's club of forty members, which has an orchestra, conducts monthly public debates and a mission Sunday-school, and has various social, educational, and athletic meetings; and it has maintained a lecture course for several years during the winter. Last year more than 1,000 persons attended the lectures. Members of the club do all the church-printing on their own press. They carry a portable organ in a wagon and hold services in schoolhouses in neighboring communities of poor foreign settlers.

The women's missionary society is a good women's club. The members meet monthly in the church. The men come to these meetings for dinner, and they are this year organizing a men's club for the study of subjects of citizenship. The women give a part of their all-day sessions to the study of the international lesson, a part to talks on household sanitation, and a part to readings and music and social talk. They serve an old-

fashioned farm-dinner and sew for the poor of the Chicago slums.

Mr. McNutt long ago decided not to hold evening and midweek meetings with empty pews. He studied the farmers' lives, and made his programme meet their conditions of life and work. Country people who toil all day (and a part of the night) in summer will not eagerly go eight or ten miles to a church service after dark. There is but one service on Sunday, followed by the Sunday-school; but various meetings use the church during the week in winter.

The new building has (besides the auditorium and several Sunday-school rooms) parlors, a large dining-room, a kitchen, and a playroom, and there is talk of a bowling-alley. There is a bed for babies, and there are toys and a kindergarten circle on the floor. The girls' club takes care of little children while their mothers enjoy the sermon. Once a year there is an all-day meeting of all the people, when reports are read from all branches of the work, and a big dinner is served. There are refreshments at all social gatherings, always without charge.

The church money is raised by subscription, by an envelope system, and the contributions have steadily increased every year. Collections are taken up for stated purposes at the regular services. Last year \$2,000 was raised for church work besides the \$10,000 for the building — all by the people of the community.

The manse is owned by the church. When Mr. McNutt came, it had but one habitable room and no garden or orchard; and he had to act as janitor. Now the house is in good repair, has eight rooms, a furnace, a telephone, and all the other usual conveniences; and around it five acres of land are in lawn, fruit-trees, and garden. His salary, while small, is more than the average of country preachers' salaries and it is promptly paid.

This is a story, first of all, of character and of human sympathy and earnestness — and then of common sense and good management.

The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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The Garden Magazine-Farming

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WALTER H. PAGE, Editor-in-Chief



MR. ROOSEVELT SPEAKING AND LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE "COUNTRY LIFE PRESS" AT GARDEN CITY, L.I. THE NEW HOME OF "THE WORLD'S WORK"

[See "Planting a Publishing House in the Country," page 1]

THE WORLD'S WORK

OCTOBER, 1910

VOLUME XX



NUMBER 6

The March of Events

WE TAKE our politics sometimes too solemnly and sometimes too lightly. We become excited about personal contests, for all the world enjoys a fight whether there be any reason for it or not. But, as a rule, we move more slowly about principles. Yet we do move. We hear political orators demonstrate the early downfall of the Republic unless we adopt this principle or abandon that; for the moment we cheer them; for another moment we feel a little alarm and resolve to set the matter right; but, before bedtime, we are running in our accustomed grooves of thought, and we don't really believe that the day of doom is near. We are a happy, perhaps a happy-go-lucky, people. Still we have an underlying seriousness.

Characteristically one of the most important political events of the late summer we hardly noticed -- the definite declaration by Mr. Bryan that he will not be a candidate for the Presidency in 1912. This, if he and his friends live up to it, gives more hope for the Democrats than the blunders and the crimes of their enemies have given. It will even greatly help the party at next month's election.

And political changes -- or promises and threats of changes -- are coming fast. It will be a new political world with Mr. Cannon shorn of power; with Mr. Aldrich in retirement; with President Taft gaining steadily in public esteem;

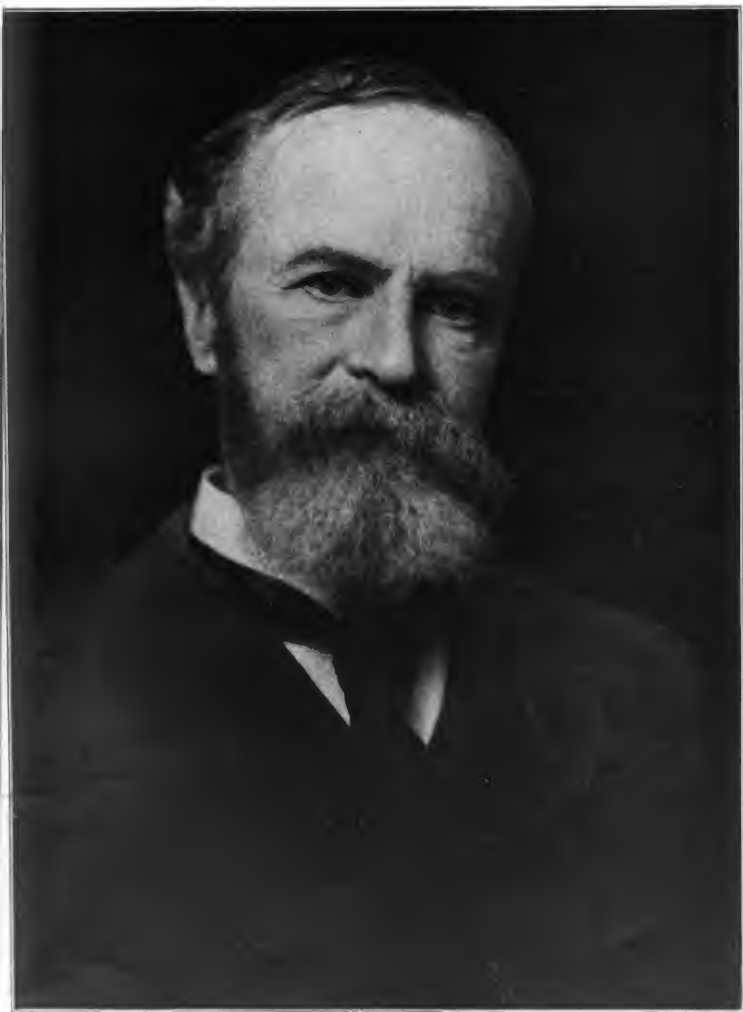
with Mr. Roosevelt again active; with Governor Harmon likely to be reelected in Ohio; with Mayor Gaynor now become a national figure and a commanding one; probably with a Democratic House in the next Congress, and surely a House with a majority opposed to the "Standpat" Republicans; with the tariff become a moral issue alike in Mr. Taft's, Mr. Roosevelt's, and the Insurgents' and the Democrats' vocabulary -- these are changes, come and coming, that make the game much more interesting than it has been for a long time.

Behind all these changes is the one force, the one resolve, the one set purpose of the people, which they will slowly work out through one party or the other, through one set of public servants or another -- the resolve to make the great corporations recognize the rights of the public and to have only their proper share in political and legislative activity.

There is a moral gain in this direction at every turn of public opinion, and such progress has already been made as to bring the public mind into a mood to look long-neglected facts in the face -- such facts as these: the ever-mounting cost of government; the long-standing corporation-interference with legislation; the pension-roll that grows faster the farther we get away from the Civil War. These things the people are becoming earnest about, and more earnest with every political campaign.



HONORABLE HIRAM JOHNSON, OF CALIFORNIA
WHOSE NOMINATION AS THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR WAS A NOTABLE "INSURGENT" 1927

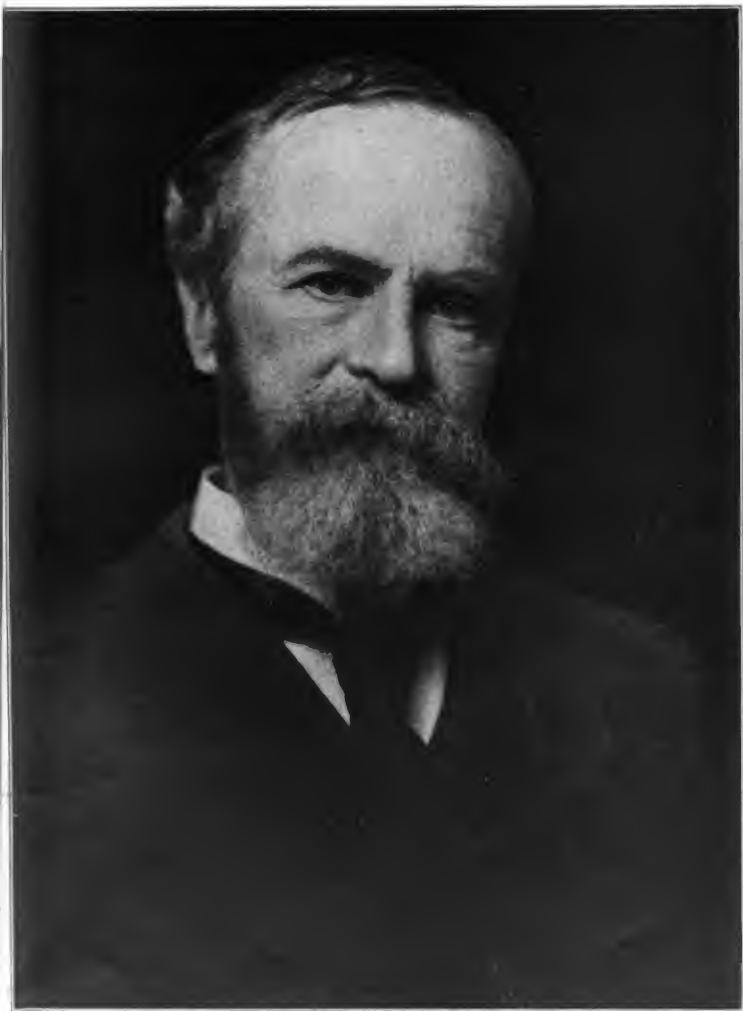


Photograph by Notman

THE LATE PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES, OF HARVARD
WHOSE DEATH REMOVED ONE OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST PHILOSOPHERS



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WHOSE NOMINATION AS THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR WAS A NOTABLE "INSURGENT" VICTORY

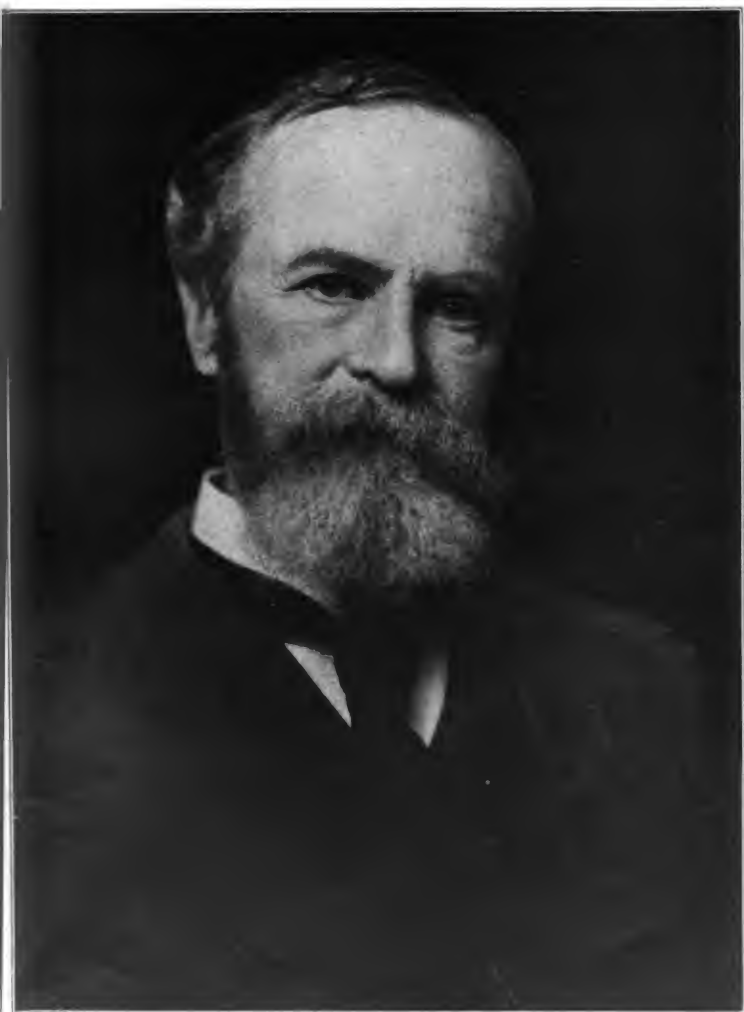


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COLONEL HUGH LENOX SCOTT (with Lord Kitchener);

WHO, AFTER FOUR YEARS OF EFFICIENT ADMINISTRATION AS THE SUPERINTENDENT OF WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY, RETURNS TO THE REGULAR ARMY SERVICE IN WHICH HE HAS MANY TIMES WON DISTINCTION



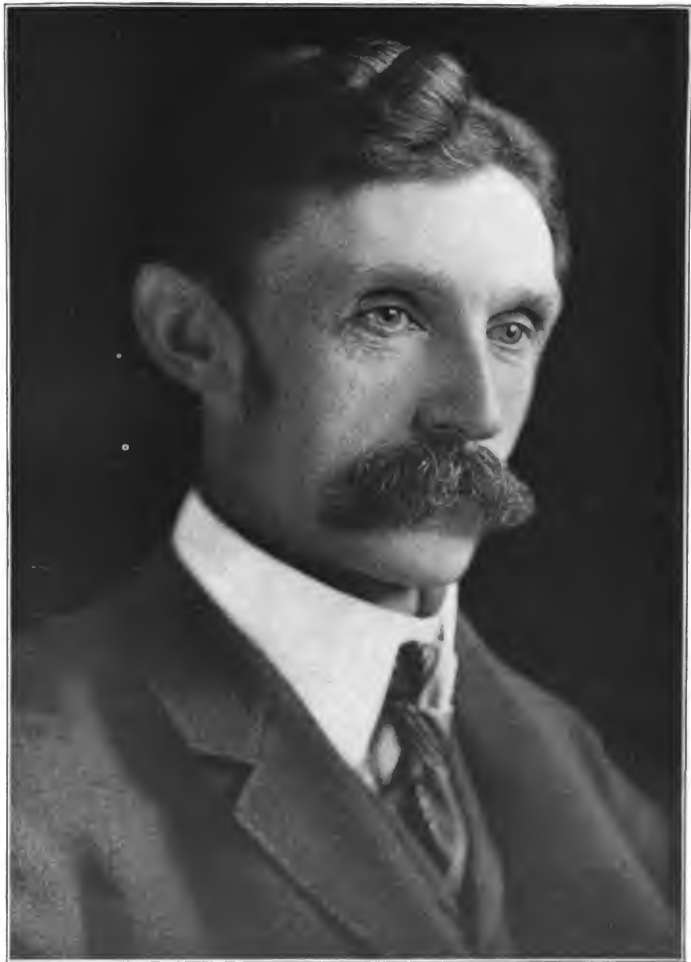
MR. W. A. LARNED

WHO HAS, FOR THE FIFTH TIME, WON THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA



MR. BERNARD N. BAKER, OF BALTIMORE, MD.
WHO WAS PRESIDENT OF THE SECOND NATIONAL CONSERVATION CONGRESS AT ST. PAUL, MINN.

Photograph by Paul Rea



MR. JOSEPH A. HOLMES

WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED CHIEF OF THE NEWLY ORGANIZED BUREAU OF MINES, IN
RECOGNITION OF HIS EMINENT PERSONAL AND SCIENTIFIC FITNESS FOR THE PLACE



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WHO WAS COMMANDER-IN CHIEF OF THE BOER FORCES, AND WHO
IS NOW THE FIRST PREMIER OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA



"GROOTE SCHUUR," THE FORMER HOME OF CECIL RHODES
WHICH HAS BEEN BEQUEATHED TO THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA AS THE RESIDENCE OF ITS PREMIER



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, CAPETOWN
WHERE THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA WILL PRESENTLY ASSEMBLE



A FOREST RANGER ON THE OUTLOOK FOR FIRES



Courtesy of the Forest Service

THE KIND OF FIRE THAT THIS YEAR SWEEPED AWAY \$25,000,000 IN THE NORTHWEST

[See "A \$25,000,000 Loss Without Insurance," page 10]



A RANGER AND A TRAIL THAT HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A BARRIER WHICH AN ORDINARY FIRE CANNOT LEAP



UNDERBRUSH PILED FOR BURNING

Courtesy of the Forest Service

THE KIND OF FIRE-PREVENTION WHICH THE FOREST SERVICE BELIEVES IN

See "A \$25,000,000 Loss Without Warning"



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**THE OPERATOR AND THE INSTRUMENT
FROM WHICH WAS SENT THE FIRST "WIRELESS" FLASHED FROM AN AEROPLANE**



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**MR. GLENN CURTISS AND A MARKSMAN
WHO HAVE PROVED BY PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION THAT A RIFLE MAY
BE USED WITH PRECISION FROM AN AEROPLANE AT FULL SPEED**

PROGRESS AND THE CONSTITUTION

THE impatience at the Supreme Court displayed by Mr. Roosevelt is partly temperamental. It is irksome to him to contemplate an institution empowered to interpose the authority of a restraining Constitution between a reformer's swift resolve and its instant realization. A Supreme Court Justice whose opinions are not agreeable to Mr. Roosevelt appears to him as a "fossilized mind"; his logical conclusions naturally appear "technical legal subtilities" in "flagrant and direct contradiction to the spirit and needs of the times."

The business of the Supreme Court is to determine whether new legislation is in accord with the Federal Constitution. That document is the product of a time that industrially and economically is indefinitely removed from us. The men who wrote it knew nothing of railroads, corporations, trusts, modern methods, modern science, modern economic, social, hygienic commonplaces, and great ingenuity has to be exercised to ascertain what the Constitution has to say on some of these subjects. The Supreme Court Justices often disagree widely among themselves, but they must, by vote, determine what the fundamental law is.

That is what they did in the cases to which Mr. Roosevelt excepted; that is what they had to do. The results in both these cases were, let us say, against progress and against popular rights; they wrought immediate and particular injustices, and they barred the way along which advancing popular sentiment might legislate for greater human good. But the fault was not the "fossilized" minds of Mr. Fuller, Mr. Harlan, Mr. Peckham, and their associates. The fault was innate in the situation—the necessity of asserting the authority of an ancient document over conditions for which it was not composed.

II

We hold it well said that entrenched privilege would have us "treat the Constitution, not as a healthy aid to growth, but as a fetish to prevent growth."

It is easy to see how the Constitution

has developed into a fetish, to some minds. Mankind always yearns for something immutable, infallible, to look to and to lean upon. When the Protestant Reformers rebelled against the dogma of an infallible pope, they had to invent the idea of an infallible Bible. When our fathers put away the idea of a king, their sons took refuge in the notion of an immutable charter. This political Scripture they formulated with astonishing wisdom; a succession of great judges from the beginning interpreted it with extraordinary sapience and skill, and the legend of its sanctity grew. "The greatest work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man" survived the War of the States and the more critical period of Reconstruction. For a hundred years its authority went virtually unchallenged.

It is only now, when industrial and commercial methods, swiftly revolutionizing themselves, have ushered in what can be described only as a new civilization, that doubts are beginning to be widely entertained and expressed. When Mr. Roosevelt joins Mr. Bryan in what the ultra-conservative press, aghast, describes as an "attack on the Supreme Court," it becomes pretty clear that there is a clash between legislative progress and Constitution worship, such as many legal minds display.

CONSERVATIVE AMERICA

THE United States is probably the most conservative nation in the world—as it is the most sentimental. In our addiction to party, we arouse the wonder of every other democracy. For fifty years our people left the Government in the hands of an organization of inconsistent and disagreeing men who called themselves Democrats, till their incapacity brought the country to Civil War; then for another fifty years we have left it committed to the mercies of another organization, called Republican, which has steadily departed farther and farther from the execution of the people's will. Elsewhere a party is a nimble public servant, to which the body of voters feels little or no sentimental attachment.

In our methods of suffrage and representation, we remain as primitive as all the world was a century ago. We have never heard of the principle of multiple votes, by which, as in Belgium, the voice of a man of education, achievement, substance, the head of a family, outweighs the clamor of the pampered idler or the tramp. We know nothing of any principle of representation except the crude one of geographical districts — under which we have permitted the wealthy interests to crowd Congress with their attorneys — while all Europe is full of the *syndicalisme* cry, the demand for parliaments based on representation of the trades, professions, types of business, and other actual interests of citizens. We have never troubled ourselves with the scientific conception of minority representation. We go to the polls (some of us) and clumsily vote cumbersome tickets loaded with names of people we never heard of, all candidates for offices of which we know nothing. We choose a President by an awkward process prescribed by the Constitution but long since cheated of the purpose for which the Constitution prescribed it.

We have at last risen to the idea of publicity for campaign expenses — in the ridiculous form of publication *after* the election. The political forces of the biggest state in the Union are arrayed to-day in a desperate battle over the utterly primitive proposition of direct primaries — and these only *outside* of the city of New York, although corruption is worse in the city. In Arizona they want the initiative and referendum, the recall, an income tax, employers' liability, and direct election of Senators — and they try the impracticable way of putting such things into a Constitution, where they do not belong.

The people of the country have been for years in favor of an income tax. When Congress enacted it, the Supreme Court reversed itself on an important principle of law in order to declare the act unconstitutional. Then an income-tax amendment to the Constitution was submitted to the states. But the provisions concerning amendment are so vague that to-day it is impossible for any living man to say whether the legislature of New

York has or has not ratified the income-tax amendment.

With our political machinery as crude as it is, how is it possible to expect social progress?

We expect it, because it is natural for Americans to expect. And, in some degree, we get it, because Americans have a way of getting things in spite of all manner of handicaps and obstacles. But why allow handicaps and obstacles?

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT

JUDGE HOLT, of the United States District Court of New York, lately declared that "there has been no time in many years in which crimes of violence have been more rife than they have been in recent years in the oldest and most thickly populated parts of this country."

Judge Holt proposes certain remedies: He would banish the revolver; repeating pistols should be sold only by licensed vendors, and no one should be permitted to purchase them without exhibiting an official license to do so. And he has certain other practical recommendations. His chief hope, however, is in the reform of the administration of criminal law. He holds that the present method of conducting criminal trials is so unsatisfactory that "under it the punishment of crime is a sort of lottery." He criticizes the inexcusable delays in the bringing of criminals to trial, and the wide possibilities of endless appeals in criminal cases. He would grant no stays, except in capital cases. "What is needed," he says, "is prompt punishment and certain punishment. It need not be severe. When criminal punishment is so administered by the courts that the community at large reaches the conclusion that crime, if committed, will probably be promptly punished, it will largely cease." He adds, however, significantly: "Severity, as a general rule, does more harm than good in criminal punishment."

II

There is one point which Judge Holt and many others concerned over the increase of crime neglect to consider — namely, that the criminal law is outgrown.

Take the whole question of punishment. What is the theory upon which the modern state maintains the right to penalize violators of law? All the reasons ever advanced in defence of this right may be reduced to three classes:

The first and the oldest is the theory of revenge. This is the old doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This is the principle upon which all primitive societies based their codes of law. Reason has entirely outgrown this theory; it is abominable in the eye of modern moral consciousness. Blood-thirsty revenge restores nothing, rights nothing, effects nothing, except further suffering and wrong. Yet we often hear to-day, after some atrocity, the exclamation, "The crime must be avenged!" What is a crime that it should be avenged? A crime has no existence; it is the criminal that must be dealt with. So we come to the second theory of punishment—namely, that the signal punishment of one criminal deters another.

Students of criminology are unanimously agreed that punishment is not a deterrent. It seems that it ought to be so, yet it is not so. It is a fact susceptible of very easy proof that in countries where and in days when penalties for crime are most severe and are most dramatically executed, there and then crimes most abound. When England, little more than a century ago, punished 125 crimes with death, England was a hundred times as criminal as it is to-day. Pickpockets were nowhere more active than amidst the crowds assembled to see one of their own number hanged. Dramatic punishment seems to glorify a crime and invite to it.

It is in half-conscious appreciation of this fact that public executions for murder have been abandoned all over the civilized world. And yet what excuse remains for capital punishment if it be not executed publicly and dramatically? If it is not to warn and terrify other possible murderers, what justification can be found for it?

Judge Holt, who speaks not as a criminologist but as an active judge, wants prompt and certain punishment, but he does not want it to be severe, because

severity does more harm than good. Judge Holt, in other words, is in a strait betwixt two opinions; he will probably, being a progressive man, soon cease to talk of punishment as a deterrent.

III

The true view of punishment is that it is a measure of reformation. The criminal is a man who must be educated. He needs to be taught what society is, how it is held together, and how every man can find his best happiness as a law-abiding member of it—taught that he cannot injure others without hurting himself. In a sense, and in the case of the habitual law-breaker a very literal sense, the criminal is a man who needs to be cured. He is an invalid. Prisons should exist not to penalize unfortunates who have broken the laws, and send them forth confirmed in their insane hatred of society, but to clear their brains and cure their bodies and send them forth for a new, healthy, and useful life. A prison is a school and a hospital.

Appreciation of this fact is already more general among those who have to deal with criminals than the public is aware. Fifteen states of the Union already allow the indeterminate sentence, the theory of which is that a law-breaker is committed, not to expiate his offense by submission to a stated amount of retributive suffering, not to afford a horrible and deterring example to other possible criminals, but to give him a chance to get well, and when he gets well to be released to go back into life. The scientific view of punishment is expressed in the remark of Cleveland's chief of police. Criticizing the old-fashioned exact-time sentence, Chief Kohler exclaimed: "You might as well sentence the lunatic to one month in the asylum, or the typhoid victim to fifteen days in the hospital."

England, the most backward of civilized nations in its penal ideas, is now, under the leadership of Mr. Winston Churchill, the Home Secretary, preparing to enter upon an advanced policy, the keynote of which will be the abandonment of the idea of the satisfaction of punitive justice for the idea of education and cure

of the criminal. The International Prison Conference, now assembling to hold in Washington its eighth annual meeting, will be able to note vast changes that have come over the whole world's view of crime and the criminal since its last meeting five years ago.

HUSBANDING THE NATION'S MANHOOD

THE United States has no National Board of Health. The Department of Agriculture looks after the health of pigs and cows; nobody is charged with the care of the human species.

The census figures, while still incomplete, appear to indicate that the old north-of-Europe stock is not holding its own against the influx of immigration from southern Europe. Whereas in former decades the average increase of native population was 21 per cent., this appears now to have fallen to 6 per cent. We are not prepared to accord full credit to these figures, but the possibility that they are true is serious enough to suggest reflection.

If they are true, even approximately, we are forced to face the possibility that within the century the Anglo-Saxon American may be relatively almost as rare as the American Indian is to-day. With a million immigrants a year (70 per cent. of them Italians, Slavs, and Jews) with a declining native birth-rate and an increasing foreign birth-rate, it is a very simple arithmetical problem to figure out how long it will be before the Anglo-Saxon is submerged, with his social ideals and his superior civilization—for no one will deny that the descendant of the British immigrant of three hundred and one hundred years ago, or of the German exile of 1848, or of the Scandinavian of twenty years ago is the superior of the average member of the horde now passing through Ellis Island.

There is in the study of immigration and birth statistics a plain lesson for the old American stock: It is Extinction or Eugenics.

II

The argument for the small family is: "Quality rather than quantity." It

is a beautiful argument. The trouble is that facts throw more than doubt on its truth. The fact, for instance, that not less than four children can be relied on to transmit the family name. The fact that the first-born is not so likely to be robust as his young brothers and sisters. The fact that it is better to have a selection of good stock than any amount of scientific knowledge for the improvement of poor stock.

There is still time to assure the continued Anglo-Saxon ascendancy in the United States by restricting immigration. At least there would be, if the climate of the United States were not the ally of the Mediterranean man against the blond man. But political conditions are such among us that there is no likelihood of immigration being restricted.

The worry is not in the fact that the original settlers of North America are giving way before a darker race, but in the fact that, having worked out here a higher type of culture and morals, they are being supplanted by a breed less advanced. This is not the path of progress. Civilization prefers that the more advanced stock multiply the faster. It especially demands that the diseased, the inefficient, and the criminal die out.

Is there a place, a need, in the United States for some such attention to the propagation of high-class human stock as is given to the breeding of pigs, fish, and cattle? Is there a demand for conservation of human resources also, while we are exercising our souls about timber, water-power, coal, and natural gas?

III

In England already—and they are not in England beset by invading hordes of fast-propagating Mediterranean people—they are talking (as familiarly as we here are talking of the conservation of natural resources) of governmental protection, and the encouragement of the nation's best type of human being; talking of the scientific elimination of the diseased, the feeble-minded, and the habitually criminal. And they are talking of something further — of the endowment of motherhood.

In truth, little more than the suggestion of this idea is needed to recommend it to many minds. In an advanced society like ours, young children are a costly encumbrance. According to Mr. H. G. Wells, who has taken up the campaign, if the modern state wants children, it will have to pay for them. The competition of modern life is so keen, the argument runs, that it strongly tends to defer marriage and parentage. If the care of a family is a public service, then the parent is justified in expecting the state to recognize that service, and to extend to him some compensation for the worldly handicap which he accepts. He is justified in saying that while his unencumbered rival wins past him, he is doing society the most precious service in the world, and that society is — not sentimentally merely, but as a matter of dollars and cents — his debtor.

The practical framing of a plan of motherhood endowment would, of course, excite the most absurd, crack-brained propositions. The idea will be a long time working itself out into sensible realization, but a great point has been gained for civilization when a nation realizes that its power and happiness depend more upon the *quality* of its population than upon anything else. The husbandry of the nation's human life, the preservation and propagation of its highest type, is an ideal so great that it may be trusted easily to become familiar, congenial, and powerful, and before long to realize itself in practical eugenic methods.

THE VITALS OF BUSINESS

IN THE clamor and confusion of many conflicting problems, it is well that the business men of this country concentrate their attention upon the few really vital questions that are to-day in process of discussion. Boiled down to phrases, the nation's business destiny is wrapped up in these great items:

- (1) The tariff problem.
- (2) The railroad-rate problem.
- (3) The banking problem.

It begins to be clear even to the superficial observer that not one of these three is a mere readjustment; but they are all really turning-points in the business his-

tory of a nation. In them, all Americans are beginning to face the fact that past policies, now almost crystallized into basic business principles, are utterly unfitted to the carrying on of the business of to-morrow. Each involves not merely a slight deviation from the paths of yesterday, but a complete turning about and desertion of those paths.

The tariff problem involves the industrial, or trust, problem. The curbing of industrial corporations cannot be accomplished with one hand while with the other hand the nation feeds the corporations on the strong food of monopolizing protection.

Rates cannot be adjusted by fixing up the rate from New York to Kansas City by a special ruling, for in that small adjustment a thousand other problems are immediately created. For every head the Commission cuts off, two new heads grow. The whole principle of making railroad charges must be changed.

The weakness of our banking system cannot be eliminated by special acts making emergency currency based on bonds of private corporations or municipalities. That expedient serves merely to show the weakness of the system in times of stress. It has come to be known that our banking system is not a system for the people, but is a system for the exploiters of the people. To cut out a cancerous growth like this from the business body would make interesting surgery — and the aspiring surgeons are many — but it would kill the patient.

II

Clearly, in all three of these gigantic adjustments, time is an all-important element. To level the protective walls of the tariff at once would throw millions of starving men upon the street. To sweep away in a swift rush of anger the system of making railroad rates for the benefit of the great shippers would be to cut the throat of commerce in an effort to cure its indigestion. To hurl out-of-doors our banking systems would be to leave the nation bereft of the power to transact business.

Evolution, not revolution, must bring

the new order of things. In all three it is going on. On the surface, it is true, the contrary tendency is marked. The industrial combines grow greater; the railroad rates more and more favor the big shipper and the big town; the tariff looks more and more like a special subvention for the making of magnates in batches; and the banks cluster closer and closer under the wing of the financial trinity that rules Wall Street.

Yet no man who keeps his ear to the ground can conclude that things are getting worse. Indeed, the swift marshaling of new forces is but a sign that the leaders of the financial, commercial, and railroad worlds know that they have to get ready for a new order of things. The strongest banks, the strongest industrials, the strongest railroads will best survive the long process of readjustment that is inevitable. Therefore wise men gather strength as best they may.

THE TARIFF AND MANUFACTURERS' DISAGREEMENTS

WHEN tariff-schedules are made in any measure for private reasons, there are likely to be as many sorts of difficulties as there are groups of beneficiaries.

For instance, Mr. W. H. Langshaw, the president of the big Dartmouth cotton-mills at New Bedford, Mass., has issued a statement for the particular benefit of Senators Dolliver, Gore, and Bristow, and for the readers of *THE WORLD'S WORK*. He believes that "the pathetic word-pictures" in the magazine "convey a wrong impression of the benefits that accrue to the cotton industry from the schedules of either the Dingley or of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill."

Then Mr. Langshaw goes on to say:

"I have had forty years' practical experience in cotton manufacturing. I am president and general manager of the Dartmouth Manufacturing Corporation and the Bristol Manufacturing Corporation, both of New Bedford.

"I am one of the largest individual investors in mill stocks in this country; therefore my position is one in common with investors in mill stocks who are looking solely for a satisfactory return from their investment.

"Notwithstanding this, I was not invited to the conference which appointed Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl to represent the cotton manufacturing industry. The only reason that I can assign is that I am credited with having the courage of my convictions, not quite in accord with those of the individuals who comprise the working machine of the Arkwright Club, the Cotton Manufacturers' Association, and the Home Market Club.

"Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl state in answer to an article in *THE WORLD'S WORK* that they did not ask for an increase. This is hardly specific enough. Did they request that it should not be increased? At the time that the bill was before Congress, the regular meeting of the Cotton Manufacturers' Association passed a vote indorsing the bill and petitioned Congress to pass the same. This would seem to indicate Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl's attitude. The association named was evidently used as a cat's-paw in this instance, as it is fair to assume that there was not over the usual number present during the discussion, which on most occasions does not equal 5 per cent. of the total members.

"Recent evidence would seem to indicate that the special favors in the cotton schedule desired by Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl were sufficient to induce them to permit the cotton schedule to serve as a cloak to cover up the increase in rates on other commodities, for the benefit of large combinations, of which apparently the Rubber Trust was one.

"The claim of Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl that they did not ask for a raise in the tariff, the bombastic eloquence of Speaker Cannon, and the sneers of Senator Aldrich will hardly serve to draw the attention of the public from the main point, which is that the tariff has been advanced, although it had been stated by those in authority that the revision was to be on a lower basis.

"The trouble now is, as compared with 'other days,' that the Republican party is run by a machine comprised of men whose chief interest is to serve their own ends and not the common weal, and men with convictions different from the machine are not wanted. There is no sincere attempt made to get at the real truth. The big machine, like an octopus, has its tentacles reaching out, comprised of men who for political favors are willing to be subservient to the main body.

"I believe the tariff is a moral question. The impression that prevails at large that it is a game of graft, that its manipulations have contributed to produce in a short time

the largest fortunes known in modern times, has corrupted the moral fibre of citizenship in this country. Patriotism is at a low ebb, and the definition of a patriot now is one who is ready to fight a foreign enemy; but the higher type of patriotism is that which is ready at all times to fight for principle and the maintenance of truth."

A \$25,000,000 LOSS WITHOUT INSURANCE

THE forest fires that break out almost every year at the end of a dry summer in the Northwest this year became uncontrollable. From Medford and Baker City in the opposite corners of Oregon, from the Cœur d'Alene district, from eastern Washington and western Montana, came the news that the face of the earth was burning. Fires, some twenty miles wide, moved over the forested mountains, crossed streams, destroyed cabins, settlements, and villages, and left ruin behind. Over Denver, four hundred miles away, the smoke hung in a heavy cloud; and at Aspen, which is 8,800 feet above the sea, the cloud obscured the valley below. Forest rangers, citizens, and finally United States troops went out to fight the flames. But in spite of a battle waged night and day, flames caught and burned to death more than half as many men as were killed by Spanish bullets at San Juan and El Caney. Hundreds of others gave up from exhaustion. Telegraph lines were broken and railroad bridges were burned. Such trains as could run were busy carrying refugees out of the burning districts. Town after town was destroyed. Men took refuge in streams, in mine-shafts, and in railroad tunnels; every hour during the worst of the fight brought news of unfortunates who had found no refuge at all. When the fires were still at their height, the Forestry officials estimated that the flames had destroyed \$25,000,000 worth of timber—aside from the loss of life and of other property.

To stop a fire which has once gained headway in the forests of the semi-arid West is next to impossible. To prevent fires from starting seems also impossible; and, as the country becomes more populous, they are likely to start even more frequently than in the past.

Still, fire-loss can be minimized in forests as it can in the cities. A fire-patrol with proper trails, telephones, fire-lines, and the like, to discover fire when it first breaks out and to get men to it quickly, could almost wholly prevent loss. In most of the national forests, even without adequate trails, the Forest Service has demonstrated that this can be done at a cost of from one-half of a cent to four cents an acre. But in the Northwest, the Forest Service has had only about one man to every 200,000 acres. But by far the larger part of the Western forests are not under national administration, and in state forests there is no regular patrol.

Since this fire-scurge comes almost every year, the nation, the states, and private owners ought to unite in a unified system of patrol and prevention. There is now no such system, nor is adequate support provided by the nation, by states, or by private owners.

KOREA—THE PASSING OF A NATION

THE inevitable absorption of Korea by Japan has taken formal shape. The ancient kingdom disappears from the map as a separate government. This is the penalty that the Koreans suffer for the decay of warlike qualities and for national material deterioration. The ten million Koreans and their 80,000 square miles of territory are now simply a part of Japan. Thus ends an independent civilization that began before David became king of Israel.

Fifteen years ago Korea was a supine vassal state of China, utterly unfit to play the game which was then just beginning.

In 1894 Russia and Japan sat watching each other across Korea, which China held in unstable security. Then came the Chinese-Japanese war, after which China renounced its claims and admitted the independence of Korea. Japan appointed itself adviser to Korea. This was the first step. Russia watched these proceedings jealously.

On February 23, 1904, an agreement was signed at Seoul between Japan and Korea which gave Japan the right to use Korean territory for military purposes

in return for a guarantee of independence. The next act of the drama was the Japanese-Russian war. After its termination, Russia was eliminated as a claimant for Korea, as China had been eliminated ten years before. Only Korea itself remained to be dealt with.

In 1905 Japan assumed control of its foreign affairs. In 1907 it was agreed that Japanese might fill offices in the Korean government and that all appointments to high positions and all administrative acts should be subject to the approval of the Japanese resident-general. In 1909 Japan took over the administration of justice, and now formal annexation has taken place.

This annexation or absorption has taken fifteen years, caused two wars, and burdened the Japanese people with an immense debt, but to Japan it is worth what it cost. Japan has a population of nearly 50,000,000 on an area of 148,000 square miles, and a large part of that is mountainous and unproductive. Korea has a population of 10,000,000 on about 80,000 square miles, and on the whole more productive. Japan was a country hungry for land for its ever-increasing population, and Korea was only half populated and but feebly held by an inefficient people. Moreover Korea was doomed — and Japan both hated and feared the steady progress of Russia on the Pacific.

Besides the land, the Japanese have acquired very little in Korea except problems. There is but one railroad in the kingdom and that was built by the Japanese. There are few roads of other sorts; the Korean method of freight transportation is by bullocks and ponies or on the backs of men. Even for these, travel is impossible at certain seasons, because the Korean bridges are not expected to withstand the spring floods, and for months the rivers cannot be crossed. Agriculture is almost the only industry in which a high-class Korean may engage, but even in agriculture these people do not excel. They have shown neither industrial aptitude, military strength, nor political stability, and without these things their meekness (which seems to be their chief characteristic) has

not enabled them to inherit even the ancient home of their ancestors.

SUBSTITUTES FOR WAR

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES, of Harvard University, who died the other day, left as his parting word one pretty big suggestion.

There is no thought more strongly impregnated in the air that moves among the elms of Cambridge than the thought that there is a germ of truth in every error. It is not a new thought; F. W. Robertson, two generations ago, made it familiar in the religious world, and after him Phillips Brooks touched it as a solvent to many a theological problem, and A. V. G. Allen to many an historical problem. It is this: Don't take the trouble to deny errors; hunt for the truth in them.

Professor James looks at the thing called War. It is cruel; it is senseless; it is hell — a thing of horror and insanity. Yet men have always engaged in it, and healthy men have always liked it. Somehow nobility is always attached to it. The knight is the ideal of romance; the warrior is the hero for whom cheers are shouted and garlands woven. The imagery of war is the most exalted; the songs of war the most inspiring. The hymns of religion itself are full of the beat of the battle-march. Ruskin, gentle soul, is in nothing more impetuously brilliant than in his ascription to war of all the world's achievements in splendid art and noble living, and in his confession that peace and decline, peace, sloth, and corruption come together. Professor James inspects this phenomenon in the Harvard spirit, searching out the truth beneath the glorious but horrible wrapping of gory conflict.

Briefly, the kernel of truth is that endeavor is ennobling.

The aberration is that this endeavor should take the form of mortal combat between man and man.

Professor James would take this desire of man to fight, claim it as a noble desire, and direct it against adverse nature. He would organize armies to go out against swamps and deserts and diseases; he would gather conscripts, from among the sons

of the rich also, and set them building roads, digging tunnels, fighting fire, and forging steel.

II

Civilization is already doing this. Men are increasingly perceiving (without waiting to have the philosophy of it stated by a Harvard professor) that the conflicts of peace are as heroic as those of war. Unconsciously there has been wrought an enormous transformation in the universal consciousness on this point. International wars are not yet over, but the time is certainly to be foreseen when men, in the realization of their universal brotherhood, will refuse to go out against one another at the bidding of ambitious sovereigns whose quarrels concern the people very little.

They had in Paris a few weeks ago a voting competition in which the subscribers to a great journal were asked to indicate their hero. Who do you suppose was the popular idol? Napoleon, of course? No, Pasteur—by a vote one hundred times as big as that given the Corsican.

Meanwhile standing armies and navies, so long as they are not engaged in battle, are doing this much at least: they are training many young men to habits of discipline, cleanliness, and courtesy. We have received from a correspondent, Mr. J. S. McCain, an ensign in the United States navy, a communication on the subject of "The By-Products of a Peace Navy." It is curious that a war establishment should have to be defended on the ground of what it does in the way of preparing men for peaceful work. Of course men might be prepared for the same work in more economical ways. But it may be worth while to give publicity to our ensign's apology for the navy. Readiness for war is certainly the object of army and navy, but if, in the achievement of this, there are by-products which prevent total economic waste, then let us be thankful. The navy man argues thus:

III

The men of the navy are widely regarded as paid idlers, who have sold their lives to their country, and of whom the

country expects nothing until a day comes when the lives may be demanded.

This was true of old, when the fighting man was trained in sloth. In old times the soldier's mission was to wreck and kill in a simple, savage way. To-day war is a matter of science. Battle-craft are huge engines demanding skill of every man on them. Those trained in this skill find themselves trained in a knowledge of electricity, steam, machinery, and engineering; and after their terms of service they are returned to their communities with ability and earning power greatly increased. It appears, then, that the navy is already doing what Professor James would have the military force of the future do.

From seven to ten thousand youngsters are ground through the United States navy mills every year. The average age of discharge is twenty-four. The navy is a good school, though its cost to the nation is very great.

CITY SIGNS AND NOISES

WHY has no city or state thought of taxing signs and noises?

A sign is an invasion of the peace of mind of every man who sees it. A sign occupies not only the space in which it hangs—it occupies the whole area in which it is visible. It crosses the street; if particularly garish, it extends its disquieting presence for blocks. What right has it to do that? An owner has a right to build a house on his land, or to put up any number of signs visible on his own premises alone, but who licensed him to annoy me as I sit at my window across the street, or to fill my eyes as I walk down the public thoroughfare?

The country has long been awake to the scandal of the big advertisements that disfigure our landscapes. It is, however, not alone the gigantic letters drawn on the face of a mountain, nor the miles of painted boards that cut the fair face of the green country off from the view of the traveler, that deserve suppression. The street sign is equally bad. Think how much improved a city street would be without its clamor of multitudinous signs, each striving to be more aggressive than its rivals.

No doubt advertisements are necessary. But why should an advertiser be permitted to use a street *without paying for it*? He is not permitted to put his advertisement into a newspaper without paying for it. There are advertising agencies which sell "positions" on prominent city corners, just as a newspaper sells "positions" next to reading matter. Now, those street positions *belong to the community that made the street and uses it*, and if anybody sells them, the community itself should do so, and get the pay. The man who happens to own a dead wall facing the street does not own the privilege of issuing from it a demand upon the attention of all passers-by; his property does not extend into the street.

There is a corner in New York which pays a profit of many hundred thousand dollars a year to advertising agencies that control space surrounding it. There is now going up on that corner a building, in the form of a tall tower, which is to be dedicated exclusively to the display of electric signs. Some of these contrivances are esthetically unobjectionable, even pleasing. The gigantic electric lady whose laughing petticoat ripples in the simulated breeze as she advertises a garment-maker is a joyous modern version of Herrick's "Julia." Her companion across the square, who nightly attires herself in another article of feminine apparel, is, though unblushing, not uninteresting. The unceasing sparkle of electric ginger-ale as it flows into a colossal goblet gives every beholder a taste of the geniality of life on the Great White Way.

But the argument does not rest on the objectionable character of the signs. The electric ladies are sources of revenue only because they stand at a point which the community has made a centre of resort. The community made and the community owns the advertising value in the wall spaces surrounding this square. It is as foolish to give it away as it was foolish to give away the innumerable street franchises which were gobbled up by shrewd men a generation ago.

Signs should be taxed — and of course they should be censored. The taxing would do away with the most objection-

able street-advertisements, for it would place a serious value upon the space used and force its use in a more restrained, a more artistic, and therefore more effective, way. It would probably reduce the huge eyesores that now cumber shop-fronts to simple panels bearing a modest name, accompanied perhaps by a rebus such as those which in medieval times picturesquely denoted the character of an establishment, and still survive in the barber's pole and the apothecary's pestle and mortar.

Noise, too, should be taxed. We should see how astonishingly few would grow the whistles of factories and boats, how much fainter would grow the clatter of street-cars, if we should set up a system of assessing and taxing such invasions of the peace of a community's ear.

There are a good many annoyances and inconveniences in centralized life. There would be fewer if those who created the annoyances had to pay a tax for the privilege.

ANIMATED JOURNALISM

TO WHAT lengths is the camera going as a factor in modern life? A Japanese prince is assassinated, and it is found that a complete moving-picture representation of the tragedy has been made. A mayor of New York is shot, and the evening papers publish photographs of the act, taken within a few feet of the assailant and his victim. The psychology of the trained photographer, whose instinctive impulse, when a shot is fired or a magazine explodes, is to press the button of his camera, would be an interesting study, but the fact that the omnipresence of the machine is rapidly creating a complete pictorial mirror of life is more important.

So well are the camera men "covering" the events of the day that they threaten (or shall we say promise?) to drive the reporter out of business. They have in London three daily papers, each of enormous circulation, which contain practically nothing but news-pictures with descriptive captions. They have more:

Pathé Frères, the cinematograph manufacturers, have established a daily service

of moving-pictures of the news. The enterprise, which goes by the name of *The Animated Gazette*, is a complete news organization, with an editor, Mr. Steer, who has abandoned the old methods of Fleet Street for the new journalism and a staff of 5,000 "photo-correspondents" scattered pretty well over the world. The product of this organization is a cinematograph film which is sent out to a circuit of moving-picture theatres, and is already being seen daily and nightly by more than two millions of people. An idea of the circulation possibilities of this kind of a newspaper may be gathered from the fact that New York to-day has 250 moving-picture shows, that London has 500, that every city and town of Europe and America has from one to a dozen.

There is little doubt that the new idea will soon be at work in America. The editor of *The American Animated Gazette* would sit in his office in New York, scan telegraphed "flashes" of the news of the day, and send out his orders. Where the old-fashioned managing editor would send for a "thousand words Roosevelt," he will wire his photo-correspondent: "Send 500 yards Roosevelt; feature insurgent smile;" or he will order: "Rush 150 yards Aviation Meet; 200 if Post turns handsprings in air." Instead of dispatching his brilliant member of the "sympathy squad" to watch the girl-murderess on the witness stand and, with glowing adjective and picturesque fancy, dilate upon the moral lesson of her career, he will dispatch his moving-picture man, and the machine will do the work of poignant sympathy.

Journalism has never been an altogether restful enterprise; some of us had fondly hoped that it could not grow more "animated." But Mr. Edison has made the world over in many ways.

THE "APACHES" OF AMERICA

MR. ARTHUR STILLWELL, who is trying to build a new trans-continental railroad from Kansas City to the west coast of Mexico, has written a book. The gist of it is that the people of America, financially speaking, are babes in the woods. European nations, says

the author, know how to invest. The Englishman, in particular, is a scientific pioneer. The function of the American, on the contrary, is to furnish a daily meal to the wolves of finance—the manipulators of the Wall Street market.

The tale is an old one. In large measure it is true. The people of this country have never taken seriously to finance. Money here is too busy making quick turns in the business markets, or is tied up too tightly in agricultural development, to flow freely into the financing of railroad or business enterprises. The unearned increment in this country has not yet assumed the proportions of the mighty investment funds of England and France.

It is, however, a new thing to find the president of a railroad, even though it is a relatively small railroad in process of construction, adopting this attitude, and using it as part of his method for the raising of railroad capital in outspoken attack upon Wall Street and its methods.

The reason for this strange departure from the usual course of events in railroad financing is probably to be found in the fact that the major part of the money to build the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient has come from England and Holland. There are, of course, some American capitalists and investors who are participating in the venture; but on the whole one might be justified in calling the project a foreign railroad so far as finances are concerned. It was also the foreign market that supplied Mr. Stillwell with most of the money for a former railroad venture which ended in a reorganization, namely the building of the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf.

It is hard to draw a line between the legitimate and illegitimate functions of the Wall Street market; yet the line undoubtedly should be drawn; Mr. Stillwell has entirely failed to draw it.

THE SPANISH CRISIS

THE Spanish Cortes will reassemble this month. It will immediately proceed to consider the controversy between Señor Canalejas's government and the Vatican. Here are a few facts which may assist the American reader to under-

stand the dispatches from Madrid and Rome:

Between Spain and the Vatican there has existed since 1851 a Concordat, or treaty. This asserts the Roman Catholic religion to be the state faith, confirms the church officials in quasi-political power, puts education into the hands of the church, gives it the censorship of the press, taxes the people for the support of the clergy, and in many other ways exempts the monastic orders — numbering three — from military service and taxes. Since entering into the Concordat, Spain has modified it in a number of important particulars. These have permitted private worship other than Roman Catholic, freed the press from control of the clergy, permitted the establishment of a few non-Catholic schools, and laid some restrictions on the monastic orders. The Vatican, however, has never agreed to any of these changes, and holds the Concordat of 1851 to be in full force in its original form.

The present quarrel between the Madrid government and the Papal government originated in the efforts of the Premier, Señor Canalejas, to negotiate with Rome a general revision of the Concordat. Canalejas has been vigorous in his antagonism to the Vatican, or, as he puts it, in his determination that the government of Spain shall be exercised from Madrid and not from the Papal capital. An incident that greatly provoked the Vatican was the Spanish Government's decree nullifying the provision of the Concordat which forbids other than Roman Catholics from publicly displaying emblems of worship. Another act of Canalejas was the issuing of a decree compelling monks to register. The decree established a complete supervision of the monasteries by the Spanish state, and reduced the "religious" — that is, the monks — to the same status as other Spanish subjects.

Perhaps the chief immediate issue concerns the position of the monastic orders in Spain. The country has a population of 18,000,000. The religious orders number 100,000 members. These, possessing vast tracts of land and great buildings and living in community, engage in manu-

facture and trade, competing most unfairly with other workmen. Their magnificent properties are exempt from tax, so that Spanish citizens living in the neighborhood have exorbitant taxes to pay. The members of the religious orders are exempt from personal taxes. They are exempt from military service, and from the fee of \$300 which is exacted from other Spanish citizens in lieu of military service. The nuns have taken out of the hands of the wives and daughters of Spanish laymen the manufacture of linen and lace, from which they formerly derived considerable sums. In 1902, the Government undertook to regulate these orders, but the law was a dead-letter until the present Premier took up its enforcement.

There are in Spain some 21,000 ecclesiastical dignitaries, for whose support the people pay an annual tax of about eight millions of dollars.

There are no Protestants in the country, but the larger cities are centres of atheism and agnosticism. The women generally are faithful to the old creed and church, but a large proportion of the men (including, it can scarcely be denied, the more efficient and advanced) have forsaken the church and are all for "progress" — the first step of which they regard as the breaking of the bonds between the state and the church.

THE PRESIDENT, CONSERVATION, AND MR. BALLINGER

PRESIDENT TAFT'S address at St.

Paul on Conservation was not only sound, but it had a clearer ring of personal conviction than most of his public addresses have had. It was the real man talking and not a party-man.

Conservation for posterity — yes; conservation for the present generation also — yes, again. The two are not incompatible. But those who have most vociferously used the plea for the present generation have been the spokesmen for the "grabbers" or their tools. This aspect of the subject resolves itself into this question: How may unutilized resources be utilized for the good of the greatest number for the greatest length of time? Or, to put it in another way, How can

they be put into the hands of the people and kept out of the hands of monopolists? The President made this plain as regards mineral wealth. It can be done by a system of leasing.

And his appeal to the states to bestir themselves was well made. But here the practical question comes up: Will the states do it? Many a state government is so easily controlled by great corporations that to depend on them to conserve the people's resources is to invite their spoliation. It may be said — and truly — that if the people of any state are sunk so low in civic spirit as to fail to protect the very foundations of their well-being, there is no hope for them. Yet this is not a wholly satisfactory answer. For the period of popular education on this subject has only just begun.

And Mr. Roosevelt's demand for national regulation of water-powers — of most water-powers — is undoubtedly necessary and sound.

II

The President's declarations are so fair and sincere and earnest that he would win back a large defection but for his official action in retaining Mr. Ballinger in the Cabinet. So long as he remains Secretary of the Interior, we shall have two Conservation parties, earnestly and properly as the President deplored their existence.

TO MAKE THE PENSION-ROLL A ROLL OF HONOR

THERE is not a man living who would deduct a dollar from the pension of any man who suffered injury in the military service of the Republic, nor from any real and natural dependent on such a man. To have suffered for the country is a badge of honor; the veteran is a man to honor; and the pension-roll must be a roll of honor. With this no one will disagree.

But, precisely because the pension-roll must be kept a roll of honor, we protest, and all right-thinking men will protest, against the disgrace that has befallen it; against the admission to it of deserters and other swindlers; against the debauchery of politics and the debasing of parties,

whereby the present scandals have grown; against the waste of millions of money; against the entrenched system of benevolence that has made cowards of us all — abject cowards of Congress, and of most Presidents; against the continuation and the extension of a system of "charity" that far outruns the dole of alms to the poor of any Old World government; most of all against a standard of morals in politics which permits men and journals to cry out against all who tell the truth about pensions. Much of the vast sum of \$155,000,000 a year has the effect of hush-money.

II

There begins in this magazine a series of articles that tell the truth about this abuse which has long enough undermined the character of the nation; and there will be many protests. We shall be very grateful for a correction of any error of fact or of argument; and we confidently reckon on the active aid of every veteran to make the pension-roll a roll of honor in fact — a roll that shall be made public by the veterans themselves.

III

Perhaps you have not thought about this subject before? Before committing yourself to any sweeping opinion, find out who the pensioners in your community are; find out what you can about their records; and then ask the most highly honored of them — men who saw real service — what their opinion is of *all* on the list. This magazine will be glad to publish the results of real investigation which covers as many as twenty names, taken as they come, selecting or excluding none.

The article published in this number is introductory; next month we shall begin the detailed story of pension legislation, following it through its earlier and nobler years down to the point where the gigantic wrongs began; thereafter we shall have something to say that ought to awaken the conscience of the nation.

By these articles, THE WORLD'S WORK makes an appeal to the conscience of the nation — to face the truth, and to tell it about an abuse that has made cowards

of two generations of public men and has become a cancer on our political character.

PLANTING A PUBLISHING HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

THIS month the whole business of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. — the offices and the factory of their books and magazines — is moved to their new home in Garden City, Long Island.

In commemoration of this and more particularly to mark the completion of the tenth year of *THE WORLD'S WORK*, the January number of the magazine

will be a tenth-anniversary number. In it will be a summary by many authorities of a remarkable decade in our history.

In that number will be a brief (but we hope an interesting) description of this spacious new publishing establishment — in the country, mind you: that's the point; and, anticipating that, there appear this month photographs of Mr. Roosevelt laying the corner-stone — a neighborly service that he was kind enough to do one afternoon when he stopped on his way from his own editorial office in the city to his home in Oyster Bay.

KEEPING OUT OF INVESTMENT TROUBLE

THREE letters, which arrived in the same mail, at the same time, suggest the title of this article.

The first is from a woman. She had a few thousand dollars lying in a bank, awaiting investment. It is a life-insurance fund. Her letter asks how it may be invested so as to be absolutely safe, leave her mind free from all financial worry, and yield a sum of \$250 a year for her living. That is 5 per cent. on the principal. She stipulates that she wants to be sure of the income for life and of the principal to hand down as a legacy. She adds that she does not look for profits.

The second comes from a man of business. He wants a fair return on his money, power to convert into cash quickly and under any conditions, and a business man's chance for appreciation in value.

The third letter is from a woman who has a fund of \$1,000 with which she is disposed to make a million dollars or as much more as is possible. She wants securities that will advance in value quickly. She cares little for income, stability, or marketability.

The three letters sum up fairly the investment world. The first woman is purely an investor. The second writer is a semi-speculative buyer of securities. The last of the three is a speculator, pure and simple.

At the time these letters were received and answered, it was quite possible to give the first and second writers just what they wanted. The fields from which selection could be made were wide. Their boundaries may be briefly indicated.

At that time the list of good bonds yielding 5 per cent. or better covered nearly all the best-known electric railway, power, and lighting bonds of the country. In her own city, this buyer could obtain mortgages on established property at not over 50 per cent. of value to pay 5 per cent. net on the investment. These mortgages were legal investments for trust funds in her state and were being bought by the savings banks of her own city.

In addition to these two large fields, it was possible to select railroad bonds to yield 5 per cent., which fairly filled the bill, though this field is one that requires very nice judgment in the selection of bonds for an investment of so vital a nature as this. The old, underlying, seldom-traded-in industrial bonds are also suitable for such a fund, but they can usually be bought only in a careful canvass of the bond-dealers. Industrial bonds good enough for this fund seldom appear in the general market, and are usually in small lots.

The second buyer, in the depression of

this summer, had practically the whole market at his disposal. Undoubtedly the field that was most suitably embraced the middle-class railroad-bonds, the standard industrials, and a few selected stocks. A typical list is as follows:

Railroad Bonds: Rock Island refunding 5 per cent. bonds; Great Northern-N. P. joint 4 per cent.; New York Central debenture 4 per cent.; C., M. & St. Paul debenture 4 per cent. (new); Col. & Southern ref. 4½ per cent.; Wisconsin Central 1st 4 per cent.

Industrial Bonds: American Tobacco 4 per cent.; Western Union 4½ per cent.; Amer. T. & T. coll. 4 per cent.

Stocks: Delaware & Hudson; Union Pacific; Lehigh Valley; Illinois Central; Canadian Pacific.

Such lists could be extended. They are merely typical. They cover a wide range of safety and a wider range of possibility for profitable investment when bought at times of depression. None of them are gilt-edged, unless possibly the Rock-Island bonds and the Great Northern bonds might be called so — the Rock Island because they are legal for savings banks in New York, and the Great Northern because of the value of the double guaranty and the collateral behind them.

A man who had some of each of these securities could probably sell the whole lot within a very short space of time, under any conditions short of actual panic. His chance for profits would range from perhaps 7 per cent. in the best of the bonds to 50 per cent. or more in the luckiest of the stocks. Of their nature, stocks are more profitable if well chosen, and more productive of loss if they go wrong. Since this letter was answered, one of the railroads has raised its regular dividend-rate from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent.

It is within the classes of investment so far indicated that sober, conservative investment is usually confined.

Mortgages, bonds, and standard dividend-paying railroad stocks remain the standard investments of the people of this country up to the present time. To them may be added a short and carefully selected list of industrial preferred-stocks, perhaps the best class of liquid investment

that in normal times can be bought to yield from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. on the investment.

It is not too much to say that if the investors of this country should confine their buying to these classes of securities, nearly if not quite 95 per cent. of the losses that are now suffered through injudicious investment would be avoided. Of course, there are often heavy losses through bad investment in standard railroad stocks, industrial bonds, and even railroad bonds. Yet these losses, when summed up, are infinitely small as compared with the losses piled up against the people who sink their money in small and unauthenticated corporation securities outside of these classes.

It must not be understood that this exhausts the field of really conservative investment. Higher up the scale than any of these classes of investments is a great list of gilt-edged securities, the most stable of all our investments. That list includes the state, government, and municipal bonds of the country, and the strongest of the railroad bonds. It is a class of investment, however, that offers little or no chance for profit in principal, and yields relatively small income. Even the woman who wanted the best security she could get along with 5 per cent. net income was unable to buy many of the gilt-edged issues in the market.

Again, running alongside the classes of bonds and stocks indicated here, there is a long list of good public-utility bonds, well-secured real-estate bonds, widely scattered debentures, etc., which belong in the field of conservative investment. They cannot be included in any general classification, because their desirability depends more than anything else upon the care with which they are chosen. Two bonds that look equally good to the layman may be as far apart as the poles in point of safety.

One time, in a city up-state in New York, a salesman for a bond house in New York wrote to his house, giving reasons for his inability to sell a certain bond-issue — a first-mortgage bond on a street-railway property, selling to yield 5¼ per cent. The main reason was that the salesman for another house, A. N. Chandler & Co., of Philadelphia, was in the field with an issue

that looked equally good or better and that sold five points lower.

The argument was perfectly simple. The New York house was selling bonds on a line that connected two relatively small Western cities. The Philadelphia house, on the contrary, was selling a first-mortgage bond on a line that was to connect New York and Philadelphia by an air-line.

In point of telling talk, the Philadelphia salesman had an overwhelming advantage. It was quite vain to point out to the public that the one project was a going concern and the other a half-built prospect.

Three years later, the bonds offered by the New York house were selling above par. The bonds from Philadelphia were worthless. The property had been sold at receiver's sale for a price which left nothing at all for the bondholders.

As a matter of fact, the general public, which buys bonds blindly for the most part, had nothing to guide it in its choice except the word of the two banking-houses. People who were old-established clients of the bigger house and stuck to it were comparatively safe. People who bought construction bonds from a house whose reputation they did not surely know, paid for the knowledge that they gained.

It is so in the whole class of investment securities that lies outside the regular trading markets. False prices for bonds can seldom — one might say never — be main-

tained for any length of time in the active list of the markets. Such issues as that referred to in the illustration cited could not have been listed without the truth being known. Therefore, bonds or stocks that must be bought on the judgment of one house alone cannot be classed in a general classification of investments. The same is true of real-estate securities, industrial stocks, and other securities sold directly to the public by the makers of the security.

The first two letters are answered. The third remains without any answer. A buyer for profits only is almost certain to lose ultimately, unless he or she studies financial facts at first hand and bases speculation on knowledge and on nothing else. Certainly no outside critic can pick winners in that off-hand way. It is quite possible that an editor might guess right the first time, and urge a buyer to take stock in this, that, or the other concern which would make enormous profits. Undoubtedly, a few people thought Standard Oil was cheap at par; and a few more bought American Tobacco at a discount.

The speculator who seeks "tips" from strangers, whether they be stock-market operators, financial editors, or market-sharps of any sort, is almost certain to come to grief. The ditch is fairly obvious into which the blind led by the blind must fall.

C. M. K.

A LIFE-INSURANCE DEADFALL

IN a city out West, a new life-insurance company got into trouble and was bought out by a German real-estate dealer. The company immediately elected him president. Shortly afterward, a representative of the state's insurance department called to make an investigation.

"Mr. President," he asked, "what life-insurance experience have you had?"

"Oh — I've had lots of experience!" said the president.

It took half an hour to find out just how

much experience that was. Finally it came out:

"Well — I was president of the ——— Insurance Company, and I once wrote two policies for the Equitable Life!"

The company he named never completed its organization and went to pieces without writing a single policy.

To-day there are 117 new life-insurance companies (in a list which lies before me) that are writing life insurance in this country and which have been organized since 1906. Eight other companies organized

during the same period have already failed.

In too many cases the officers in command of the work of these companies and who have the making of their principles of operation have had no more experience than the German real-estate dealer out West.

It is even more melancholy to discover, when one goes deeply into an investigation, that in very many cases the organization and operation of the companies are simply honeycombed with fraud. Dozens of companies have been organized for no other purpose than to afford the promoters a chance to make large profits. Others are simply organizations designed and run to pay large salaries to light-fingered gentlemen who are afraid to use a blackjack on the highways and have discovered a gentler and safer method of separating the public from its money.

An investigation of a small life-insurance company in New York, for instance, revealed the fact that the president received a salary of \$12,000 a year, the vice-president \$6,000, and two other officers \$3,000 each—a total of \$24,000 a year. That was more than one-quarter of the total premium-income of the company, and was more than 91 per cent. of the total allowance for expenses.

The same report indicated that at least one policyholder had discovered how the company was run. A widow who claimed \$3,000 for the death of her husband was induced to sign a release for a petty sum, after being badly scared by one of the officers, who persuaded her that her husband had fraudulently misrepresented facts in his application for a policy.

This same company—which is still doing business—generously allowed its policyholders to subscribe, at from 200 to 300 per cent. of its par value, for stock which could be bought in the market at 20 to 25 per cent. of its par value. In other words, along with its policy it sold stock at eight to twelve times its market-value, relying only upon the fact that the buyer did not know the actual value. Another habit of which it was found guilty by the examiners was that of accepting applicants for insurance at full rates, taking the premiums for such insurance, and then, later on, refusing

to accept any more such premiums or to repay those already received on the ground that the applicant's health had been misrepresented.

There is, perhaps, no other feature of this wholesale outbreak of the life-insurance pest more deplorable than the systematic "planting" of the stocks of new companies with the insuring public. The methods used are ingenious beyond description. They rank with the most skilful of the financial frauds perpetrated by the promoters of wireless telegraph and telephone companies within the last four or five years.

A company operating around Reading, Pa., used the bankers of that section as their decoys. It was very simple. An accredited officer of the insurance company would call upon the officers of a little country-bank, explain that the new company intended to do a large part of its extensive business in that section of Pennsylvania, make a cash deposit of several thousands in the bank, and go away with the good-will—and often with the written indorsement—of the bank officers. In more than one case stock was actually sold to officers of banks themselves.

To any one who knows Pennsylvania's investment habits, the result is obvious. In a comparatively small section of the country, on the strength of the bank recommendations, this one company sold stock for more than \$80,000.

Instances of this kind can be piled up by the hundred. Unfortunately, however, the insurance laws in most of the states make it rather dangerous for the astute pirates of the insurance-financial world to ply their trade openly. An insurance company is liable to be examined at any time. To avoid this unpleasant possibility, which might seriously interfere just when money was coming in most freely, the plundering fraternity has devised a very clever scheme.

One hears, nowadays, not only of new life-insurance companies, but also of various affiliated companies—"securities companies," "holding companies," "insurance-investment companies," etc. These are not insurance companies. They are agency-concerns which sell their own stock and announce that, when a certain amount is sold and the cash in hand is sufficient to

go ahead, a certain new life-insurance company will be organized, its capital paid in, its surplus put into the treasury — and then everything will be ready to go ahead.

It is perhaps invidious to name names where so many could be named. Let us be invidious. To illustrate the phenomenon, take the case of the Consolidated Life Securities Company, of Augusta, Me. Its head office seems to be in Oneida, N. Y. Its stock is sold through the American National Selling Organization, in New York. The stock is \$2,500,000. According to the prospectus, when the stock is sold in large enough amounts, a new life-insurance company is to be formed, to be called the Consolidated Life Insurance Company.

It is the stock of the securities company that has been sold to the public. Its par value is \$10 per share. Its cost, to you, is only \$25. After the life-insurance company is organized, its profits are going to be very great, they say. Of course, it is taken for granted that the profits of all life-insurance companies are very great. That is axiomatic. All the new companies — probably several hundreds of them — are going to be as big as the Equitable, the Prudential, and the rest of the giants, after a while — they think!

Suave young gentlemen visit the merchants, the bankers, the doctors, the lawyers, and the women of the country towns and sell this stock. They know, without looking at their notes, just how many thousands of dollars every buyer of Prudential stock has made out of a hundred-dollar investment when it began. Fables of fortune roll from their tongues. They show how easy it is. You don't have to buy it all at once. You can pay so much down and so much later on. It is the easiest thing in the world.

Perhaps they sell \$100 worth of the stock to you. Of that, \$20 goes into the pocket of the salesman; the rest goes into the treasury of the Consolidated Life Securities Company, of Augusta, Me. Some of it, of course, leaks out for other promotion expenses. The salaries and commissions of salesmen are not the only expense of running a company. The president is a great man. He must get a salary. So are all the other officers great men. They must

get salaries. If you care to trace the history of the group, you may discover that they have always managed to get salaries, no matter where they were.

Ultimately, perhaps, the life-insurance company will start business. When it does, its capital will be paid up. Its surplus will be paid in. It will proudly announce something like this:

"Not a dollar of the company's money has been paid out for organization expenses or commissions."

That will be perfectly true. All the expenses of organization will have been paid, not by the insurance company, but by the securities company.

The law in most states provides that the insurance company shall be examined by the insurance department; but the securities company is not an insurance company; and if the insurance department wants to examine it, it has no legal right to do so.

The man who buys into an insurance company direct has some chance. He at least has the satisfaction of knowing that the company will be examined by the department. But the man or woman who buys the stock of an agency, securities, or holding company that is going, some day, to organize an insurance company, appoint its directors and officers, and run it, ought to be in a lunatic asylum.

A single company, consisting of two brothers, worked such a scheme as this in recent years to the extent of \$1,500,000 profits. The people that they fleeced did not get a dollar back, and they never will.

From the standpoint of economics, the pitiful part of this process of robbery is that it is coupled with life insurance. In dozens of cases the new insurance companies will sell their stock only to policyholders. Men and women, always of the innocent class, are induced to drop policies in old companies for the sake of taking out new insurance-policies in new companies and getting an option on the stock. It is a two-edged swindle, of nation-wide sweep.

It must not be inferred that all new life-insurance companies belong in the class described. Many of them are perfectly honest, perfectly frank, and managed not only cleanly, but with skill. Dozens of the most skilful young insurance men have,

within recent years, gone out of the older companies and are now managing clean young companies, East and West. This article is not in any sense an arraignment of young life-insurance companies in general.

The public cannot afford to take chances on life insurance. If a man knows, by irrefutable facts, that a certain young company is managed well and honestly, is already strong in resources, and has gained the reputation that is an absolutely necessary

asset if success is to be achieved, there is no good reason why he should not use that company for his insurance.

If, on the contrary, a man must take the word of some strange authority or must buy his life insurance on local patriotism alone, it is almost criminal to entrust the protection of one's family to a company of which so little is known. One might as well go down the street and ask the first lawyer whose sign strikes the eye to become chief executor of one's estate.

THE PENSION CARNIVAL

FIRST ARTICLE

STAINING A NATION'S HONOR-ROLL WITH PRETENSE AND FRAUD

AN INTRODUCTION TO AN INQUIRY WHY, HALF A CENTURY AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, WE
ARE STILL PAYING A HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS A YEAR FOR PENSIONS

BY

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

ASSISTED BY ALBERT BONNICHSSEN AND LLOYD DORSEY WILLIS

It is pleasant to see figures grow bigger. Every prosperous man knows the delight of it. Not quite so pleasant, perhaps, when they are figures of a bill that you have to pay. Still, that is interesting. The figures on page 13487 make easy reading. There are no hard sums — just addition and multiplication. They explain the drawing — a picture of the growth of the Pension Bill since the Civil War.

A year after the cessation of hostilities the Government was paying 15 millions of dollars to disabled soldiers, their widows and orphans and other dependents. In 1874 the pension bill reached 31 millions. Then it began a natural decline. It had fallen in 1878 to 28 millions. In January, 1879, there was passed a law giving full arrears to all entitled to pensions. The lump sums thus offered presented tempting prizes, and thousands of old soldiers searched their bodies for some twinges that might be attributed back to war-time. In two years the bill bounded from 28 up to 58 millions.

The Grand Army of the Republic, organized at the close of the Civil War, now fell largely into the hands of pension promoters — Corporal Tanner, a professional pension-

agent, at their head. The organization swiftly grew and became a political power. A succession of Grand Army pension-agents administered the Government's Pension Bureau. "God help the surplus in the United States Treasury when I get at it," said Corporal Tanner when President Harrison appointed him. The bill went steadily up until in 1889 it reached 92 millions. In 1890 poverty ceased to be a condition for a pension grant. That year the bill made the highest jump that it had yet accomplished — it ran up to 110 millions. And up it kept going until in 1893 it reached the prodigious sum of 161 millions.

President Cleveland turned his attention to pensions at the beginning of his second administration, and an honest administration of the Bureau brought the bill down to 144 millions. It continued at about that figure, but with a downward tendency, until 1907. In 1906 Congress authorized recognition of mere age as a disability, and in 1907 the old-age pension rates were increased. The bill sprang to 156 millions.

In 1908 Congress extended pensions to widows of 90-day men without regard to their pecuniary need. The bill soon rose to 165 millions. No encouraging legislation having been enacted in 1909, natural causes will bring the pension expenditure this year down to 157 millions (\$155,000,000 with at least \$2,000,000 additional for the running expenses of the Bureau); but in the last Congress more daring legislation was proposed, and all the machinery of the pension organization and all the Grand Army influence have been set at work to secure from the next session laws that will push the pension bill up to heights never before dreamed of.

Americans who contemplate the miraculous growth of the cost of pensions know how Jack felt when he watched the beanstalk.

TO THE present generation, the War of the States is a fact in history. The vast majority of people living in the United States to-day could never have heard a gun of it. Many of us do remember the years that followed closely upon the end of the war — remember the halos of romance that encircled the one-armed or limping heroes who told never-wearying stories of Antietam, of the siege of Vicksburg, of the Wilderness, and Gettysburg, and of the March to the Sea. What power to stir the heart had the empty sleeve or the wooden leg! What a touching figure was the widow whose husband slept somewhere in the starlit abbey that stretched from the Shenandoah to the Gulf! The word "pensioner" — how gallant and pathetic it sounded, then! "The pensioner" was indeed a hero, who had endured the toils of weary marches, slept on his arms, wakened at the drum-beat to charge a hill in the face of deadly fire — a man who had seen carnage and had wrought it, who had toiled and bled and risked his

life for his country. Or "the pensioner" was a lonely woman, whose haggard scrutiny of the bulletins from the front had ended one day in the heart-anguished moment when she read his name among the slain.

What does the word "pensioner" mean to-day? What sort of figure does it suggest? Can it be pretended that the invasion of the once-sacred roll by the horde of bummers, camp-followers, and deserters whom extravagant legislation has placed upon the pension-list — can it be pretended that this invasion has left it a roll of honor? Does the public now esteem the pensioner as it esteemed him in those days, before patriotism had sunk to a cash basis, before "veterans" demanded pay because, forty-five years ago, they had spent three months learning the manual of arms?

To-day, unpleasant as it is to say it, the pensioner is a suspect. The common presumption is against his being a hero. The presumption, cynical perhaps, but not unjustified, is that he is as likely to

be a cook or a hostler or a peddler, who has perjured himself, a thrifty patriot who has no objection to receiving an annuity on account of a summer's episode of half a century ago.

THE PENSIONER'S LOST GLORY

The diagram reproduced on this page reveals the state of affairs which has brought about this degradation of the pensioner, a state of affairs which, apart from its sentimental aspect, deserves the attention of the country.

In a time of profound civil peace, full half a century after its existence was last threatened, the United States Government is laying upon every man, woman, and child in the land a tax of \$2 a year to pay military pensions. It is handing over to a particular class (consisting of a million men and women once for a short time directly or indirectly connected with the army) a sum which would in one year pay the expenses of the entire military and naval establishments of Japan for three years and a half; which, another year, would support the whole British navy—the largest in the world; which, another year, would buy the Argentine wheat-crop and leave enough money to pay, the next year, the bills of the German army—the biggest in the world; which, another year, would pay the sum total of the cost of the Government of Belgium—the most patriarchal in the world.

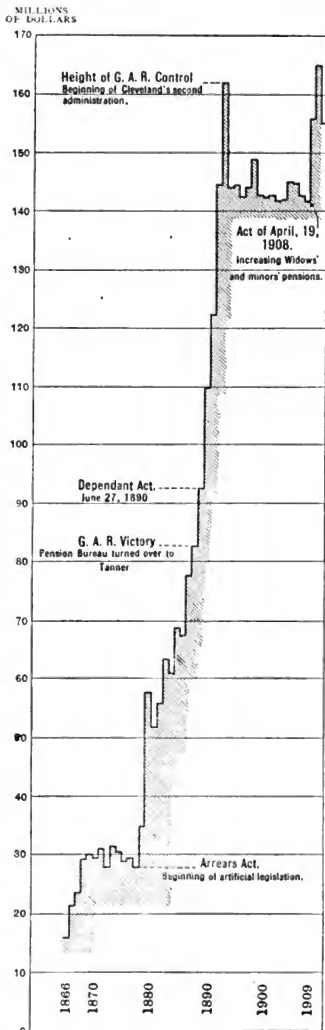
Three-fourths of those who survived the Civil War are now dead. Yet the pensions on account of that war go on increasing.

PENSIONS DESERVED AND UNDESERVED

Let there be no misunderstanding as to the spirit in which this inquiry into the pension system is undertaken:

Every soldier who was disabled in the service of his country is freely entitled to a liberal pension from his grateful countrymen. Every widow of a soldier killed or disabled in the service of his country, and every dependent upon him, is entitled to relief from needs due to his patriotic devotion.

It is questionable, however, whether men whose service to their country consisted in spending three months on a



junket for which they were paid and for which their expenses were provided, should, years afterward, demand that the Government give them an income;

It is doubtful whether there should be no distinction between men whose names were on the rolls a few weeks and who never reached the front, and those who for three years bore the burden and heat of the day;

It is doubtful whether soldiers who deserted the ranks deserve the country's gratitude on the same basis as those who remained faithful to the end;

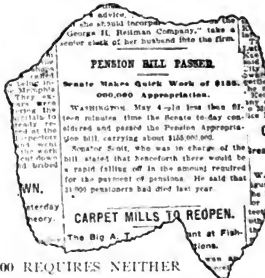
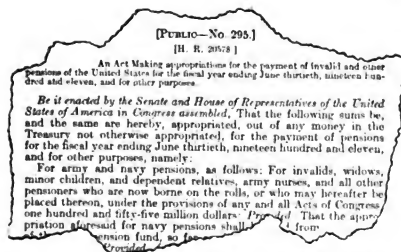
It is questionable whether "veterans" shot trying to run away should be allowed to draw allowances for the wounds of cowardice;

to women whose marriage the laws of the state do not recognize;

It is questionable whether the Government should (so to speak) put a premium upon idiocy by paying annuities to the grown-up imbecile offspring of vicious ex-soldiers. Society may owe a duty to these unfortunates, but with what justice can they be awarded military pensions?

It is questionable whether the regular pension-laws are so narrow and stingy that it has been necessary to pass special acts for the pensioning of 30,000 persons not entitled to pensions under the laws;

It is doubtful whether it is necessary to keep the records of the Pension Office as secret as the archives of Russia;



THE PASSAGE OF A BILL APPROPRIATING \$155,000,000 REQUIRES NEITHER MUCH SPACE NOR TIME

It is questionable whether, in order to keep the pension bill big, as worthy beneficiaries die, Congress should engage in wholesale falsification of the war records, and admit to honorable discharge and pensionable status thousands of those who fled or who were discharged for the good of the service;

It is questionable whether women who married ex-soldiers should be paid by a grateful country for their heroic act — questionable, certainly, whether girls born twenty-five years after Appomattox should be pensioned by the Government because they took a fancy to some aged veteran with good prospects of an early death;

It is doubtful whether the United States Government should, in order to pension them, issue marriage certificates

It is doubtful whether it is just and reasonable management which taxes every family in the country \$10 a year for the benefit of the surviving one-fourth of an army disbanded forty-five years ago;

It is doubtful whether it is the truest patriotism to seek new devices year by year to bring it about that, as the great war recedes, its bills increase;

It is not clear why the cost of maintaining the soldiers' homes has doubled within the last ten years — though the number of inmates has increased only seven per cent.;

It is doubtful whether it was necessary to build three new soldiers' homes in order to provide for the increase of 1,300 veterans in ten years. Some light is thrown on this question by the fact that one of these homes, erected at a cost of \$1,300,000,

was located in Danville, Ill., Speaker Cannon's home town;

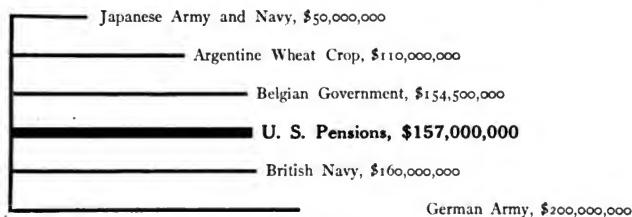
PENSIONS AND THE TARIFF

Finally, it is doubtful whether the patriotic gratitude of the people should be allowed to fasten upon them and hold them for half a century in the grasp of a burdensome, unjust, and impoverishing tariff, under which the necessities of life are greatly increased in cost, vast fortunes are given to a few, the country's foreign trade is crippled, and its mercantile marine obliterated. *The high tariff which oppresses the United States is maintained by the plea of the necessity of finding pension money.* If the "dollar-a-day" pension legislation now being advocated in Con-

interest of the 950,000 pensioners. "Give us our tariff and we'll give you pensions" is the argument which has built up the most powerful political organization that ever ruled over the destinies of a nation.

Of course \$10 per year does not adequately represent the actual tax levied on every American family by the pension system. In the form of high prices created by the tariff which it makes necessary, it burdens us all with many times \$10 a year. Besides, veterans are exempt from state taxes, are given preference in public employment, and provided for in "homes."

Again let it be repeated: There is no begrudging of all this—to the worthy veteran; but there is the greater reason why the list of pensioners should be cleared of fraud.



SOME COMPARATIVE ANNUAL EXPENDITURES

gress passes that body, two-thirds of the entire customs-tariff collections made by the Government will be paid out in pensions. If a stop is not put to the pension madness, the people of the country can hope for no relief from the tyrannical tariff.

It is doubtful whether the mercenary greed of the pension-graft organization, in its unholy combination with the corrupt privileged interests which have their meeting-place in the desire to maintain the high tariff, should be permitted to dominate the politics of the country. The tariff actually paid in customs duties goes largely to the pensioners. The very much bigger tariff which is exacted from the people by the protected corporations goes to swell the vast private fortunes of the manufacturers. The latter are comparatively few in number; their power is maintained by appeals to the financial

It should be remembered that the pension bill is paid by the people, many of whom are themselves in as much need of government aid as are the pensioners.

But the Government pays no heed to the needs of the poor man—unless he once wore a uniform for a few months; on the contrary, it taxes his food, his clothing, his furniture, until it gets \$155,000,000 for his (constructively more patriotic) neighbor. And it not only taxes him for \$155,000,000—the necessity of getting that sum excuses a tariff law under which "protected" industries can keep up fictitious prices on home-made things. The Government gets its \$155,000,000 on imported things only. It is the tariff-favored manufacturer who gets the money above the natural price of the home-made article—the tax made possible by the tariff.

When a man pays \$50 for a suit of English woollens, the Government gets \$10. When the poor man, compelled to accept a domestic cloth, pays \$20 for a suit worth \$10, the \$10 tax goes to the "protected" cloth-maker—not to the Government.

For every dollar that the poor man pays the Government toward the pension bill, it is safe to say that he pays a very much larger sum into the treasuries of the already-rich corporations, in high prices of the home-made product.

It is a great price this country is paying for the indulgence of its generosity toward the old soldier; \$155,000,000 thrice multiplied falls short of representing that price. And it is the poor who pay the most of it.

WHO GET PENSIONS NOW

No one grudges the war hero any part of what a grateful nation has given him; it is not half enough. But one does grudge the bummer and the deserter a place on the honor-roll of the veterans; one does grudge the fictitious "veteran" and the professional "veteran's widow" the money which they abstract from the National Treasury. Every family is willing to pay its annual \$10 tax to deserving soldiers of a war fought by a former generation; but it is right that the beneficiaries of that tax should be *bona fide* veterans.

It is possible that there are some who believe that pensions are given only to soldiers and sailors wounded in the wars, or who afterward became invalids on account of their service, and to their wives and dependents. In fact, existing laws now pension, among others:

Every man who served in the Union army for ninety days or more during the Civil War, no matter what his state of health or his financial condition;

The widow of every man who did so, no matter what the date or the cause of his death, provided only she married him prior to June 27, 1890; and also—

The widow of every man disabled in service, no matter if she married him yesterday and was unborn thirty years after Lee surrendered;

Dependent children, mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters of deceased pensioners, and minor children of their widows.

Finally, when the exceedingly liberal laws (of which the above sentences give the merest hint) fail, private acts of Congress confer pensions by wholesale in the absence of evidence and in the face of evidence.

WHO MAY GET PENSIONS SOON

But all this is not enough. Private acts are too slow. Last year there were passed only 3,000 of them. The Pension Bill is falling from 165 millions to 157 millions of dollars this year. This must not be permitted. Therefore the pension organization has been busy devising new schemes to encourage the distribution of further millions. One bill, proposed by Senator McCumber, chairman of the Senate Committee on Pensions, would remove the disability attached to that date of June 27, 1890. Another bill would create a Civil War Volunteer Officers Retired List, putting on one-third-pay for the rest of their lives 28,000 officers who spent from three months to three years in the army, and have since spent forty-five years in business. (Just as if they had devoted their lives to a military career and sacrificed their civil opportunities.) This bill would distribute probably eight millions a year in sums ranging from \$400 to \$2,400. Another bill would give every surviving veteran a dollar a day for the rest of his life. *The Commissioner of Pensions estimates that this would add annually \$108,000,000 to the Pension Bill, bringing it up to \$264,000,000—two-thirds of the total tariff-revenue of the Government.* Still another proposal—that known as the *National Tribune Bill*—for a general increase of pension ratings would augment the Pension Bill by 50 millions of dollars.

INVESTIGATION SHOWS FRAUD

In announcing the result of its investigation, THE WORLD'S WORK does not charge that the Pension Bureau is corrupt; it is not. Nor inefficient; for neither is it that. *We do assert that the body of*

James Cunningham, undertaker, of 158 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, formerly sergeant-at-arms of Devin Post, G. A. R., and in line for commander, though he was never in the army, began to draw a pension from the Government on February 16, 1907.

Cunningham's story is typical of thousands. When the Civil War began, he was a youth of seventeen years, living with his parents in New York City. The young fellow got the war fever, and got it bad. All around him his friends a little older were enlisting and starting for the front. Cunningham argued with his father, but it was of no use. The parental foot was put down on the boy's ambition.

One day the lad learned that the Fourteenth Volunteers of Brooklyn was starting South. He ran away from home and followed. His father caught him at the old Fulton Street ferry and took him back home. A few days later Cunningham was shipped off to his uncle's farm near Ogdensburg, N. Y. Company D of the 106th Volunteers was being enlisted there. Cunningham did not enlist, but, when the roll of drums told the countryside that Company D was starting, there was a boy missing from the farm. He had become a camp-follower. He went South. He says that he was with the regiment in every march. It is certain that he didn't carry a musket. This, however, did not prevent his coming home in 1865 with many stories, decorated with abundant detail of bivouac and battle, nor his becoming a hero.

After a while the G. A. R. was formed. Cunningham became a Grand Army man. He was a prominent member of his post. He set up as an undertaker, and the bulk of his business came from old soldiers and their friends.

One day in 1896 the question of honorable discharges came up among a group of his friends. A comrade asked to see his discharge. He confided to them that the prized paper had been lost, and told in detail the story of its disappearance. The comrades thought Cunningham ought to get a new one; they became embarrassingly insistent on this.

So on June 26, 1896, Cunningham executed and filed in the War Department an affidavit declaring that he had enlisted with Company D, of the 106th New York Volunteers, on August 11, 1862; that he had served during most of the war and had been wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor in 1864. Two Grand Army comrades vouched for him—William Reed, a commissioner of deeds in Brooklyn, and a veteran by the name of Smith; both are now dead. Cunningham explained that he had fought under the name of Edwin Walker, because of his father's opposition and his own age.

Cunningham may have had no thought of a pension when he filed his affidavit. All he asked for was an honorable discharge, and in due time it came along to him—a crisp document made out, at his request, in the name of James Cunningham.

Eight years later Cunningham, secure in his unquestioned possession of an honorable discharge, concluded to apply for a pension. On December 15, 1904, he sent in his application, accompanied by his discharge, bearing the broad seal of the War Department. It all looked regular enough—and, in due course, the applicant was awarded not only the original pension that he had asked for, but an increase which had been applied for even before the original application had been finally acted upon. From February 16, 1907, until November 14, 1908, the perjurer regularly drew his pension. He would probably be drawing it to-day except for the unhappy chance of a miscarried letter.

For the real Edwin Walker, a respected farmer living at Richville, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., was at the same time drawing his pension for the same service. The real Edwin Walker had enlisted August 11, 1862, and been honorably discharged on June 22, 1865. No one in the Pension Office discovered the fraud, and the Government continued to pay two men until one day a communication from the Bureau addressed to Edwin Walker, but referring in the text to James Cunningham, reached the hands of the Richville farmer. Mr. Walker

wrote back that he did not understand the use of the name of Cunningham. An investigation started. Cunningham confessed and was sentenced to a year in the Nassau County jail at Mineola, Long Island. Grand Army comrades were faithful to him, and petitioned Governor Hughes for his pardon—in vain. The convict served his time, less a few months for good behavior, was released a few weeks ago, and has resumed his undertaking business. It is likely that he will be commissioned to bury many of his old comrades of the G. A. R., if not of the Union Army, until he himself dies. Mr. Cunningham declines to supply **THE WORLD'S WORK** with his photograph.

A VETERAN WHO DREW FIVE PENSIONS

For many years there has lived in Philadelphia a Negro veteran of the Civil War who was well liked by the Grand Army men who made their headquarters at Fifth and Chestnut Streets, a stone's throw from Independence Hall. Dee Wilton Laws was, in fact, the janitor of the G. A. R. headquarters. His duties in this connection occupied a part of his time; the rest of it was pretty well occupied in drawing four pensions. One of them was his own. He was entitled to it. But the others were those of other men—two dead, one living. Being rather keen on pensions, Laws furthermore had his wife draw an annuity which was not rightfully hers—making five pensions in the family.

Laws and his wife lived in a comfortable little house in the south end of Philadelphia, where, for several years, there had resided with them an old Negro pensioner named Robinson, and his wife Susan. Robinson died; his widow Susan began to draw the pension. Then she died. *The Pension Bureau never heard of Susan Robinson's death*, for Mrs. Dee Wilton Laws could sign a voucher just as well as Susan Robinson herself. So for four years the Government every three months handed Annie Laws a snug little sum on account of the fact that an old Negro named Robinson had once served in the army. Annie would undoubtedly be drawing the Robinson pension still except

for the fact that Dee Wilton was a little over-ambitious.

Dee Wilton long lived happily in receipt of his own annuity and of the pensions which the Government thought it was

<small>CLERK CONGRESSION, 220 NASSAU</small>	Private Calendar No. 299. H. R. 9221
[Report No. 700.]	
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES	
May 3, 1908	
Mr. MURKIN, of Pennsylvania, introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs and ordered to be printed.	
MARCH 7, 1908.	
Reported with amendments, committed to the Committee of the Whole House, and ordered to be printed.	
[Write out all after the enacting clause and insert the part printed in italics.]	
<h2 style="text-align: center;">A BILL</h2>	
To correct the military record of James Jones.	
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 <i>Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives</i> 2 <i>of the United States of America in Congress assembled,</i> 3 <i>That the Secretary of War, and he is hereby authorized</i> 4 <i>and directed to amend the records of the War</i> 5 <i>Department as to service from the charge of desertion James</i> 6 <i>Jones, formerly of Company E, Thirty-third Regiment</i> 7 <i>New York Volunteers, and to issue to him on honorable</i> 8 <i>discharge from the service of the United States</i> 9 <i>That in the administration of the pension laws and the laws</i> 10 <i>governing the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Sol-</i> 11 <i>diers, or any branch thereof, James Jones shall hereafter</i> 1 <i>be held and considered to have been honorably discharged</i> 2 <i>from the military service of the United States as a private</i> 3 <i>of Company E, Thirty-third Regiment New York Veteran</i> 4 <i>Volunteers, on the second day of May, eighteen hundred and</i> 5 <i>sixty-three. Provided, That no pension shall accrue prior</i> 6 <i>to the passage of this Act.</i> 	
Amend the title so as to read: "A bill for the relief of James Jones."	

NOTE THE POLITE WAY IN WHICH THIS DESERTER'S RECORD IS "CORRECTED"

paying to William Lewis and James O. Barks, *both of whom were dead*, and of George Harrison, a feeble-minded veteran in the almshouse. Laws received his various checks at different addresses,

the homes of friends of his. He cashed the checks at the saloon of Johnny Ulman, Ninth and Locust Streets, and at the shop of a Jewish clothing-dealer in South Street.

Harrison happened to mention to an attendant at the Philadelphia Hospital (as the almshouse is called) that his pension money was being received and put away for him by his friend Laws. Laws, being appealed to, foolishly replied that he had no money belonging to Harrison. And then the Pension Commissioner was informed. It was an easy matter, once attention was directed at the rascal, to convict him. His sentence was three years in the Federal prison at Atlanta, where he languishes to-day.

Annie Laws got away. No one suspected her. The investigation of her husband was not extended to include his family — the Pension Bureau doesn't go out of its way to hunt frauds. But Annie boldly went to the Federal building with her husband when he was arrested, and she was in the district-attorney's room when some one referred to her as Annie Laws.

"Why, that's not Annie Laws!" exclaimed Bernard Englander, a notary public who happened to be in the room. "That's Susan Robinson. I've made out her pension vouchers many a time."

But before the authorities took in the significance of the thing, Annie had departed. She was arrested a few weeks later, but was let go on her plea that she had acted under duress from her husband.

A TYPICAL DESERTER'S CASE

One might naturally suppose that a soldier against whose name the word "deserter" stood on the records of the War Department would for all time be barred from receiving a pension from the Government. It is innocence itself that indulges this supposition. During the last few years there have been made thousands of "corrections" in the records of the Department — thousands of those embarrassing entries "deserter" have been erased, this deepest of all stains on the honor of a soldier removed, and the veteran has been made the recipient of

the nation's gratitude in substantial form. Sometimes this is done through the enactment of laws so contrived that a perjurer makes them available for the use of any culprit; sometimes it is accomplished by special acts of Congress.

We have pleasure in presenting a trait of Thomas Sale, who lives at 111 Christian Street, Philadelphia, and who is drawing a pension of \$15 a month. Mr. Sale was a deserter. He is only one of many thousands of those who, through the lenient and unscrupulous relieving discretion to be the better of valor, are living in old age and in the enjoyment of a forgiving Government's bounty.

Sale (or Savage, as his name appears to have been during war-time) left the Sixth-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers before his time was up. He says that he enlisted in the navy and served on the U. S. Ss. *North Carolina*, *Potomac*, and *Oswego*. There is a law that relieves a veteran from the charge of desertion if he can "be made to appear" that he reenlisted somewhere within four months. Naturally, Sale reenlisted in the navy within four months. So he says, and he has now convinced the authorities.

We have no wish to deprive Mr. Sale, alias Mr. Savage, of his pension. But he has a benevolent countenance, and his case is just as worthy as are the thousands of others who claim to have reenlisted.

But one is tempted to ask why the misunderstood veterans waited all these years before applying to have the embarrassing epithet "deserter" stricken from against their names. The Civil War ended in 1865 — and most of those are dead who know the facts.

HOW CONGRESS FALSIFIES HISTORY

Since January, 1909, more than 200 private bills have been introduced in Congress granting honorable discharges to deserters. On one day, March 15, 1909, 157 bills granting honorable discharges to deserters were introduced. On every working day between January 1, 1910, and May 1, except on three days only (January 22d, February 5th, and April 29th), bills enacting the charge of desertion were presented in Congress — 934 bills in 122 days, seven a day.

This wholesale admission of cowards and "bounty-jumpers" to pension eligibility is a subject that deserves and will have a chapter by itself in this series of articles. It is, of course, an outrage which words fail adequately to characterize. Conscious of the iniquity of the proceeding, the form of these enactments has lately been changed, so that now, instead of explicitly expunging the charge of desertion, each special law reads that "— shall hereafter be held and considered

or all facts, from the history of this country; possible to create a whole new set of facts and fabricate a history in defiance of actual events.

Indeed, so madly extravagant, so insane, has become the attitude of Congress toward pension claimants that it sometimes goes beyond the mere correcting of records and does actually undertake to create a record from non-existent facts.

Representative Brownlow of Tennessee, the late indefatigable friend of the veteran,



*Mr Evans
Read this all
if McKinley
is Best you
will be to
blame for it.*

WILLIAM LAFFERTY AND HIS SIGHTLESS WIFE

Not long ago afforded a touching illustration for the *The Union Veteran*, a pension paper published in Greenfield, Ohio. *The Union Veteran's* remarks under this picture say: "He has a claim pending under the general law, but the iron-bound rules made and enforced by the tyrant of the Pension Bureau, H. Clay Evans, demands 'medical evidence' impossible to secure; therefore the old hero is robbed of the pension due him and which he so richly deserves." William Lafferty owned a 60-acre farm and was already receiving a pension of \$12 a month. The picture and the *The Union Veteran's* comment illustrate the professional pension view that to demand evidence is to rob the pensioner

to have been honorably discharged from the military service of the United States."

The whole proceeding is undoubtedly unconstitutional, for reasons which will be given in the special chapter. The pardoning power is not vested in Congress. Nor is it possible by any legislative act or by any executive or judicial act, or by all combined, to obliterate a fact in the military history of a soldier. If it were possible for Congress to destroy the fact that a soldier had deserted, it would be possible to obliterate any other fact,

who will receive special attention later in these articles, was one of those not satisfied to improve history as events made it; he was ambitious to create history *de novo*. A sample of Mr. Brownlow's activity in this direction is presented by the bill a facsimile of which is printed on page 13496.

It will be noticed that it is entitled: "A bill to correct the military record of Bradford Whaley." Now, Bradford Whaley had not taken the trouble to begin any military record; and, while

61ST CONGRESS,
2D SESSION.

H. R. 25995.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MAY 17, 1910.

Mr. BROWNLOW introduced the following bill; which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To correct the military record of Bradford Whaley.

- 1 *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representa-*
- 2 *tives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,*
- 3 That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized
- 4 and directed to enter the name of Bradford Whaley as a
- 5 private of Company K, Eleventh Regiment Tennessee Vol-
- 6 unteer Cavalry, and issue to him an honorable discharge.

ONE WAY OF BECOMING A VETERAN

the modest Congressman affected only to correct, he was really endowing Mr. Whaley with a wholly new record, for the bill directs the Secretary of War to enter Mr. Whaley's name on the roll of the 11th Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry and simultaneously to tender him an honorable discharge.

Mr. Brownlow's activities have ceased. He died a few months ago. It is a pity,

because so long as he flourished as a corrector of destinies, it was unnecessary for any man to go to the front and fight and bleed for a record. A fiat of Congress, issued at the Tennessee member's behest, sufficed to reach back forty-five years and then in one sentence span all the labors, sufferings, and perils of actual war service, and finally discharge the "veteran" with honor from an organi-

zation which had long ago ceased to exist. Congress showed much restraint in this matter: It might just as well have made Mr. Whaley a Revolutionary patriot.

Two private pension bills passed by Congress this year President Taft vetoed. One (Senate 4,671) undertook to amend the record of Aaron Cornish; it decreed that he should hereafter be held and considered to have been honorably discharged from the 97th New York Volunteer Infantry. The fact is that Mr. Cornish was dismissed from the service on September 8, 1862, by competent authority.

The other (Senate 752) decreed that Charles J. Smith be held and considered to have been honorably discharged from Company F, Third New Jersey Volunteer Cavalry. The fact is, Charles J. Smith never belonged to the regiment and was never honorably discharged from it. He had been ordered to join it, but failed to do so. The service from which he disloyally absented himself was performed by another soldier.

Such are the perversions of history in which Congress is continuously engaged.

Glance through any report of any Pension Committee, either of the House of Representatives or of the Senate. Observe the grounds on which pension money is given away.

The Senate Committee on Pensions' report on "Calendar No. 409," presented March 17th, this year, picked up at random, opens of itself to page 32. The eye is greeted by favorable recommendations for pensions in favor of George Brough, of Spring City, San Pete County, Utah; Philip Smith, of Heber City; James Carlile, Heber City; and Alexander Robertson, of Springville—all of whom are stated to have served twenty-three days in 1853 against the Indians. The company to which they belonged was not part of the military service of the United States, but its members were paid by the state of Utah; and, inasmuch as the state was subsequently reimbursed by the United States for such payment, who could be so unreasonable as to insist on the point that the Federal Government is not liable? No wounds, sickness, or dis-

abilities are alleged. The pensions were granted.

Next follows a recommendation in favor of Richard H. Humphries of Washington County, Tennessee, who served a year in the war with Spain. He alleges rheumatism. The records of the War Department fail to show treatment for rheumatism during service. Humphries' claim had been rejected by the Pension Bureau September 4, 1909, and on appeal the Assistant Secretary of the Interior reaffirmed the rejection. However, three witnesses testified that Humphries did contract rheumatism in the service, and Humphries states that three others, members of his company, knew of his having rheumatism in the service—but they have died and he cannot procure their testimony. The Senate Committee on Pensions reports its conclusion "that it cannot be said that the soldier did *not* contract rheumatism in the service"; it is "inclined to resolve whatever doubt there may be in the soldier's favor, and respectfully recommends that he be allowed a pension of \$12 a month."

Next, the pension of the needy widow of a naval officer of long, active, and distinguished service in war and in peace is increased from \$30 to \$40 a month. May she live long to enjoy it.

Next comes the case of Corporal Clarence W. Davis, thirty years old, West Alexandria, Preble County, O. While "absent from duty upon pass for his own pleasure," he was run over by a locomotive and his right foot was cut off. He is given \$40—the same pension as the widow of the aforementioned hero of forty-eight years' service and forty battles, promoted for conspicuous bravery.

Then comes the case of Captain Morgan J. Treadway, Delvinta, Lee County, Ky. Captain Treadway valorously led a company from Kentucky in the direction of the Spanish enemy, getting as far as Anniston, Ala., where he alleges that he "contracted severe colds, resulting in tonsilitis." "The medical records of the War Department are silent as to treatment during service," observes the report, which also notices that the Pension Bureau had rejected the Captain's claim for a pension



SOLDIER to U.S.—Sam you're a cheap feller to go back on the boys who put you through when the South was chewin' your ear like blazes. Now I want to tell you some more, viz: The people who wore the red tape, were not the ones who did the fightin'—Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

This is what I think of you fellers. You let a technicality stand in the way of justice. I done my duty and am disabled for life in consequence. If you dont give me a pension I hope the Government will go to hell via Cuba

*418 Kentucky Street
Jacksonville Ill*

Wm. L. Patterson

PRETTY POST-CARD AND POLITE REMARKS SENT TO AN HONEST PENSION COMMISSIONER BY A WRONGED PATRIOT—THE COMMISSIONER WANTED EVIDENCE!

and that it had refused (could it have been contemptuously?) reconsideration of the same. However, the Senate Committee feels that any "doubt may generously be resolved in his favor" and puts him down for \$20 a month.

Next, L. Place Bostwick, 1126 Washington Street, Iowa City, Ia., is given \$30 per month. His claim is that he wrenched his back carrying a mess-chest, while fighting the Spaniards (in Florida) in 1898. The Pension Bureau has twice rejected

his claim, but he is in failing health and the Senators are "satisfied that the serious affliction of the claimant *may* have originated in his military service, and therefore recommend the allowance of a pension of \$30 a month."

The next following bill gives a retired regular \$24 a month for varicose veins.

The next gives \$30 a month to the widow of an officer killed in the Philippines by the accidental discharge of a rifle.

inability to discharge the duties of a soldier. Walsh had been struck on the head with a rifle in a quarrel with another soldier, Charles N. Beck, at Victoria, P. I., on January 24, 1900. The evidence at the trial of Beck showed that Walsh had provoked the assault. Walsh had also been in the hospital under treatment for syphilis. The Senate Committee on Pensions took cognizance of the fact that Walsh's affliction can hardly be said to



A GROUP OF PENSIONERS

The next gives a monthly \$12 to a Spanish-war veteran for general debility "not clearly proved" to be of service origin, but believed to be due to "intolerance of solar heat." And yet William J. Hemby came from Pitt County, North Carolina.

Then we read the story of Peter Walsh, of Providence, R. I. Walsh was discharged from the regular army June 11, 1901, on account of weak mind causing

have been contracted in the line of duty, but gave him a pension of \$12 a month.

Why go on? All this is taken page by page from a late Pension Committee report casually picked up and opened at random—a report, moreover, of the most conservative of the three bodies dealing with pensions—the Senate Committee. Any one can see for himself what is going on. Write to your Congressman, asking him to mail you a copy of



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HON. PORTER J. McCUMBER, OF NORTH DAKOTA
Chairman of the Senate Committee on Pensions

any report of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, which handles Civil War cases particularly, and you will



Photograph by Clineinst

HON. NATHAN B. SCOTT, OF WEST VIRGINIA
Acting Chairman of the Senate Committee on Pensions

obtain a much more interesting piece of reading than is this article.

Something was said, earlier in this article, regarding the laxity of pension methods in the cases of widows. This magazine could be filled with instances in which the true purpose of the pension system has been perverted in this respect.

Levi S. Sparks, a private of Company I, 122d Illinois Volunteers, married a woman named Amelia C. Ginke on June 20, 1868. The couple separated; she dis-



Photograph by Clineinst

HON. THOMAS W. BRADLEY, OF NEW YORK
The soldiers' special friend on the House Committee on Invalid Pensions

appeared and was said to have died. She did not die; she has not died yet; she is living in Peoria, Ill., as the wife of a man named John Schwartz. Ten years after his wife left him, Sparks went through a form of marriage with a lady whom the United States Government now chooses to regard as his widow. Doubtless with justice, for Maria L. "Sparks" at least lived with her veteran till he died. Still, considering that she "married" him fifteen years after the war was over, it is not clear why the Pension Office should pay

her, as it does, \$12 a month. She didn't go to the war herself, though that was no fault of hers; she was only three years old when President Lincoln called for volunteers. She had no relatives in the war, so far as the record shows. It does not appear that she suffered, or suffers,

There are on the rolls thousands of "widows"—many of them cases of questionable and even sinister color—never legally married to the veterans in whose name they draw pensions. Some will be named in succeeding articles. There are thousands more of widows who



HON. MARTIN DIES, OF TEXAS

Photograph by Clineinst

Who refused to serve as a member of the House Committee on Pensions, because of his resentment against fraud

from the war. So liberal is the Government's idea of its duty to the old soldiers that if, in the future, John Schwartz of Peoria were to apply, on the ground that he had for years supported the lawful wife of a veteran whose pension had been collected by an illegal relict, he would probably receive sympathetic consideration.

married their veterans years after the war.

Mrs. Katie V. Kellogg of Marcellus, Mich., is the widow (since 1906) of Captain William J. Kellogg, sometime of Company H, 152d New York Volunteers. When the couple was married, in 1891, he was sixty-eight years old and infirm. She was thirty-seven. The war had been over



Photograph by

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MAGNIFICENT PENSION BUILDING



THOMAS SALE, OF PHILADELPHIA

Who deserted from the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, but who draws a pension of \$15 a month



Photograph by Chinedinet

THE LATE WALTER P. BROWNLOW

The Tennessee Congressman who got pensions for many a deserter and camp-follower



Photograph by J. A. Elmore

A COLORED PATRIOT

One Negro veteran enjoyed five pensions, three of them in the name of dead soldiers



Photograph by Chinedinet

SERGEANT-MAJOR JOHN McELROY

Editor since 1884 of the *National Tribune*, the particular organ of the pension-agent. It exists to encourage claimants



SOME OF THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF FILES IN THE PENSION OFFICE

Evidence in these cases and even the names of the pensioners are scrupulously withheld from the public which pays the bills

for twenty-seven years. With what justice does Katie V. Kellogg draw \$12 a month from the Government?

Helen L. Fitch lives with a son by her first marriage in his comfortable home, and owns a tract of land; but she is given a dollar a day by the Government of the United States because she took a veteran as a second husband, seventeen years after the close of the Civil War.

Mary Ann Shirey, the widow of Jacob Shirey of Companies D and G, 82d Pennsylvania Infantry, failed to secure a pension when her husband died, though a special examiner of the Pension Bureau was assigned to help her prove that his death was attributable to his service. So, in 1902, she married another veteran, David Hoover, once of Company F, 134th Pennsylvania Infantry. She now receives a pension on account of Hoover's nine months' service forty years before she married him.

Surely, enough has been said to justify the suspicion that this matter of pensions deserves looking into. A sum sufficient to support all the colleges and universities of the country for two years or to run its public schools for six months

must not every year be spent in ways so criminally careless as these. The honor of the veterans' roster must not be suffered to remain thus ignobly blotted.

The Remedy? Yes, indeed, there is one. Yes, indeed, it is possible to apply the awakened common-sense of the nation to a task even so delicate as the reform of the Pension Office.

What that remedy is will appear later on as this series of articles progresses. But here it may at least be said that reform will at the outset demand:

That the records of the Pension Office and the War Department be open to public inspection;

That no further extravagant pension legislation be enacted;

That no private-pension bill be passed till the name of the beneficiary and his claim shall have been published in the community in which he lives.

The pension snowball has rolled up into a burden ten times as big as it was forty-five years ago. It is time to stop it; time, first, to blow the hot breath of publicity upon it, and then to try those more drastic measures which wise men apply even to a beautiful and necessary thing that has grown too big.

CHAPTERS FROM MY EXPERIENCE

I

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF MY LIFE—HOW I HAVE DEALT FRANKLY WITH SOUTHERN WHITE MEN, WITH NORTHERN WHITE MEN, AND WITH MY OWN RACE, AND HOW I CAME TO KNOW THE HEARTS OF MY OWN PEOPLE

BY

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

["Up from Slavery," which has been translated into almost all living languages, even into some of the languages of India, is mainly the story of Mr. Washington's life up to the time that he began his career at Tuskegee. In these articles he continues his autobiography, in a broader way and into his wider career as the leader of his race and as a national figure in American life.—THE EDITORS.]

ONE of the first questions that I had to answer for myself after beginning my work at Tuskegee was how I was to deal with public opinion on the race question.

It may seem strange that a man who had started out with the humble purpose of establishing a little Negro industrial school in a small, Southern country-town should find himself, to any great extent, either



Photograph by S. A. Dimock

MR. WASHINGTON AND HIS SECRETARY, MR. EMMETT J. SCOTT

"I have never at any time asked or expected that any one should forget that I am a Negro"



MR. WASHINGTON IN 1888

"I learned long ago that in education, as in other things, nothing but honest work lasts; fraud and sham are bound to be detected in the end"



MR. WASHINGTON IN 1900

"I determined, first, that I should at all times be perfectly frank and honest in dealing with each of the three classes of people with whom I was being brought in contact"

helped or hindered in his work by what the general public was thinking and saying about any of the large social or educational problems of the day. But such was the case at that time in Alabama; and so it was that I had not gone very far in my work before I found myself trying to formulate clear and definite answers to some very fundamental questions.

The questions came to me in this way: Colored people wanted to know why I proposed to teach their children to work. They said that they and their parents had been compelled to work for two hundred and fifty years, and now they wanted their children to go to school so that they might be free and live like the white



THE HOUSE IN MALDEN, W. VA., IN WHICH MR. WASHINGTON LIVED WHEN HE BEGAN TEACHING

folks — without working. That was the way in which the average colored man looked at the matter.

Some of the Southern white people, on the contrary, were opposed to any kind of education of the Negro. Others inquired whether I was merely going to train preachers and teachers, or whether I proposed to furnish them with trained servants.

Some of the people in the North understood that I proposed to train the Negro to be a mere "hewer of wood and drawer of water," and feared that my school would make no effort to prepare him to take his place in the community as a man and a citizen.

Of course all these different views about the kind of education that the Negro



Photograph by J. A. Dimock

"The colored people wanted their children to go to school so that they might be free and live like the white folks, without working"

ought or ought not to have were deeply tinged with racial and sectional feelings. The rule of the "carpet-bag" government had just come to an end in Alabama. The masses of the white people were very bitter against the Negroes as a result of the excitement and agitation of the Reconstruction period.

On the other hand, the colored people — who had recently lost, to a very large extent, their place in the politics of the state — were greatly discouraged and disheartened. Many of them feared that they were going to be drawn back into slavery. At this time also there was still a great deal of bitterness between the



Photograph by J. A. Dimock



Photography by J. A. Dimock

IN THE OLD RÉGIME

"I observed that as a result of 250 years of slavery, the two races had become bound together in intimate ways that people outside of the South could not understand"



THE CLASS OF 1910 AT TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE

"Some of the people in the North understood that I proposed to train the Negro to be merely 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.'"

North and the South in regard to anything that concerned political matters.

I found myself, as it were, at the angle where these opposing forces met. I saw that, in carrying out the work that I had planned, I was likely to be opposed or criticized at some point by each of these parties. On the other hand, I saw just as clearly that in order to succeed I must in some way secure the support and sympathy of each of them.

I knew, for example, that the South was poor and the North was rich. I knew

South was going to succeed unless it finally won the sympathy and support of the best white people in the South. I knew also — what many Northern people did not know or understand — that however much they might doubt the wisdom of educating the Negro, deep down in their hearts the Southern white people had a feeling of gratitude toward the Negro race; and I was convinced that in the long run any sound and sincere effort that was made to help the Negro was going to have the Southern white man's support.



THE SITE OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE WHEN IT WAS FIRST BOUGHT

Two of the buildings are still in use as dormitories

that Northern people believed, as the South at that time did not believe, in the power of education to inspire, to uplift, and to regenerate the masses of the people. I knew that the North was eager to go forward and complete, with the aid of education, the work of liberation which had been begun with the sword, and that Northern people would be willing and glad to give their support to any school or other agency that proposed to do this work in a really fundamental way.

It was, at the same time, plain to me that no effort put forth in behalf of the members of my own race who were in the

Finally, I had faith in the good common-sense of the masses of my own race. I felt confident that, if I were actually on the right track in the kind of education that I proposed to give them and at the same time remained honest and sincere in all my dealings with them, I was bound to win their support, not only for the school that I had started, but for all that I had in my mind to do for them.

Still it was often a puzzling and a trying problem to determine how best to win and hold the respect of all three of these classes of people, each of which looked with such different eyes and from such widely



MR. WASHINGTON ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE OF VIRGINIA NEGROES

"No one thing has given me more faith in the future of the race than the fact that Negro audiences will listen for two hours or more to a serious discussion of any subject that has to do with their interest as a people."



Photograph by J. A. Dimock

LINCOLN GATEWAY, TUSKEGEE



Photograph by J. A. Dimock

THE CHAPEL AT TUSKEGEE

different points of view at what I was attempting to do. The temptation which presented itself to me in my dealings with these three classes of people was to show each group the side of the subject that it would be most willing to look at, and, at the same time, to keep silent about those matters in regard to which they were likely to differ with me. There was the temptation to say to the white man the thing that

the white man wanted to hear; to say to the colored man the thing that he wanted to hear; to say one thing in the North and another in the South.

Perhaps I should have yielded to this temptation if I had not perceived that in the long run I should be found out, and that if I hoped to do anything of lasting value for my own people or for the South I must first get down to bed-rock.



THE NEW DINING-HALL AT TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE



Photograph by J. A. Dimock



Photograph by J. A. Dimock

ONE IDEA OF THE AIM OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

"Some of the Southern white people inquired whether I was merely going to train preachers and whether I proposed to furnish them with trained servants"



A MACON COUNTY FARMER

With an agricultural exhibit arranged in front of his cabin for Mr. Washington's inspection



EX-CONGRESSMAN ROBERT SMALLS

"I had faith in the good common-sense of the masses of my own race"



TREASURER WARREN LOGAN, TUSKEGEE

here is a story of an old colored minister, which I am fond of telling, that illustrates what I mean. The old fellow was trying to explain to a Sunday-school

class how it was and why it was that Pharaoh and his party were drowned when they were trying to cross the Red Sea, and how it was and why it was that



A MEETING OF THE NEGRO MINISTERS OF MACON COUNTY, ALABAMA

soon learned that the most influential organization among Negroes is the Negro church. Of the 10,000,000 of black people there is only a very small percentage that does not have some connection with some church"



Reading from left to right: Rev. William J. White, *Georgia Baptist* — Augusta; B. J. Davis — *Atlanta Independent Baptist Vanguard* — Helena, Ark.; J. H. Murphy, *Afro-American Ledger* — Baltimore; John Mitchell, Jr., *The Post* —

SOME TYPES OF SOUTHERN NEGRO JOURNALISTS

"There is no more generous and helpful class of men among the Negro race in America to-day than the editors of Negro newspapers"

the Children of Israel crossed over dryshod. He explained it in this wise:

"When the first party came along it was early in the morning and the ice was hard and thick, and the first party had no

trouble in crossing over on the ice when Pharaoh and his party came along. The sun was shining on the ice, and when they got on the ice it broke, and they got drowned."



EDITOR RICHARD CARROLL
The Southern Ploughman, Columbia, S. C.



EDITOR R. C. JUDKINS
The Colored Alabamian, Montgomery

Now there happened to be in this class a young colored man who had had considerable schooling, and this young fellow turned to the old minister and said:

"Now, Mr. Minister, I do not understand that kind of explanation. I have been going to school and have been studying all these conditions, and my geography teaches me that ice does not freeze within a certain distance of the equator."

The old minister replied: "Now, I've been expecting something just like this. There's always some fellow ready to spile all the theology. The time I've talkin' about was before they had any jogerphies or 'quaters either."

Now this old man, in his plain and simple way, was trying to brush aside all artificiality and to get down to bed-rock. So it was with me. There have always been a number of educated and clever persons among my race who are able to make plausible and fine-sounding statements about all the different phases of the Negro problem, but I saw clearly that I should have to follow the example of the old preacher and start on a solid basis in order to succeed in the work that I had undertaken.

So, after thinking the matter all out as I have described, I made up my mind definitely on one or two fundamental points. I determined:

First, that I should at all times be perfectly frank and honest in dealing with each of the three classes of people that I have mentioned;

Second, that I should not depend upon any "short-cuts" or expedients merely for the sake of gaining temporary popularity or advantage, whether for the time being such action brought me popularity or the reverse. With these two points clear before me as my creed, I began going forward.

One thing which gave me faith at the outset and increased my confidence as I went on was the insight which I early gained into the actual relations of the races in the South. I observed, in the first place, that as a result of two hundred and fifty years of slavery the two races had become bound together in intimate ways that people outside of the South could

not understand, and of which the white people and colored people themselves were perhaps not fully conscious. More than that, I perceived that the two races needed each other and that for many years to come no other laboring class of people would be able to fill the place occupied by the Negro in the life of the Southern white man.

I saw also one change that had been brought about as a result of freedom, a change which many Southern white men had, it seemed to me, failed to see. As long as slavery existed, the white man, for his own protection and in order to keep the Negro contented with his condition of servitude, was compelled to keep him in ignorance. In freedom, however, just the reverse condition exists. Now the white man is not only free to assist the Negro in his effort to rise, but he has every motive of self-interest to do so, since to uplift and educate the Negro would reduce the number of paupers and criminals of the race and increase the number and efficiency of its skilled laborers.

Clear ideas did not come into my mind on this subject at once. It was only gradually that I gained the notion that there had been two races in slavery; that both were now engaged in a struggle to adjust themselves to the new conditions; that the progress of each meant the advancement of the other; and that anything that I attempted to do for the members of my own race would be of no real value to them unless it was of equal value to the members of the white race by whom they were surrounded.

As this thought got hold in my mind and I began to see further into the nature of the task that I had undertaken to perform, much of the political agitation and controversy that divided the North from the South, the black man from the white, began to look unreal and artificial to me. It seemed as if the people who carried on political campaigns were engaged to a very large extent in a battle with shadows, and that these shadows represented the prejudices and animosities of a period that was now past.

On the contrary, the more I thought about it, the more it seemed to me that the

kind of work that I had undertaken to do was a very real sort of thing. Moreover, it was a kind of work which tended not to divide, but to unite, all the opposing elements and forces, because it was a work of construction.

Having gone thus far, I began to consider seriously how I should proceed to gain the sympathy of each of the three groups that I have mentioned, for the work that I had in hand.

I determined, first of all, that as far as possible I would try to gain the active support and cooperation, in all that I undertook, of the masses of my own race. With this in view, before I began my work at Tuskegee, I spent several weeks traveling about among the rural communities of Macon County, of which Tuskegee is the county-seat. During all this time I had an opportunity to meet and talk individually with a large number of people representing the rural classes, which constitute eighty per cent. of the Negro population in the South. I slept in their cabins, ate their food, talked to them in their churches, and discussed with them in their own homes their difficulties and their needs. In this way I gained a kind of knowledge which has been of great value to me in all my work since.

As years went on, I extended these visits to the adjoining counties and adjoining states. Then, as the school at Tuskegee became better known, I took advantage of the invitations that came to me to visit more distant parts of the country, where I had an opportunity to learn still more about the actual life of the people and the nature of the difficulties with which they were struggling.

In all this, my purpose was to get acquainted with the masses of the people — to gain their confidence so that I might work with them and for them.

In the course of travel and observation I became more and more impressed with the influence that the organizations which colored people have formed among themselves exert upon the masses of the people.

The average man outside of the Negro race is likely to assume that the ten millions of colored people in this country are a mere disorganized and heterogeneous

collection of individuals, herded together under one statistical label, without head or tail, and with no conscious common purpose. This is far from true. There are certain common interests that are peculiar to all Negroes, certain channels through which it is possible to touch and influence the whole people. In my study of the race in what I may call its organized capacity, I soon learned that the most influential organization among Negroes is the Negro church. I question whether or not there is a group of ten millions of people anywhere, not excepting the Catholics, that can be so readily reached and influenced through their church organizations as the ten millions of Negroes in the United States. Of these millions of black people there is only a very small percentage that does not have formal or informal connection with some church. The principal church-groups are: Baptists, African Methodists, African Methodist Episcopal Zionists, and colored Methodists, to which I might add about a dozen smaller denominations.

I began my work of getting the support of these organizations by speaking (or lecturing, as they are accustomed to describe it) to the colored people in the little churches in the country surrounding the school at Tuskegee. When later I extended my journeys into other and more distant parts of the country, I began to get into touch with the leaders in the church and to learn something about the kind and extent of influence which these men exercise through the churches over the masses of the Negro people.

It has always been a great pleasure to me to meet and to talk in a plain, straightforward way with the common people of my own race wherever I have been able to meet them. But it is in the Negro churches that I have had my best opportunities for meeting and getting acquainted with them.

It has been my privilege to attend service in Trinity Church, Boston, where I heard Phillips Brooks. I have attended service in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, where I heard the late Dr. John Hall. I have attended service in Westminster Abbey, in London.

I have visited some of the great cathedrals in Europe when service was being held. But not any of these services have had for me the real interest that certain services among my own people have had. Let me describe the type of the service that I have enjoyed more than any other in all my experience in attending church, whether in America or Europe.

In Macon County, Ala., where I live, the colored people have a kind of church-service that is called an "all-day-meeting." The ideal season for such meetings is about the middle of May. The church-house that I have in mind is located about ten miles from town. To get the most out of the "all-day-meeting" one should make an early start, say eight o'clock. During the drive one drinks in the fresh fragrance of forests and wild flowers. The church-building is located near a stream of water, not far from a large, cool spring, and in the midst of a grove or primitive forest. Here the colored people begin to come together by nine or ten o'clock in the morning. Some of them walk; most of them drive. A large number come in buggies, but many use the more primitive wagons or carts, drawn by mules, horses, or oxen. In these conveyances a whole family, from the youngest to the oldest, makes the journey together. All bring baskets of food, for the "all-day-meeting" is a kind of Sunday picnic or festival. Preaching, preceded by much singing, begins at about eleven o'clock. If the building is not large enough, the services are held out under the trees. Sometimes there is but one sermon; sometimes there are two or three sermons, if visiting ministers are present. The sermon over, there is more plantation singing. A collection is taken—sometimes two collections—then comes recess for dinner and recreation.

Sometimes I have seen at these "all-day-meetings" as many as three thousand people present. No one goes away hungry. Large baskets, filled with the most tempting spring chicken or fresh pork, fresh vegetables, and all kinds of pies and cakes, are then opened. The people scatter in groups. Sheets or table-cloths are spread on the grass under a tree near

the stream. Here old acquaintances are renewed; relatives meet members of the family whom they have not seen for months. Strangers, visitors, every one must be invited by some one else to dinner. Kneeling on the fresh grass or on broken branches of trees surrounding the food, dinner is eaten. The animals are fed and watered, and then at about three o'clock there is another sermon or two, with plenty of singing thrown in; then another collection, or perhaps two. In between these sermons I am invited to speak, and am very glad to accept the invitation. At about five o'clock the benediction is pronounced and the thousands quietly scatter to their homes with many good-bys and well-wishes. This, as I have said, is the kind of church-service that I like best. In the opportunities which I have to speak to such gatherings I feel that I have done some of my best work.

In carrying out the policy which I formed early, of making use of every opportunity to speak to the masses of the people, I have not only visited country churches and spoken at such "all-day-meetings" as I have just described, but for years I have made it a practice to attend, whenever it has been possible for me to do so, every important ministers' meeting. I have also made it a practice to visit town and city churches and in this way to get acquainted with the ministers and meet the people.

During my many and long campaigns in the North, for the purpose of getting money to carry on Tuskegee Institute, it has been a great pleasure and satisfaction to me, after I have spoken in some white church or hall or at some banquet, to go directly to some colored church for a heart-to-heart talk with my own people. The deep interest that they have shown in my work and the warmth and enthusiasm with which colored people invariably respond to any one who talks to them frankly and sincerely in regard to matters that concern the welfare of the race make it a pleasure to speak to them.

Many times on these trips to the North, it has happened that colored audiences have waited until ten or eleven o'clock at night for my coming. This does not mean

that colored people may not attend the other meetings which I address, but means simply that they prefer in most cases to have me to speak to them alone. When at last I have been able to reach the church or the hall where the audience was gathered, it has been such a pleasure to meet them that I have often found myself standing on my feet until after twelve o'clock. No one thing has given me more faith in the future of the race than the fact that Negro audiences will sit for two hours or more and listen with the utmost attention to a serious discussion of any subject that has to do with their interest as a people. This is just as true of the unlettered masses as it is of the more highly educated few.

Not long ago, for example, I spoke to a large audience in the Chamber of Commerce in Cleveland, O. This audience was composed for the most part of white people, and the meeting continued rather late into the night. Immediately after this meeting I was driven to the largest colored church in Cleveland, where I found an audience of something like twenty-five hundred colored people waiting patiently for my appearance. The church-building was crowded, and many of those present. I was told, had been waiting for two or three hours.

As I entered the building, an unusual scene presented itself. Each member of the audience had been provided with a little American flag and, as I appeared upon the platform, the whole audience rose to its feet and began waving these flags. The reader can, perhaps, imagine the picture of twenty-five hundred enthusiastic people, each of whom is wildly waving a flag. The scene was so animated and so unexpected that it made an impression on me that I shall never forget. For an hour and a half I spoke to this audience, and although the building was crowded until there was apparently not an inch of standing-room in it, scarcely a single person left the church during this time.

Another way in which I have gained the confidence and support of the millions of my race has been in meeting the religious leaders in their various state and national gatherings. For example, every year,

for a number of years past, I have been invited to deliver an address before the National Colored Baptist Convention, which brings together four or five thousand religious leaders from all parts of the United States. In a similar way I meet, once in four years, the leaders in the various branches of the Methodist Church during their general conferences.

Invitations to address the different secret societies in their national gatherings frequently come to me also. Next to the church, I think it is safe to say that the secret societies or beneficial orders bring together greater numbers of colored people and exercise a larger influence upon the race than any other kind of organization. One can scarcely shake hands with a colored man without receiving some kind of grip which identifies him as a member of one or another of these many organizations.

I am reminded, in speaking of these secret societies, of an occasion at Little Rock, Ark., when, without meaning to do so, I placed my friends there in a very awkward position. It had been pretty widely advertised for some weeks before that I was to visit the city. Among the plans decided upon for my reception was a parade in which all the secret and beneficial societies in Little Rock were to take part. Much was expected of this parade, because secret societies are numerous in Little Rock, and the occasions when they can all turn out together are rare.

A few days before I reached that city some one began to make inquiry as to which one of these orders I belonged to. When it finally became known among the rank and file that I was not a member of any of them, the committee which was preparing for the parade lost a great deal of its enthusiasm, and a sort of gloom settled down over the whole proceeding. The leading men told me that they found it quite a difficult task after that to make the people understand why they were asked to turn out to honor a person who was not a member of any of their organizations. Besides, it seemed unnatural that a Negro should not belong to some kind of order. Somehow or other, however, matters were finally straightened out; all the organiza-

tions turned out, and a most successful reception was the result.

Another agency which exercises tremendous power among Negroes is the Negro press. Few if any persons outside of the Negro race understand the power and influence of the Negro newspaper. In all, there are about two hundred newspapers published by colored men at different points in the United States. Many of them have only a small circulation and are, therefore, having a hard struggle for existence; but they are read in their local communities. Others have built up a national circulation and are conducted with energy and intelligence. With the exception of about three, these two hundred papers have stood loyally by me in all my plans and policies to uplift the race. I have called upon them freely to aid me in making known my plans and ideas, and they have always responded in a most generous fashion to all the demands that I have made upon them.

It has been suggested to me at different times that I should purchase a Negro newspaper in order that I might have an "organ" to make known my views on matters concerning the policies and interests of the race. Certain persons have suggested also that I pay money to certain of these papers in order to make sure that they support my views.

I confess that there have frequently been times when it seemed that the easiest way to combat some statement that I knew to be false or to correct some impression which seemed to me peculiarly injurious, would be to have a paper of my own or to pay for the privilege of setting forth my own views in the editorial columns of some paper which I did not own.

I am convinced, however, that either of these two courses would have proved fatal. The minute it should become known — and it would be known — that I owned an "organ," the other papers would cease to support me as they now do. If I should attempt to use money with some papers, I should soon have to use it with all. If I should pay for the support of newspapers once, I should have to keep on paying all the time. Very soon I should have around me, if I should succeed in

bribing them, merely a lot of hired men and no sincere and earnest supporters. Although I might gain for myself some apparent and temporary advantage in this way, I should destroy the value and influence of the very papers that support me. I say this because if I should attempt to hire men to write what they do not themselves believe or only half believe, the articles or editorials they write would cease to have the true ring; and when they cease to have the true ring, they will exert little or no influence.

So, when I have encountered opposition or criticism in the press, I have preferred to meet it squarely. Frequently I have been able to profit by these criticisms of the newspapers. At other times, when I have felt that I was right and that those who criticized me were wrong, I have preferred to wait and let the results show. Thus, even when we differed with each other on minor points, I have usually succeeded in gaining the confidence and support of the editors of the different papers in regard to those matters and policies which seemed to me really important.

In traveling throughout the United States I have met the Negro editors. Many of them have been to Tuskegee. It has taken me twenty years to get acquainted with them and to know them intimately. In dealing with these men, I have not found it necessary to hold them at arm's length. On the contrary, I am in the habit of speaking with them frankly and openly in regard to my plans. A number of the men who own and edit Negro newspapers are graduates or former students of the Tuskegee Institute. I go into their offices and I go to their homes. We know one another; they are my friends, and I am their friend.

In dealing with newspaper people, whether they are white or black, there is no way of getting their sympathy and support like that of actually knowing the individual men, of meeting and talking with them frequently and frankly, and of keeping them in touch with everything you do or intend to do. Money cannot purchase or control this kind of friendship.

Whenever I am in a town or city where Negro newspapers are published, I make it

a point to see the editors, to go to their offices, or to invite them to visit Tuskegee. Thus we keep in close, constant, and sympathetic touch with one another. When these papers write editorials endorsing any project that I am interested in, the editors speak with authority and with intelligence because of our close personal relations. There is no more generous and helpful class of men among the Negro race in America to-day than the owners and editors of Negro newspapers.

Many times I have been asked how it is that I have secured the confidence and good wishes of so large a number of the white people of the South. My answer in brief is that I have tried to be perfectly frank and straightforward at all times in my relations with them. Sometimes they have opposed my actions, sometimes they have not; but I have never tried to deceive them. There is no people in the world which more quickly recognizes and appreciates the qualities of frankness and sincerity, whether they are exhibited in a friend or in an opponent, in a white man or in a black man, than the white people of the South.

In my experience in dealing with men of my race, I have found that there is a class that has gained a good deal of fleeting popularity for possessing what was supposed to be courage in cursing and abusing all classes of Southern white people on all possible occasions. But, as I have watched the careers of this class of Negroes, in practically every case their popularity and influence with the masses of colored people have not been lasting. There are few races of people the masses of whom are endowed with more common-sense than the Negro, and in the long run these common people see things and men pretty much as they are.

On the other hand, there have always been in every Southern community a certain number of colored men who have sought to gain the friendship of the white people around them in ways that were more or less dishonest. For a number of years after the close of the Civil War, for example, it was natural that practically all the Negroes should be Republicans in politics. There were, however, in nearly

every community in the South, one or two colored men who posed as Democrats. They thought that by pretending to favor the Democratic party, they might make themselves popular with their white neighbors and thus gain some temporary advantage. In the majority of cases the white people saw through their pretenses and did not have the respect for them that they had for the Negro who honestly voted with the party to which he felt that he belonged.

I remember hearing a prominent white Democrat remark not long ago that in the old days whenever a Negro Democrat entered his office he always took a tight grasp upon his pocket-book. I mention these facts because I am certain that wherever I have gained the confidence of the Southern people I have done so, not by opposing them and not by truckling to them, but by acting in a straightforward manner, always seeking their good-will, but never seeking it upon false pretenses.

I have made it a rule to talk to the Southern white people concerning what I might call their shortcomings toward the Negro rather than talk *about* them. In the last analysis, however, I have succeeded in getting the sympathy and support of so large a number of Southern white people because I have tried to recognize and to face conditions as they actually are, and have honestly tried to work with the best white people in the South to bring about a better condition.

From the first I have tried to secure the confidence and good-will of every white citizen in my own county. My experience teaches me that if a man has little or no influence with those by whose side he lives, as a rule there is something wrong with him. The best way to influence the Southern white man in your community, I have found, is to convince him that you are of value to that community. For example, if you are a teacher, the best way to get the influence of your white neighbors is to convince them that you are teaching something that will make the pupils that you educate able to do something better and more useful than they would otherwise be able to do; to show, in other words, that the education which

they get adds something of value to the community.

In my own case, I have attempted from the beginning to let every white citizen in my own town see that I am as much interested in the common every-day affairs of life as himself. I tried to let them see that the presence of Tuskegee Institute in the community means better farms and gardens, good housekeeping, good schools, law and order. As soon as the average white man is convinced that the education of the Negro makes of him a citizen who is not always "up in the air," but one who can apply his education to the things in which every citizen is interested, much of opposition, doubt, or indifference to Negro education will disappear. During all the years that I have lived in Macon County, Ala., I have never had the slightest trouble in either registering or casting my vote at any election. Every white person in the county knows that I am going to vote in a way that will help the county in which I live.

Many nights I have been up with the sheriff of my county, in consultation concerning law and order, seeking to assist him in getting hold of and freeing the community of criminals. More than that, Tuskegee Institute has constantly sought, directly and indirectly, to impress upon the twenty-five or thirty thousand colored people in the surrounding county the importance of cooperating with the officers of the law in the detection and apprehension of criminals. The result is that we have one of the most orderly communities in the state. I do not believe that there is any county in the state, for example, where the prohibition laws are so strictly enforced as in Macon County, in spite of the fact that the Negroes in this county so largely outnumber the whites.

Whatever influence I have gained with the Northern white people has come about from the fact, I think, that they feel that I have tried to use their gifts honestly and in a manner to bring about real and lasting results. I learned long ago that in education as in other things nothing but honest work lasts: fraud and sham are bound to be detected in the end. I have learned, on the other hand, that if one does

a good, honest job, even though it may be done in the middle of the night when no eyes see but one's own, the results will just as surely come to light.

My experience has taught me, for example, that if there is a filthy basement or a dirty closet anywhere in the remotest part of the school grounds, it will be discovered. On the other hand, if every basement or every closet—no matter how remote from the centre of the school activities—is kept clean, some one will find it and commend the case and the thoughtfulness that kept it clean.

It has always been my policy to make visitors to Tuskegee feel that they are seeing more than they expected to see. When a person has contributed, say, \$20,000 for the erection of a building, I have tried to provide a larger building, a better building, than the donor expected to see. This I have found can be brought about only by keeping one's eyes constantly on all the small details. I shall never forget a remark made to me by Mr. John D. Rockefeller when I was spending an evening at his house. It was to this effect: "Always be master of the details of your work; never have too many loose outer edges or fringes."

Then, in dealing with Northern people, I have always let them know that I did not want to get away from my own race; that I was just as proud of being a Negro as they were of being white people. No one can see through a sham more quickly, whether it be in speech or in dress, than the hard-headed Northern business-man.

I once knew a fine young colored man who nearly ruined himself by pretending to be something that he was not. This young man was sent to England for several months of study. When he returned he seemed to have forgotten how to talk. He tried to ape the English accent, the English dress, the English walk. I was amused to notice sometimes, when he was off his guard, how he got his English pronunciation mixed with the ordinary American accent which he had used all of his life. So one day I quietly called him aside and said to him: "My friend, you are ruining yourself. Just drop all those frills and be yourself." I am glad to say

that he had sense enough to take the advice in the right spirit, and from that time on he was a different man.

The most difficult and trying of the classes of persons with which I am brought in contact is the colored man or woman who is ashamed of his or her color, ashamed of his or her race and, because of this fact, is always in a bad temper. I have had opportunities, such as few colored men have had, of meeting and getting acquainted with many of the best white people, North and South. This has never led me to desire to get away from my own people. On the contrary, I have always returned to my own people and my own work with renewed interest.

I have never at any time asked or expected that any one, in dealing with me, should overlook or forget that I am a Negro. On the contrary, I have always recognized that, when any special honor was conferred upon me, it was conferred not in spite of my being a Negro, but because I am a Negro, and because I have persistently identified myself with every interest and with every phase of the life of my own people.

Looking back over the twenty-five and more years that have passed since that time, I realize, as I did not at the time, how the better part of my education — the education that I got after leaving school — has been in the effort to work out those problems in a way that would gain the interest and the sympathy of all three of the classes directly concerned — the Southern white man, the Northern white man, and the Negro.

In order to gain consideration from these three classes for what I was trying to do, I have had to enter sympathetically into the three different points of view entertained by those three classes; I have had to consider in detail how the work that I was trying to do was going to affect the interests of all three. To do this, and at the same time continue to deal frankly and honestly with each class, has been indeed a difficult and at times a puzzling task. It has not always been easy to stick to my work and keep myself free from the distracting influences of narrow and factional points of view; but, looking back on it all after a quarter of a century, I can see that it has been worth what it cost.

CONSUMERS' COÖPERATION IN ENGLAND

HOW 2,500,000 FAMILIES HAVE SOLVED THE COST-OF-LIVING PROBLEM -- JUST HOW THE ROCHDALE IDEA GREW FROM "TUPPENCE" TO \$370,000,000.

BY

OWEN WILSON

THE largest business concern in the world — which supplies the food and clothing of at least 8,000,000 people, which manufactures millions of dollars' worth of the necessities of life, which has plantations in Ceylon, ships on the sea, and purchasing depots from the Canadian Northwest to southeastern Aus-

tralia — has never been attacked as a trust, has never been accused of raising prices, has not created even a moderate fortune for anybody, has not a single officer who is a "magnate," a "captain of industry," or even a high financier. It has no securities on the market, and it never had an underwriting syndicate. Yet it does about

four times the business that the United States Steel Corporation does, and does it more cheaply. It is the Coöperative Wholesale Societies, Limited. The average merchant in this country smiles a patronizing smile when people speak of coöperative stores. There have been epidemics of them in this country, and they have not achieved any far-reaching success. In England the result has been different.

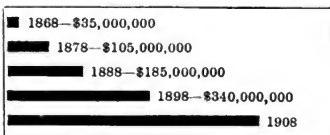
The American workingman has been content with a full dinner-pail, no matter what it cost—until lately. Now he has vociferously demanded the prosecution of the trusts. The English laborer has not been able to afford all the luxuries to which we have been accustomed. The dinner-pail was full if he bought with economy. That is why two million people have joined the Coöperative Societies; to form a consumers' trust was the easiest way to solve the trust problem and keep down the cost of living.

No one can get rich selling necessities to these people, for they buy from themselves; if any profit is made it is distributed among the members in proportion to their purchases. The members of the Societies (the purchasers) own the business—not as some corporations are owned here, 51 per cent. in one man's hands and the rest scattered—but all of it scattered; for no one is allowed to have more than \$1,000 worth of its shares.

"How are you going to get capable men to run the business of these Societies if you don't pay them? (and by paying them is meant paying them a fortune)" is the characteristic American query.

As one man answered, "I don't know how, but they do." The facts are answer enough. The distributive expenses of the Wholesale Societies last year were less than 2 per cent., and this has varied little in twenty years. Hardly a wholesale house in this country can show so good a record. Few can show a longer record, either, for the British Society has been in operation since 1845. The president and the committee which controls the business are changed from time to time. The Society has continually progressed. It is not a one-man affair; it is a system.

The effort to make a bare living has not oppressed the American workingman as



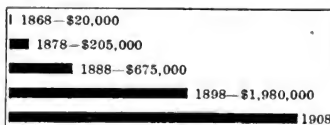
THE SALES OF THE COÖPERATIVE STORES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

The sales of 1908 amounted to \$570,000,000

it has men in Europe. The need for thrift has not been apparent. There has been no premium on economy. We have gloried in not being a "cheap" people. Like other proposals for saving, coöperation has not sounded attractive. Perhaps it is because it stands for grim, hard work and saving pennies, an unnatural state of mind up to which human nature has to be educated. The literature of the coöperative movement might certainly be more alluring. It is earnest, it is sound, it is serious, but it is not always engaging. But when you burrow into the rather depressing-looking print about the Cause; when you penetrate its big, staid, but most businesslike buildings; when you get into close talk with the true coöperator, the man whose experience of the movement is long and wide, who has the root of the matter in him; when you slowly uncover the remarkable thing that coöperation has done in a couple of generations—then the grip of the Movement is on you. You cannot escape it. Whatever criticism may be leveled at its principles or practice—and every convinced coöperator says the more criticism the better—coöperation has left its mark upon our time.

FROM "TUPPENCE" TO \$570,000,000

The mere money-making side of coöperation overshadows the successes of



THE PROFIT MADE BY THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH WHOLESALE SOCIETIES

The profits of 1908 were \$3,175,000



THE DISTRIBUTION OF AGRICULTURAL COÖPERATIVE SOCIETIES IN IRELAND

our business giants. It is one of the marvelous things in modern commerce that workingmen — men who have had in many cases to pick up for themselves what little education they had, men who could promote coöperation only after their exhausting day's labor was done — should have had the courage, the ability, and the statesmanship to found and procure among themselves the capital to carry on the immense businesses which now show forth all over the country the reality of coöperation.

The founders, the men of Rochdale, England, began work with "tuppence and an ideal." By 1862 they were selling \$10,000,000 worth of goods in a year. In 1908 the total sales of Coöperative Societies in the United Kingdom were \$570,000,000. Nor did these workingmen trade for nothing. The profit on their last year's business was \$55,000,000. Their capital is more than \$250,000,000. Of these coöperators there are more than two millions and a half.

BEHIND THE COÖPERATIVE STORE

The coöperative movement is not merely an interminable string of little, coöperative shops up and down the country, selling the usual manufacturers' flour and blacking and the ordinary merchants' currants, raisins, and tea. Behind it stands an immense manufacturing and importing con-

cern, selling its own flour and blacking, currants, raisins, and tea.

The coöperators are the largest millers in England. They have two great wholesale societies, one with headquarters in Manchester, and another with its great range of offices in Glasgow.

The British Coöperative Wholesale Society manufactures flour, butter, biscuits, sweets, preserves, pickles, cocoa, chocolate, tobacco, soap, candles, glycerine, starch, boots and shoes, saddlery, woollens, clothing, flannels, shirts, mantles, underclothing, millinery, hosiery, furniture, brushes, hardware, mats, and many other things. It is a banker on a large scale. It is a printer and bookbinder. It is a big bacon-curer. It grows its own teas. It owns several steamers. It has nine depots abroad. It employs more than 18,000 people. It has nearly 150 telegraphic addresses and telephone numbers. But, remember, we are speaking of the British Wholesale Society alone. Similar particulars could also be given of the Scottish Wholesale Society.

All this began sixty-five years ago, when a few poor weavers in the town of Rochdale came together to devise means to improve their condition. They formed an association among themselves for the purchase of supplies at wholesale, to be resold to the members of the association at current prices, and, after deducting all expenses, to return the surplus to the members, based upon the amount of purchases each had made.

By saving a few pence a week, twenty-eight of them managed in the course of a year to raise a pound sterling apiece, and with this slender capital they began business. There was no surplus to be divided at the end of the first year, but they were able to increase their membership; and with a capital of \$905 they did a total business the second year of \$3,550 and divided \$120 profit. They were so elated with this success that they agreed that henceforth 2½ per cent. of each year's profits should be set aside as an educational fund to promote the growth of coöperative stores throughout the Kingdom.

The "Rochdale" idea has grown. Possibly the conversion has passed the wildest dreams of those "pioneers," although they firmly believed that they were the founders

of a new religion in trade. Thomas Hughes, who is better known in this country as the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" than as a Christian Socialist, was an ardent co-operator, and so were Charles Kingsley, John Ruskin, and George Jacob Holyoake. In their day Cobden and Bright were reproached by some of their more conservative associates as being altogether too friendly to the movement.

To become a member of a coöperative society, one applies to the retail store in his locality for the privilege of subscribing to the shares. This is readily granted upon terms acceptable to a workingman with small wages and a large family, for it is the British workman who is the main supporter of the coöperative movement. The general usage is for him to pay a shilling down and receive a "share-book" showing an intended investment in five \$5 shares. He becomes a member as soon as one \$5 share has been fully paid for. He has a vote in the management of the store where he buys his goods. All the members of his family may trade at the store, and they can find there any article they need, and with every purchase they receive "purchase-tokens" for the face-value of the amount expended. These tokens are made of metal — copper for the large denominations and tin for the shillings and pence. At the end of the fiscal year (or semi-annually) the member surrenders the purchase-tokens which have been accumulated and receives the dividend on them. As an example, let us say that the total purchases during the year by one family amounted to \$200, and that the division of profits is 10 per cent.: the member receives \$15 in cash, and the remaining \$5 is applied to the cost of the shares to which he has subscribed. At this rate of purchasing, at the end of five years he is the owner of five shares of stock paying 5 per cent. interest, and he has received \$75 in profits on the purchases he has made. Of course he may allow the entire amount of his dividend on purchases to be applied to his five shares, and this is a popular way of saving.

Once a year each society holds a meeting at which every member (that is, every purchaser) has a vote. No member has more than one vote, no matter how many shares

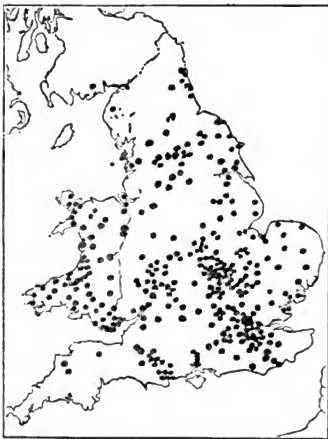
he may hold. An executive committee (elected annually) meets weekly; it selects the managers of the store and has full control over the business.

The retail stores scattered all over the country are the shareholders in the whole and therefore control them; and the profits of the wholesale business are divided among the retail stores in the same way that these stores divide with their members, *i.e.*, in proportion to the purchases. In this way the profit gets back to the consumer.

Coöperation as carried on in England does not, therefore, mean the self-governing workshop in which the workers own all the capital, supply all the labor, and appropriate all the profits. This form of co-operation is called by the men who are directing the movement "a delusive dream which has never succeeded in impressing itself upon the English imagination." Industrial coöperation in England is run by and for the consumer. It is his trust.

THE AGRICULTURAL SIDE FROM CANADA TO JAPAN

When one takes stock of the movement elsewhere than in England, the agricultural



THE DISTRIBUTION OF AGRICULTURAL COÖPERATIVE SOCIETIES IN ENGLAND

side (which is not primarily a consumers' trust) overshadows the other aspect. From Canada comes the news:

"The farmers of the West have begun to realize the benefits to be derived from combination, and are rapidly organizing themselves in a vast coöperative organization which has for its object the control and handling of the entire farm-produce of the three great farming provinces of Western Canada."

It is a remarkable coincidence that in a Japanese paper devoted to coöperation, a Japanese coolie should be pictured standing in his field, looking at the rising sun of agricultural coöperation in exactly the same posture as an English paper simultaneously showed an English farmer viewing the rise of the sun of agricultural coöperation in his country.

COÖPERATION IN SIBERIA

THE WORLD'S WORK has explained the way in which the prosperity of Denmark has been built up by coöperation. Similar results have come even in Russia. In Siberia there are probably 700,000 cows owned by members of coöperative societies, and there are 800 coöperative butter societies. In Denmark, of course, almost

every farmer belongs to several coöperative societies.

The French and German figures are among the commonplaces of current writing on agricultural progress. There must be some 19,000 registered agricultural societies in Germany, and about the same number in France. There are 2,000 in Belgium and 7,000 in Austria-Hungary. Even in small and troubled Finland there are several hundred societies. A few years ago the East Swiss Coöperative Union declared that it sold American garden-forks at a reduction of 43 per cent. from the ordinary price; American pitchforks were reduced 52 per cent., and the reduction on spades was 133 per cent.

In England they are beginning to swap the products of the factory for those of the farm without paying a cent's tribute to any middleman, exchange, or trust. To the coöperators there can be no artificial rise in prices. The natural resources of the country or its foreign trade may be inadequate and poverty may overtake them, but they can know that they have done the best that could be done in England, for they have purchased their living at cost.

HOW PUPILS APPRAISE TEACHERS

ONE TEACHER IN FIVE EXERTS A LASTING INFLUENCE—AN INVESTIGATION THAT SHOWS THE NEED OF A NOBLER TYPE OF MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD IN THE SCHOOLS

BY

CHARLES F. THWING

(PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY AND ADELBERT COLLEGE, CLEVELAND)

I HAVE talked formally and informally with hundreds of college men and women regarding the effectiveness of their teachers as a body. I have asked of these hundreds of students three questions:

(1) How many teachers have you had from the time you entered the primary school up to the present year?

(2) How many of these teachers have had an influence over you which you can now appreciate or specify?

(3) What were the qualities or elements in these teachers which caused them to influence your character as they did?

The answers to these three questions, year after year, show a remarkable similarity.

Twenty-two perhaps represents the average number of teachers that the girl or boy of eighteen who has come up through the American public schools to college has had in this period of twelve years.

In answer to the second question regarding the proportion of these teachers that has distinctly influenced the character of the student, I find that the average is five. When we attempt to find out the distinct causes of this influence, the answers are full of interest. I quote from several replies:

"The teachers who influenced me especially were those who not only taught good morals and right ways of life, but were also sincere and practised their own teachings."

"The happy disposition of one; the sympathetic nature of another; and the earnest purpose of another influenced me to some extent, I think."

"The qualities which cause me to remember especially five of my former instructors are: First, mastery of the subject which they taught; second, ability to impart definite information in a pleasing manner to students; and third, character enough to tell a fellow just what they thought of him."

"Sweetness of nature, fairness, culture, exactness, and quality of being a good friend."

"Two of these were women who were very kind and considerate. They were patient with the pupils and inspired them in regard to their work. The others were men—one a very energetic and ambitious man, who, in a way, transferred these qualities to the students. The other was very considerate and especially willing to help in every way."

"The qualities which caused them to have such a direct influence over me were their power to make the studies they taught very interesting, and the special interest they took in the welfare of the children outside school. The teacher who influenced me most was the teacher under whose training I learned more and in whose class I studied the most energetically."

"Some of the six had such amiable personalities, were so cheerful, light-hearted, and interested in the work that one could not help but emulate them. Then others were so patient, so fair; and two, or rather three, were so womanly, so dignified, and yet so pleasant of approach. The knowledge of the high ideals of one, and the companionship with her, was a great influence upon me."

"Their high ideals of character helped me to strive for the highest in life. They helped me to have more confidence in myself and to

believe that whatever I started out to do with my whole soul I could accomplish."

"There were four teachers who had a most specific influence during these recent years. One characteristic which impressed me most was that of a certain strength of character, backed by the gaining of some noble end, possessed by an instructor of my elementary education. The second was that of a person whose very goodness, simpleness, and high sense of honor were more keenly felt by me than anything else. Next was the gentleness which a certain one of my teachers possessed, which influenced not only me, but the whole class. And lastly was the influence upon me of a certain fineness of culture and breeding possessed by a person whose very nature was the essence of breeding."

But the sad and moving thing about these testimonies is that the proportion of teachers who possess these qualities is so small. When a girl or boy says that out of twenty teachers only four have had an appreciable influence, or out of thirty only six, what about the influence of the remaining sixteen or twenty-four? One questions indeed whether the witness is himself or herself sound. Is the testimony truthful? Of course we are willing to say that every teacher influences every pupil somewhat. We do not forget Carlyle's remark that flinging a pebble changes the centre of gravity of the world. But the conclusion is inevitable that the influence of many teachers over pupils is slight; so slight that, truthfully or untruthfully, pupils declare, after a brief time or a long time, that the influence was not appreciable.

What are the causes of this condition?

One cause lies in the fact that women—who, on the whole, represent the great majority of public-school teachers—prefer usually another profession! The possibility of entering this other calling is always open to them as either a hope or a fear. Most women prefer to become wives rather than to remain teachers. They are, therefore, not so inclined to give interest and intellectual force to their work as teachers in the degree which a permanent calling would command. It is not, of course, for an instant to be thought that teachers are, as a body, prone to be faithless to their tasks. No members of any profession are so faithful as are teachers. But under this possibility of a change in their career, the

tendency is for them not to lose themselves in their calling so absolutely as one would who knew that this was to be a life's career. The result is not at all inevitable, but the tendency, it seems to me, over most women is inevitable.

A second cause of the inefficiency lies in the fact that the amount of work to be done by teachers is so great that to take a personal interest in the individual student represents a too exhaustive duty. The teacher who pours herself, her intellect, her heart, her enthusiasm into explaining lessons for five or six hours a day has not spirit remaining sufficient to take up the great problems of a careless life or of a perplexed soul. Such problems demand intellect, understanding, emotional appreciations, tact, and delicacy. Such altruism exhausts. If the few faithful teachers have too little work, the great body of faithful teachers have too much work. They grow old before their years; their eyes lose their lustre all too early; their cheeks become thin when they ought still to be plump. On the whole, we ought to give far less formal work to our teachers.

A still further cause of this lack of efficiency is found in the fact that many teachers lack the prolonged and thorough training which fits them to do their work with ease. They make labor of their work. They do not spring to it, nor laugh over it, nor sing about it; they are not able to find joy in it nor to give to it the enthusiasm of play. Such laboriousness is the natural result of a lack of good training. They do not know their subjects thoroughly; or if they have knowledge, the knowledge is not large, broad, deep, or high. It is in peril of lacking a sense of relations; but even if such adequate knowledge be possessed, the methods of using it in training character, or the methods for conveying such knowledge to the minds of the pupils, are not thoroughly known or easily used. The lack of good training creates laboriousness, and laboriousness often spells inefficiency.

What is to be done? The first thing to be done is to get a nobler type of manhood and womanhood in the profession of the teacher. How can this result be secured? The comprehensive answer is to make the profession more desirable; but the same

question returns — how can this be done? First, by making the work of hearing lessons and of explaining lessons less constant, less prolonged, and also by making the opportunities of personal relationships between teachers and pupils more opportune. The work of the teacher in the private school is regarded as more desirable than a place in the public school. One chief reason for this feeling is that the private school represents more freedom, and gives opportunity for personal growth and opening doors for altruistic service. This enlargement represents a demand for a larger revenue, and a larger revenue means increased taxation. People are always willing to bear increased taxation for the public schools, if only the money be used effectively.

A second method of making the office of the teacher more desirable is simply the payment of larger salaries.

The large majority of the students who have given me these statements are from Ohio and the neighboring states. What can be said of the salaries of the teachers of these boys in these states as indicative of efficiency in service? The record is a rather sad one. In the exhaustive report made by the the National Education Association in 1905, of salaries it is said:

"In Ohio the average salary for women teachers for an entire county was \$138 for a school year of 23 weeks. In Indiana \$144 was paid for a year of 16 weeks, and in Illinois \$120 for 24 weeks. In Michigan \$175 was paid for a year of 28 weeks; in Minnesota \$200 for a year of 20 weeks. Iowa reported \$132 for a year of 24 weeks, and Missouri \$100 for a year of 20 weeks. In South Dakota \$120 was paid for a school year of 16 weeks; in Nebraska \$75 for one of 12 weeks; and in Kansas, \$150 for one of 20 weeks."

In general it is to be said that in 467 cities of the United States the average annual salary of women teaching in the elementary classes is \$650. The annual average salary of men in the same cities is \$1,161. Leaving out the four municipalities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston, the annual salary of women for 463 cities is \$556 and for men \$653.

It may be asked whether such stipends tend to attract and to keep men and women of efficiency in the profession?



THE NEW JOURNALISM IN CHINA

BY

FRANKLIN OHLINGER

IN THE chronicles of the Tang dynasty, which flourished in China from 618 to 907 A. D., reference is found to a daring innovation introduced by certain hangers-on of the Imperial Court. Taking advantage of their opportunity for securing first-hand information, these mountebanks had made a practice of parading the streets of the capital bearing placards whereon they had inscribed the august doings of the Son of Heaven and the latest news of his court. Incidentally they did not fail to gather an ample revenue from the crowds that were allowed to read the placards, and whose curiosity they thus satisfied.

Though severely condemning the practice as wholly lacking in propriety, the Imperial Government never suppressed it, and these pioneers of "the fourth estate" were permitted to ply their nefarious trade unmolested. Finally it occurred to some journalistic genius that instead of exhibiting placards indiscriminately to the crowds and depending upon their uncertain gratuities, the same result could be better attained by printing the news and selling copies. This scheme had at least the advantage of confining the scrutiny of imperial doings to the educated, and the Government had no objection to granting a franchise for the purpose.

Such is the origin of the *Ti Chau*, or, as it is better known, *The Peking Gazette*. It is undoubtedly the oldest newspaper in existence, antedating by several centuries the first journals published in Venice. Its twenty-odd octavo pages still make their regular appearance, filled with imperial decrees, notices of appointments, and memorials from such high dignitaries as have been accorded the privilege of addressing the Throne. These leaves are loosely stitched together in a cover of imperial yellow, which distinguishes the publication as the official organ of the Government.

But, beyond merely stumbling upon the idea, the Chinese did little, if anything, in the way of developing the art of journalism. The *Gazette* had its imitators in the provincial capitals, and in these the official announcements about local affairs were recorded. Of comment and criticism there was nothing, much less any effort in the direction of molding public opinion or of giving general information. The arbitrary habits of oriental rulers may have made such attempts hazardous, if not impossible, or it may be that the Chinese attitude toward such innovations was correctly expressed by Commissioner Yin. On being asked whether he did not wish to

have the latest despatches from Europe translated to him, he quietly replied that "one in whose belly reposed the Five Books and Four Classics felt no need for the latest despatches."

At any rate, it was not until Christian missions were established that newspapers, in our sense of the word, came to be printed in Chinese. Of the religious papers the *Chinese Christian Intelligencer* and the *Christian Advocate*, both published

to shatter the traditional notions of their own superiority which had so long been entertained by the Chinese. They were now willing and anxious to learn the sources of Western efficiency. They became intensely interested in Western arts and sciences. In 1905 it was estimated that no less than six hundred treatises on scientific subjects had been translated from foreign languages into Chinese. Students were sent abroad in great numbers. In 1897 Commissioner McLeavy Brown had established the Chinese imperial post and had put into effect a schedule of postal rates which was probably the lowest in the world.

The Japanese were the first to appreciate the opportunity which the new conditions afforded. For a number of years the chambers of commerce of the principal Japanese cities had maintained in Shanghai a commercial college. Here Japanese youths were instructed in the geography, resources, and commerce of China. They were taught to speak the principal native dialects and were made familiar with the customs of the people. These men were, therefore, admirably equipped for acting as intermediaries between the Chinese and the new learning. For some time Japanese interests had owned and published the *Tung Wen Hu Pao*, and the *Universal Gazette*, of Shanghai. Similar journals were now started by Japanese enterprise in many of the provincial capitals, such as Foochow, Hankow, Canton, and other important cities. These papers were well edited, but both news and comment were colored by Japanese views. Other nationalities with interests in China began to appreciate the importance of the newspaper as a political factor. The British and Germans each now control a newspaper in Peking, and the French have a semi-official organ in *l'Impartial*, published in Tientsin.

The Chinese, however, are not the people to allow foreign influences to permanently shape their views, and the great majority of periodicals are now published under native auspices. In view of the arbitrary manner in which the officials have, during the past, suppressed

司公家國

勝家
縫衣機器

口均五包價一欲到致有餘機等
不年用法要授府帥女租十亿

THE CHINESE VERSION OF A FAMILIAR AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENT, FROM A SHANGHAI NEWSPAPER

in Shanghai, are the best known. Following their success, the *Sin Wan Pao*, or *Daily News*, and the *Tung Pao*, or *Shanghai Times*—the oldest daily papers of Shanghai—were established.

But by far the most decisive impetus to journalism was furnished by the results of the uprising of 1900. The occupation of Peking by foreign armies, the flight of the Imperial Court, and the terrible punitive expeditions all combined

unfavorable comment, most of these publications are issued under the protecting name of some foreigner who enjoys extra-territorial rights. A device frequently employed by Chinese promoters is to apply for a charter of incorporation from the British crown colony of Hong-Kong. The newspaper property is then held by this company, which is entitled to the protection of the British flag as much as any British subject, though the stock may actually be owned by Chinese. The persons of the editors, however, are

Most of the newspaper equipment comes from Japan. The presses used are cheap cylinders manufactured after European and American patents. As human power is the cheapest, they are equipped with treadmills. These are operated by men who are paid at the rate of \$2 a month in our money. The type constitutes a proportionately larger part of the initial outlay than is necessary with us. The Chinese have no alphabet, and every idea is represented by a separate ideograph. The system is not, however,



THE OFFICE OF THE "UNIVERSAL GAZETTE," OF SHANGHAI

subject to all the caprices of arbitrary authority. More than one promising journalistic career has been cut short by exile to the bleak deserts of Mongolia or by punishment even more severe.

As the result of all these influences, Shanghai now has eight daily papers, besides numerous other periodicals; Hankow supports three dailies; Tientsin, five; Peking, five; Foochow, two. The propaganda is spreading so rapidly to the less-known cities of the interior that it is impossible to give newspaper statistics for the entire country.

as complicated as suggested by Mark Twain's statement that it required forty years to sort a "pi" of Chinese type.

The paper is usually the poorest quality of tissue that will hold ink; it also is manufactured in Japan. Even with this saving, the poverty of the people often makes original methods of circulation necessary. In some places the same editions are successively distributed to different sets of subscribers, boys being employed to gather up the papers as soon as they have been read and carry them to another set of readers. Perhaps the



THE OFFICE AND STAFF OF THE "SIN WAN PAU," SHANGHAI

The editor is on the left of this trio, smoking; the assistant editor in the center; the "copy boy" on the right



THE PIPE AND THE DAILY PAPER IN A LARBERSHIP IN CHINA

most cosmopolitan newspaper service in the world is that which is found on the Tientsin-Peking Railroad. The Chinese newsboy will supply you with anything from *Fischietto* and *Fliegende Blätter* to the *San Francisco Call*. The Chinese dailies usually sell for seven or eight *cash* a copy — a little less than half a cent.

In spite of official interference, the editorial columns are remarkably free in their criticisms of existing powers and institutions. Here is an editorial on the newly-established provincial assemblies, translated from a recent issue of the *Fuhkien Times*:



THE STAFF OF A HANKOW DAILY

The editor-in-chief (on the right) has since been exiled to Mongolia

"Our Provincial Assembly is the forerunner of an imperial parliament. The people cannot but rejoice and look hopefully into the future. Although some of the regulations governing it are restrictive, others again are exceedingly liberal and allow great latitude for discussion. The members should not forget that they are representatives of the people, and that whether the matter under deliberation has been suggested by the Viceroy or by one of their own number, everyone should express his independent opinion.

"Our Fuhkien people will listen to your debates with intense interest; and if now and then we venture to make a suggestion or to offer a criticism, you must not think that we are unmindful of the good that you are doing. All your deliberations will be carefully recorded in our columns in order that they may come before the whole people; thus the

present and future generations will be benefited. At the same time, we shall, whenever we deem it advisable, express our own views of the course taken by the assembly as a whole or by any individual member. In this we shall only be manifesting our esteem for the high duties which you are called upon to perform."

Such an editorial is a millennium removed from the old China represented by the *Peking Gazette*. The memorials from Viceroys setting forth in detail the maladies of some near relative; the replies from the Throne embellished with flowery essays on the filial virtues;



AT THE BULLETIN BOARD

The mixed crowd in front of a Shanghai newspaper office

the decrees on apparently trivial subjects — who that hails from west of Suez can understand them? What hidden policies, what momentous affairs of state, are concealed behind all this verbiage? It was this that caused Sir Robert Hart to exclaim in despair that should any Englishman ever succeed in penetrating the meaning of all that appears in the *Gazette*, he would himself have become a mystery, unintelligible to his own countrymen. The new journalism is bridging this chasm between Chinese and Western habits of thought. It is not only a harbinger of progress for China; it will also reveal China to Western minds in a way that no other agency could make possible.



SOUTH AMERICA'S FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL

JOURNEY OVER THE LINE OF THE FIRST RAILROAD TO PIERCE THE ANDES —
BUENOS AIRES TO VALPARAISO BY AIR-LINE INSTEAD OF BY THE
DANGEROUS STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

BY

CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

SINCE pre-dawn of history, before the first Abel bore sheep on his shoulders or a Cain garnered his primal nest, one of man's principal considerations has been how to best slide, roll, push, sail, or propel his possessions in the best, quietest, safest manner by the most or most feasible route.

Thus transportation has developed from hand-paddled log to the *Lusitania*; the thong back-pack to the modern

Mallet compound locomotive; from hard-beaten forest trails to systematic railroad extension until to-day man has built enough steel track to girdle the world at the equator twenty-five times. A fifteenth of this track (40,000 miles) stretches across South America, placing it fourth (including Australasia) among the world's continents in point of mileage.

Two natural systems of railroad routes suggest themselves as one looks over the



BELLA VISTA STATION AT VALPARAISO
The western terminus of the Transcontinental Railroad



THE LITERAL END OF THE ROAD
The main pier at Valparaíso





"The pcons have tramped for the last time down the rocky trail"



Emigrants crossing into Argentine; Portillo bridge in background

great kite-shaped continent of South America — the longitudinal from Panama to Magellan Strait and the transcontinental routes from ocean to ocean. Already more than half of the longitudinal mileage is in operation in Chile and Peru and three-tenths in Argentine.

The history of South American railroad development is preëminently a tribute to American engineers and captains of industry.

William H. Aspinwall in 1850 turned his

attention to the building of the Panama Railroad — a desperate and dramatic undertaking. Five years later the last rail was laid and the forerunner of the Panama Canal completed. His contemporary, William Wheelright, "rounded the Horn" about this time and left his name indelibly engraved in the engineering annals of Chile: so great was his record that Chileans have linked it with that of Magellan.

To Henry Meiggs can be attributed forty-two miles of road between Valparaiso and



CROSSING THE TRAIL IN EARLY WINTER — TAKING A CHANCE



Mr. McGinnis, Mr. Furlong, and the foreman on a hand-car towed by the train

Santiago, Chile — the first lap of the trans-continental line. On the other side of the continent George E. Church surveyed and located the Great Northern Railway of Buenos Aires. Other Americans were doing much to forward railroad projects in South America, and Benjamin F. Bates had no less than fifteen routes surveyed across the northern Andes at his own expense.

Meiggs turned his attention to Peru. Six important roads were actually constructed, and practically the whole railroad system of that country is an outcome of his indomitable perseverance. His greatest work, however, is the famous Pacific and Trans-andean Callao, Lima, and Oroya Railway. This remarkable engineering feat, known as "the railroad among the clouds," culminates in a tunnel 3,848 feet long and 15,645 feet above sea-level — less than a stone's throw lower than Mont Blanc — and is the highest railroad in the world.

Colonel Church meantime, at the request of South American governments, surveyed



Mr. Furlong and the guide on top of the Cumare Pass, on the boundary-line of the two republics

railroads through the upper Amazon, finally resulting in the Madeira and Mamore Railway, now nearly completed.



MR. CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

Another American whose name will stand in the forefront in the annals of South American industry is that of William R.

ace. It was under the "Grace contract" that the Oroya road was finished; and now, under a second "Grace contract," another portion of the great transcontinental railroad (the Transandine Railway) is finished. Through my port-hole as I write, I look out toward that largest South American country — Brazil, with the most wonderful navigable river system in the world. From the Pacific coast, cutting across Peru and northern Chile, a number of railroads run westward and toward its head. Some of these spurs branch off to the line cross the Andes and enter Bolivia



A coach of the Transport Service turning a sharp bend



A sharp turn and the zigzag climb began"

It will soon connect with a number of the navigable tributaries of the Amazon. The great northern, central, and southern region is devoid of roads; Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Santiago, and Lima stand out as radiating centres, but in Argentina is found fully half of the mileage of all the rest of South America combined. Thirty-five degrees south of the equator, where the yellow, muddy waters of the Uruguay and Parana broaden into the Rio de la Plata to meet the sea, Argentina has

called the peoples of the nations, and modern Buenos Aires has been born.

This "City of Good Airs" has woven about it, like the colossal web of a meadow spider, the greatest network of railroads in South America. It sends its antennæ of steel north into Paraguay and to the Bolivian frontier, and south to the Rio Negro; and by the time this article is in print the most important line of all will find its other terminus at Valparaiso, Chile — connecting the two great oceans by rail for the first time.

The 888 miles of this big transcontinental railroad run across three topographically different natural divisions: over level pampas from Buenos Aires to Mendoza for 650 miles; through mountain regions from Mendoza to Los Andes, 160 miles; and the remaining 78 from Los Andes through the Valle Central region of Chile to Valparaiso. The line is also divided into three management divisions: the Buenos Aires and Pacific, the Transandine, and the Chilean State.

Across Argentina, a gradually rising plain shunts back from the Atlantic to the



Pack service cross-cutting up the mountain. The coach road below is at the beginning of the ascent from Las Cuevas Valley



THE SUMMIT TUNNEL ENTRANCE ON THE CHILEAN SIDE, AT CARACOLLES

Andean chain — that great barrier which runs the length of the continent, which has made peoples, changed customs and languages, set natural and political boundaries, and lastly has made historical the building of the first South American transcontinental railroad.

Toward that great barrier some months ago I found myself speeding. A few hours away from the color-tinted, stucco houses and flower gardens of Buenos Aires one enters the great cattle and wheat country. Brown or green stretches away in level monotony to the horizon, broken only by the little dark copses of trees which indicate the *estancia* (ranch) buildings. From lagoons great vermilion-colored flamingoes startle in confusion; ostriches feed and nest near the railroad among the giant thistles whose tufted stalks, now dry and brown, are seen on either hand. Long-tailed hawks sit like silent sentinels on the fence-posts, and swarms of locusts rise in showers of silver flecks until against the sun they transform into dark, low-spreading clouds. Occasionally rough, dark-visaged *gauchos* (cowboys) pass with droves of cattle or sheep along the roadway following the tracks.

From Junin (159 miles from Buenos



THE ARGENTINE ENTRANCE TO THE SUMMIT TUNNEL FROM LAS CUEVAS IS BETWEEN THE WALLS TO LEFT OF THE BUILDINGS



CHILEAN SHACKS BUILT OF ODD PIECES OF CORRUGATED IRON—USED BY CHILEAN TUNNEL WORKERS

Aires) for about 200 miles to Mt. Kenna, the train rolls along over an absolutely straight track; but clear to Mendoza—almost across Argentine—wire fencing follows every mile of the way on either side of the track and only darkness or storm shuts out the sight of cattle or sheep.

The sun pours down fiercely on the car roofs in the heat of the day, and the fine dust sifts its gray coating over everything. Wealthy *estancieros* in rich ponchos and silver spurs, *gauchos* and half-breed Indians in broad trousers, high boots, and with long knives thrust through their belts, gather at

the stations (eight of which lie between Buenos Aires and Mendoza) offering interesting studies of pampas types. From this great central region comes the bulk of Argentina's enormous wheat, wool, and hide exports. As the sun in gorgeous splendor drops below the long, level line of prairie and under the glistening chalices of the Pleiades and the Southern Cross, we rumble steadily on toward the great wall which forbiddingly raises its massive peaks against the intrusion of man.

In 1860 William Wheelwright, of Massachusetts, was first to present a feasible plan



CHILEAN WORKMEN RESTING AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL AT CARACOL



"HOTEL SUD-AMERICANO," NOW DESERTED

The pioneer hotel at Juncal, where passengers put up for the night before they cross the pass

for a transcontinental road from ocean to ocean across Argentina and Chile. This he submitted to the Argentine Government. From Rosario, then the principal port of Argentina, the line was to run by way of San Francisco Pass to Caldera, on the Chilean coast ten degrees (600 miles) north of Valparaiso.

The year 1869 found John and Matthew Clark, brothers, connecting Chile and Argentina by telegraph, and while thus climbing over rock and ridge in that desolate mountain wilderness, thousands of feet

above the Pacific, they perceived the possibility of a transandine route through the heart of those Cordillera.

In 1873 these hardy engineers were again in the Cordillera, surveying the railroad. Argentina was the first to respond to the project with a concession in satisfactory form, Chile following the succeeding year. The Clark plan was adopted in preference to either that of Wheelwright or of certain others providing routes over passes to the south. Although involving heavier engineering, it connected Buenos Aires and Valparaiso by almost an air-line.

The dividing line of Chile and Argentina here follows the watershed of the Andes, and these two governments were expected to cooperate in the construction of the railroad from either side to the boundary line culminating in the heart of a mountain 10,500 feet above the sea in the *Cumbre* or Crest Tunnel. This arranged, the first section (known as the Argentine Great Western) was built in 1880 by the Argentine Government from Villa Mercedes to Mendoza. The Clarks, three years later, connected Villa Mercedes and Buenos Aires; thus 650 of the 888 miles were accounted for.

Work progressed slowly on the Chilean side, but railhead had been extended as



THE LITTLE STONE STATION OF USPALLATA, IN THE HEART OF THE WILDERNESS

inland from the Pacific as Los Andes, but 160 of the 888 miles had been completed, but the great problem — the passage of the Andes — had hardly been touched. In 1886 the Argentine Government granted a concession to the Buenos Aires Valparaíso Transandine Railway Corporation of London (capitalized at \$5,000,000 and with an annual subsidy of \$5,850), authorizing it to carry railroad



Beginning of rack-road a few miles before Punta de las Vacas

from Mendoza through the Andes to the Chilean frontier. In 1887 the new corporation, after obtaining control of the railway interests in the Argentine Great Western, began work at once; by the end of 1893 trains were run as near the Chilean frontier as Punta de las Vacas and within twenty miles of Las Cuevas, the point on the Argentine side of the Cumbre Tunnel passage. Ten years later (1903) work on the Argentine side had crept up the valley of Puente del Inca; but it had not progressed rapidly on the Chilean side, having



Mr. D. H. MacMillan, Chief of the Transport Service

reached a point called Salto del Soldado, seventeen miles beyond Los Andes.

From Mendoza to Los Andes (about 160 miles) up to 1903, 115 miles of road had been laid and were in operation, but in the intervening forty-five miles the heaviest engineering was still to be done.

The old Chilean concession, never satisfactory, was modified in 1887. The Clark brothers on their own limited resources superintended this work until 1893, when they secured some assistance from the Chilean Congress.

In August, 1901, the Transandine Construction Company, Ltd., of London, bought up the portion of line already built, and the work took a fresh start.

In February, 1903, the Chilean Congress



THE TRADE OF A SMALL COAST PORT

A portion of the merchandise on the pier at the port of Antofagasta, Chile, awaiting transfer



STACKS OF ARGENTINE WHEAT IN THE REGION TRAVERSED BY THE RAILROAD



THE BEAUTIFUL PLAZA GENERAL SAVOLLE, IN BUENOS AIRES



A 93-TON, 6-CYLINDER ENGINE



Freight train going up the Chilean side

authorized the President of the Republic to contract, by means of public tenders, for a one-metre-gauge (nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet) railroad from Los Andes to the Cordilleran summit, to unite with a railroad of the same gauge then under construction from Mendoza, Argentina, to the summit boundary-line.

The state agreed to guarantee for twenty years the interest of 5 per cent. annually on an amount not exceeding \$7,500,000.

The Transandine Construction Company tender, which had been submitted on the following terms, was accepted in June, 1904.

The company undertook to build a one-metre-gauge railroad, starting from the city of Los Andes and making connection in the Cordillera with the railroad of the same gauge from Mendoza.

The company solicited a guaranty, for the term of twenty years, of the interest at 5 per cent. per annum on a capital of \$6,750,000, specifying that each month saved in the period allowed for the construction should entitle the contractors to a bonus of 1 per cent. of the total sum, the total bonus, however, in no case to exceed 10 per cent. of

the amount of the tender. The portion of the line already constructed had, through want of funds, much deteriorated; and before the section from Los Andes to Juncal was accepted, a great deal of work had to be done as far as Salto del Soldado to bring it up to the new government standard.

Banks and cuttings had to be widened, fencing put up, telegraph service introduced, a short extension made connecting the State Line station with the Transandine station, a crossing and water station, waybridge and side lines constructed, workshops, buildings, sheds, sidings, new offices, staff headquarters, and permanent gang quarters erected, and various works of a minor nature carried out. The first section of the line, Los Andes to Juncal (32 miles), was inaugurated for public traffic by the President on February 12, 1906.

The December following the purchase of the road by the Transandine Construction Company, Ltd., the contract was awarded to W. R. Grace & Co., of New York and London, the Chilean Government granting a guaranty of 5 per cent. annually on \$6,569,775 for a term of twenty years.



AN AVALANCHE SHED ON THE CHILEAN SIDE, AND THE TYPE OF TRAIN USED



AN OLD TIME AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE, SAID TO BE THE FIRST IN SOUTH AMERICA.

On my first visit to the Pass in May, 1908, I found trains in operation as far as Juncal in Chile and Las Vacas in Argentina; on my third visit in March of this year, trains were above Portillo, and railhead was within a hundred yards of the tunnel at Caracoles, and at Las Cuevas in Argentina.

Gradually for six hundred miles westerly from Buenos Aires our train had been climbing up the continent for a day and

andine road. Twelve miles ahead the beautiful Valley of Mendoza stretches toward its background — the supernal Andes, at whose foothills the fruit trees and vines gradually give way to the low shrubs and stunted trees of the lower mountain slopes and a steeper grade.

The panting engine stops in an arid section and, like a mighty monster preparing for a final struggle, drinks long at a well-



THE "CHRIST OF THE ANDES"

The idea of this great peace monument of the Cumbre Pass was conceived by Bishop Benavente and Señora de Costa of Argentina, and was furthered by both governments. The monument was cast from cannon of the two republics, molded into one colossal bronze statue 26 feet in height, and erected on the boundary line of Argentina and Chile, nearly 13,000 feet above sea-level.

a night, until, just above La Paz, the grain-fields and pasture-lands merged into the orchards and vineyards of Mendoza province. Early morning found us in the heart of this region of green leaves and purple fruit at Mendoza City, 2,359 feet above the level of the sea and 650 miles from the Atlantic.

Here passengers and luggage were shifted to the narrow-gauge train of the Trans-

constructed water-tank, while its feed of wood and coal is loaded into the tender. Then begins the long struggle to the foot of the Cumbre.

Nearer, higher, the looming barrier thrusts up towering, impassable peaks — but where is the pass into the mountains? Ahead is no visible sign of an opening, but the deep-cut bed of the Mendoza is the clue. A reverse curve, and suddenly the train, like

a colossal black snake, glides into a crevice of the mountains. The pass, which from Argentine follows up over the Cumbre down into Chile, is a trail over which countless hordes of primitive aborigines have passed for unknown centuries, whose feet have hard-packed the path which showed the Spaniard the way. "*Camino de los Andes*" (the Andean Trail) he named it, and a-mule or a-foot he scuffed his way for three centuries more. Meantime the man of the North came, and now the railroad—following more or less this same old pack-trail, save at the Cufibre Pass, 12,605 feet above the oceans. Here, nearly 2,500 feet below it, the engineers have left the old trail and burrowed through the mountain to meet it on the other side in Chile.

Up the entering crevice the train turns, and crosses and recrosses the muddy Rio Mendoza, which is helping to carry away the mountains. Ever upward, seven tunnels are passed through; Chacheuta is left behind, and again a stop for water at the little stone station of Uspallata, hemmed in by rugged peaks save to the west, where the broad open plateau of Uspallata stretches away as far as the eye can reach, a prairie in the heart of the mountains. Here the railroad meets *El Antiquo Camino a Mendoza*, the trail to the east, wriggling into the mountain from the plain.

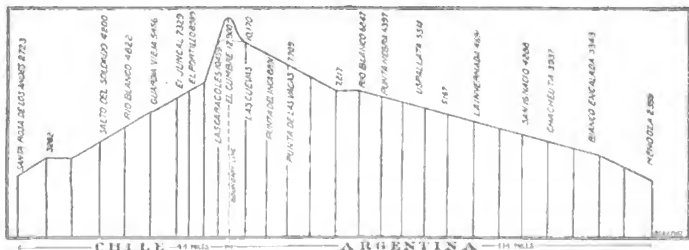
Ever upward twists the railroad to Punta de las Vacas (7,709 feet), which, like many names hereabouts, tells a story of the old pack-trail and cattle drives. All along, elabo-



THE RAILROAD SYSTEMS OF SOUTH AMERICA

The heavy cross-line shows route of the Transcontinental Railroad

rate work through gravel and rock-cuttings and extensive flood defences shows the construction to be of a heavy nature. A sudden jerk a few miles before Punta de las Vacas is reached shows you that the grade has increased and that the powerful triplicate sets of teeth of the engine have clinched the



A DIAGRAM SECTION OF THE TRANSANDINE RAILROAD

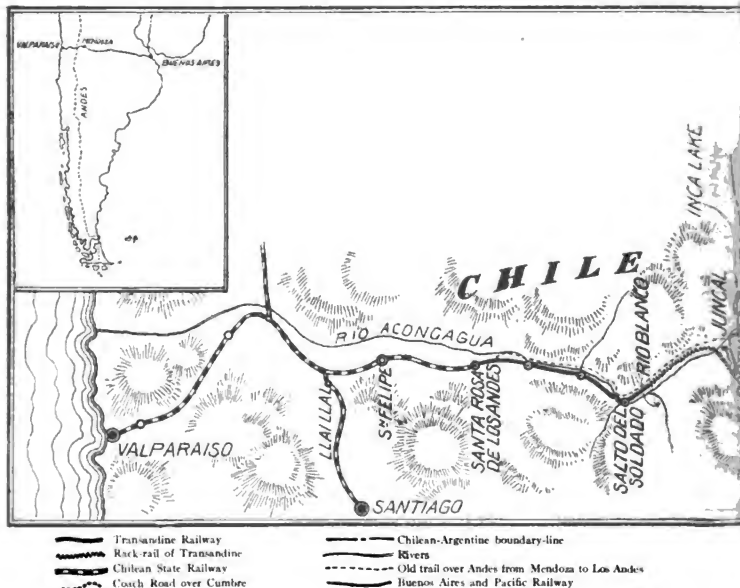
Showing relative elevations of the principal points between Santa Rosa de los Andes and Mendoza. Distances between points are not true distances. Elevations are given in feet. Short, dotted line at El Cumbre shows where the Summit Tunnel pierces the lofty Andean peak

third or rack-rail, for wherever the grade exceeds $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. the "Abt system" of cogs and racks is used to safeguard and expedite the running of the trains.

Westward and upward puffs the straining engine; down the towering slopes shunt avalanches of weathered rock spreading out valleyward like great fans. Forty-three miles southward the hoary, extinct volcanic peak of Tupungato shows itself and is lost

sharply, can be seen evidences of man — little red pegs at intervals and a "spotted" trail. Dig below and you could take hold of a wire rope, the other end of which is in the United States — the cable *via* Colon and Galveston.

The distance between railhead in the early days of the railroad construction was traveled on foot or in the saddle; then, later, the broad-gauged, white-covered, four-horse



to view; then the promontories of the cathedral-like ridge of Los Penitentes in seared dignity stand out in this impressive desolation. To the north, if you are quick, Aconcagua can be glimpsed.

After entering the mountains all is one vast desolation of rock and water, and far up on the peaks is snow. From Punta de las Vacas we have been heading straight up a wonderland of color, the Valle de las Cuevas. Along this valley, if one looks

coaches were introduced, which for years have been the regular means of transporting passengers between railhead. With them go outriders, baggage wagons, and the mule pack-train carrying mail, baggage, fodder, or supplies for the tunnel work. This whole outfit which connects with the train is known as "the Combination" or "the Transport." Little by little the gap of 160 miles between Mendoza and Los Andes has been shortened and we found only a little more

than the two miles of the Cumbre Tunnel separated railhead, and the time of crossing of "the Transport" had been reduced to two hours. Four times the air-line distance over the Cumbre must be covered along the zigzagging road up, over, and down the Cumbre Pass.

As the afternoon shadows began to creep into the valleys, the train drew up before some little corrugated-iron-roofed buildings

Chilean, for such were the dark, swarthy-visaged men who rode and drove.

"Get in, please!" came a warning request. "When we go, we go with a jump."

There was no mistaking the nationality of the speaker — a tall, keen-eyed man in a broad Stetson hat and long vicuña poncho — MacMillen from Kentucky, chief of "the Transport Service." A command, and like a flash "the Combination" was off



MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA'S TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD, SHOWING SECTION THROUGH ANDES BETWEEN MENDOZA AND VALPARAISO — THE SMALL MAP IN THE CORNER, ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, SHOWS ENTIRE ROUTE AND BOUNDARY LINE

—near a few corrals—Las Cuevas, the Argentine end of the railroad. Between the buildings and the train was a living mass of horses, mules, and men, through which a long line of the white-covered, broad-gauged coaches stretched on up the road.

The scene was a fascinating one — a bit of Chile dropped over the border into Argentine; the flapping, varicolored ponchos, jingling six-inch spurs, and small, high-pointed saddle and saddle-gear bespoke the

at a gallop — only ten minutes after the train had arrived with one hundred passengers and twice as many pieces of baggage. Along the mile-stretch of level road, with the pack train in the rear, went the long string of coaches followed by the two baggage wagons; behind and scattered along the sides of the narrow coach-route were mounted Chileans and some constabulary, for good reason, as will shortly be seen. A sharp turn and the zigzag climb began. Shifting

to little side-trails, which almost imperceptibly left the road, the pack-train and many of the mounted men suddenly disintegrated from "the Combination," scrambling, turning, twisting, but ever carefully choosing each his own path — up, over edges of the steep slope, and disappearing, to come again suddenly into sight farther up the mountain in a wholly unexpected quarter.

The riders, including the *postilliones*, each with his hitch-rope and hook for helping up the baggage teams, were distributed at intervals along the line of coaches, with MacMillen's lieutenants at certain points of vantage. MacMillen himself was everywhere.

A coach horse suddenly bucks, lies down, kicks, balks, and an outrider's lasso jerks him into horse sense; the steep ascent at places is too great for the tired little animals of the heavy baggage-wagons, for "the Transport" has already made the trip over earlier in the day — so watch that *postillione*. Swinging by on the run, he dips from his saddle, deftly links in the hitch-hook — and now, five horses abreast, they spring afresh to their work.

Higher and higher winds the serpentine road. The intervening shadows between us and the west gently spread their purple mantle over the head of the Valle de las Cuevas, where far below dwindled a tinny group of corrugated-iron buildings at the Argentine tunnel entrance, less than three miles above Las Cuevas station, where we had left the train. The shadow of night sent a colder chill down the mountains, and those travelers who had failed to bring heavy coats shivered in the freezing temperature.

We reached 12,000 feet, and I was glad to pass my head through the hole in the centre of the driver's extra poncho and to wrap myself in its warming folds.

THE VALLE DE LAS CUEVAS

Beyond the great purple shadows the big headlands thrust into the valley and caught the sunlight in warm gold in one great galaxy of color. Each mountain point in distant color stenciled into the valley — rose against delicate tourmaline green, pure blue against light yellow, dark violet protruding from orange-yellow

— like great colossal rubies, emeralds, sapphires, turquoises, amethysts, and all manner of precious stones; then far away the massive profile of Puente de Inca rose, stenciling itself as the final bulwark of rock, frowning dark and sinister in a deep violet cloud-shadow. Tones merged and counter-merged as though nature had set between them and the sun some great ever-turning kaleidoscope through whose transparent particles she flooded the valley with color.

But the coaches have stopped; the steepest haul is just above, now. Down jump the drivers to inspect the harness and shorten the collar-strap traces for the descent on the other side; now comes the Cumbre. Behind, across the valley and intervening mountains, the huge volcanic mass of mighty Aconcagua could be glimpsed for a minute, and we saw the snow-capped heights before the winds drew a veil across the peak.

"*El Cristo*," remarked Antonio as we rounded a huge ledge — and there the lone, bronze figure of the Nazarene stood out dark under the purple shadow of a cloud against a darker shadow beyond. To me, in location and significance the greatest statue in the world is this "Christ of the Andes," the great Peace statue of Chile and Argentina. A glint of sunlight caught on the thorn-crowned head, and the whole figure glowed in the sunlight of Chile, into which we suddenly emerged from the western slope.

"THE COMBINATION" TRANSPORT

But the coaches were late and drove rapidly by. Creased between mountains lay the Aconcagua Valley on the other side of the Cumbre, stretching away down Chile to Los Andes. Now began the steep descent, mostly at a fast trot. Splendid drivers, these Chilean *cocheros*.

"*Permiso, Señor!*" broke in Antonio, for we were at one of the sharp turns. At the angle a broken wall fringed a precipice. When well in the angle of the turn, Antonio without hesitancy and with consummate skill swung the animals around the sharp bend of thirty degrees, the inner horse acting as a pivot, the absence of outer traces accelerating the mobility of the outside

horses at the turns. These when very sharp caused the outermost horse to brace along the retaining wall, the others setting back splendidly.

The "Combination Transport" or mountain coach-service (officially known as *El Servicio Cordillera*) was probably the most efficient service of that kind in existence. Besides one hundred and fifty men for the coach and pack, it consisted of twenty coaches, tea baggage wagons, and five hundred animals. The "Combination" was run six or seven months a year — that is, until the heavy snows buried the roads. Then the traveler between Buenos Aires and Valparaíso made the long journey by sea *via* the Straits of Magellan. In April or May "the Combination" was discontinued; the animals were driven down to the green valleys and kept on feed through the winter. The *Servicio Cordillera* has been maintained at no less than \$40,000 a month; now that the railroad is completed, the sturdy little animals have made their last trip over the great, desolate Cumbre and are far down in the verdant valleys of Los Andes. The regular traveler will lose the privilege of ascending the uppermost heights of this pass, but the railroad journey itself will afford a wonderful insight into one of nature's greatest scenic theatres.

With a rush and a cloud of dust we passed under a little bridge amid a crowd of picturesque Chilean tunnel-workers — the day-shift just off duty — and drew up beside the waiting train of the Chilean Transandine Railway at Caracoles (10,450 feet), just below the Chilean Summit Tunnel entrance, the coaches having made a record trip of one hour and fifty minutes.

Above the darkened mountain peaks, against the turquoise blue, of the sky, a single blaze of cloud shot up in a vigorous saffron swerve, an echo of the departed day, and we plunged into the deep, dark valley and night — on by Juncal, Guardia Vieja, and Salto del Soldado, ever downward to Los Andes, where all changed to the broad gauge of the Chilean State Line.

THE CHILEAN SECTION OF THE LINE

Leaving Santiago shortly after 5 A.M. the following Tuesday, I retraced my

journey, meeting Mr. McGinnis (the general manager) at Los Andes.

Leaving Los Andes on the Transandine Railway, a post showed me that I was one kilometre (nearly a mile) on my way back up the beginning of one of the most remarkable railroad climbs in the world.

"Come back, if you want a better view," suggested McGinnis; so with him and his traction foreman I was soon seated on a handcar towed by the train.

"Look sharp — there's El Salto del Soldado," and through a tunnel gap I caught a glimpse of a picturesque stone bridge that we had just crossed in a mountain crevice, spanning a gorge.

For the first twenty-eight miles to Río Blanco (4,822 feet) we puffed along over gradients of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; then the engine began to strain harder; the heavy cogs dropped into the rack-rail, for, as in Argentina, where the grade exceeds $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. the third or rack-rail (Abt system) is employed; so, from Río Blanco on to the tunnel at Caracoles, it is brought into use fully two-thirds of the way, and at places the grade reaches a maximum of 8 per cent. The hard roble-pine sleepers (eleven to the 8-metre rail, 27 kilos to the metre) do splendid service on the adhesion gradients, and tough steel sleepers are not only on the rack grades, but on all grades above $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Passing Portillo, with its rock-bordered Inca Lake, which lies calm and still like a polished sapphire in its setting of steep mountains sloping abruptly into its waters, we enter a region (between Juncal and the Summit) whose desolate grandeur baffles description. Prodigious masses of andesite tower up to sharp-pointed peaks, snow-covered and sublime against the clear cobalt above, higher than the habitat of the condor or mountain eagle. Here nature has written on the naked, rocky, mountain fastnesses the story of the rise and fall and building again of one of earth's youngest continental ranges. Tremendous landslides have shunted down the precipitous sides, and colossal ledges — poised on a period of time — hang above you, some day to go crashing their way to the depths below. Go back in

imagination through geologic ages to a time which cannot be even approximately estimated, but which men are pleased to call the Mesozoic Period — some time then, a few million years one way or the other, as the earth cooled, its crust cracked; from the terrestrial fissures exuded prodigious masses of molten rock, occasionally with convulsions which must have shaken the very foundations of the earth. So, anciently, slowly emerging from the briny sea, the Andes were born.

I looked out on the quiet sunshine, back through the peaceful, hazy distance which hung over the valley, to Santa Rosa de los Andes, and then toward the little atoms of men up beyond, laying rails at railroad a hundred feet from the yawning mouth of the tunnel; for we had reached Caracoles, where the train stops at the end of the train-line. We were now nearly sixty miles from Los Andes, about twenty miles of it on the rack-rail with minimum curves of 165 yards, though all but two are over 220 yards. We crossed 118 bridges, passed through no less than twenty-four tunnels, and numerous snow and avalanche sheds.

WALKING THROUGH THE ANDES

A short climb up a slope and McGinnis led the way into a corrugated-iron house, the quarters of the resident engineer and of the doctor. After pulling on rubber boots, we shortly entered the tunnel, faced with a 2-foot wall of Portland cement 18 feet high and 16.4 feet at its widest, giving ample room for a contemplated future 5 ft. 6 in. gauge. Instead of the clear, crisp air outside, we found a temperature of about 75° Fahr., (the mean temperature throughout the tunnel) and followed the wake of a lantern carried by McGinnis.

"Look out!" and we dodged a steel truck not a second too soon. Ascending the rising grade of 0.75 per cent. from the Chilean entrance, about midway the tunnel merges into a 440-yard level stretch, then drops down the Argentine side at a falling grade of 0.2 per cent. From portal to portal the Summit Tunnel is about two miles long — a bit shorter in total length than its altitude above the sea.

We soon covered the greater part of the rising grade, walking along the narrow cement wall of one of the side-drains, splashing through water, slush, and loose rocks, always on the lookout for the dangerous pitfalls of the deep water-holes left unfilled with ballast after the work had moved on.

Far away in the darkness a redder light than the electric which dully lit the side-walls flared and glimmered on pigmy black figures. We climbed over muddy, wet, wooden bridgework on top of a heap of débris. Here men were drilling into the rocky vitals of this great mountain.

Amidst the roaring, yellow flare of the gasoline torches and the everlasting, bewildering chugging of the drills, silhouetted against the fitful glare of the flames, half-naked figures threw gaunt shadows over the piles of débris and the rough-cut tunnel walls — in effect, a very inferno.

The drills chugged on, under power from air-compressors at the Argentine end, driven in turn by 120-horse-power internal-combustion engines fed by ordinary coal-oil; these also ran the electric-lighting plant. Listen! From the din comes the slow, intermittent clink-clink of the hand-drillers. Watch that swarthy Chilean nearest us. His firm muscles, sweat-varnished and fine-molded, shine in the glare of this nether world as he swings with a graceful, rhythmic freedom the ponderous sledge in a difficult, powerful up-stroke. Sure and strong, he strikes unerringly the shining, hammered end in the vacillating light, the steam, and the noise. The other man unflinchingly holds the long drill in the hole in the tunnel roof. Does the sledge-man ever miss that tiny silver glint on the bar end? Not often.

As soon as the rock is excavated the tunnel width, the masons follow, filling inside the wooden form with the two-foot thickness of Portland cement. It is important that this follows shortly after the rock is excavated, for the andesite (as it is called) disintegrates when exposed. A rock six inches in diameter, exposed for a week, can be crumbled in the hand.

Letting ourselves down into the dark abyss under the wooden bridge-work, we

cautiously work our way along. We were fortunate in finding a gap between the uprights just as a heavy train of rock debris rattled by without headlight or warning. Working between some stalled cars at railhead, sliding, stumbling over a long stretch of broken rock which filled the lower half of the tunnel, we eventually came to where only a small aperture in the tunnel had been excavated. Here more drills were chugging and more men working. Now we stood under the very summit and at the boundary-line 2,400 feet beneath the top — under millions of tons of mountain. The water filtered through from the rains and the snows and dropped in big splashes on us. Then we clambered into Argentina. There the same methods of tunneling are used. Not far from here we came to rails laid for the work-train of the Argentina side, which we were now almost imperceptibly descending.

"Not too fast!" cautioned McGinnis. "We're not at sea-level, you know," so we slowed down a bit. Our horizontal direction had been in a straight line with a gradual rise and descent since entering the tunnel, but the last 120 yards (with a curve of 219 yards radius) swung us suddenly through the eastern portal into the buildings of the Argentina side at Las Cuevas. Here were the machine shops, the engine, the air-compressors, and the electric dynamos.

We visited the men's quarters, and were just in time to go back on the empty work-train. Seated on the side of one of the empty cars, we rattled through the chasm blackness. The whistle sounded for the shift, and from all sides swarthy, begrimed men clambered from narrow spaces along the sides into the cars as the train rattled slowly by, until the cars were filled. These were mostly Chileans, some going to work under the Summit, others bound through to the Chilean side. The work is divided into three shifts, working night and day, winter and summer.

We walked again over the unfinished central section for a quarter of an hour. Then, far off, like a mere pinhole, we saw the little patch of blue daylight which showed us that we were nearing the Chil-

ean entrance again. A short half-hour found us out in the cold, crisp air, in the late afternoon, with the great peaks which surround Caracoles towering in monumental splendor above us. I had walked through the heart of the Andes.

The song and laughter of the men in the near-by quarters quieted down into the peacefulness of the night, clear and cold, from whose blueness the stars brilliantly scintillated and the moon dimly glittered along the cragged mountain edges. When I awoke, the gold saffron brush of day had changed all but the deep, dark shadows which still held the blue pigments of night.

CROSSING BACK FROM CHILE

The "Combination Train" was due the next morning at nine; passengers and luggage coaches were promptly packed and away. Mules and guide had been arranged for, and I soon found myself off from the main road, alone with a Chilean mountaineer — Cantarlisio Castillo, a head muleteer. Constantly we cross-cut, sometimes going almost straight up the crumbly sides, a perfect clutter of weather-worn rocks and boulders, among which grew a little dandelion-like flower which I found almost at the very *cumbre*. A lone vulture flapped downward from a horse's carcass. Castillo pointed to a lone spot as we neared the summit, where some men were recently killed. Only a few months ago they found two bound and gagged who had lain thus a day and a night in the bitter air. Workmen going over from the Argentina side to Los Andes with their wages are sometimes waylaid. Four Chileans killed six gang-men on the way over a short time ago, first stripping them of everything, then maltreating them.

Our trail led to the crest of the range, where we stopped to give the mules a breathing spell, a precaution against *siroche* ("mountain-sickness") — quite necessary, as the bird-picked skeletons of mules and horses which litter the trails of the pass amply testify.

"*El Combinación!*" — commented Cantarlisio as we stepped from behind a rocky crag. Far away below us the canvas-covered coaches crawled upward in wind-

ing single file like a string of white ants. So they climbed up a picturesque wonderland of alpine heights — 10,000, 11,000, 12,000 feet — and 605 feet more to the Cumbre. There spreads out before the eyes one of the greatest terrestrial panoramas, where nature's upheavals range away in all directions in jagged mountain-peaks to a full 23,080 feet, where towers the stupendous, snow-crowned mass of Aconcagua, an eloquent witness to a by-gone epoch of terrific disturbances and convulsions, but now a sentinel over a peaceful solitude of quiet valleys and solemn peaks with coverings of snow and kaleidoscopic colorings of light.

THE RAILROAD AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

Far below me was the tunnel entrance at Las Cuevas; a mile away the thin thread of rail began to sew its way down the valley eastward — how puny, yet how great seemed this work of man!

And now the last tie has been laid; railhead has ceased to be; the first South American transcontinental line is finished; and since the 5th of last April trains have thundered through the heart of the Andes.

Not only does it pass through the richest agricultural sections and some of the most important inland cities of Argentina and Chile, but it connects their two capitals, and its termini are respectively at their two largest and most important ports.

It occurs in latitude practically on an air-line route between Cape Town and Melbourne, which may be of great future importance. It substitutes for ten or eleven days by sea through treacherous straits and the stormy Pacific a journey of thirty hours in well-appointed trains and through some of the most wonderful scenery in the world — thus bringing Chile nearer to Paris and to London by at least nine days, augmenting the carrying capacity between Buenos Aires and Valparaiso, increasing comfort of travel, decreasing time and risk attendant upon the Straits route.

This line is easily accessible to future possible tributary-lines north and south, and serves to bring the vast products of grain and cattle to the coasts. The similarity of Chile's and Argentina's products necessitates a commercial treaty between

these countries, now that this new line of transportation is in operation, and that, I understand, is already under consideration.

On these sublime heights we stopped by a boundary standard bearing an iron plate. "CHILE" read the simple letters on one side, "ARGENTINA" on the other. As I looked away over those sharp-pointed Andean peaks — vertebrae of a hemisphere which have defined tribes and divided peoples — the sky-lines of their jagged profiles lowered below the horizon of my imagination and showed me a vast continent of 6,837,000 square miles spread out over double the area of the United States and Alaska, yet with a population of only 45,000,000 inhabitants.

One more strand of steel to help girdle this old world is done. The fight of more than a third of a century against almost insurmountable difficulties has been accomplished, and the cost in time, money, and lives has been totaled — thirty-seven years of toil, millions of expenditure — but the lives are not down on the balance-sheet.

Now the tunnel work is cleaned up; the left-over supplies have been sold; the *peones* have tramped their way for the last time down the rocky trail in the first winter snows; and a few scavengers will hang around to pick clean the camps.

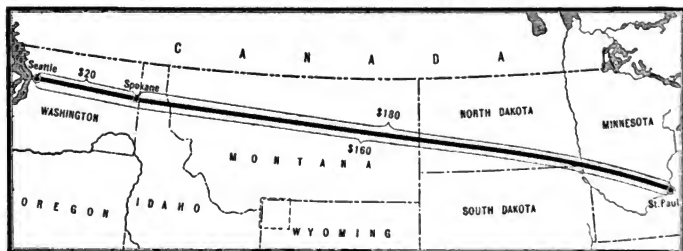
Far up among those lonely crags on the crest of the Cumbre, deserted and isolated, storm-swept and glistening in its lonely dignity, stands the figure of the Christ.

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace which they have sworn to maintain at the feet of Christ the Redeemer," Argentina and Chile have sculptured at its base. The drifting snows will have covered the rock-hewn words, but the spirit and ideal for which it stands will ever breathe its blessing on all mankind through the pure, crystal winds which sweep down from it.

The little toy cars will continue to creep their way up the vast valleys and through the heart of the great mountain. So we have seen the completion of the great South American Trans-continental Railroad, a tremendous work but only a factor in the greatest propaganda that has ever existed — *the booming of a continent.*

WHY SPOKANE COMPLAINED

The rate from the East to Spokane was the rate from the East to Seattle plus the local rate back to Spokane. This "long-and-short-haul" principle has the approval of the Supreme Court, but its application gives rise to bitter fights. It is in use at hundreds of places all over the country



THE SHIPPER'S FIGHT FOR LIFE

II

THE WAY OF A RAILROAD WITH AN INDUSTRY — HOW SPECIAL FAVORS ARE STILL OBTAINABLE, THOUGH THE REBATE IS OFFICIALLY DEAD — AN ELASTIC SCHEDULE, AND THE WAY IT WORKS

BY

C. M. KEYS

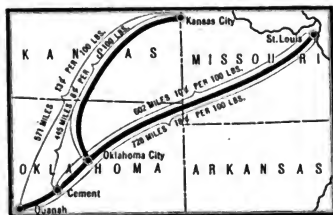
TO EVERY man who owns property or securities, whether he is a shipper or merely a consumer of freight, the battle over railroad rates, now barely begun, carries a serious threat. To the railroad itself, to its employees,

to the millions who work in the making of railroad supplies, and to the millions of stockholders, this is a matter of life and death.

To the manufacturer and merchant the import is no less serious. To the owner of real estate in cities, dependent for their growth on manufactures and commerce, the result may mean the difference between profit and loss, fortune and misfortune. There is no other problem of the day more vital, financially speaking, to the prosperity of the country as a whole. Therefore, it is well to know both sides of this railroad problem.

[NOTE: The truly remarkable achievements of American railroads in building up cities, creating industries, and promoting the commercial growth of the nation are known to all the world. Therefore, men who are not shippers wonder at the persistent clamor against the railroads. This article, which is but a very small part of the subject, gives illustrations of the abuses of the rate-making power; and it is such abuses, more than anything else, that underlie public hostility. The true aim of the leaders of the railroad world to-day is to wipe out all such inequalities as are here illustrated. The other side of the rate story will be told in other articles by the same writer. — THE EDITORS.]

In May, 1907, a traffic catastrophe visited some manufacturers of steel and wire products in the state of Indiana. For five years prior to that time these manufacturers enjoyed a common uniform rate on their products along with the shippers of similar products in Illinois and Wisconsin into the great



WHY QUANAH, TEX., PROTESTED

Special rates, made to create an industry at Cement, Okla., were made the basis of a demand that the farther town also get special rates to the same market points

Southwest. Practically there was what one might call a blanket-rate from this great, so-called Chicago-Cincinnati territory to common points in the Southwest — to be specific, in Arkansas. That meant that any manufacturer of steel and wire products anywhere in this traffic area had an equal rate with his competitors into the growing market of Arkansas.

Suddenly and without warning the railroads filed new tariffs of freight rates with the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington. In these new tariffs, as the Indiana shippers soon discovered, the Chicago-Cincinnati territory was split in two along the Indiana-Illinois state-line. Shippers west of that line were accorded a lower rate on their products than shippers east of the line. The discrimination was so great as to close the markets of Arkansas to the Indiana shippers and make those markets practically the private property of the shippers west of the line.

To understand the true meaning of this phenomenon one must study the industrial map of that section of the country. At Muncie and Kokomo, Ind., there were plants manufacturing steel and wire products. These were independent steel plants built up during the five or six years that rates had been equal all over this territory. On the other side of the Indiana-Illinois state-line there were great steel and wire plants at Waukegan, Joliet, DeKalb, Lockport, Janesville, and Milwaukee. Almost without exception these plants were either owned or

controlled by the United States Steel Corporation. The immediate effect of the new rates, therefore, was to main independent competition at Arkansas common points and secure the market for the Steel Trust.

Who said "rebates"? What is the need for such a clumsy expedient as the payment of a secret discount on published rates when friendly railroad-managers know so many different ways to accomplish the same end without breaking the law? When the Interstate Commerce Commission reviewed this particular instance of discrimination it made no talk of rebates, but it used some terms that may sound gentler to the public ear. This is an extract from its findings:

"Said discriminations, preferences, prejudices, and disadvantages are found to be undue and unjust, and are hereby condemned."

It is not intended in this article to discuss in great detail the pros and cons of every illustration cited. In practically every case where discrimination has been either alleged or proved, there is a good defence — or at least what looks like a good defence. In about nine cases out of ten, when this defence is boiled down to hard facts, it amounts to the statement of a theory that the biggest and most powerful shipper of any given line of products is entitled to railroad protection and railroad favor in return for the large volume of freight which he or it delivers to the railroad.

If you travel, by chance, southwest of Oklahoma City on the 'Frisco lines, you may still hear the echoes of a case that was different. You will come in time to a little town called Cement. It has not attained great fame, but it has hopes, like all the rest of the towns in the new states. Go on six hours, and you will have covered 126 miles of prosperous Red River country, dotted with similar little towns, all the way down across the great river and over the border of the Panhandle. There, at another little metropolis, Quanah, your railroad stops, and you will have to get out and look around you.

Some years ago, when Oklahoma was thrown open and the genius of a Yoakum

chose it for a battle-ground, half a hundred traffic-experts traversed it and made a traffic inventory of it. One small item in this inventory concerned itself with the question whether or not, at some point or another in this region, Portland cement could be manufactured for shipment to the big and growing markets of Kansas City and St. Louis.

They figured out that if special rates were made, a big cement industry might be built up in Oklahoma. They chose a point that seemed suitable; they named it Cement; and they told it that its destiny was to be the making of cement. The traffic department made rates on plaster cement of 8 cents a hundred pounds to Kansas City and 10 cents to St. Louis, the distance to Kansas City being 445 miles and to St. Louis 602 miles. Business began to grow.

Down at Quanah, 571 miles from Kansas City and 728 miles from St. Louis, a group of enterprising men built a cement plant. They found that their rates were 13 cents to Kansas City and 18 cents to St. Louis. The result, they said, was that they could not compete with the manufacturers at Cement, and were practically shut out of the two big markets.

The manufacturers at Quanah appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is a sort of big brother of commerce. The Commissioners listened to the tale of the shippers, and also to the story of the railroad, which told why it had made the rates from Cement. Finally the Commission handed down a decision that the rates from Quanah ought to be lowered, so that these shippers could reach Kansas City at 10½ cents and St. Louis at 12 cents. Cement still has the advantage, but it is an advantage based only on its shorter distance from the two big cities.

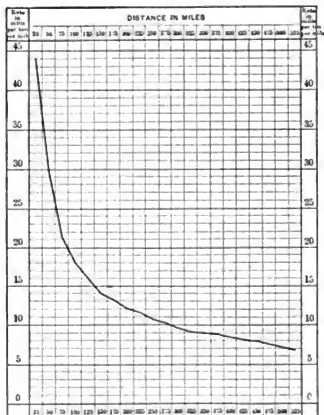
This episode is not important in itself. It illustrates, however, in a very clear and succinct way, the foundation of a very large part of the railroad structure of the country. Consciously and deliberately the traffic men figured out what the traffic could afford and made a rate that would bring the traffic into being. They chose a certain point and said of it:

"Here we shall build a city that will

be a maker of cement for the biggest markets of the West. It has no natural advantages over any one of a hundred locations round about it. We shall take it up and plant it nearer to the markets. We shall give it rates that will enable it to compete in those markets with other towns much nearer geographically to them. Its name shall be Cement."

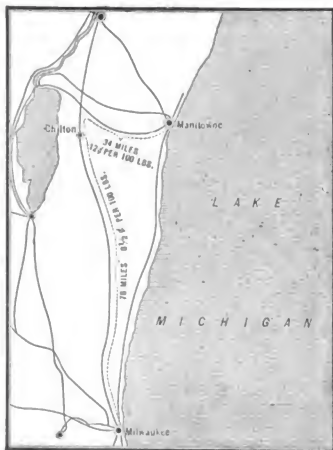
In a hundred industries, in a thousand towns, from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., railroads have said similar things and have put them into practice. If you examine the commodity schedule of any railroad in the manufacturing area, you will find this practice the basis of nearly all the really important rates upon which heavy traffic moves. The sound economists have approved this basis; and in all probability it has done more than any other one factor to build up manufacturing industries in this country and to concentrate industry and population at the great manufacturing centres.

Yet sometimes it is liable to corruption, and often it leads to discrimination.



A FALLACY EXPLODED

The diagram shows how the "rate-per-ton-per-mile" varies according to length of haul. The same ton of freight, if hauled 25 miles, pays 4.40 cents a mile; but if the haul is 500 miles the rate is 0.5 cent a mile. Yet most railroad men talk "ton-mile rates" as a reason for increasing rates.



WHY MANITOWOC, WIS., WAS MAD

The malt-makers at Milwaukee paid 8½ cents freight on 100 pounds of barley from Chilton, 78 miles away; but at Manitowoc, 34 miles away, they had to pay 12 cents per 100 pounds from Chilton

Down in the Indian Territory there are two towns—South McAlester and Muscogee. Both are centres of cotton-growing regions and both have compressing-plants. The company which owned the plant at South McAlester had another plant at Fort Smith, many miles away and located on the same railroad as the plant at South McAlester, as well as on other railroads. That is the “nigger in the woodpile.”

The railroad announced that it would haul uncompressed cotton out of all points around Muscogee and South McAlester into the latter point, unload it, allow it to be compressed, reload it, and haul it back to the East, through Muscogee, without extra charge. If, however, cotton were shipped into Muscogee for compression, there was an extra railroad-charge for the haul. Here was direct discrimination between two towns and two industries similarly situated and apparently standing on exactly the same terms so far as physical facts were concerned.

It transpired, on examination, that the reason for the discrimination was that the South McAlester company had threatened the railroad that unless it made the rule which would favor the South McAlester plant, the compress company would take away its traffic at Fort Smith and give it to another railroad. The success of a traffic-man depends on his getting the business. The traffic-agents of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas road, being merely human beings, made the required rule.

Illustrations of discrimination like this may be cited by the hundred. In the lake cities of Wisconsin, one of the biggest manufacturing trades is the making of malt, for which the raw material is barley. Consequently the region lying back of the lake shore specializes in barley. In this region there is a small town called Chilton, a market-town for barley. At Manitowoc there is a company manufacturing malt in hot competition with the bigger plants at Milwaukee and Green Bay.

In 1906 this company came before the Wisconsin Railroad Commission to complain about its rates on barley from Chilton. The distance from Chilton to Milwaukee is 78 miles, and the rate was 8½ cents per hundred pounds. To Manitowoc the distance was only 34 miles, but the rate was 12 cents. For less than half the distance, over a similar railroad-line, the rate charged was almost half as much again.

Of course the reason was obvious. Milwaukee is one of the two great brewing-cities of the United States. It devolves upon the railroads in that region to see to it that Milwaukee gets its raw material at the lowest possible cost. In this particular case the device which accomplished this end was simply the giving of a joint-rate on two lines from Chilton to Milwaukee and the refusal to make any joint-rate from Chilton to Manitowoc, the latter rate being made by adding together two local rates. All these rates were legally filed and there was no question of secret discrimination or of rebates.

Again, if you travel out west from St. Paul, you come into a region of great, sweeping farms. It is the prairie country,

where farming is a wholesale industry. Therefore it is one of the mightiest markets for all the most modern of farm machinery run by power, not by hand.

A few years ago, recognizing the needs of that country, a man built near St. Paul a factory for gasolene engines for farm use. He reckoned that all the gasolene engines that he could make would be bought in the territory directly tributary to St. Paul. Therefore he put his factory at that point, and in time it became a plant with a capacity of 4,000 engines a year.

Suddenly he began to feel the strain of intense competition. Very soon he discovered its source. A giant corporation in Chicago, which made from five to seven times as many engines as his plant could make, held the market against him. When he came to analyze the rate situation he discovered that this corporation had a joint-rate from Chicago into the distributing points of the Dakotas which was \$12 an engine less than the rate that he had to pay from St. Paul to the same points. The railroads, by this joint commodity-rate, hauled the engine from Chicago (410 miles farther) and carried it right through St. Paul at a rate \$12 lower than they could give the St. Paul shippers.

This commodity-rate schedule, it is immediately apparent, is a fearful and wonderful thing. It is as elastic as a rubber band or as stiff as a steel ring, according as circumstances may require. In one place it fulfils the functions of a wet nurse to industry; at another it is the public executioner, putting to death such industries as compete with plants at favored centres. In this case it put upon the smaller manufacturer an annual fixed charge of \$48,000 as against what it cost the giant Chicago manufacturer to deliver the same engines at the same points in the market.

Instances of this sort come to life whenever one searches into the traffic relationship between the very big shipper of manufactured products and the railroads that carry his products. The law, of course, provides that for similar service from the same point to another point, the big shipper, be he individual or trust,

cannot get any better rate than the small shipper. In other words, rebates are legally dead. Tell that to a traffic-man, and he'll laugh with you, as he has laughed with me.

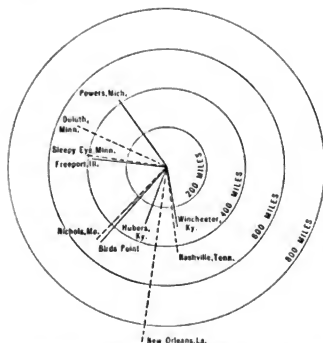
The fact of the matter is that the illegal rebate has been almost abolished, for men do not like to go to jail, and railroads hate to pay fines. That this practical abolition of the old rebate has done away with special favors and discrimination in favor of the big shippers or the trusts is good political material, sounds very comfortable to the ear of the reformer, and makes first-rate reading when it comes from the pen of a railroad president, as it does constantly. The only thing that is the matter with it, from an economic standpoint, is that it is not true. To-day it is almost if not quite as dangerous to enter into competition with an industrial trust as it was in the worst days of the rebate. If you consult a first-class traffic-expert before you locate your plant, you may be all right; but even here there is the constant danger illustrated in the case of the Indiana Steel and Wire Company, with which this story began, of a quick and disastrous change in the rate schedule.

I have studied rates for a good many years. I have come to the conclusion that an important function of the railroad is to secure and protect the markets for the products of industries that are concentrated and solidified in the making of the trusts. Many facts might be cited in support of this theory. Special rates in favor of the Steel Trust, the Harvester



WHY KANSAS CITY WENT TO LAW

The first-class rate New York-Kansas City was \$1.47 per 100 pounds, while to St. Paul, farther away, it was \$1.15. The result was to limit the area in which Kansas City merchants could sell goods toward the North. This is the Missouri River Case, recently decided in favor of lower rates.



A COMPARISON IN OILS

Dotted line shows how far the Standard Oil plant at Whiting, Ind., can ship oil on a 25-cent rate. Solid line shows how far the independent plants at Toledo can ship on the same rate

Trust, the Sugar Trust, and the Oil Trust are very easy to find. I have already given items from the history of the two first named. Discrimination in favor of the Sugar Trust will be touched upon later in this article. In order to show in a brief and necessarily sketchy way some of the methods used to secure and protect markets for trust products, perhaps the best examples can be drawn from facts in regard to the traffic relationship between the railroads and the Standard Oil Company since the rebate was abolished.

The largest domestic market for refined oil lies in New York and New England, on account of the dense industrial population of that area. The Standard Oil Company has, of course, a tremendous initial advantage in reaching this market on account of the location of its plants. With this advantage no one will quarrel. There have been, however, other advantages which are not quite so patent to the eye.

A firm called Preston & Davis manufactures petroleum in Brooklyn. In 1906 the railroad which had delivered its tank-cars of crude oil refused to make delivery any more, on the ground that such delivery was dangerous on account of the risk of fire. The obvious result of this rule was to force Preston & Davis to buy its oil from the Standard Oil Company.

The firm, however, appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission and to the courts; after a long delay it reestablished its connection with its source of supply.

In the New England market an independent petroleum manufacturer in the Appalachian field found that the New York, New Haven & Hartford would make no joint-rates on petroleum or its products to New England points. On a great many other commodities that go to New England over lines connecting with the New Haven, there are joint commodity-rates between that road and connecting roads which are much lower than the local rates on the two roads. On petroleum products, however, the New Haven insists on charging the full local rate from the point where it receives the traffic from the other railroad.

The point of this refusal, which is legal and cannot be upset by the ruling of the Commission, is thus outlined in the records of the Commission itself:

"The Standard Oil Company brings crude oil by pipe-lines to its seaboard refineries, and sends the refined oil and the products by tank-steamers to distributing stations at Wilson Point, Conn., and India Point, R. I., and also has distributing points at New London, Conn., and East Boston, Mass. . . . Independent shippers, like the complainants, are obliged to send petroleum shipments by rail to the same destinations. . . . The refusal of the New Haven company to consent to and participate in through traffic-rates on that traffic is unjust and unreasonable, and the situation is such as to operate greatly to the advantage of the Standard Oil Company." (I. C. C. report 1906, p. 99.)

Let us go a little further afield. The two biggest centres for refined petroleum in western New York are Buffalo and Rochester. The Standard Oil Company has a refinery at Olean, N. Y., down near the Pennsylvania state-line. At Struthers, just over this line, there is an independent refinery, which is the nearest of the independents to these two markets. It was therefore important that the Standard Oil Company's plant at Olean should be able to compete on favorable terms with this independent plant at Struthers.

It will be noticed that a barrel of oil moving from Struthers to Buffalo or to Rochester had to cross the state-line and was therefore interstate commerce, the rates upon which must be openly filed at Washington. The open rate for the 124 miles to Buffalo was 32 cents a barrel in 1906, and for the 167 miles to Rochester was 38.4 cents a barrel.

Olean, on the contrary, is in New York state, and a barrel of oil moving from that point to either Buffalo or Rochester was not interstate commerce. Therefore, on January 1, 1906, the Pennsylvania Railroad was able to put into effect an unfiled and unposted rate of 10 cents a barrel for the 70-mile haul to Buffalo, and 9 cents for the 106-mile haul to Rochester. At the top of the order containing these rates, which it sent to its agents at Buffalo, Olean, and Rochester, it printed in heavy capitals this phrase:

"NOT TO BE POSTED."

The result is perfectly obvious. With a rate less than one-third of the independent rate to Buffalo and one-quarter of the independent rate to Rochester, these markets were pretty securely fixed in the hands of the Standard.

Similarly, at the same time, the Standard plant at Olean was able to ship oil to Burlington, Vt., at a cost of 15.34 cents per hundred pounds, as against 33 cents charged on shipments from the independent plant at Oil City, Pa.—the New York Central participating, in this case, in the discriminating rates which were state rates for a part of the haul and therefore not filed at Washington.

These are not rebates, of course, but they serve the same end. The distinction between modern methods of railroad discrimination and the old-fashioned, secret rebates seems to me to be pretty finely drawn. Sometimes the distinction is so fine that the railroad, when detected, will not undertake to defend it in the courts. In that case the railroad makes a frank confession and usually censures publicly the traffic-men who put the rate in force.

A big shipper of oranges in California used to send his crop to the packing establishment over a little railroad which

lay altogether within the state. The fruit was packed and then shipped out to distant points on rates that had no relation to the original shipment from the orchard to the packer. The Southern Pacific, which got the long haul to the East, used to repay the shipper half the cost of sending his fruit from the orchard to the packing-plant. There was no rebate on the interstate shipment, but of course the effect of the arrangement was to give that shipper an advantage over his competitors and at the same time to secure to the Southern Pacific all that shipper's business. When it came to an investigation, the Southern Pacific pleaded guilty without any attempt to defend the practice.

Throughout the United States, wherever rebates are not punishable under state laws, exactly similar practices may be found. In 1900 twenty-seven railroads and shippers were indicted for giving or receiving rebates, and eighteen more pleaded guilty. In one month of that year, in a single Kentucky district, eleven indictments were secured for the payment



GETTING MARKETS FOR A TRUST

Up to 1906 it cost the independent shippers of oil at Struthers three times as much to reach Buffalo and four times as much to Rochester, as it cost the Standard plant at Olean, though the distance was as indicated in the diagram

or receipt of old-fashioned rebates—direct, secret payments of money by the railroad to the shipper after the full legal rate had been paid.

In 1909 the Canadian Pacific and the Quaker Oats Company were fined for giving and receiving rebates; the American Tobacco Company and the Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railroad were indicted for the same offense; the Louisville & Nashville was indicted on eleven charges of rebate and concessions; and the Fish Trust, the Beef Trust, and the Sugar Trust were all involved in rebate suits in which the offense was proved. The most celebrated case was that in which the New York Central was fined \$108,000 for paying rebates to the Sugar Trust. This verdict was affirmed by the Supreme Court in February, 1909.

One of these cases is interesting because it shows up one of the common disguises in which the up-to-date rebate parades in the business world. The packing-house plant of Schwarzschild & Sulzberger, Chicago, had a small local railroad-track in its plant. The Chicago & Alton took traffic out of this plant at the legal rate. Later on it paid to the packer a certain stipulated amount of money as compensation for the use of this track in the railroad service. In this case the Chicago & Alton fought against conviction; but the Supreme Court swept its subterfuges aside and fined the railroad \$40,000 and two responsible officers \$10,000 each.

When cases of this sort come to light there is one unfailing comment that is given to the public by the officers and directors of the railroad which pays the rebate, and of the shipping company which receives it. The railroad president, or the trust president, when the newspapers come to interview him, simply states that he knows nothing whatever about the facts of the case except as they have come out in the evidence.

The railroad president refers the matter to the traffic-manager. If you go and see the traffic-manager, he will refer you to the general agent in the territory where the discrimination has been practised. The general agent, if he is at liberty to

talk, will say that he was acting under general orders from headquarters and not under specific orders on the case in point. Thus all these officers will deny direct responsibility—and it might be added that it is very difficult indeed, in most cases, to fix such direct responsibility.

The board of directors knows nothing whatever about traffic. The usual defense of the railroad director, if you charge him with being in any light degree responsible for the practice of discrimination by his railroad, is something like this:

"I know nothing of traffic. Perhaps, in their honest zeal for the welfare of the company, our traffic-men have paid rebates in one form or another. As a director I have done all I can to see that every act of the company is in full compliance, not only with the letter but with the spirit of the law. I decline to be held responsible for the acts of a thousand men, each working out his individual destiny."

This philosophy is comforting; but the Supreme Court will have none of it. The main defense of the New York Central in the sugar case already cited was that, since no authority had been given by the stockholders or directors to the agents to grant rebates, the corporation could not be held responsible. If the corporation were fined, the loss would fall upon the poor, innocent stockholders.

The Supreme Court was unkind to those stockholders. It decided, in so many words, that any act presumed to be done under authority by the agents of a corporation was chargeable to the corporation, and was in effect an act of the corporation.

Railroad discrimination to-day is practised in a thousand devious ways. An infinitely small percentage of this discrimination comes to light, but the great mass of it is never discovered. Indeed it cannot, from its very nature, be discovered except by accident; for every party in interest will, for his own sake, do his best to conceal it. One can but adduce a few specific instances and leave to the individual shipper the problem of finding out whether or not he, as an individual, is paying a tax for the benefit of some other individual or corporation.

In a dairy district, the usual form of discrimination is to make common rates from all points within a certain arbitrarily-defined concentration district. Any one who goes into the dairy business outside that district is taxed, in the railroad schedule, for the benefit of those inside. This same method of discrimination may be found in the cotton areas of the South. It is a form of traffic system defensible on the soundest economic grounds; but the abuse has, in a few cases, been rather flagrant.

In coal, limestone, cement, and other similar products produced at a great number of points in a given region, the most usual form of discrimination is through car supply. In one case of recent years the railroad claimed the right to refuse transportation to a shipper of lime whose plant was located off its line, on the ground that it was bound to foster the lime industry in its own territory and was therefore entitled to refuse to accept traffic of this sort from another railroad. This naïve claim to the power of life and death over manufacturing industry was very quickly upset when it came to the light of day.

In sugar, flour, oil, lumber, and many other commodities which can safely be stored in a railroad yard, a common form of privilege to the big shipper is to allow him to keep a carload shipment in the cars on sidings at points where there is no congestion and await reconsignment of these products without charge for the storage privilege. This form of discrimination is most usually found at times when traffic is light on the railroad and the car-supply exceeds the demand. At such periods, at country points around Chicago, one may sometimes find an astonishing amount of freight on railroad sidings for weeks at a time.

Of course the two most widely practised of all forms of discrimination have not yet been touched upon. In grain, cotton, lumber, and a few other items the shipper is granted the privilege of taking his product out of the cars at certain specified points, milling them, and reshipping on the through-rates. This so-called "transit privilege" is a most elastic affair.

It can be stretched to the most extraordinary length, or it can be refused outright to one shipper in a town while extended to others. In one recorded case a shipper of grain had for years enjoyed the privilege of milling his grain at Omaha and of forwarding the products—flour, bran, etc.—under the through-rates. This privilege was suddenly withdrawn, destroying his business entirely, although the privilege remained in the case of other shippers and millers of the same products in the same city.

The second great source of discrimination is the payment of money by the railroads for use of railroad facilities owned by private companies. Nearly all the great shippers of steel products, packing-house goods, lumber, fruit, oil, and grain own large numbers of cars, railroad sidings, yards, or even small railroads. The big railroad pays the shipper for the use of these facilities. Grain-elevators and cotton-compresses operated by shippers and furnishing a service covered by the railroad-rate usually result in a business monopoly and give rise to an enormous amount of injustice and discrimination.

Sometimes, as in the now famous Missouri River rate-case, the shippers of a city discover (or think that they discover) that the railroads are discriminating against their city. Then there is a tremendous noise. The through-rate to Kansas City on first-class goods was made by adding the rate from New York to St. Louis and the first-class rate from St. Louis to Kansas City, making a through-rate of \$1.47. The rate from New York to St. Paul on the same goods was \$1.15. The wholesale merchants of Kansas City wanted to strengthen their position in competition not only with St. Paul but also with St. Louis and Chicago. The cities of St. Joseph, Omaha, and Sioux City joined the Kansas City merchants. The fight was long and bitter, but finally the courts have ruled in favor of the contention of the cities.

Any one who studies railroad rates closely will be struck by the fact that a very large proportion of the complaints arising out of rate schedules comes from

the smaller towns and cities rather than from the big mercantile and manufacturing centres. Such cities as Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, have little to complain of. The cardinal fact of our national rate-structure is that the railroad-rate schedules tend to centralize industries, manufactures, jobbing, and even retail trade at these great centres. If the railroads in this country were to adopt rates based on distance alone, a decentralizing process would immediately begin, and the great industrial cities would begin to slip backward at a startling pace.

Therefore, it is well for the larger centres of trade and industry that they do not become too radical in their attacks upon the present rate-structure; and this fact is well recognized by all the commercial bodies representing these large cities. The same is true of the large industrial companies as against the small ones. The same process that has tended to create the big city has tended also to create the big company; and the large shipper to-day enjoys advantages under the class and commodity-rate schedule that do not extend to the shipper at outlying points. Therefore, nine out of ten (one might almost say ninety-nine out of a hundred) of the attacks upon the rate schedule are made, not by the large shippers, but by the small ones.

Enough facts have been given in this article to show that our railroad-rate system is still full of discriminations, privileges, and favors on the one hand, and of injustice and hardship on the other. It is true that the tendency has been toward a betterment of these conditions. It is true that the Hepburn Bill and the recent enlargement of the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission have tended to make it even more dangerous to continue the use of devices in favor of one class of shippers as against another.

Even more important than this, it is unquestionably true that the railroad men who are at the head of affairs to-day are paying more and more attention to traffic, and are at the same time studying public opinion and weighing more and more the benefit of the country at large against the benefit and prosperity of the great combines and of powerful individual shippers.

In these facts there is comfort for the present and hope for the future. I have no doubt at all that in the course of time we shall work out of the present chaotic rate-schedule a system that will be relatively free from the injustice and inequality of the present system without resorting to revolutionary methods of rate-making that would ruin the railroads or set back the development of the great cities of the country.

THE WAY TO HEALTH

MY EXPERIENCE WITH "FLETCHERISM"

BY

C. M. CADY

(PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE, DOBISHIRA COLLEGE, KIOTO, JAPAN)

INDIGESTION has been my bane and curse for more than fifty years; in fact, ever since I was born. My experience has convinced me that for many people, if not for all, the infernal pit

is really the pit of the stomach; and when a man gets to thinking all is up, or down, with him, he had better look into the subject of digestion and assimilation and see if he isn't overeating.

In my case, the indigestion very early induced fits of "blues"—or "blacks," as the Japanese call them. These periods of depression varied in length; they never lasted less than a day, and at times they beclouded the sky for a week. Certain books at such times were especially depressing. I well remember that George Eliot impressed me like the weight of years, and "The Scarlet Letter" made me melancholy for nearly a month after finishing it.

After graduation, in 1882, I went out to China to help found a new mission, and it was there that indigestion and depression of spirit held me long in their benumbing grip. Relief came in the shape of an invitation from Japan to organize the department of English Language and Literature in the Doshisha College in Kioto.

For eight years I rejoiced in my work, with fewer and shorter periods of depression, because I had found my place in life. Besides I had a helpmate who knew how food should be cooked in New England fashion.

In 1892 we went home on a well-earned furlough, with the expectation of returning to work at the end of a year. But I was prevented from doing so. The disappointment and worry proved stronger than my courage, and the first serious breakdown came. My way of escape was through another invitation from the Doshisha faculty. Improvement began at once, and by the time I reached Japan—just five years after we had left it—I was again in shape for work.

The second break came after three years of service, and was brought on by overwork. As a consequence I was laid off from February till the following September. At this time my mind was filled with all kinds of strange fancies which I could not shake off.

In the fall I went back to my position out of sheer, dogged determination not to stop, but during that whole year the depression was so great that I never went to class a single day without the thought that probably that would be the last which I should teach.

In the summer of the next year we went into our mountain camp; for six weeks I did not read even a newspaper or write a letter. If any thought of school work stuck its head up in my mind, I threw my hammer at it. I lived outdoors; I "puttered" around, mending and building. Every day I could see improvement; when I went back in the fall I was fairly well, except for indigestion.

The third break came in about another year; relief came in our summer resort of Karuizawa when I was asked to take charge of the financial side of the large tennis-club. In this work I grew fresh and strong again, although great care had to be taken with my diet. You see I did not understand my trouble, and so was possessed with wrong ideas as to what ailed me.

The fourth breakdown was again brought on largely by overwork and disappointment. This time the depression was so prolonged and the attempts to recover were so disappointing that I came to the settled conviction that my working-days were about over. For two years and more I fully believed that my body was a worn-out machine. I said to myself: "If three times are out, four times must surely be."

I was sent home to America, but I saw very little, if any, improvement; indeed, the indigestion became so fixed that I was even more despondent and discouraged after the four-months' rest and visit in America.

This was my condition of body, of mind, and of spirit when I happened to pick up a magazine in which Mr. Horace Fletcher gave a clear, brief statement of the principles which he had found to be helpful in restoring his own body to strength and vigor. "Fletcherism" had long been considered by me as a fad, and I regarded Mr. Fletcher as a sort of crank.

"Chewing," I said to myself, "is worth a good deal, of course, but then chewing is not everything."

But I was desperate. The summer vacation, in spite of a very active outdoor life, was the worst time I ever had. I could not get anything that seemed to suit, and the distress after eating became so constant and severe that I really did not know which way to turn.

I began reading Mr. Fletcher's article in a very indifferent way. The first thing that caught my eye was a statement to the effect that he was not prescribing for individuals, but was laying down principles that had proved helpful in his own case. "But," he said, "I do not lay them down for any one man; each person must take them and modify them or accommodate them to his own needs."

"Well," I said, "that is sensible; a man who can say that is not a crank."

A little farther on I came across the sentence: "*Do not chew too much.*"

"My sakes!" I said, "for a man whose reputation is popularly considered to rest upon chewing as the cure for all ills—for him to say 'Do not chew too much' proves that he has a level head, and is no crank." After reading the article, I thought to myself that I must be honest and give him a fair chance, as I should do were I to consult a physician. Therefore, I must first completely change the attitude of my mind toward my body, I must absolutely stop looking upon it as a worn-out machine. I reasoned that if Mr. Fletcher—much worse off than I—could pull up, there was a possibility for me.

This was not a distinct faith in "Fletcherism" as a way of escape. I had no such faith. I simply gave him a fair show.

The improvement began almost immediately, and I was as much surprised as my friends at the wonderful change that came over my physical strength after I began eating as nearly according to Mr. Fletcher's ideas as I knew. In three weeks' time I was literally a new man, yet I did nothing except change my methods of eating according to Mr. Fletcher's principles and change the attitude of my mind toward my body.

The change in the activity of mind was even more wonderful. I began to teach with such vigor that I soon found myself possessed of a quickness of thought while on my feet in the classroom such as I had never experienced in my whole life.

The trouble with digestion, however, was not wholly solved. If I ate breakfast, even the simplest, and then taught four

hours, I found that I could not, without great distress, do any intellectual work at all after eating at noon; I found that the less I ate at noon the better I was; and thus (and this is a personal equation) I found that my digestion was much stronger at night than in any other part of the twenty-four hours. So I made up my mind, with great fear and trembling, to try Mr. Fletcher's own plan of omitting the breakfast. I feared, because I had broken down twice before my classes, and I dreaded that experience again.

I went to school on Monday morning without eating anything; I got through the first hour all right, but the second hour I began to feel "gone," and the craving of the stomach for food became very strong. Instead of eating, I drank two glasses of cold water; that braced me up to get through the third hour; at the end of the third hour I drank three glasses of cold water, and so got through the fourth hour without trouble. Then I found that a very light lunch left me without any distress, and that I could sit down and do some writing. This was encouraging, because it was the first time that I had been able to do this for more than two years.

The second day I repeated the first day's experience, but with less and less discomfort on account of the absence of food in the morning. The third day was very much better than the other two; on the fourth day, it never occurred to me, so far as my bodily feelings were concerned, that I had not had my regular breakfast. Evidently my hunger in the morning was purely what Mr. Fletcher calls a "habit-hunger," for it was absolutely and completely removed by drinking.

Up to this time, however, I had not fully understood the first and fundamental principle laid down by Mr. Fletcher. I had read his statement that one must wait for an earned appetite, and that without true appetite one should not eat. I had also read his statement that true appetite is in the mouth and not in the stomach or anywhere else in the body, but I had not taken it in fully. I have asked a great many people since then what

they considered to be the leading thing for which Mr. Fletcher stands, and I have received but one answer that seemed to me to be the true one.

It took a sharp fit of indigestion, brought on by eating poisoned fish, I think, to teach me what it is that Mr. Fletcher can be said to have truly discovered.

This fish, or whatever it was, made me exceedingly sick. I nearly overcame it in about three days by careful diet. I was then invited to dinner with a number of friends. I told the lady who invited me that I would go because she had invited me, but that I had no idea that I should care to eat anything. I got there as the people were eating. The sight of the food brought on a very decided stomach-hunger. If I had not read Mr. Fletcher's views, I should have taken for granted that I was really ready for food, because the stomach said eat, and said it most vigorously. The mouth said nothing.

I began reasoning with myself. I said: "Now, I think the stomach ought to have something to say about when one should eat. You need food. You have been hard at work all day, with nothing but a light lunch. You are going to have hard work to-night, so you'd better eat something." I remember, in the back part of my consciousness, a warning voice: "Don't you eat! The mouth does not say eat. You had better not." I reasoned it down.

I found some scalloped oysters, beautifully browned, and I said: "Oysters are easily digested; I am especially fond of them; I guess I will try them." I ate them and thoroughly enjoyed them. I masticated them well. I kept those two laws of Mr. Fletcher thoroughly, but I disobeyed the first law and ate without any other appetite than the so-called hunger in the stomach. The result was that for two or three days I wished very often that I had not eaten them. The trouble was not with the oysters at all. No one else had any difficulty with them; I was simply not ready. "Now," I said, "I understand Mr. Fletcher's first law — true appetite is in the *mouth alone*, and not in the stomach nor anywhere else.

The next time I am going to obey literally the first law of true eating: Wait till the mouth distinctly says eat." Fortunately for the experiment, after three or four days (when I was nearly well from the second attack of indigestion) I was invited out to a dinner again at night. This time I said: "Now if I am not ready for my food when the time comes to-night, I shall not eat, no matter what people say." I had the same stomach-hunger as before, but there was no mouth-hunger, and I did not eat; I drank water and I visited.

I went home rather early, sat down to my desk and worked hard till half-past ten o'clock. A break in the writing came, and as I leaned back in my chair, for some reason the thought of dry bread came into my mind; almost instantly my mouth was full of saliva.

"Now," I said, "if Mr. Fletcher's principles are true, that is an indication that I am ready for food." So, as the servants were all abed at that time of night, I got together as good a meal as I could possibly collect. I warmed up what needed warming, and I sat down about eleven o'clock and ate a hearty meal. I went to bed almost immediately, slept like a top, and I never heard "boo" from that meal; so I had proved from both sides to my own complete satisfaction the truth of Mr. Fletcher's contention that true appetite is in the mouth, not in the stomach.

When true appetite is present, any food may be taken, if taken properly, and no trouble will come from it. Another thing that I have found is that when Mr. Fletcher says: "If you have true appetite — well-earned appetite — you can eat anything you like," that does not mean anything you like in taste merely, but anything that you are sure, from experience, you will enjoy after eating as well as during the process.

Now, nothing, I think, could be more encouraging than my experience in this regard. It is not usual for a man to pull up after such serious breakdowns — four times repeated — but the fact was, as I now believe, my great trouble was largely due to overeating; the excess food

simply poisoned my whole system, and the poison was the depressing influence. My experience has been similar to many others, that the intellectual life has been wonderfully increased.

As soon as I was on my feet ready for work, new and ever-widening opportunities for action and influence came my way — opportunities that were never dreamed possible and for the taking of which I had never had the strength either of body or of mind. *Now* they are entered upon with promptness and handled without hesitation.

Before this last recovery, I seemed to be shut up mostly to the negative side of success — the finding out of what I could *not* do. Since last December, this state of things has turned quite about, and I have the positive enjoyment of seeing

things that I touch *move*, and move, too, in the way that I push.

Not long ago I was talking with Baron Kikuchi, president of the Imperial University of Kioto, about some plans for the advancement of the city. I was trying to convince him that the plans that I had in mind would succeed. He evidently did not share my enthusiasm and gave voice to his doubts. I brushed the difficulties aside and gave my reasons for the hope that was in me. His final answer was: "Well, you are the most sanguine man I ever met."

"Baron Kikuchi," I replied, "I think I have the right to be sanguine. I have seen myself pull up four times out of what was literally the infernal pit, and if that fact does not constitute a right to be sanguine, I do not know what does."

WHY I WROTE MY LATEST BOOK

MY AIM IN "THE STORY OF THE NEGRO"

BY

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

SOME years ago I invited a number of Negro farmers to meet at Tuskegee. At this meeting, which was the first "Tuskegee Negro Conference," I called upon some of the more successful farmers to tell how they had succeeded. I asked those who owned land, for example, to tell how they had made and saved enough money to make themselves independent land-owners. Their stories were frequently amusing, and always instructive and inspiring to the other members of the conference. I think we all went away from these meetings feeling that there was hope for all of us.

These conferences have been going on every year since that time. The people we invited carried back to their communities the stories they heard, so that

some of the best may almost be designated as classics.

There was the story of the woman who started with a puppy, which she traded for a pig, and went on from that until she owned her own land. Then there was the old farmer from Pickens County, who used to come to the conference every year with a new suit of clothes made from wool grown on his own farm, spun by his daughters into cloth, and made by his wife into a suit of clothes. I remember, also, that he used to tell us of the great things that were accomplished by four Negroes whom he always referred to as "the Singleton brothers." We never saw the Singleton brothers at our conference, but every year he would tell us, in the most interesting way, about

what these mighty men of Mamiesville were doing. (They had named their community Mamiesville, after the daughter of one of the leading citizens, in imitation of their white neighbors who had called their town Ethelsville.)

I used to wonder sometimes whether the Singleton brothers really existed. At times they seemed "too good to be true."

In this way there grew up out of our conference a sort of oral literature which led us to take a wholesome pride in the progress that colored people were making in farming, land-getting, home-building, and the other fundamental things of life. These stories were not less interesting because the heroes of them were plain,

simple folk, men who worked hard to lift themselves, and in doing so had shown the way for others to do the same thing.

In writing "The Story of the Negro" I have tried to do on a larger scale just what the stories of the Negro conference have done — to supply a kind of literature that will inspire the masses of my own people with hope, ambition, and confidence. I also wanted to show the character and extent of the progress made by the Negro during slavery times, in the hope that I might suggest what was accomplished and also what was stirring in the minds of the Negro people during that long period when there was no one to voice their thoughts or tell their story.

MY AIM IN "CAVANAGH"

BY

HAMLIN GARLAND

BEING a novelist, I hoped that my readers would find "Cavanagh" a good story, first of all. That is naturally the prime factor in the book's appeal. But as I have never been quite satisfied with any story for its own sake, so in this romance (as in "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" and in "Hesper") I have sought for something sociologic as a background. I found what I needed in the work of the Forest Service as expressed through its rangers — a service built up by Gifford Pinchot and constituting in my opinion the most significant movement in the West at this moment. For the first time in the history of the West, Uncle Sam has on the spot a man who represents the future and not the present, the Federal and not the local spirit. The forest ranger, riding his solitary trail, is the vidette of the real civilization which is to bring in "the New West."

In fact this book marks a change in me as to the West. Hitherto I have taken the violence and filth of the Western cattle country as the necessary accom-

paniments of a visit to a distant "territory;" but now that these "cow-towns" are parts of the Republic, I find myself critical and condemnatory. The free-range stockman and his cowboy cohorts were admirable subjects for fiction, but they have served their turn. They must now be judged as citizens of the New West. In "Cavanagh" I have put some part of my changed attitude toward the cowboy and all that he represents. I feel a certain responsibility toward the West — and being no longer young I find myself intolerant of the lawless element which has done so much to bring the country into contempt.

However, all this seems to make the story much more informing than it really is. It is by no means so formidable as all this talk would seem to make it. I have an enthusiasm for the field service of the Forestry Bureau, and perhaps I may summarize satisfactorily by saying that the main interest of the volume (outside of its story) will probably lie in the pictures which I have drawn of a fairly typical ranger's life.

MEN IN ACTION

THE following letter was written by an invalid minister who was hurried off to Arizona in what was supposed to be the last stages of tuberculosis. It is a personal letter, telling a friend the simple story of a resolute fight, and the writer has consented to its publication here:

MY DEAR —: Here is a tale — not of woe, but of conquest. You may have heard from me and from others that I have been working for years on the hen problem. Of course, hen fever is likely to develop in any man, rage for a time, and then die out. In my case the fever was never of the raging sort. My inspiration to work with poultry came from deeper sources. I have been waging a tireless warfare for the financial freedom of the family. No matter how weak in body, I have never been infirm in purpose. I know there is no cure for me: that I can never again know what a man really feels like who breathes and fills his lungs. With me the question is simply — how long can I stay here with the family? There is a flame that burns within the breasts of some "lungers" that seems to resist the blasts that shriek for its extinguishment.

But I have not been content merely to fight tuberculosis. I could not make a business of invalidism. I would blush to join the ranks of those valetudinarians whose graft is to enjoy poor health; so I resolved that I would show my children a father at work. I could not command success, but I would show my boy how bitterly his gasping daddy fought to teach him by daily example the dignity of labor. I have won my fight, after six years of effort.

Now, I can't imagine what sort of a hen-coop you think I have here, but I will tell you about it. Six years ago I began with twenty-four hens. Year after year I forged ahead until to-day I have 2,000 standard-bred White Leghorn hens, and every chick is of my own hatching! Imagine 2,000 beautiful white hens in procession on your main residence street!

I repeated the blunder of sending thousands of miles away for eggs when better ones could be had nearer home, but as I was closer to the natural hatching season than when I first experimented, the results were better. This time I hatched White Rocks only. The eggs came from a well-known Eastern breeder, and while I was disappointed in the number that hatched

I was greatly pleased with the quality of the few that came. All chicken folk will admit that a White Rock is a fine chick. He grows fast and he is a chummy little fellow from his youth up. I believe I took one hundred fluffy chicks from that incubator. Previous experience had taught me how to detect deformities in chicks, and I was pleased to see the little rascals standing squarely on their feet and to watch with keen delight their pretty shoe-button eyes.

Yes, of course, I was yet very foolish about chicks. For hours I sat and watched them play, and often I would drag the rest of the family from the house to the brooder to see the chicks at football with a piece of meat. While watching them scuffling for the meat, the world seemed young to me and I forgot every unpleasant thing — forgot that anybody, anywhere, was sick. Before me was life, young, hustling, scrapping, tugging, and I was held longer by those little fellows without fatigue than I could have thought possible.

The energy that drove me on was only in a limited sense physical. A quick perception of just what part of the work would break me down helped, and I always managed to have some one with a stronger arm where I knew mine would fail. But the secret of this poultry proposition is found in the cells of the brain, not in the muscles of the arm. Only a little brawn is necessary in this business. I can buy that, but I cannot hire the hand or face that becomes so sensitive to heat or cold that it can tell in a moment if a little chick is gasping from heat or becoming chilled from cold. I cannot buy "gumption."

I have been above measure obstreperous. I have refused to be "a dead one," and here goes a letter to you, six years after my proper funeral should have been held, which plainly indicates that I have not been even a good *living* corpse. Six years ago my friends set me in a chair, and watched that chair. Yet they often find it empty—lo! I have gone. But later I return. I have been merely off, feeding the chickens.

The really vital thing in the fight against tuberculosis is to keep the malady *below* the collarbone. The "white plague" is a disease of the *lungs* — not of the brain. While the enemy's sappers and miners are undercutting and blasting out the lung tissue, a man with a clear head may conquer a kingdom, plant a vineyard, or establish a poultry-farm—if he has any "ginger."

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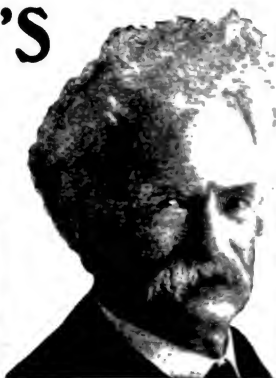


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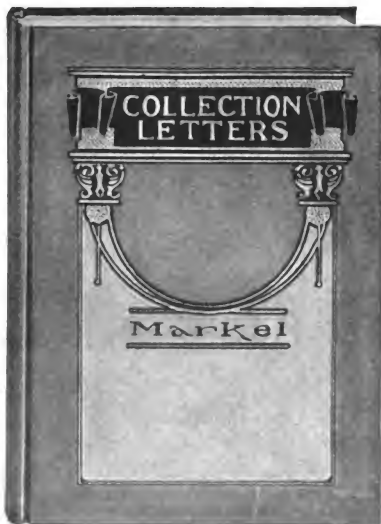
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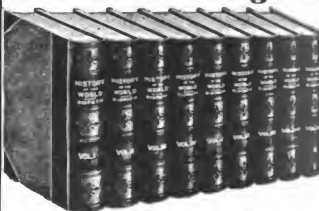
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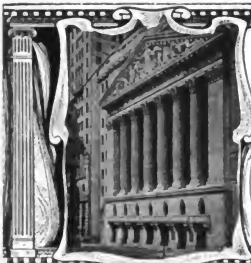
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298.—THEORY. Q. I have read an article lately about the gold supply, and am afraid of bonds as investments. According to this theory, the high-priced bonds that yield less than 5 per cent. must come down. Is this theory correct?

A. It is correct to say that the increasing gold production has a marked effect upon the prices of securities that are limited to a certain rate of income. When you push that theory to its logical conclusion, however, and decide that the only safe form of security investment is stocks that can increase their dividends, you plunge into one of the silliest fallacies of the day. By this argument, it is demonstrable that mining, stocks are better investments than high grade bonds in point of safety. The theory, as you have seen it worked out in print by an enthusiast, ignores every other factor in the making of prices except this one factor. If you follow it, you are practically certain to be wrong three-quarters of the time.

299.—IRRIGATION. Q. I note in your advertising pages a number of offerings of irrigation bonds secured by settlers' contracts on the land. In these advertisements, this security is described as a "direct lien on the most productive land" in one instance; and in another case the phrase "secured by direct lien" is used. A lawyer tells me that under the Carey Act segregations settlers' liens are not mortgages, or direct liens of any sort. Which is right?

A. We don't know. There is no precedent to guide a judgment on the point except precedents involved with other matters beside the mere question of lien. We have lawyers' opinions on both sides, and are not qualified to be a court of appeals on the point.

We think that the "direct lien" becomes really operative only after construction is completed, water is on the land, and patents have been issued for the land by the United States Government. Prior to that time, in our opinion, the "direct lien" is not enforceable against the land. If the settler failed to pay up, we think that the debt would be collected not under a foreclosure against the land but by a judgment against the individual, just like any other note.

We hardly think that a buyer of irrigation bonds on a Carey Act project under construction has any tangible real estate security at the outset, however much he may have after the project is completed and patents have been issued. As to "direct lien on the most productive lands," he does not, of course, have that until the lands are producing, that is, after all construction is finished, settlers on the land, and crops under way.

300.—ENGLISHMAN. Q. Do you think that, as a foreigner, I can buy bonds in America to give me 5 per cent. with safety? My taxes are high, and I find that our own securities give me little more than a net

3 per cent., even if I go outside the best class of securities.

A. You can get 5 per cent. with practically perfect safety, if you are willing to give up some of the marketability that goes with the standard bonds of the railroads. At this moment, owing to the general weakening of the bond market, you can get more than 5 per cent. in good bonds — quite good enough for a permanent and comfortable investment.

We should advise you to make a regular connection with a standard bond house in New York, Boston or Philadelphia — as you like — and ask for a full list of their recommendations. Many of the bonds you will never have heard of before. You can buy a manual that will tell you all about the companies, or you can get full particulars on request from your banker, or you can ask us, or any other magazine that has a real financial department. You ought to be able to become an intelligent 5 per cent. investor in American bonds without any chance of going wrong.

301.—TREASURER. Q. My town, in Wyoming, wants to build a new schoolhouse which is badly needed. We will ask the people to authorize a bond issue if there is any chance of selling the bonds. What rate of interest will we have to pay, and how shall we get the big bankers to bid for the bonds?

A. Don't go ahead in a matter like this without legal advice. Nobody will buy your bonds anyway, without knowing that all the legal steps have been made correctly, and economy in this line is the worst kind of waste. If you have no by-laws telling you how to proceed, you will probably have to get such laws made before the East will care to handle your bonds.

If you want specific information to fit your case, you had better write to one or two Eastern trust companies and private bankers that have been in the habit of attending to such things, and ask them for specific data, giving them much fuller information about your town than you have given us. We think that the American Bank Note Company, of New York, once published a pamphlet of instructions for such cases. Get that. In any case, do not be amateurish in getting out your bonds.

302.—LEHIGH. Q. I have held Lehigh Valley stock for some years. Now the management seems to be shifting, and I do not like speculative railroads. Should I sell out?

A. If you will not be happy holding the stock of a road that has, in a slight measure at least, changed its policy or is likely to change its policy, you ought to sell out. The entrance of the Moores into the Lehigh is likely to be followed by much more aggressive policies in some directions, probably mostly toward the distribution of assets hidden away during the long period of conservation and conservatism.

Bonds of Demonstrated Value

Broadly speaking, the prices commanded by bonds are determined by the following considerations:

1. Intrinsic value of the security
2. Earning power of the property
3. Character of the management
4. Extent of the market.

Our circular No. 910 describes several bond issues secured upon properties of demonstrated value and earning power. The bonds have a good market. They have been purchased by banks and well-informed investors. The income yield ranges from about $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In our opinion, this is as high a return as is now obtainable from bonds combining all of these important features.

Railroad Bonds

Our Circular No. 911 describes 45 issues of railroad bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The circular gives the amount of bonds issued, the denominations, interest and maturity dates, high and low prices for 1909, etc. We classify the bonds as high-grade investments, conservative investments and semi-speculative investments.

Listed Stocks

There is a world-wide interest in Railroad and Industrial Stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Our Circular No. 912 describes over 100 issues. It gives the amount of stock issued, dividend rate, surplus earnings for last fiscal year, high and low prices for 1909, etc. We classify the stocks as investment, semi-investment and speculative.

Banking Facilities: We are in a position to extend to you all of the banking facilities of an experienced and conservative house. We accept deposits subject to draft, and allow interest on daily balances, or on money placed with us pending its investment.

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Bankers

BRANCH OFFICES

Albany, N. Y., State and James Streets
Boston, Mass., 50 Congress Street
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HEAD OFFICE, New York

Members New York Stock Exchange

In the purchase of bonds the value of a banking house to a client depends upon the scope, character and efficiency of the service rendered.

Experience

A broad comprehensive knowledge of the conditions that surrounded a given issue of bonds is necessary to a judicious selection. Experience leads one intuitively to look for and appreciate the salient features. The dominating policy of the business procedure of N. W. Halsey & Company is the complete safeguarding of the funds invested through them.

*Write for latest bond circular
No. F-45.*

N. W. Halsey & Co. Bankers

Dealers in Government, Municipal,
Railroad and Public Utility Bonds.

NEW YORK
49 Wall St.
CHICAGO
152 Monroe St.

PHILADELPHIA
1429 Chestnut St.
SAN FRANCISCO
424 California St.

Lesson No. 1 In Bond Buying

The first lesson a Bond Buyer should learn is that he cannot himself pass upon the security of bonds offered for sale. Such an investigation requires the knowledge of an investigating organization. Even then the process is expensive and is only justified in the case of bond houses handling large issues.

The investor's greatest protection is therefore to deal only with houses of established reputation who are equipped to thoroughly examine securities.

We have for many years made a specialty of **Electric Railway, Electric Light and Power Company Bonds**. These are issued by Public Service Corporations in which we have control or in which we have large interests which are secondary to the bonds. These companies are operated by experts connected with our organization. We purchase all bonds right before offering them for sale.

We can always supply very high grade securities of this class, which have been subjected to the most careful examination of our experts. We can only recommend such bonds for investment, and we offer them at prices net from

4 3/4% to 5 1/2%

Circulars, copies of mortgage and legal opinions furnished on request.

Inquiries invited

Bertron, Griscom & Jones Bankers

40 Wall Street
New York

Lead Title
Philadelphia

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

7 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Capital \$ 3,000,000
Surplus and Profits 6,000,000
Deposits 55,000,000

I. BANKING DEPARTMENT

Acts as Depositary for the Inactive Accounts and Reserve Funds of Individuals, Estates, Corporations, Banks, Municipalities, Societies and Charitable Institutions; paying interest on daily balances.

II. TRUST DEPARTMENT

Acts as Trustee, Guardian, Committee, Administrator, Executor, etc., for INDIVIDUALS and as Registrar, Transfer Agent, Trustee of Mortgages, Depositary under Re-organization, etc., for CORPORATIONS.

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Serves in all transactions involving financial dealings with foreign countries; issues Drafts, Letters of Credit and Travelers' Cheques payable in all parts of the world; makes telegraphic payments, and cares for collection of bonds and coupons, payable in foreign countries.

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ADVISORY SERVICE

AMONG our clients are many individuals intrusted with the administration of estates or trust funds who feel the need of disinterested advisory service.

To such the varied phases of the investment field present problems of legality or of precedent, of equity and income, the proper solution of which calls for careful consideration based upon broad experience.

In many instances the entire future of an estate or trust fund depends upon the initial steps taken for its safe-guarding.

The advisory service which we offer is based upon thirty years of experience and often proves of invaluable assistance to those confronted with questions relative to investment of personal or trust funds.

Correspondence invited.

CHARLES A. FRANK & CO.

Members New York Stock Exchange
45 Broadway New York

Money Commands Respect

"THE mill will never grind with the water that is passed." The money you spend is gone. The money you save is the reserve power to help you on to greater things or to keep you from misfortune.

Are you close-fisted—do you save money naturally or does it run through your fingers?

We have a plan that helps you **save**. We do not take your money to speculate with it. We make our fees by lending our own money on mortgage to New York City property owners. We sell you these mortgages and so get back our money to lend again.

The mortgages are all first mortgages, the best in the world and both title and payment of principal and interest are guaranteed. You can buy the mortgages themselves or guaranteed mortgage certificates based on the mortgages in amounts of \$200, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000.

These certificates have all the advantages of the guaranteed mortgages. The payment of the principal and interest is guaranteed absolutely by the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company with its Capital and Surplus of \$7,500,000. We stake our own reputation on the satisfactory character of these mortgage certificates. Our capital and surplus amount to \$14,000,000.

How you can buy the \$200 certificates on the instalment plan at \$10 per month is told in our booklet—The Safe Way to Save. Send postal or coupon below for it.

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO.

176 Broadway, New York

Please send "The Safe Way to Save," advertised in The World's Work, to

Name.....

Address.....

175 Remsen St., Brooklyn, 350 Fulton St., Jamaica

Proved Investments

From time to time we repurchase from our clients small blocks of First Mortgage Bond Issues formerly marketed by us. In almost every instance the original issue has been materially reduced through the operation of **our plan of serial payments**, the margin of security has been correspondingly increased and the ability of the borrowing company to take care of the interest and maturing principal has been proved.

Such bonds net from **4¾ to 5½%**, and sometimes as high as **6%**, and are under ordinary conditions readily realizable.

We have just prepared a circular offering a large variety of these proved investments secured by Iron Ore, Coal, Timber, Steel Steamships, Steam and Electric Railroads, Railroad Equipment, Chicago Real Estate and the plants of well-known Industrial Corporations.

Write for Circular No. 697 L

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

181 La Salle Street

CHICAGO

Desirable Income and Adequate Security

are considerations of every investor. The safety line is a well-secured Municipal or Tax Bond or high-class Corporation Bond, selected through Bankers whose experience and record merit your confidence. The needs of capital for proper development in the

GREAT CENTRAL WEST

gives us opportunities for favorable purchases. Our ownership of bonds comprises fifty separate issues for your selection—bonds legal for Eastern Savings Banks, yielding from 4½% to 4¾% and others equally desirable yielding better interest.

In a selected list of securities suitable for Banks, trustees and individuals, we recommend—

- Northern Steamship Company 5½% Serial Bonds
(Legal investments for Michigan and Ohio Savings Banks)
- Kossuth County, Iowa (Dr: in) 6½% Serial Bonds
- (Legal investments for Iowa Savings Banks and Tax Exempt)
- Atchison County, Mo. (Drain) 5½% Serial Bonds
- Woodruff County, Ark. (Levee) 6½% Serial Bonds
- Long-Bell Lumber Company (Security, pine timber) 6½% Serial Bonds

For 21 years officers of this Company have selected securities for our customers in 41 States, and no investment has failed of payment in accordance with its promise. Consider the security of this statement and send to-day for our offerings and information.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY

ST. LOUIS:
265 Merchants-Laclede Building

CHICAGO:
365 Home Insurance Building

How to Meet The Higher Cost of Living?



An A-RE-EO Apartment House
Broadway and 110th St.



An A-RE-EO Business Building
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THE most effective way is *to increase your income*. If you are receiving less than 6% upon your savings, the way is open to you to realize a larger return by investing in the 6% Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company. These Bonds pay the highest interest return consistent with safety; because the money received therefrom is invested directly in business—the most stable and profitable business on earth—selected New York real estate—earning *business* profits, which are divided with you to the extent of 6%.

CUT out the middleman who divides your interest return with you. Place your money directly in the business where it is really *used*. Do not be deceived by the statement that money cannot be invested safely at 6%. If it could not, there would be scarcely a solvent bank in the country. Money can earn and is earning 6%, and more, in thousands of profitable businesses. No business assures larger profits with greater security than New York real estate. The best proof that the Bonds of this Company *can pay 6%* is that they *have paid 6%* for more than 22 years, during which period the business of this Company has grown from its original capitalization of \$100,000 to Assets of over \$15,500,000, with Surplus of over \$1,750,000.

IN continuing the offering of these Bonds to the public in the further enlargement of its business the American Real Estate Company submits, not prospects, but facts; not hopes, but demonstrable proof. The soundness of its business is established, time-tried, panic-proven. It offers to investors a just return—ample security—a proven record of efficiency and integrity—an equitable and thoroughly protected obligation. A-R-E Six's are issued in either of two forms:

6% COUPON BONDS

For Those Who Wish to Invest \$100 or More

For Income Earning—sold at par in denominations \$100, \$500, \$1000, \$5000, or any other desired amount in even hundreds; paying 6% interest semi-annually by coupons attached, carrying the privilege of surrender for cash.

6% ACCUMULATIVE BONDS

For Those Who Wish to Save \$25 or More a Year

For Income Saving—purchasable by installment payments covering terms of 10, 15 or 20 years; payments and interest payable in cash at maturity. The yearly payment rates per \$1000 Bond are: 10-year term, \$71.57; 15-year term, \$40.53; 20-year term, \$25.65.

Send for Booklet,
"Some A-RE-EO Properties," and
Map of New York City showing
location of the Company's properties.

American Real Estate Company

Founded 1888

Assets, \$15,536,199.47

Capital and Surplus, \$1,851,154.38

Room 513, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York

Edward B. Boynton, Pres.
Francis H. Brown, Sec'y

DIRECTORS: Wm. H. Hinckley, 2d Vice Pres.
Harold Roberts, Vice-Pres. Richard T. Lingley, Treas.

\$600,000.

Scullin-Gallagher Iron & Steel Company

SAINT LOUIS

First Mortgage 5½% Serial Gold Bonds

Dated February 1, 1910. Due serially February 1, 1911 to 1925. Interest payable semi-annually, February and August 1, in Saint Louis.

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, TRUSTEE

Coupon Bonds, \$500 denomination. May be registered as to principal if desired. Bonds may be called in whole or in part on any interest date, at 102½ and interest, upon thirty days' previous notice.

Present issue.....	\$ 600,000
Balance reserved for future additions and extensions.....	<u>900,000</u>
Total Amount Authorized.....	\$1,500,000

THE SCULLIN-GALLAGHER IRON & STEEL COMPANY, organized in 1900, under the laws of the State of Missouri, is the largest individual steel-castings plant in the world.

SECURITY:

1. First Mortgage on Real Estate Plants and Equipment, valued at \$2,500,000, or over four times the amount of First Mortgage Bonds issued.
2. Real Estate alone (80 acres situated in the City of St. Louis) more than sufficient security for \$600,000 Bonds.
3. Capital Stock, \$1,500,000, full paid in cash.
4. Bonds being serial, the debt is decreased each year, while value of real estate and earnings of Company should materially increase.
5. Net cash and quick assets as of February 1, 1910, amounted to \$735,822.08.

MATURITIES:

\$37,500 due February 1, 1911,	\$52,000 due February 1, 1917,
39,500 due February 1, 1912,	55,000 due February 1, 1918,
41,500 due February 1, 1913,	58,000 due February 1, 1919,
44,000 due February 1, 1914,	61,000 due February 1, 1920,
46,500 due February 1, 1915,	64,500 due February 1, 1921,
49,000 due February 1, 1916,	51,500 due February 1, 1922.

Price for any maturity 100 and interest, to Net 5½%

Circular giving full description of the property, and copy of letter of the President of the Company relative to the issue, will be furnished on application.

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY**Bond Department****CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$9,500,000.00****Saint Louis**

Over 30 Years' Experience in Handling

Investment Bonds

We deal in

Government	Public Utility
Municipal	Timber
Reclamation	Railroad

BONDS

The bonds we offer our clients are only such as we have purchased outright after the most thorough and careful investigation; we have thought well enough of these bonds to invest our own funds in them, and we unhesitatingly recommend them.

Due to the present demand for greater income from Investments, on account of higher cost of living, we offer—

Colorado Municipal Irrigation Bonds

Yielding from 5½ to 6%

In the famous Greeley District of Colorado, and vicinity.

Without exception, there never has been a default in the interest or principal payments on Colorado municipal irrigation district bond issues.

Every factor making toward the success of Irrigated Agriculture—soil, climate, action of water upon land, railroad transportation and population, is established.

These securities have been purchased by most conservative investors, Life Insurance Companies and Savings Banks, many of which have made personal investigation.

We would be glad to furnish you full details and suggestions upon request.

Send for Circular 10246 B

Farson, Son & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange
Over 30 years' experience

NEW YORK 21 Broad Street	CHICAGO First National Bank Bldg.
-----------------------------	--------------------------------------

DEAR SIR: Please send me Circular 10246 B, describing Colorado Municipal Irrigation Bonds.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

6% First Mortgage Irrigation Gold Bonds

The safety of these bonds is assured by the following provisions and factors:

Dam—Entirely completed.

Construction—By a company which has built 45 dams, no one of which has ever failed.

Fertility—Assured by (1) government reports, (2) the quality and quantity production of adjacent property. Senator Carey's famous irrigation farm, which adjoins on two sides.

Transportation—The property is intersected by the Chicago & Northwestern and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroads.

Every bond issued, in addition to being a first lien on the entire irrigation plant including dams, canals, ditches, etc., is a first mortgage, through the deposit of water purchase contracts (to the amount of \$125 to every \$100 of bonds issued), on land (with water on it) actually sold to bona-fide settlers.

Descriptive circular containing additional safeguarding features will be sent on request

Blake & Reeves

34 Pine Street BANKERS New York City

"Financial Facts"

An 80-Page Book of
Intense Interest to Investors

This is the title of a new book just prepared for investors. You will find it interesting, newsy and readable.

It tells you how to choose an investment according to your particular needs. Some chapters are devoted to Hydro Electric Bonds.

These bonds yield 6 per cent. They are safe both as to principal and interest.

They are secured by first mortgage on water powers which cannot be duplicated. The water power alone is worth more than the issue of bonds.

The bonds are issued in denominations of \$100—\$500—\$1,000.

They are issued in serial form.

A sinking fund has been provided for, of 4% of the total amount of the bonds then outstanding—this fund is used only to retire the bond issue.

This interesting book has been prepared by J. H. Cameron, who is a recognized authority on the question of investment, and is well known to the bankers of the United States—having been prominently identified with the founding and upbuilding of two of Chicago's leading banks.

Your copy of this book is waiting for you—send for it today. (15)

CAMERON & COMPANY

803 First National Bank Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

"The Text-Book on 6% Reclamation Bonds"

This is the title of our new book, based on 16 years of experience with Drainage and Irrigation Bonds. It is a notable production—a veritable text-book on farm lien securities. Ask us to send *your* copy—just from the press.

Drainage and Irrigation Bonds have attained a high place with a well-informed class of investors. We have thousands of customers who consider them the most desirable bonds that we handle.

They are secured by first liens on good farm land—sometimes a thousand farms. And the liens rarely exceed one-fourth the land's value.

They are additionally secured by a first mortgage on all the property in which the proceeds of the bonds are invested. Thus they combine corporate management and responsibility with farm lien security.

The bonds are for \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, so they appeal to small investors and large. The maturities run from one to twenty years, so one may invest for any time that he chooses.

The interest rate is six per cent.—a desirable rate in these days of high prices. A knowledge of the facts regarding these ideal securities is important to every investor.

A Wide Choice

Reclamation bonds include Drainage and Irrigation, and they offer a wide choice in each. Some are based on the rich Delta Lands of the South and some on the most productive lands in the West.

Some are Corporation Bonds secured by first liens on land where one crop will often pay the whole debt.

Some are Municipal issues which form, as do School bonds, a tax lien on an organized district. Some are "Carey Act" Bonds, where the State supervises the project.

All are serial bonds, part of which are paid annually, so the security constantly increases. As the farmer controls his own water supply, the land is not subject to crop failures.

They who know the facts, as told in our book, will find it hard to conceive of any better security.

(25)

How Selected

Our book also explains our extreme care in selecting the Reclamation Bonds that we buy. It names engineers and attorneys of national fame whom we employ to investigate projects.

It tells how water supply, rainfall and drainage area are determined by Government records. Also how soils are analyzed so we may know their exact fertility.

It tells how we keep in touch with the best of these projects. How an officer of our Company almost constantly travels in sections where land is reclaimed. And how we are thus able to select for our customers the cream of these securities.

Wide Experience

In the past 16 years we have bought and sold 78 separate pieces of Drainage and Irrigation Bonds. This book names them all. No investor has lost a dollar through default in interest or principal.

We are very large purchasers of Reclamation Bonds, so we are naturally in touch with every phase of this subject.

Our wide experience and accurate knowledge make our book of decided interest. And every investor owes to himself a knowledge of these facts. Cut out this coupon as a reminder to ask us to mail this book.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

First National Bank Building, Chicago
Also New York, Boston and San Francisco

Please mail me your "Text-Book on 6% Reclamation Bonds."

Name _____

City _____

State _____ 985



Safety of Principal and Interest

is the chief consideration in the purchase of securities.

Interest yield is the second.

Assurance of safety depends largely upon the responsibility of the investment house—and this feature cannot be too strongly emphasized.

In all its years of business in the sale of sound securities, this house has never sold a bond upon which the payment of either principal or interest *has ever been delayed a single day.*

One feature of the unusual safety which characterizes all of the investments handled by this house—municipal, public utility, irrigation and water works bonds—is the fact that many of the two latter classes are doubly secured—

First by the usual customary and ample liens, and second by the guarantee of the American Water Works & Guarantee Company, the capital and surplus of which is four and a half million dollars. This company is an operating, owning and controlling organization which has been in business over a quarter of a century. It guarantees the securities of only such enterprises as it controls and operates.

Our interesting book on guaranteed water works bonds is of peculiar value to large and small investors alike. Write to-day for it to Dept. B.

J. S. & W. S. KUHN, Inc.

Investment Bankers

Bank for Savings Bldg., PITTSBURGH, PA.

CHICAGO

PHILADELPHIA



Three important things this Company offers you:

- 1—A **Liberal Interest Rate.**
- 2—**Absolute Security.**
- 3—**Your Money on Demand at any time.**

It would be hard to find a more nearly ideal investment for idle capital or savings.

You can open an account at any time—withdraw at any time, without notice—

And your money earns **5%** interest for every day it is in our hands.

This Company has been in business for 14 years. It is strong, conservative, ably managed.

*Write to-day for the
Booklet—you will be interested.*

The Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.

1046 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

BONDS

**Would You
Buy a First Mortgage
on Your City**

if it paid 4% to 6% interest?

Municipal and Corporation Bonds pay this rate of interest and insure absolute security of principal because each bond is a mortgage on the property of a community or corporation.

Banks buy these bonds (many buy them of us) and make a profit after paying 3 to 4% interest to their depositors. You can get the higher rate of interest and the same degree of safety by buying bonds yourself.

Write for our Free Booklet,
"Bonds and How to Buy Them."

OTIS & HOUGH

INVESTMENT BANKERS
400 CUYAHOGA BLDG.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

The New Farm and The New Farmer



In the hands of the modern, present-day farmer, acres have assumed a marked stability in value and a decided increase in varied and profitable production.

The same wonderful improvement that has taken place in mercantile business methods has also come to the farmer, and former haphazard ways, unchecked wastes and slipshod management have given way to studied, systematic operation. This change has done great things for land values and has placed farm security at the head of investment opportunities.

Our First Mortgage Farm Loans

secured by farm land in the Great Northwest—the acknowledged Bread Basket of America—offer just the investment you are looking for.

We want you to correspond with us and give us the opportunity to send to you our investment list.

Capital One Million Dollars

Minneapolis Trust Company

ESTABLISHED
1888

109 Fifth Street South
Minneapolis, Minn.

ESTABLISHED
1888

Southern Railway Company

Three-Year 5% Notes

DATED FEB. 1, 1910

DUE FEB. 1, 1913

- (1) Direct obligation of the company, taking precedence over stocks having a present market value of over \$71,000,000.
- (2) Surplus after all fixed charges for the fiscal year 1909 amounted to over seven times the interest on this issue.
- (3) Present earnings are showing substantial increases, the net income for the first six months of the current year being over \$1,000,000 greater than for the corresponding period of the previous year.

To Yield about 5½%

Send for Circular No. 878, descriptive of the above issue.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

Capital,
\$5,000,000

Surplus and
Undivided Profits
\$21,013,024

Fifth Avenue & 43d Street
New York

28 Nassau Street
New York

33 Lombard Street
London, E. C.

THE CASH VALUE

or equity in a property over and above the amount of the bond issue is an important feature.

This point is conspicuous in the new issue of

\$1,750,000

JOPLIN & PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

**FIRST MORTGAGE
5% GOLD BONDS**

part of which we offer subject to prior sale at a

Price to yield about $5\frac{1}{4}\%$.

There is a cash investment in this modern electric system of more than \$1,000,000 over and above the amount of these First Mortgage Bonds

The outstanding bonds are issued at the unusually low rate of less than \$18,500 per mile of main track.

This company, serving a growing zinc and lead mining region with its 95 miles of well constructed and efficiently maintained roadbed, shows *net* earnings sufficient approximately to pay the interest charges twice over.

Send for our circular No. 267-W explaining in detail this new issue of first mortgage public utility bonds.

A. G. EDWARDS & SONS

In St. Louis, Mo., at 414 Olive Street

Also in New York City at 1 Wall Street

Vickers & Phelps

24 Wall Street

Members N. Y. Stock Exchange

Investment Brokers

Safe securities recommended for investment

Our list of R. R. guaranteed stocks will be sent on request, also our list of bonds listed on N. Y. Stock Exchange legal for trustees and savings banks in the States of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

We buy and sell strictly on commission for cash and are glad to be consulted on investment problems.

6% CONVERTIBLE BONDS

For those conservatively inclined, desiring a more liberal income from their investments, this is an excellent opportunity.

A mortgage bond paying 6% interest, with privilege of conversion into the stock of a high grade coal company on or before maturity.

Convenient denominations—\$500—\$1000—or multiples thereof.

Convenient maturities—on Oct. 1, 1910, and at intervals of six months thereafter.

This serial quality operates as a sinking fund for the protection of the bondholders.

Engineer's report and experienced banker's analysis, with full particulars, sent upon request.

A. J. OREM & CO.

62 STATE STREET BOSTON, MASS.

A Safe Investment A Good Income

These are the two points the investor should look for before purchasing any security.

Our experience of thirty-four years has convinced us that this combination can best be obtained by an investment in well chosen Public Utility Bonds.

We have made a study of this class of security for years and we can offer the bonds of various Public Service Corporations which we have investigated thoroughly, and unhesitatingly recommend to the conservative investor, at prices to yield better than 5 per cent.

We shall be glad to send our booklet, "Public Utility Bonds as Investments," free of cost to all who are interested, together with circulars describing special issues.

Ask for Circular No. 634-J.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

John Hancock Bldg., Boston, Mass.
New York Chicago Denver San Francisco



First Mortgage 6% Bonds

Total bonds authorized and outstanding, \$580,000, on Railroad, real estate and industrial property, valued at \$13,000,000. Present earnings eight times bond interest.

Preferred, cumulative, participating stock to net 7.2% to 7.8% fully participating in excess earnings after common has received 6%.

Particulars on request.

FIDELITY BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

OF NEW YORK

2 West 33d St. (at Fifth Ave.) NEW YORK

5% Bonds

¶ Ten years ago the average investor was satisfied if he obtained a return of from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. on his money, and yet to-day there is a growing and insistent demand for investment securities yielding from 5 to 6 per cent.



¶ In ten years the cost of living has by actual statistics increased nearly fifty per cent.; that is to say, the value of gold has depreciated to such an extent that it now takes a dollar and a half to buy as much food or clothing as one dollar would formerly purchase.



¶ To apply these statistics to the investor, we will consider the case of a man who has fifty thousand dollars invested in four per cent. bonds and is therefore annually receiving two thousand dollars in interest. When he made the investment, two thousand dollars may have been ample for his needs, but two thousand dollars ten years ago was almost the exact equivalent of three thousand dollars at the present time, and unless our investor has been able to increase the amount of his capital he often finds himself obliged to replace his four per cent. securities with others yielding greater return.



¶ We own and are offering in lots to suit the purchaser a number of railroad, equipment, guaranteed irrigation and high-grade industrial corporation bonds to net from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent. If you are interested in re-investing your money so as to obtain a better interest return, we should be pleased to have you write to us.

Send for Investment List No. W. 5

Alfred Mestre & Co.

BANKERS

Members New York Stock Exchange

52 Broadway

New York

A Guaranteed Income

We Offer and Recommend for Investment

A First Mortgage Bond to Yield 5.20%

Guaranteed as to Principal and Interest

By a company which has been in operation for 73 years and has paid dividends on its capital stock for the past 65 years. The net earnings for the last seven years has averaged over ten times the amount required for the annual interest charges on these bonds.

Discriminating investors should note these facts:

1. In addition to above Guarantee, the investment is secured by a first (closed) mortgage upon properties of demonstrated values.
2. The entire issue of bonds will be retired through the operation of a sinking fund.
3. The terms of the mortgage insure every protection to the investor.

Descriptive circular will be sent on request.

White & Co.

Bankers

25 Pine St.

New York

6% Preferred Stocks and 5% Bonds

We offer and recommend for safe investment 6% PREFERRED STOCKS and 5% BONDS of independent Electric Railway, Lighting and Power Companies under the direct management of our Organization.

The Companies are conservatively capitalized; They are long established in prosperous and growing sections of the Country;

Stability of earnings has been proven through periods of general business depression;

The strength of this earning power lies in the established fact that the patronage of railways and the use of lights is steadily increasing.

Being largely held for permanent investment the market values of the securities are not subject to extreme fluctuations.

Our Manual W showing earnings and expenses for 1009 of 30 independent Companies will be sent to investors upon request, and we will be glad at all times to give quotations on the securities.

STONE & WEBSTER

147 Milk Street

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

5 Nassau Street

First Nat'l Bank Bldg.

The Audit Company of Illinois

1439 First National Bank Bldg.
Chicago

**Specialists in auditing and
Systematizing Public Service
Corporations**

**C. W. KNISELY, C. P. A.
President-Manager**

REFERENCES:

Leading Bond Houses dealing in Gas,
Electric and Railway Securities

The Rafter Farm Mortgage Co.
HOLTON, KANSAS

FARM LOANS 5 to 5½% SEMI-ANNUAL

NORTHEAST KANSAS SECURITIES

The most prosperous diversified farming section in the world.

In our farm loans you have more than \$1,000 security for every \$500 invested.

You receive your interests semi-annually — no defaults.

You have security on improved, productive Northeast Kansas farm lands.

You get the highest interest which, with safety, can be paid and the principal always safe.

We furnish Northeast Kansas Farm Loans in any amount.

We are an incorporation of Northeast Kansas Bankers. We refer to any Bank in our section.

We personally inspect each loan.

We loan only on perfect titles.

We do not loan to exceed 50 per cent. of the value of the security.

Established over 30 years.

Incorporated under Kansas Laws.

Capital, undivided profits and surplus \$75,000.

Individual responsibility of stockholders over \$3,000,000.

We want persons who desire a safe, conservative investment of their money to write us.

The Rafter Farm Mortgage Co. HOLTON KANSAS

High Grade Public Utility Bonds

¶To individuals desiring a safe and conservative investment, combining long term and every prospect of increase in value as well as steady income, we recommend the first mortgage 5% gold bonds of the Alton, Granite and St. Louis Traction Co.

YIELD 5.20%

¶These bonds run until August 1st, 1944. They are a first lien on that portion of the East St. Louis and Suburban System extending from East St. Louis to Alton, and to Mitchell, Ill., serving 15 growing towns. They are further secured by a general mortgage on the local street railways, electric light and gas plants of that city, the system embracing in all 61 miles of standard electric railway.

¶The Company is earning and paying 5% dividends upon its preferred stock, and a copy of the annual report may be had upon application.

¶We shall be pleased to correspond with investors about this attractive issue, and to furnish all details as to earnings, marketability, security and all other features.

FRANCIS, BRO. & CO.

D. R. Francis
T. H. Francis
J. D. P. Francis

(Established 1877)

214 N. 4th Street
St. Louis, Mo.

D. R. Francis, Jr.
C. H. Hiemenz
J. S. Smith

INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Among our current offerings is a First Mortgage bond issue of a traction company serving a population of about 90,000 in a substantial, growing city.

This company has a demonstrated earning capacity equal to about three times the interest requirements and has a surplus amounting to over sixty per cent of the total bond issue.

The mortgage provides for a 10% annual sinking fund, beginning in 1915 and running to the maturity of the bonds in 1925.

The management is in the hands of people of well known financial standing.

These bonds yield a net return of 5½% on the investment at our price.

Send for special circular, giving full details.

LAWRENCE BARNUM & CO.

BANKERS

Philadelphia

31 Pine Street, New York

Washington

Average Earnings

as to preferred stocks for SIX YEARS of

21 Leading Industrial Companies

	Per Cent.
MacArthur Bros.....	30.42
United States Steel.....	18.72
American Locomotive.....	18.46
American Sugar.....	16.94
American Car Foundry.....	16.76
International Harvester.....	16.69
American Cotton Oil.....	16.61
American Smelting.....	15.54
National Biscuit.....	15.46
Va. Car. Chemical.....	14.75
American Beet Sugar.....	12.51
Railway Steel Spg.....	11.90
General Chemical.....	11.34
Pressed Steel Car.....	11.17
American Ag. Chemical.....	10.98
International Steam Pump.....	9.62
National Lead.....	9.34
Republic Iron and Steel.....	8.84
American Woolen.....	8.61
Central Leather.....	8.39
Corn Products.....	7.90

We have prepared a booklet treating the affairs of the above companies, showing the comparative investment values of their preferred stocks and their comparative market prices. We also have a special circular of the Preferred Stock which makes the best showing.

Free on request Circular 103 A.

BIGELOW & COMPANY

BANKERS

49 Wall Street

New York

INVESTMENTS

STOCK THAT PAYS

**A PREFERRED 5 PER CENT.
DIVIDEND PAYING STOCK**

Twelfth quarterly dividend paid April 1, 1910

This Company derives its income from the public service of light, heat and power to

TWENTY CITIES AND TOWNS

Organized in 1904 the Company has developed rapidly and during the year ending Dec. 31, 1909, earned

16 2-3 PER CENT.

on the \$900,000 preferred shares outstanding, and the balance remaining, in that year, after payment of the preferred stock dividend, amounted to

5.35 PER CENT.

on the \$6,000,000 outstanding common shares.

The preferred shares are not limited to a 5 per cent. dividend, but are entitled to share equally with the common stock in any further distribution of earnings after the common stock has received its 5 per cent. dividend.

The Company's earnings have increased steadily from year to year amounting in the past three years to a gain of 33 per cent. Prospects for further increase were never more favorable than at the present time.

WE OFFER this stock to yield a present income of

6.25 PER CENT

with excellent prospects of increasing returns. The terms of our offer provide for a Bonus of common stock to accompany each sale—therefore the investor secures an additional par value of stock and a good prospect of extra dividends.

Write for Special Circular No. 2.

A. H. BICKMORE & CO., Bankers, 30 Pine St., New York

Doubly Secured Certificates

This bank furnishes Certificates yielding 6% per annum, payable semi-annually, by attached coupons. These Certificates are secured by First Mortgages on productive Mississippi Real Estate worth at least twice the obligation, and also by the guarantee of the Bank, thus affording double security.

Write for Booklet "B"

**CENTURY BANKING CO.
JACKSON, MISS.**

*The bank that pays six per cent on
Doubly Secured Certificates*

Capital \$1,000,000 Surplus \$2,500,000

The Baltimore Trust Company

Baltimore, Md.

Offers to investors desiring a profitable return on their money a limited amount of First Mortgage bonds, secured by city real estate of established character.

CUT OUT RISK, MISTAKES AND WORRY—INVEST IN BONDS OF OUR COUNTRY

Your principal always safe, and your interest paid to the day. Make your purchase of a large, strong Bank, that has never made a loss for its clients. A few of the issues we own and offer: \$400,000, Mahoning County; \$175,000 Toledo and Columbus, Ohio, and fifty other issues, all desirable and safe, and prices reasonable. Your request for booklet with prices does not obligate you to buy—write for it today.

We do not sell
Irrigation Bonds

THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Dept. B, Columbus, O.



For 35 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of \$500 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 116. Buy Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO., Lawrence Mass.

**The Readers' Service
Gives Information to Investors**

5%—6%

Increased cost of living has forced the investor to seek a higher return on his money. To meet this we have prepared a carefully selected list of bonds yielding the highest rate consistent with safety

Write for special circular

**CHISHOLM & CHAPMAN
BANKERS**

Members New York Stock Exchange

71 Broadway, NEW YORK

75 State Street, BOSTON

INVESTMENTS

THE bonds and stocks of carefully selected Gas and Electric companies in growing Western Cities are in our opinion among the most attractive investment securities now offered. Our reasons will be given upon request with particulars of several investments of this class which we consider of exceptional merit.

WILLIAM P. BONBRIGHT & COMPANY

BANKERS

Members of New York Stock Exchange

LONDON
16 George Street, Mansion House, E. C.

NEW YORK
24 Broad Street

COLORADO SPRINGS
Colorado

SAFE INVESTMENTS

Municipal Bonds of the Great Middle West

are the safest and most desirable of all investments, being secured by taxes levied on all the real and personal property of established communities. This class of securities pays from

4½ to 5% Net

We buy outright, only after careful investigation, entire issues and sell them in amounts to suit large and small investors.

Our "Safe Investment" Book

tells in plain language WHAT Bonds we offer, WHY they are sound securities and HOW our Service aids you in selecting and arranging wise investments. Write for this today.

SPITZER & COMPANY

4 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, O.
4 Commercial National Bank Bldg., Chicago
4 Hanover Bank Bldg., New York City

Established 1871

Oldest Municipal Bond House in the West

SPITZER & CO. Bonds

Our Seattle 7% Mortgages

are secured by improved income-bearing substantial property in established districts. For ten years, these mortgages have satisfied careful, conservative investors. There has never been a day's delay in payment of interest or principal when due.

☐ On this record, we offer **you** our services.

☐ Let us send you our illustrated Mortgage Booklet.

Joseph E. Thomas & Co., Inc.

Seattle's Leading Mortgage Brokers
109 Cherry Street, SEATTLE, WASH.

"American Securities"

Under the above title we have issued a booklet on the usages of the New York Stock Exchange, the manner of trading, forms of securities, the daily settlement, etc., together with a detailed description of the various forms of bonds commonly dealt in, as well as statistical data with reference to the banking system of the United States, exports of gold, foreign exchange, etc., etc., which we will be glad to send to any address upon request.

HARRIS, WINTHROP & CO.

3 The Rookery
Chicago

24 Throgmorton Street
London, E. C.

Equitable Building
Paris

15 Wall Street
New York

The Readers' Service gives information about investments

INSURANCE



FIRE PROTECTION

In this Department we shall consider Life, Fire, Accident, Burglary, and other classes of Insurance.

Readers are invited to write for advice on specific subjects and also to suggest lines along which they wish us to give general insurance information.

Address Insurance Dept., The World's Work, New York City



HOME PROTECTION

165.—ILLINOIS. Q. I hold a gold-bond policy in a mutual company which costs me \$65 per \$1,000 of insurance. I think the policy perfectly good, but circumstances have arisen which make me want more protection in case of death, and I am willing to give up some of the investment value, etc., in my policy to get it. What should I do about it? I have carried this policy for five years, and am now thirty-three years old.

A. In all cases where a policyholder of a strong company figures out that he wants a lower-priced policy, we would advise him to take the proposition up with the same agent who sold him the policy, or with the head office of the company. Get specific facts as to the basis on which a change can be made. When these facts are at hand, take the exchange under advisement, and get the best advice from outside that you can get.

In your case, the company is solid, and its treatment of its policyholders is not illiberal. You can make an exchange if you like. Under the circumstances, take the matter up with them, asking specifically for the terms upon which you can exchange from the high-priced policy into a twenty-year ordinary life policy. If, for any reason, you are not satisfied with their proposition, drop the policy and change into another company. This may be done without much loss in this class of policy in any year up to the seventh.

166.—SPECIAL. Q. I have been urged to take out a life insurance policy with a small company founded in the West in 1906. The main argument is that they offer a total disability benefit in addition to the life insurance, with no increase in the rates as compared with other participating companies. Would you take it? Are there any other companies that have any benefits for total disability?

A. We should not advise placing so important a matter as life insurance in a company whose sole recommendation is that it offers also a total disability benefit. If the company were a well-established and perfectly safe institution there would be some good reason for considering the matter, but as it is we advise you to leave it alone.

Life insurance is a continuous contract, and it is important to get into one of the best companies, because you cannot draw out at any time you like without sacrificing a good deal. Accident and disability insurance, on the contrary, is generally carried under a one-year contract, and you can change at the end of any year without giving up much. The two are so very different that it is not usually wise to mix them.

There are a great many companies that write life insurance with a disability clause. A few of them are listed at random, without an attempt to classify them as to strength:

West Coast Life Founded 1906
Security Life & Annuity of N. C. " 1901

Southern Life Founded 1905
Royal Union Mutual " 1886
Reliance Life " 1903
St. Louis National " 1907
Travelers' Insurance Company " 1863
Western Union Life, etc. " 1906

The provisions vary. If you are interested enough, ask these companies for sample policies showing the disability clauses.

167.—AMATEUR. Q. I do not know anything about insurance companies, but now desire to take out some protection. Are all the old companies all right? An agent tells me that if I take a policy with any life insurance company that has been twenty years in business I cannot make a mistake.

A. Your agent's rule-of-thumb is not much good. Five years ago, it might have landed you as a policyholder of, for instance, the Mutual Reserve Life, now bankrupt and a melancholy spectacle at that. Again, we have in mind a company in the Middle West that has been doing business for thirty years on principles that are certain, sooner or later, to bring it to grief. It is very well-known, but the insurance world figures that it cannot last on its present plan very many years, more.

If you make the rule read "any old-line life insurance company with a twenty-year record," you cannot go far wrong, but even between these there is considerable range of quality and strength.

168.—BURN'T OUT. Q. I have to take out a policy for fire protection on a new house I am building, largely with the proceeds of a fire-insurance policy. I want to change my company, because I had to go to law to collect, on what seemed to me a perfectly straight proposition. Some time ago, I heard of a company that paid out eleven millions of dollars in the San Francisco earthquake, when its wealth was only seven millions. Was there such a company, and how did it do it? Is it a good company now, after all that loss?

A. You probably refer to the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company of San Francisco. At the beginning of 1906 its assets were less than \$8,000,000, and it did meet a loss of nearly \$11,000,000 in the San Francisco fire. It did it by clever financial arrangement, and by calling upon its stockholders for money in large amounts. It wiped out the value of stock for the time being, but the value came back, and the stock is now worth close to 250.

The company is all right now. It is not, probably, either the largest, the strongest or the safest in the country, but it is a good solid concern, careful in its selection of risks, and generally known as fair in its treatment of policyholders.

Could They Keep the Home?



They could,
if you will arrange *now*
to have your wife re-
ceive, after your death, a
Regular
Monthly Income
as long as she lives.

The Prudential

Monthly Income Policy

provides a fixed, guaranteed, monthly income for your wife and family. The strength of The Prudential is back of this plan. Before you are an hour older, write us about The Prudential Monthly Income Policy.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Prest.

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

Send 6
full pa-
ticulars as
cost.

For \$_____ a month income,
Name _____
Address _____
Occupation _____
My age is _____
Beneficiary's age _____ Dept. _____

The Prudential Monthly Income Policy is the widow's policy, the home policy, the family policy, and if everything else should fail, it comes to the rescue and gives to the widow a never-failing source of support. No plan for the support and protection of the widow, the daughter, the son, or other dependent has ever been devised, that is so perfect in all its features. Fill out coupon and mail now.



**WILL YOU
ACCEPT THIS
MAGAZINE
IF WE SEND
IT FREE?**

Do you want to **know** the facts about investments—how to pick the good from the bad—how and where to place your money to enjoy absolute safety—where it will earn you the highest interest? In short—do you want to be a successful investor? Then send to-day for

The Investors' Magazine—

The magazine that contains just the real investment information you have long been looking for—the kind that is worth dollars to you.

We gladly send you this magazine without a penny of cost. It covers the real investment field—shows you all the points you must know to intelligently invest. And you'll enjoy reading The Investors' Magazine too—aside from the good solid investment advice it gives you.

The Investors' Magazine is issued every two weeks—each number is brimful—literally crammed with the very cream of investment information—condensed down especially for the busy business man.

Will you accept this magazine for three months Free—without any obligation whatever? Then right now, put your name and address on a postal to us and the best investment information of experts is yours free. As it now, this very day, as the edition is limited.

S. W. Straus & Co., (Inc.) Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

8% 8%

DIVIDENDS

paid from first year's earnings of 12% net. Quarterly dividend of 2% paid April 1st. Company deals in Farm Mortgages exclusively. Over 60 Bankers are Shareholders. 15 Bankers as Directors. Shares, \$12.50.

Write for Booklet "W"

8% TEXAS LOAN & GUARANTY CO. 8%
Houston, Texas

5% INVESTMENTS 6%

Security is the chief characteristic of the First Farm Mortgages furnished by this Company. Our experience of twenty-six years enables us to determine values and titles with unquestioned accuracy. These Mortgages yield 5 1/2% and 6% per annum.

Write for Booklet "G."

E. J. LANDER & CO., Grand Forks, N. D.
Minneapolis, Minn.



"Laid Up!"

This May Happen to You To-morrow

YOU can't tell how soon you may fall ill or meet with an accident which will render you unfit for work and interfere with your earning capacity for a long period.

If insured against the consequences of such an event so far as your income is concerned, you need not worry. But if you are not, you are not doing your duty to yourself or those dependent upon you until you have considered the matter seriously and acted decisively.

This company is one of the oldest and strongest institutions of its kind. It has accident and illness insurance policies that will provide you with a steady and ample income if you are incapacitated.

The cost of our insurance is so low that any man or woman on wages or salary can afford it and cannot afford to be without it.

Write to-day for our interesting booklet, "How to Insure Your Income," which gives full particulars.

Empire State Surety Co.

84 William Street, New York
Offices in all important cities

Agents Wanted Everywhere

The only Company writing Surety, Fidelity and Court Bonds, and issuing Manufacturers', Contractors', Marine, Employers' and Public Liability, Landlords' General Liability, Elevator Liability, Teams' Liability, Owners' Contingent Liability, Steam Boilers, General Disability, Plate Glass, Bank, Residence and Mercantile Burglary, Sprinkler Leakage, Physicians', Dentists' and Druggists' Liability.

CAPITAL \$500,000
Surplus and Reserve to Policyholders over \$1,200,000

Fill out and return coupon or send postal



Please send me the booklet, "How to Insure Your Income," per advt. in World's Work.

Name

Address

INVESTMENTS

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1910.

TO POLICYHOLDERS:

The following synopsis of the Annual Statement, as of December 31, 1909, is submitted for your information:

	1909	1908
TOTAL ASSETS - - - - -	\$486,109,637.98	\$472,339,508.83
TOTAL LIABILITIES - - - - -	400,837,318.68	391,072,041.93
Consisting of Insurance Fund \$393,223,558.00 and \$7,613,760.68 of miscellaneous liabilities for 1909. The Insurance Fund (with future premiums and interest) will pay all outstanding policies as they mature.		
TOTAL SURPLUS - - - - -	85,272,319.30	81,267,466.90
With an increasing number of maturities of Deferred Dividend Policies this sum will in time decrease.		
NEW INSURANCE PAID FOR (including additions \$3,852,143.00 in 1909 and \$3,540,621.00 in 1908) - - - - -	110,943,016.00	91,262,101.00
This is an increase for the year of 21½ per cent., and was secured at a lower expense ratio than in 1908.		
INCREASE IN OUTSTANDING INSURANCE IN 1909 - - - - -	8,869,439.00	
COMPARED WITH A DECREASE IN 1908 - - - - -		13,647,814.00
An improvement of \$22,517,253.00 as compared with 1908.		
FIRST YEAR CASH PREMIUMS (excluding on additions) - - - - -	3,774,321.27	2,724,976.59
This is an increase of 38½ per cent. as compared with 1908.		
TOTAL AMOUNT PAID TO POLICYHOLDERS - - - - -	51,716,579.04	47,861,542.69
DEATH BENEFITS - - - - -	20,102,318.67	20,324,002.65
97 per cent. of all Death Claims in America were paid within one day after proofs of death were received.		
ENDOWMENTS - - - - -	6,321,554.41	4,830,170.10
ANNUITIES, SURRENDER VALUES AND OTHER BENEFITS - - - - -	15,683,665.88	14,696,354.16
DIVIDENDS TO POLICYHOLDERS - - - - -	9,609,040.08	8,011,015.78
1910 dividends to Policyholders will approximate \$11,000,000.00.		
DIVIDENDS TO STOCKHOLDERS - - - - -	7,000.00	7,000.00
This is the maximum annual dividend that stockholders can receive under the Society's Charter.		
OUTSTANDING LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS - - - - -	59,954,933.10	57,053,555.28
EARNINGS FROM INTEREST, AND RENTS - - - - -	21,074,013.95	20,636,405.61
OUTSTANDING LOANS ON REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES - - - - -	97,532,648.03	97,570,767.22
TOTAL EXPENSES, including Commissions and Taxes - - - - -	10,438,729.64	9,758,447.46

The average gross rate of interest realized during 1909 amounted to 4.50 per cent., as against 4.45 per cent. in 1908, 4.39 per cent. in 1907, 4.26 per cent. in 1906, 4.03 per cent. in 1905, and 3.90 per cent. in 1904.

The condition of your Society is constantly improving. The growth of new business at a reduced expense ratio and the increase in outstanding insurance manifest public recognition of the fact.


PRESIDENT

Don't Play with Fire

A COMMON caution to children but also good for grown men and women. You are playing with fire when you insure your property without carefully selecting the company which promises to protect you against loss. Companies differ just like individuals. Why take chances when, at no extra cost, safety can be had by simply saying to your agent when your insurance expires, "Get me a policy in the Hartford."

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company is the best known of all the fire insurance companies in America. For a century it has promptly paid every loss, the aggregate now amounting to more than \$130,000,000. Its reputation for fairness is unexcelled. Its resources are never in danger from the hidden rocks of stock speculation, because invested only in the safest securities. One hundred years of life and growth have demonstrated its able management and unshaken stability. You are not playing with fire when you

ASK FOR THE HARTFORD

Any Agent or Broker can get you a Hartford Policy
STATEMENT JANUARY 1st, 1910.



Capital,	\$ 2,000,000.00
Liabilities,	14,321,953.11
Assets,	23,035,700.61
Surplus for Policy-holders,	8,713,747.50



The Tools for Saving the Lives of Trees

Include specially trained heads and hands as well as instruments made of steel. Anybody can buy a tool-chest, but it requires patient study and actual experience under expert practitioners to fit a man for using the tools in a manner that will save tree life. Beautiful and healthy trees are a matter of not only a box of tools, but also of skillful treatment and careful attention upon the part of real experts.

The Davey Tree Experts Are Thoroughly Trained—

Trained in theory and practice, under the direction of John Davey, the "Father of Tree Surgery," in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery. They have had wide actual experience in all parts of the country, and are now operating in the northern half of the United States, from the Missouri Valley eastward, and their services are available to tree owners in that portion of the country.

"New Life In Old Trees," by J. Horace McFarland, just out. Free to tree owners, on application. When you write, tell us how many trees you have, what kinds, where located, etc.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT COMPANY, Inc., 165 Walnut St., KENT, OHIO

Representatives in Principal Cities from the Missouri Valley Eastward to the Atlantic
(Operating the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery; Formerly Called the Davey School of Practical Forestry)

9½%

Annual Policy-Dividends Guaranteed by the POSTAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY and the Usual Contingent Dividends Paid Besides

The Postal Life SAVES for Policyholders where others
SPEND; it GUARANTEES where others ESTIMATE

Timely Talk on a Vital Subject

SCENE: Tom Goodwin's new (mortgaged) home. TIME, 8:30 P. M.

SPARKS: (*Who has dropped in with Mrs. S. to call on the "newlyweds," Tom and Lucy*). Well, Tom, now that you've got that raise of five hundred dollars a year, I suppose you'll be going in for a racing-car or an air-ship.

TOM: (*Laughing*) Both a bit too swift for me at this stage of the game, but I would like a good runabout; a fellow's got to have some pleasure.

SPARKS: (*Thoughtfully*) Well — yes — I suppose so — but if I were in your place I'd forget the runabout and plank at least half that \$500 into life-insurance.

TOM: (*Glancing toward his young wife*) To protect Lucy?

SPARKS: (*Good-naturedly*) Well, yes — you promised the parson you would and I know you will, if you can; otherwise I wouldn't have given her to you; but — if anything should happen, now or in the future —

TOM: What could happen except — (*Again glancing at Lucy*).

SPARKS: Death. That's the main thing, of course; we've all got to face that. But there are other things; sickness, accident, business failure, panic — and then, there's old age; that's dead certain.

TOM: But a long way off.

SPARKS: It will come fast enough, and, honor bright, Tom, there's nothing better you can do than to provide for it now by life-insurance investment.

TOM: You make me laugh, Governor; you, a banker, cracking up life-insurance as an investment.

SPARKS: On the level, Tom, it's safe when banks fail; besides that, it protects the family — yours is small now; it lifts the home mortgage — yours is fairly large; it educates the youngsters — yours, well, you never can tell how —

TOM: (*Whispering*) That'll do, Governor. (*Aloud*) Speaking of life-insurance, I guess you've got me about cornered.

SPARKS: I don't want to corner you; I'm no life-insurance agent; I've no use for 'em and never had; still they're getting their rake-off on every one of my policies

except the last one I took four years ago; that was in the Postal Life. It was a young company then, but I looked it up, found it all right, and went in just because it dispenses with soliciting agents, general agents, collectors, and thus cuts off a lot of grafting commissions, giving the benefit to its policy-holders.

TOM: That looks good.

SPARKS: It is good; the company has made a splendid success; it now actually guarantees 9½ per cent. dividends; the other companies don't do that; they estimate and overestimate. Moreover, the 9½ per cent. is in addition to the usual dividends paid by other companies — even the best of them. I'll write the Postal people to send you particulars. Better still,

move over to that Xmas desk of yours, take your pen in hand and ask 'em yourself what they can do for you, giving your age and the business you're in; you ought to be able to get into their preferred class; you can pay by the month, too, if you like.

TOM: (*Going to desk*). Good work! I'll write the Postal this minute.

What Banker Sparks says gives a hint of what other men who know are saying about the Postal Life, its Non-agency way of doing business, its Preferred-Class Insurance, its Monthly-Premium Plan, its Guaranteed Dividends and its Usual Contingent Dividends as large or larger than those paid by other good companies. Of course you're interested in life-insurance; about everyone is, and you'll be glad to know just what the Postal will do for you. Simply say: "Send life-insurance particulars as per World's Work Advertisement," adding your age and business.

In your letter be sure to state:

1. Your Occupation.
2. The exact date of your birth.

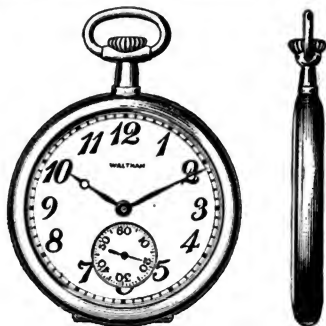
Postal Life-Insurance Company
Fifth Avenue, S. E. cor. 44th St.
New York

When you write,
no agent will
visit you.
The Postal-Life
dispenses with
agents.

The Readers' Service gives information about insurance

WALTHAM WATCHES

The Authentic American Watch



When you buy a watch it pays to buy a good one. A watch is something that should last a life time and longer. If you buy a Waltham Watch you will know that you are safe on this point.

When you buy a watch go to a jeweler whom you know or know about, and tell him you want a Waltham Watch and one that is *adjusted to temperature and position*, and then have him regulate it to your personal habit and occupation. You will then have a watch that will keep time under all conditions.

When you buy a watch remember not only that Waltham Watches are the best, but that they were the first American Watches. Every watch making device and invention of importance in use has originated in the Waltham Watch Factory.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,
WALTHAM, MASS.

Send for the "Perfected American Watch," our book about watches.

THE TALK OF THE OFFICE



"To business that we love we rise betime
And go to 't with delight."—*Antony and Cleopatra*.

Possibly because of the great space devoted to our new building plans in Garden City, Long Island, in this department last month, the impression may be given that this project is absorbing and dominating our interest these days; but this is not the fact. What is foremost in our minds is to make better books and magazines, and to let the world know about them, and the winter of 1909-1910 has shown a satisfactory advance in this respect.

GARDEN CITY NEWS

At the risk of making these paragraphs bear close resemblance to the country weekly, we shall cover under this head, from month to month, the story of progress made in what we have decided to call *The Country Life Press*.

In the first place, the plan of the building has, we think, been much improved since the sketch was published, and in the June or July issue

entering the building—but of this, more next month.

Meantime, ground has actually been broken at Garden City, about twenty or twenty-five houses now on the property are being torn down or moved, and by the time this page is in the hands of the reader we are sure great progress will have been made.

Mr. Gage E. Tarbell, who conducted the negotiations with the Garden City Company, when we bought the property, is arranging for the immediate construction of about one hundred or more very attractive cement houses, which will be within five minutes' walk of the Press. These, it is planned, will be finished when we move. Members of the Doubleday, Page & Company staff can buy, or rent, or board, as suits them; or they may also live in a dozen towns within a dozen miles of Garden City, or get from homes in Jamaica and Brooklyn in from fifteen to twenty minutes, or from New York in thirty minutes.

Mr. Walter S. Timmis, our consulting engineer, is completing the plans for the mechanical plant, including the lighting and heating which, because the building is practically a house of glass, requires boilers of about 300-horse power. Our own well is being driven, our gardener is on the grounds starting his work, and we can report substantial and satisfying activity.

AMERICA HAS DISCOVERED LORD LOVELAND

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's new book, "Lord Loveland Discovers America," has been discovered by readers in great numbers, and bids fair to sell well up with "The Lightning Conductor," although it is not a motor story. Lord Loveland came to America with the idea that the American young girl would stand in reverence and sue for his hand. He suffers a rude shock, and because of a series of misadventures has to become a hard-working man. A wholesome experience which does his character a vast amount of good.



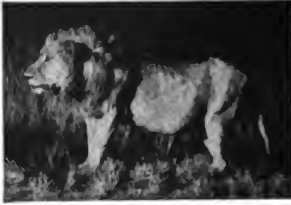
TEARING DOWN BUILDINGS AT GARDEN CITY, L. I.,
WHERE THE NEW PLANT WILL BE

we shall print a revised drawing which we believe will interest our readers. The new plan gives us 35,000 more feet of floor space, it breaks the hard, long building line of the front by moving forward the garden court from the middle of the building (which concealed it from the street) to the centre of the front, so that the visitor passes through the garden itself in en-

WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. R. DUGMORE

It is a great pleasure to all of us that our old associate, Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, a member of our staff for about ten years, is making such a success with his lectures and book, "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds."

It is much more dangerous and difficult to photograph a wild animal than to shoot him,



as Mr. Schillings found out several years ago. Mr. Dugmore succeeded beyond the greatest expectations of his friends; his pictures are really very remarkable: as Mr. Osborne said in introducing Mr. Dugmore in his lecture at Carnegie Hall, they are the most remarkable series of photographs of this sort ever made, and will be preserved as a most valuable record after these great animals have gone down before civilization and perished from the earth.

BELINDA AND HER PERSONAL CONDUCT

Perhaps 100,000 people read about Nancy and her Misdemeanors, a sprightly novel by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. This was several years ago. Now Mrs. Brainerd has given us a new novel, "The Personal Conduct of Belinda." Like Nancy, Belinda is a nice girl, as good as she is nice, and with a most effervescent sense of humor. In undertaking the personal conductorship of a party of American travelers who had planned to go under the guidance of a lady of more advanced years, Belinda finds her hands full.

An amusing, wholesome, and interesting book, and your bookseller will be glad to show it to you.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW BOOK

The evident purpose of her novel is to bring into strong comparison the comfortable and conservative life of the best class of English people with the rugged life of the pioneer in a new and rough country. "Lady Merton, Colonist," is a most striking book and as a story it is absorbing, and the end is as it should be. Mr. Albert E. Sterner has made the drawing for the photogravure frontispiece.

ABOUT GARDEN BOOKS

May we recommend these:

"The American Flower Garden," by S. P. Blanchan; net \$5.00 (postage, 35 cents).

"How to Make a Fruit Garden," by S. P. Fletcher; net \$2.00 (postage, 20 cents).

"How to Make a Vegetable Garden," by L. Fullerton; net \$2.00 (postage, 20 cents).

"How to Make a Flower Garden," by experts; net \$1.60 (postage, 20 cents).

"The Garden Week by Week" (improved) by W. P. Wright; net \$2.00 (postage, 20 cents).

Our special Garden Book Catalogue free upon request.

THE GARDEN LIBRARY

And, finally, The Garden Library, which is made in an attractive, uniform set, and can be purchased on small payments — or one payment with cash discount, description upon request. A coupon is appended at the bottom of this page for your convenience. The Garden Library comprises of the following volumes:

"The Flower Garden," by Ida D. Barr.

"The Vegetable Garden," by Ida D. Barr.

"The Orchard and Fruit Garden," by J. C. Powell.

"Daffodils — Narcissus, and How to Grow Them," by A. M. Kirby.

"Roses, and How to Grow Them," by J. C. Experts.

"Ferns, and How to Grow Them," by J. C. Woolson.

"House Plants," by Parker Thayer.

"Lawns and How to Make Them," by Leonard Barron.

"Water-Lilies, and How to Grow Them," by Henri Hus and Henry S. Conard.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY,
133 East 16th Street, New York.

.....Please send me full particulars of "The Garden Library."

.....Please send me a copy of your special Garden Book Catalogue.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"Yours
to
Serve"



SAPOLIO

The trusted servant in the home. It serves in many capacities and in every room. So faithful and enlightened in its method that

Sapolio Service

has become the standard—indispensable, cleanest housekeeping. An economical cleaner for brass, woodwork, marble, dishes, etc.

CLEANS, SCOURS, POLISHES—WORKS WITHOUT WASTE.

Mother's Day

is every day while the mother lives, and as long afterwards as her children survive her.

For over one hundred years, we have endeavored to help the mother inculcate cleanly habits to produce a healthy skin.

The use of Pears' Soap prevents the irritability, redness and blotchy appearance from which many children suffer, and prevents unsightly disease which so baffles dermatologists, and hinders the proper physical and moral development of the child.

Pears' Soap produces a matchless complexion which not only gives natural beauty but a matchless comfort to the body.

Health, beauty and happiness follow the use of Pears' Soap. The mothers of today can well follow the example of the last six generations and have their memory revered by teaching their children to use

Pears' Soap

Mother's Day is to be observed all over the United States, the second Sunday in May, to honor and uplift motherhood, and to give comfort and happiness to the best mother who ever lived—*your mother*. In loving remembrance of your mother, do some distinct act of kindness—either by visit or letter. A white flower (perfectly white carnation) is the emblem to be worn by you. Send one to the sick or unfortunate in homes, hospitals or prisons.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured"

The latest books on travel and biography can be obtained through the Readers' Service



A Good Grubstake

As a Nourishing Food.

Grape-Nuts

has a condensed strength unequalled, and it keeps indefinitely.

A mountain Burro can pack enough Grape-Nuts to keep three men well fed for three months.

It's not quantity, but quality that makes this possible. Every crumb of Grape-Nuts carries its quota of Brain, Brawn and Bone nutriment.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.



The sweep of an idea is not a matter of geography. Start something in Boston and you get the echo in Bombay. It is an idea that makes neighbors of us all.

In the farthest corner of the world you find the Gillette Safety Razor—introduced by Army and Navy officers, tourists, capitalists, business men.

The Gillette now has great sales agencies in India and China. Men there have been stropping and honing for five thousand years. It's time they were awakening. How long will *you* cling to obsolete shaving methods?

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 84 W. Second Street, Boston



Seven hundred thousand men bought Gillettes last year. We expect a million new customers in 1910.

Wake up! Get a Gillette! Make a good front. Look the world in the face. A Gillette shave every morning is more than a material comfort—it's a moral brace—gives you a new grip on the Day's work.

The Gillette is for sale everywhere. It costs \$5, but it lasts a lifetime.

Write and we'll send you a pamphlet—Dept. A.

King C Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 84 W. Second Street Boston



Des Moines,

THIS Advertisement is It is to Tell

THIS is aimed at the man who wants a *Certainty*. There are "opportunities" all over the world, but in Des Moines, Iowa, the man of Ginger, Grit and Gray Matter finds the *Certainty*.

Iowa an Agricultural Empire

DES MOINES is the distributing center of the largest body of fertile land under one government in the world. The State of Iowa has developed more agriculturally than any other state in the union.

Two Thousand Million Dollars of taxable wealth has grown right out of the soil of Iowa in the last fifty years. The per capita wealth of the United States is \$1,318; that of Iowa is \$1,826.

Des Moines is The Heart

THERE are 2,250,000 people in Iowa. The agricultural prosperity of the state demands that Des Moines meet its needs. Nowhere else in America for the business man is there such a City of Certainties. Here is the point: Des Moines today is the agricultural capital of the United States. It is in the heart of the most prosperous territory in the country—a territory which can and will support twice as many industries as there are today in Des Moines.

There is nothing that can be worn, nothing for the house or farm, nothing that can be put on the table or used for ornament, that the people of Iowa do not buy. *Des Moines today is not supplying one-third of the things demanded in its trade territory.*

The Combination that Makes Certainties

IOWA'S agricultural products last year were worth \$621,000,000—exceeding the crops of many groups of states—more by \$221,000,000 than was dug from all the gold mines in the world.

The people of Iowa have an average of \$200 in the savings banks. Intensive cultivation would increase the crop of Iowa by \$50,000,000—there is no limit to the productiveness of the soil. The Iowa hen with her eggs can buy all the nuts, grain, vegetables and fruits (except oranges) of southern California—and have \$50,000 left every year.

The Greater Des Moines Committee,

City of Certainties

Not to Sell you Something on a Great Deal

Railways Give Their Best

ALMOST every great trunk line of the northwest reaches Des Moines. Nineteen railways feed the state from this city. A Des Moines merchant or manufacturer has any point in the state within immediate reach, and is but 8 hours from Chicago or St. Louis. All this territory, within a radius of 350 miles, is his. Des Moines will become the industrial and mercantile center of the Mississippi Valley.

In Des Moines there is no trouble over freight rates. The Greater Des Moines Committee has a railway rate expert, employed continually, to secure fair treatment and fair play for shippers. Des Moines is not discriminated against.

The railways appreciate the *present*, as well as the future, of Des Moines.

The Greater Des Moines Committee

THE Greater Des Moines Committee is an association of business men. It is not "booming" Des Moines, but is directing its growth. It is the crystallization of what is called all over the country "The Des Moines Spirit"—the spirit of people who believe in themselves and in their city. It invites merchants and manufacturers to learn why they and their enterprises should become a part of Des Moines.

A Certainty for You

THE manufacturing concerns of Des Moines last year showed a profit of 20 per cent *plus*. Prosperity is a habit here. We are not selling town lots, promoting irrigation schemes, disposing of vacant orchard lands, nor are we selling factory sites or business locations. We are telling without exaggeration the Certainties of Des Moines.

Find Out All About It

ALL our facts and figures are at your disposal. We publish a little magazine called "WEALTH." It is crisp, concise and to the point—you can read it at a sitting. We will send it to you for the asking.

We will give you all the information you want, in other ways. Whether you are ready to begin business for yourself, or wish to change your location or establish a branch, you know a Certainty discounts an opportunity.

Write us—and get WEALTH.

Greater
Des Moines
Committee.

Des Moines, Iowa

Send me a copy of
WEALTH

Name _____

Address _____

My business is _____

Des Moines, Iowa

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES IN LINCOLN

CAPITAL OF NEBRASKA

Population 70,000; the railroad center of the richest agricultural district in the world, wants a

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS HOUSE

Men of experience can obtain financial assistance here, to an amount of from \$200,000 to \$250,000 for the formation of a strong firm. All other jobbing lines are now represented. Lincoln also wants a

STRAWBOARD MILL

This city will furnish one-half the capital necessary to establish a 20-ton mill. Ideal location for this industry. Arrangements can be made for operating a large egg case filler factory in connection with strawboard mill.

CLAY INDUSTRIES

This is the best unoccupied territory in the West for Sewer Pipe, Drain Tile, and Hollow Brick factories. Enormous plastic clay deposits at hand. Lincoln will assist in financing large plant.

Fine openings here for Interurban electric projects, wholesale notions, wholesale boots and shoes, wholesale rubber goods, wholesale crockery, wholesale furniture, furniture factory, alfalfa meal mills, cereal mills, implement factories, packing houses, tanneries, horse market.

Lincoln has 37 miles of paved streets, 82 miles of street railways, 14,500 telephones, 6 universities, student population of 6,500, 5 daily newspapers, 47 weekly and monthly newspapers, 116 jobbing houses whose sales last year amounted to 24 million dollars' worth of business.

Lincoln is a great grain and milling center. It produces 15 million pounds of butter annually. Its bank clearings last year were 76 million dollars. 100 manufacturing establishments whose business last year amounted to \$11,000,000.

Lincoln has fine main line railroads—Burlington, Union Pacific, Missouri Pacific, North-Western and Rock Island, with 18 lines radiating from the city.

The Burlington is spending 4 million dollars in Lincoln and at Havelock, a nearby suburb that is being made the chief shop town on the system.

There are 914 railroad stations in Nebraska and 774 of them are nearer to Lincoln than to any other jobbing and manufacturing center.

Further information will be gladly given by

W. S. WHITTEN
SECRETARY COMMERCIAL CLUB
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

A Good Living From 10 Acres PECOS LAND

—or from \$50.00 to \$100.00 per month income in alfalfa alone.

Every salaried man, or wage earner, should own 10 acres Pecos irrigable land. Put it in alfalfa which pays up \$125. per acre. One year's crop pays for your land. You don't have to wait with alfalfa. Income starts first crop. This is the greatest alfalfa district in the United States, and the best place on earth for a man to make money. Buy irrigable land in the famous Pecos Valley, Texas, one of the richest valleys in the world, just ahead of construction of the

K. C., Mexico & Orient Ry.

building daily the shortest line from Kansas City to the Pacific Ocean. 10 acres of this richest land, in alfalfa, in truck or best of all in fruits, will give you a good income, and the big increase in land values, after the completion of the railroad, will make you comparatively rich. Beat the railroad to it; you know how fortunes are made by getting in just ahead of the locomotive's whistle. Buy land on long time, easy payments, at prices far below its real value.

\$200.00 From 1/2 Acre

The Pecos Valley Irrigationist reports that Mr. Dan Bihl upon an even 1/2 acre is growing sweet potatoes, tomatoes, radishes, etc., and has sold \$200.00 worth of produce from this little garden, besides having an abundance all season for his own use.

Peaches pay \$1000.00 an acre; apple trees are worth \$40.00 apiece; celery and asparagus \$500.00 per acre; berries up to \$500.00 per acre; cantaloupes \$300.00 to \$500.00 per acre.

Pecos Valley products won 22 first prizes at El Paso Fair 1909, and its fruits BEAT THE WORLD at the St. Louis World's Fair.

Magnificent Irrigation

Remember this is irrigable land. The big Imperial Reservoir system, with over 20 miles of canals now completed, ABSOLUTELY INSURES CROPS. We are spending about \$20,000.00 per month for improvements in this marvelous valley. Behind the farmer and land owner is the guarantee of MILLIONS OF DOLLARS invested by the K. C., Mexico & Orient Ry. along its route. This is the last great opportunity to secure the FINEST, RICHEST LAND just before values advance.

This Book Is Free

Send me your name and address and I will send you a fascinating book "Pecos Palisades," bulletins, and actual testimony from men who know. I will show you how to "make a better living" in the Pecos Valley. Please write for free book today.



F. A. HORNBECK, Land Commissioner,
Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway,
979 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me, free, a copy of your book, "Pecos Palisades," and other literature descriptive of your Pecos Valley Land.

Name

Address

More than one-half of all the watches made in the United States come from these factories

The Ingersoll Watch factory at Waterbury, Conn.

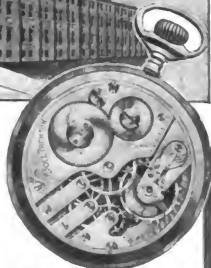


The Ingersoll-Trenton Factory at Trenton, N. J.



\$1⁰⁰ \$1⁵⁰ \$2⁰⁰

IN these clean and sunlit modern factories, by skilled and well-paid workmen, according to exact standards of test and reliability, year in and year out, "as time goes on," the wonderful watches which bear the name of *Ingersoll* and *Ingersoll-Trenton* are made for the markets of the world.



\$5⁰⁰ \$7⁰⁰ \$9⁰⁰

These watches are wonderful in three ways—for *quality*, *price* and *popularity*. They are accurate and durable timekeepers. They cost from *one* dollar to *nine*, every grade *guaranteed*. Over nineteen millions of people have bought them—sales now running at *twelve thousand watches every twenty-four hours*.

This is the world's record for watch *making* and watch *selling*. First honors go to the house of Ingersoll—don't forget *that*. And the only way to keep step with this vast army of nineteen million intelligent watch-*choosers* and watch-*users* is to buy and carry and take pride in an **INGERSOLL** or **INGERSOLL-TRENTON** Watch.

When President Taft wanted to present a watch to the son of President Hadley of Yale, he chose one of these famous watches.

Ingersoll watch-prices are fixed at the factory. They are standard and permanent the world over. Even the new Tariff laws did not raise these prices. They are as follows:

Ingersoll Models	- - -	\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.
Ingersoll-Trenton Models	- - -	\$5.00, \$7.00 and \$9.00.

(The above I-T Models all have 7 jewels. The \$9.00 grade is fitted with 20-year gold-filled cases.)

Ask your jeweler to show you an Ingersoll-Trenton. It is a sight to see—the best watch-value ever offered.

Our useful booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is printed in three colors and illustrated with 27 pictures. It will interest you, teach you, and save you money. We would like to mail you a copy. What is your address?

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 125 Frankel Building, New York City



The Howard Watch

The American returning from Europe likely as not brings home a HOWARD. Perhaps he better appreciates this American Watch when he finds it the finest practical timepiece to be had in London, Rome, Paris or Berlin.

To be sure, it has no chimes, no music box, no cuckoo attachment, but it is marvellously accurate in recording time—and the American is just hard-headed enough

to think that is what a watch is for. Europeans also are becoming so sordid and Americanized that they begin to think so, too.

This is quite a change from the day when the rich American, buying here at home, insisted on a European watch.

Times change—and timepieces. The HOWARD watch is the same price in all countries, and it comes through the U. S. Custom House duty free. A HOWARD is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double-roller escapement) in a "Jas. Boss" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at \$40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at \$150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. Z, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS

BOSTON, MASS.



“NIGHT LETTERS” BY WIRE

Messages of fifty words or more will be sent at night and delivered the following morning throughout the United States by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

A fifty-word “Night Letter” will be sent for the price of a ten-word day message.

Each additional ten words or less—one-fifth of the charge for the first fifty words.

The “Night Letter” eliminates the necessity of abbreviation, and makes the telegraph service available for social correspondence as well as for business communications.

This company's facilities for this service include forty thousand employees, over one million and a quarter miles of wire, and twenty-five thousand offices.

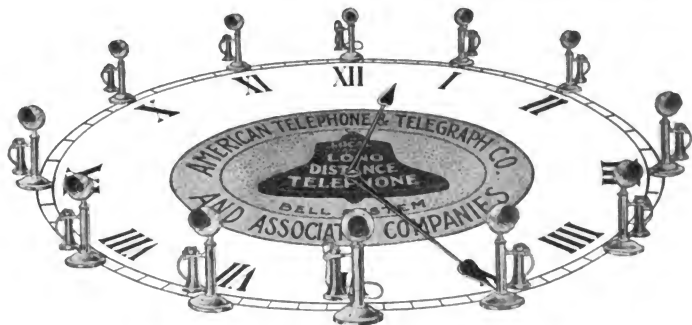
THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY
Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service.



Take a
KODAK
with you.

Beautifully illustrated booklet, "Motoring with a Kodak," free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City.



The Always-on-Duty Telephone

Your Bell Telephone is on duty 1440 minutes every day. So is the telephone exchange; so are the toll lines which radiate through the neighboring communities; so are the long distance lines which connect you with far-away cities and other radiating systems.

The whole Bell System is on duty 1440 minutes a day—and if any of these minutes are not used, their earning power is irrevocably lost.

Like the Police Force or the Fire Department, the telephone is not always working—but it is always on duty and always costing money. But you would not be satisfied with the fire department if your burning house had to take its turn; nor with the police force if you had to wait in line to receive protection.

You want service at once. That is exactly what the Bell System endeavors to give you—immediate attention, instantaneous service. It strives to be always ready to receive your call at any point, and connect you with any other point—without postponement or delay.

It would be much cheaper if telephone customers would be content to stand in line, or if their communications could be piled up to be sent during slack hours; or if the demand was so distributed as to keep the whole system comfortably busy for 1440 consecutive minutes a day.

But the public needs immediate and universal service and the Bell System meets the public's requirements.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



*Was Barnum
Right—
Or am I?*

Barnum said the public liked to be humbugged. I never believed it. I've brought a good many businesses to success on the other basis. The Makaroff Cigarette business is one of them.

I said eight years ago that the American public was tired of being exploited on cigarets. I was tired of it, and had been for quite a while, and I am just a good average person, with enough human nature in me to be very much like eighty millions of my neighbors.

I have enough faith in my neighbors, too, to believe they are mostly natural-born connoisseurs—*once they are given a chance to discriminate*. And I've proven it.

No other people on earth are as keen for the *best of everything* as the Americans—and no other country has been so consistently given the worst of it on a lot of things.

I am a cigarette *manufacturer* only because I was first a cigarette *smoker* and I got tired of smoking the stuff that was offered to intelligent smokers in this country. I wanted a cigarette that I could smoke all day if I felt like it, without developing a "craving," or inducing the nervousness or depression

that follows the use of ordinary cigarets. I found such cigarets in Russia, where everybody smokes cigarets all the time, and in the other Continental countries, where everybody smokes *Russian* cigarets. I imported them for a long time, but it was difficult to keep enough on hand to supply myself and my friends—(and my friends multiplied pretty rapidly through these cigarets.)

I acquired the knowledge, the right, and the workmen, to duplicate these cigarets in America, and I *am* duplicating them. *absolutely*.

The reason for the difference between these cigarets and others lies mostly in a difference in the manufacturer's point of view.

I have always believed that if we produced the quality, the public would produce the sales. And that faith has been justified.

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

are just like Makaroff advertising—good, honest, straightforward stuff. We have now introduced the goods so thoroughly to dealers that you can get them almost anywhere in the best cigar stores, hotels, cafes, dining cars, etc. Any dealer who hasn't got them can get them quickly from his local jobber. If he doesn't want to, we will supply you promptly, by mail, on receipt of the dealer's name and address, or simply his address, so that we may investigate his reason for refusal.

If you do not like these cigarets at the first trial, remember that they are mighty different from what you are accustomed to, and that *the difference is all in your favor*. Take time to get a little used to them and you will find out just what we mean.

Makaroffs are absolutely pure, clean, sweet, mild tobacco, *untouched by anything whatever* to give them artificial flavor, sweetness, or to make them burn. You will find that you can smoke as many as you want of them without any of the nervousness, depression or "craving" that follows the use of ordinary cigarets.

Pure tobacco won't hurt you. You may not be used to it, and you may not like the first Makaroff, but you'll like the second one better, and you'll stick to Makaroffs forever if you once give them a fair chance. We have built this business on quality in the goods and intelligence in the smoker—a combination that simply can't lose. We waited quite a while, but it has won in our case and won big. The result is, that

This is a Makaroff year—nearly everybody smokes them now"

Makaroffs are 15 cents and a quarter in boxes of ten. \$1.50 to \$6.00 for 100's.

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Your
Dealer's

Makaroff - Boston

At
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is made in more than a thousand patterns, all in mahogany, and for every household use. It is the only line of fine mahogany furniture made in a sufficient number of patterns so that an entire house may be furnished with it, thus insuring a harmony of result otherwise impossible. In design it is mostly in reproduction of the best English designers, as Sheraton, Chippendale and Hepplewhite, and in American Colonial. We do not send catalogs or photographs except to dealers, but examples of the furniture may be seen at good stores throughout the country. We mention herewith a few such stores where representative examples of Cowan Cabinet-Work may be seen:

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 Bay City, Mich.—C. E. Rosenbury & Sons.
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 Charlotte, N. C.—Parker, Gardener Co.
 Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue Co.
 Cleveland, Ohio—The Sterling & Welch Co.
 Columbus, Ohio—F. G. & A. Howald.
 Danville, Ill.—C. L. Sandusky.
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 Des Moines, Iowa—Chase & West.
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 Cabinet-Work bears

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the maker's mark
 shown herewith,
 in gold.

W. K. COWAN & COMPANY, CHICAGO

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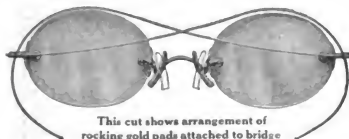
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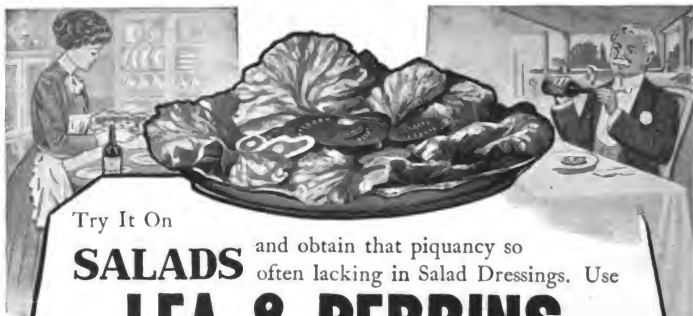
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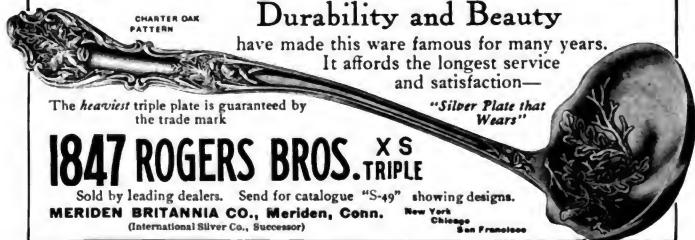
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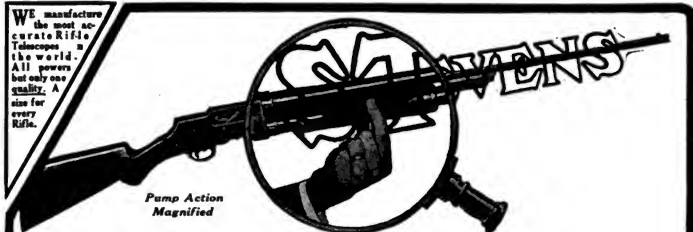
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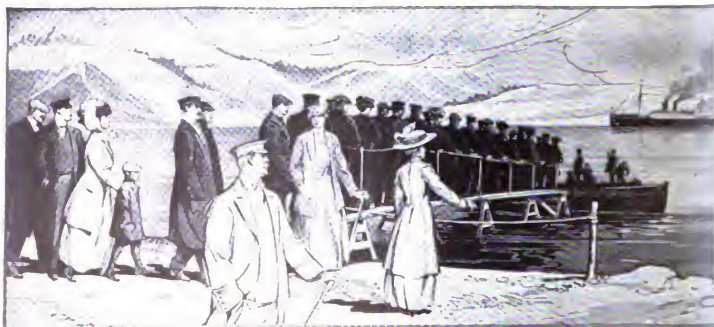
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The Carter quality insures absolute satisfaction—that's why thousands of homes depend upon us to supply their underwear needs at all seasons of the year.

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Elegant fabrics, with fine, invisible ribs—pure, sterilized, white garments of surpassing design and workmanship—crochet finish which will withstand repeated launderings—these are the things which make Carter's the acknowledged—"best."

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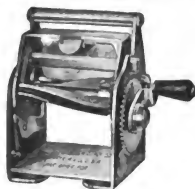
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Mr. W. L. Saunders is President of the Ingersoll-Rand Company—largest drill manufacturers in the world. He permits us to publish the following:

"I have shaved myself for the past thirty years. Two years ago I was presented with an AutoStrop Safety Razor and have used it ever since, shaving daily. Have never changed the blade. This razor makes self-shaving a simple matter of one, two, three. It takes me five minutes to shave, and this includes lathering, shaving, stropping and cleaning."

It must have been good shaving or Mr. Saunders would not have stuck to the one blade for two years.

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(Dealers Read This, Too)

No dealer can lose anything by selling AutoStrop Safety Razors on 30 days' free trial, for if he should have any razor returned,

we exchange it or refund him his cost.

Therefore, don't be timid about asking a dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial. He's glad to do it. It's profit in his cash register.

Men who "do things" act—act quick. No

silver-plated, twelve fine blades and horsehide strop in small handsome case. Price \$5.00, which is your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

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Whoever wants to know what he doesn't know about shaving, wants it.

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KEEN KUTTER Safety Razor



blades are made just as they are because long experiment on the part of the makers proved conclusively that their present form *couldn't* be improved upon. Twelve of these perfect blades come with each razor—hand honed and stropped, ready for instant use and long use.

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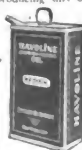
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FIFTY CARS AVERAGE CENT A MONTH

The fifty owners in Dayton, O., territory drive aggregate of
168,580 miles at total cost for repairs of \$5.70, averaging
3371 miles per car and 12 cents each for repairs

Statistics were recently published in New York showing that 75 Cadillac "Thirty" owners had driven their cars 398,884 miles at the amazingly low repair cost of \$53.21.

It was said at the time that they constituted the most remarkable record of the kind in the history of transportation.

Hard on the heels of the New York achievement comes the claim of a second city, showing a still lower cost of upkeep than has ever been recorded.

The 75 Cadillac owners in New York City expended an average for the year of 71 cents per car, while the 50 owners in Dayton, O., and vicinity, show a total cost for repairs of \$5.70, or the insignificant average per car of 12 cents for the entire year, or 1 cent per month per car.

The 75 New York owners were not aware that their travels and their expenses were to be made a matter of record, and the 50 Dayton owners were likewise unconscious of the fact that they were rolling up a world-breaking record.

In both instances the cars were simply driven at the will of the owners—anywhere and everywhere. There was no particular striving for economy, no more than any user would naturally give his car.

Of the 75 Cadillac owners in New York, 46 had no repairs at all—and Dayton shows a more remarkable achievement than this.

Of the 50 Cadillac owners in Dayton territory 45 had no repairs, and only five had any expense whatever.

Of these five, the highest expenditure was that of A. G. Rundle, of Piqua, O., whose car cost him \$2.60 during the year, and was driven a distance of 20,000 miles. The next highest expenditure was that of C. F. Kettering, of Dayton, who spent \$1.50; the next was that of W. H. Nye, of Ironton, O., who spent 75 cents; the next, G. W. Rahn, of Greenville, O., who spent 50 cents, and the fifth and last, was Matt Marr, of Miamisburg, O., whose car cost the enor-

mous expenditure for the entire season of 35 cents.

The New York cars traveled a distance approximate to 16 trips around the world, and the 50 Dayton Cadillacs traveled a distance equivalent to nearly seven trips around the globe.

Dayton comes to the front with some figures on gasoline consumption which are almost equally interesting as the amazingly low cost of upkeep. For instance, the average of fuel consumption for the 50 Dayton cars shows 17 miles to the gallon of gasoline for the touring car, and 20 miles for the demi-tonneau. One owner particularly writes that he averaged, for 4,000 miles, 21 miles per gallon of gasoline, and over 300 miles on a quart of oil.

Coming one on the heels of the other, these two statements have been among the principal topics of discussion in the motoring world.

While it is possible that there may be other makes of cars which can show cases of low upkeep cost in occasional instances, yet it is safe to say that the records here cited, taking one type of car as a whole, have never been even approached in motor-car history.

The manufacturers of the Cadillac, while naturally gratified, take the stand that the experience of New York and Dayton owners is probably duplicated in every locality in the United States where a considerable number of Cadillacs are driven.

They point to uniformly low cost of upkeep as proof of the well-known policy which the Cadillac company has held from its inception; that the perfect car and the car of greatest economy must, of necessity, be the result of complete standardization.

They contend that New York and Dayton have simply confirmed what has been known to the builders of the Cadillac and to hundreds of users in past years, to wit: That the Cadillac is an exemplification of scientific design and accurate workmanship which has no parallel in the industry.

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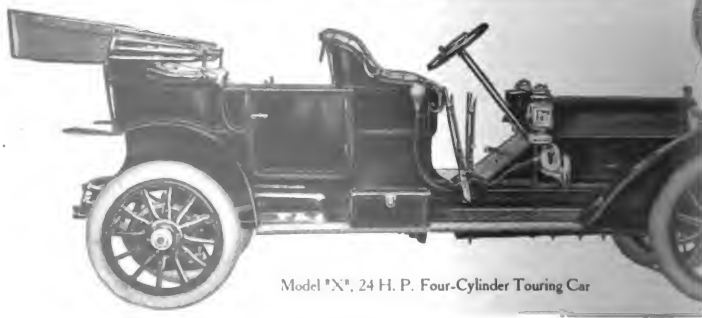
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Model "X", 24 H. P. Four-Cylinder Touring Car

Inside Facts as to Price

MANY a buyer infers that if the price is high the car "must be good." And, conversely, that any car at a lower price is not quite so good.

When a buyer thinks that he does himself the worse injustice. Because he "pays too much for his whistle."

Price never makes quality. To be sure, you can't get \$3000 quality for \$735. The proposition is deeper than that.

We have proved that a six-cylinder car of ample power and of first quality in every respect can be marketed at \$3000. And still return us a reasonable profit.

Yet this price is from \$1000 to \$2000 lower than is asked for cars of similar power and size, made by other accredited makers.

The inference is, sometimes (when the buyer doesn't know the facts), that the quality of the Winton Six isn't quite all we claim and that the car must lack something, else we would ask as much as other makers do.

But the actual fact is that these other makers would be only too glad to reduce their prices to the Winton Six figure of \$3000, if they could.

Because we have a tremendous selling advantage in our price.

When a prospect once knows what the Winton Six is and what it does, there isn't the slightest chance for a competitor to sell him another car at a higher price.

But these other makers can't equal our quality at our price. Because we have advantages which they lack.

The Winton Company has had years more experience than any other maker. Has been making sixes exclusively longer than any other maker. The only high-grade house whose president is its manufacturing head. The only high-grade company owning its own plant and equipment scot free from debt and heavy interest charges. A company that cuts out racing, touring and "stunt" expenses, and has no water in its stock. A company that avoids marble-front expenses on automobile row. That avoids waste and red tape in its factory. That buys for cash and takes the cash discount.

These are Winton advantages, and Winton Six buyers get the benefit.

When you buy other makes at higher prices, you pay for ex-

travagances and extraordinary expenses that do not help the quality of such cars a single particle.

Consequently, when you pay more than \$3000 for a car of power and size similar to the 48 H. P. Winton Six, don't imagine that you are getting that much better car.

For you can prove that idea false by putting the Winton Six to the test alongside this higher-priced car.

On the contrary, you can figure the difference in price, and say: "I am paying this difference of, say, \$1500 additional to the Blank Company for its extravagant practices, its bonded indebtedness, and its handicaps."

An empty satisfaction to which the buyer is fully entitled when he pays 50 per cent more than the car itself is worth.

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30 H.P., 5-Passenger Touring Car, \$2,750.00. Fully equipped, including Cape Top, Prestolite Tank and Bosch Magneto.

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A Proposition That Will Stand Most Searching Investigation Addressed Only to Men of Known Business and Social Standing

The Lucerne Park Fruit Association has been formed to combine a profitable citrus fruit grove investment combined with an ideal site for a winter home. Twelve hundred acres of land has been acquired by the association, and this will be divided into one hundred ten-acre groves, with each of which there will be given a desirable home site at Lucerne Park.

The property is located forty-five miles from Tampa, on automobile road from that city to Jacksonville. The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad is within one and one-half miles, at Arrow Junction. Florence Villa, the finest winter hotel in Florida, is less than two miles away. The soil and the climatic conditions are ideal for the culture of oranges and grapefruit. Damaging cold has never

been known in this community. Groves adjacent to this tract of land have not lost a leaf in weather that caused serious loss by freezing, in other parts of Florida. The pictures herewith are from photographs made on the property and adjoining ones during the first week of February, 1910.

There are plenty of instances in which citrus fruit groves, properly planted, fed and cultivated, have yielded the enormous profit of \$1,000 per acre, above all cost of maintenance. The Lucerne Park Fruit Association is composed of men who know the citrus fruit industry in every detail, and will contract to lay out, plant and cultivate for five years each grove purchased. The ten-acre tracts, under these conditions, will be sold for \$6,500 each, including a choice home site at Lucerne Park, to persons of unquestioned standing.

A Ten-Acre Grove of Oranges and Fruit in Bearing and an Ideal Winter Home Site in Florida for \$6,500

The president and general manager of the Lucerne Park Fruit Association is Mr. M. E. Gillett, Mayor of Tampa during the trying period of the Spanish-American war. Mr. Gillett is owner of the Buckeye Nurseries, the largest active citrus nursery in the world, and has been identified in the fruit industry of the state for thirty years. He is also general manager of the Florida Citrus Exchange, the largest organization of the kind in the eastern half of the United States—which has done a notable work in securing prices for the products of the fruit-growers of the state.

Book, "The Gold in the Orange," fully describing the property and explaining the plan, will be mailed free to proper applicants. The Keynote of Lucerne Park is *social security*, and property will not be sold to any person whose business or social connections are such as can give rise to any question.

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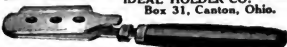
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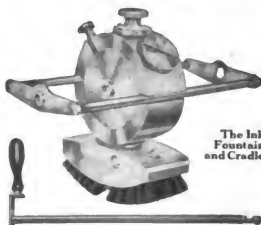
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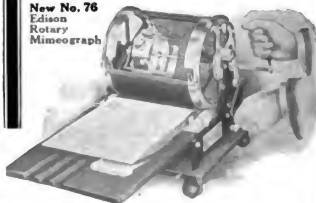
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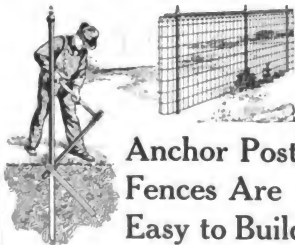
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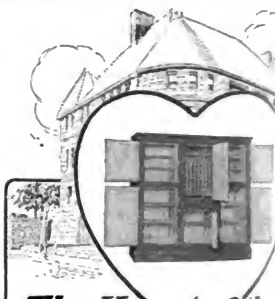
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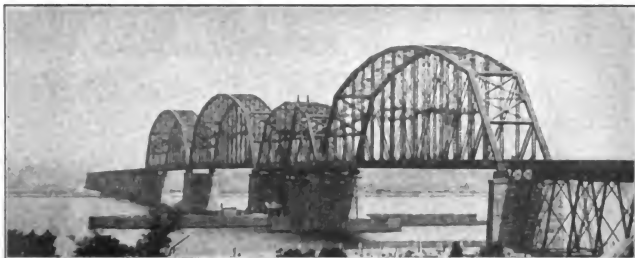
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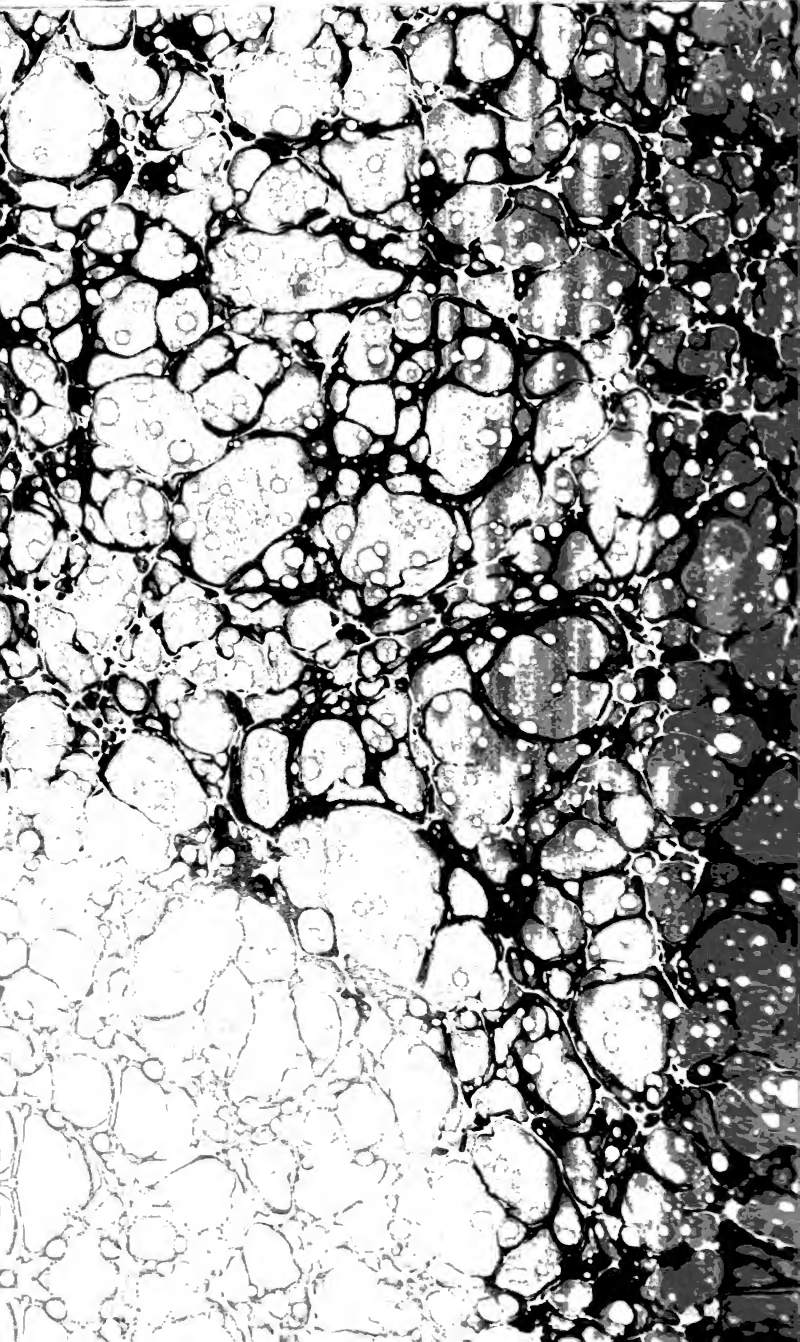
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